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# Harper's

## MAGAZINE



### GERMANY'S DEFORMED CONSCIENCE

WILLIAM HARLAN HALE

THE American troops that went in to police Germany directly after surrender were told that they would probably get shot at from behind barns and at night. They didn't. But recently, after a six-month honeymoon with a population that showed itself universally docile, our troops have begun meeting with acts of resistance in such numbers that General Eisenhower, while still in Berlin, warned that a German *maquis* may yet organize itself against our forces.

Among the immediate causes of the disturbances appear to be German unemployment, anger at fraternization between our soldiers and German women, and hunger. But is this enough to explain the sudden recrudescence of German self-assertion after a period of phenomenal submissiveness to us? The idle, the jealous, and the hungry don't as a rule get up the energy

to threaten revolts unless an idea is driving them. From what I have seen I would say that there are enough ideas abroad in Germany to make conflicts with our forces not only possible but probable.

The ideas above all have to do with what the Germans believe or want to believe is due them. Different classes of Germans believe different things are due; but the notion that claims are to be made upon the conqueror permeates all German life. During the very first phase of occupation, to be sure, when Germans were glad simply to find themselves alive, this notion was somewhat academic. The German soldiers, who knew from their own experience that nothing is due to a conquered country, joined the civilians in a condition of watchful waiting. But by now the Germans have learned that they can get things out of us—food, medical aid, road and rail re-

*This article, like Mr. Hale's piece in the December issue, is based upon personal observations during five months with the army of occupation in Germany.*



construction, limitations on billeting of our troops in their towns, assistance in getting a considerable number of industrial wheels going, relaxation of controls over civil administration on the grounds of good behavior, and so on. Maybe they should get these things, or at any rate some of them. And it is natural that the more they get, the more they want. But what is peculiar to the mind of the average German is his ability to tell himself that he is getting these things—and ought to get a great many more—because we owe them to him.

Well, let the German think what he pleases, so long as he doesn't get up and make trouble. But his thinking is in fact making trouble, because it is laying the basis for increasing agitation against our entire program in Germany. I believe that during the past half-year there has taken root in the mind of the German majority a doctrine which runs something like this: "Germany lost the war because she was betrayed by certain people (to be named hereinafter); but while there has been dishonor in these few particular places, the honor of all other Germans, and especially of the German Army, has remained intact, which means that the German people as a whole have nothing to apologize for; and therefore, since Germany has shared both the sacrifices and the honors of war with the victorious Western Allies, these victors owe it to Germany to relieve its hardships and restore it to a fitting place in Europe, where it may serve as a bastion against the Communist and the Slav."

The essence of this doctrine was stated by Hitler's appointed successor, Admiral Karl Doenitz, in Flensburg last May when he delivered to the disbanding German officers' corps a parting address which gave them what he called "the political line we must follow." He wept no tears over the fallen Nazi regime of which he had been so prominent a part; the one thing that mattered, he said, was to win back for Germany the territories lost to Russia; to this end his men must hang together, must seek to enlist the aid of the Western Allies, and above all must remember that "We have nothing to be ashamed of." "Our fight against the British and Americans can be viewed with

pride and glory," he emphasized; "there are no spots on our honor."

HONOR always is the refuge of the vanquished; but what concerns us about the German insistence on it is that it is being used, just as it was used after 1918, to clear the forces of armed aggression of all blame while localizing the dishonor on a few scapegoats who have been disposed of anyway. I heard this attitude succinctly expressed even before surrender by a ranking turncoat against the Nazis, Lieutenant Kurt Dittmar, the German Army's shrewd radio propagandist, who had walked into our lines to ask that he be allowed to broadcast an appeal to the German Army to give up. The officers of the German Army, he wrote in his proposed broadcast script, had sworn their personal oath of allegiance to Hitler "in better and cleaner times" and were free from complicity in Hitler's way of making war; the German soldier had "wanted to conduct this war with clean hands" and had "gained the highest measure of his enemy's esteem"; duty had been done; it was time to quit.\*

But while this insistence upon military "clean hands" is a deliberate propaganda line, designed to make Germany appear to be the moral equal of the victors and thus entitled to be their equal in practical status, it is also a habit of mind that derives naturally from the German past. I've even heard anti-Nazis of many persuasions hold to it. Governments come and governments go, but there is something in German life that must go on forever; and what is that thing which binds the German people together as the Constitution binds the United States? The German, who has had no success with constitutions, recognizes that thing as the German Army—or rather, since he now doesn't have an army, the German virtues of discipline, order, and obedience of which that army has seemed to him throughout

\* Incidentally, Dittmar's script was submitted to Ambassador Robert Murphy, General Eisenhower's political adviser, who declared that he saw no objections to its broadcast over official Allied stations. General McClure of the Psychological Warfare Division of Supreme Headquarters decided nevertheless to kill it and to send Dittmar back to "ASH-CAN," the prisoner enclosure where top Nazis and their confederates were kept.



history to be the embodiment. Whatever happens, therefore, the German must hold on to the belief that his military men are "clean." To let go of this idea would leave him as shattered as if the Americans discovered that their Constitution was a forgery. But so long as he does hold on to it, his mind is never far from aggression and the road to war.

Shortly after the surrender I talked with a German general who said he despised the Nazis, admired democracy, and had learned that war-making was a thoroughly bad thing for Germany. We had reason to believe him: he was Von Schwerin, who had been put down on our books as one of Germany's few "decent" generals when as commander of the famed 116th Panzer Division at Aachen last October he had recommended that the encircled city be surrendered in order to spare civilian lives, as a result of which he was relieved of command. Later he was promoted to command a corps in Italy, but again worked to bring about a surrender as soon as the situation grew hopeless. Now he marched into our office, in the uniform of a full general of cavalry, with the Oak-leaves and Swords of the Iron Cross glittering at his throat, and asked that he be allowed to do his bit toward bringing decency and democracy to Germany.

He had a project that he thought would help. He proposed that he be authorized to issue a proclamation to all captured and disarmed German troops instructing them to renounce the past by tearing from their tunics "the badge of dishonor"—the Nazi insignia on their breasts. "Then I want to tell them," he went on, his eyes filling with emotion, "that there is another emblem to which they should all turn instead"—and here he touched the gleaming Iron Cross at his throat, the symbol of the last five wars of Prussian militarism—"and that they should attach their entire faith to the words that are inscribed on it, 'God is with us'—*Gott mit uns!*'"

## II

**B**UT it is not only the German Army which Germans want to see exempted from responsibility for what has happened. It is the whole German people as well.

The argument was put concisely by the rector of the University of Marburg, when we asked him his reactions to atrocities committed in German concentration camps. "The rule of an authoritarian regime, which assumed all responsibility," he replied, "relieved the German people of all blame for whatever took place." And the corollary to this is that the Nazi regime, by going down to immolation by fire and sword, has made full and perfect atonement for whatever wrongs may have been done in the name of Germany.

The German who went along with Hitler abdicated his private judgment and placed his conscience on deposit with his all-powerful ruler; in return for this he received the right to commit any act at all, criminal ones included, and not be held morally or otherwise responsible for them. Such, at any rate, is the way the German appears to conceive of his particular Teutonic form of Social Contract. There are many undertones to this—on one hand a perversion of Christian teachings of the Lamb of God who takes away the sins of the world, and on the other a mixture of romantic escape, "Storm and Stress," revolt against Western ideas of individual rights and duties, and even something of the folk-legend of Faust's pact with Mephistopheles; and underneath it all lies unmistakably a German urge to continue throughout adult life that dependence on an all-powerful father which made childhood so free of responsibilities.

The trouble is, of course, that now the father is gone. Someone has to take on responsibility. The German who willingly obeyed Hitler claims he has no responsibility for the past. But neither does he want to take on full responsibility for the future. One of the first civilians encountered when our troops pushed into the Rhineland reached out his arms to us in a gesture of resignation and relief and said, "Now you'll have to take over the whole show yourselves." Father Hitler has quit; now Father Eisenhower should provide. The individual German, who in his own view did nothing bad, but only had bad things done to him, now wants those things to be made good; and since we conquerors are the strong ones who can do everything, shouldn't we be the ones to do this?



Although the German likes to consider himself a member of the best and strongest race in the world, which just missed winning the war, he nevertheless finds he must lean on someone; he must show us how injured and alone and in a sense inferior he is, so that we will take him under our wing. "How unjust our destiny is!" I heard Colonel Gerhard Wilck, the once-arrogant defender of Aachen, complain in captivity. "Everybody is always against us, and we are always outcasts!" Many a German with whom I have talked has admitted in effect that his country is the world's problem-child; but the implication has followed that Britain and especially Uncle Sam, the miracle-doctor, should put the child back on its feet. There is in the German a tendency to think of himself both as Superman and as the Prodigal Son, who has a dependent's claim on the world which his uncontrolled might so nearly wrecked.

LEGENDS spring readily from a brain that contains such a mixture of hypersensitivity and moral paralysis. The German's paralytic side comes forth when the responsibility for starting the war is discussed. The hypersensitive side comes forth when the responsibility for its outcome is discussed. The legend that the war was started by the Poles or the Jews or international high finance appears by now to have been discarded by most intelligent Nazis and German nationalists in favor of the cynical story that Europe was waiting for Germany, its most virile power, to come and rape it—i.e., "unify" it by force. "What happened was historically inevitable," a lieutenant who had been graduated from the University of Bonn told me; "an irresistible force meeting a movable object!" What was wrong wasn't to start the war but to lose it. And here the sensitivity emerges: the war wasn't lost in a fair fight. Dirt has been done to Germany.

The dirt, as seen by those who followed Hitler, consists first of the treason of the generals who joined the Russian "Free Germany" movement and the others who took part in the revolt of July 20th; next, the betrayal of Germany by her allies; third, the "malfeasance" or "sabotage" which prevented new German se-

cret weapons from appearing in time; and finally and perhaps most importantly, the "unfairness" of the Allies, who could win an advantage over the "superior spirit" of the outnumbered German soldier only by ruthless use of overwhelming matériel.

Sampling has shown that these are the alibis which Nazis and their fellow-travelers generally give for Germany's downfall. It would be too much to expect that such Germans should openly concede the truth that their country was vanquished simply because its transgressions against civilized behavior aroused the organized anger of most of humanity. But it is an indication of the size of our problem with the German mind that millions who have surrendered their consciences and "eliminated moral causes from their thinking" (as Ernst Kretschmer, the noted psychiatrist of Marburg University, described his fellow-Germans to us) should come before the bar of history with so anxious an insistence on their spotless honor and their injured innocence.

### III

THE anti-Nazi, of course, feels differently. The question is, how differently? To what extent has he succeeded in breaking away from attitudes ingrained in the majority?

Anti-Nazism is an area of opinion that extends all the way from the nationalistic Pastor Niemoeller, who says he thought the regime was all right politically but wrong theologically, to the young man at Erfurt who burst out to an American interrogator that he was so ashamed of all that his country had done that he hoped "there will never be a Germany again."

American observers made their first direct contact with German wartime anti-Nazism among prisoners taken in North Africa. Some of the most interesting case material was furnished us by men who had served time in concentration camps and who then had been put into an expendable, punitive outfit, the 999th Light Africa Brigade. Most of these men, with records of active work against the regime, deserted to us as soon as they were ordered into action, in the face of great danger from



their own lines. I spent almost a week with them in a segregated camp in the United States, and felt they were the very best types of anti-Nazis.

Among them were numerous Communists—often the sons of Communists—hard-bitten, shrewdly schooled, contemptuous of personal safety, and relentlessly seeking to dominate their fellows. There were some old-time Social Democrats—mild-mannered, rather humbled by past failures, with discursive parliamentary ways. But the most conspicuous type I saw was that of the youthful, non-political idealist, dreaming of a Germany where hatreds would be buried and all-around goodwill somehow restored. “You must learn to understand the German’s profound weariness of politics,” one of these said to me, “and appeal not to logic and reason but to the German soul—to the plain man’s love of peace and security.” Another, an ascetic ex-sailor from Hamburg, grew mystical: “The German must be led forward to a transvaluation of values, and yet back to a spirituality all his own.” A third, a Bavarian who had organized the camp chorus, declared, “Don’t bring us new slogans, but a chance to recover the buried best of our past life.”

There was in this a mental fuzziness and dreaminess which contrasted strangely with the direct action of which these men had shown themselves capable. Rebels though they were, they still carried with them the legendry of the mysterious “German soul” or “soulfulness” that transcends rational analysis; they talked anti-Nazism, but they sounded Wagnerian. It was as if their revolt, so intensely directed against party and war-makers and corruptionists, had stopped short of attacking those underlying German attitudes of emotional surrender and unreason which have enabled just such warmakers and such a party to rule. These men were “good” anti-Nazis, but none of their countrymen could say that they were “bad” Germans—that is, offenders against the ancient *mystique* of the race.

There is an ingrained notion among Germans, for instance, that politics (a pursuit that lay outside their ken for so many centuries) is an alien and inherently evil thing, and that one had better stay

away from it if one wants to keep one’s self clean. (Attached to this is the notion that soldiers, who presumably don’t touch politics, are therefore “cleaner” than statesmen who do.) Not many of the anti-Nazis whom I interviewed during the war had made this attitude the subject of their special attack. Or put it the other way: very few, outside of the handful of hard-boiled organizers who were out to run things their own way, had gone about formulating concrete political aims. I remember an *Afrika Korps* sergeant, who had been converted from Nazism after a short stay in the party, exclaiming, “I swear I’ll never have anything to do with politics again!” I remember the chaplain of the anti-Nazi compound at Camp McCain, Miss., remarking that prisoners had congratulated him on his first sermon by saying, “This is the first time in many years that we have heard a talk that was not poisoned by politics.” I remember a report on the attitudes of fifty especially selected anti-Nazis in a British camp in 1944 which declared that only half of the group expressed any positive political views at all, and that these for the most part were vague in the extreme.

Men like this, no matter how much they may want to help clean the German house, labor under severe inhibitions when the subject of specific remedies comes up. They are full of dreams, but they have been hoping that they could take their practical cue from us. The classic expression to this was given by an anti-Nazi prisoner in Italy who called upon us, “Won’t you please give Germany some big, beautiful task to do?” And my own interrogation notes, in reporting conversations with a group of sixteen anti-Nazi commissioned officers of the *Afrika Korps*, recall, “The officers in general seemed more interested in getting answers to the question of what the Allied nations intended to do in Germany than in asserting opinions as to what they would like the German people themselves to do.”

THESE political hesitations, this escape into inwardness, this inability of so many to break out of the old Teutonic mythology of obedience, plague us on those occasions when we try to find men who



could give Germany entirely new directions. It may be argued that our occasions haven't been very many, and that even if they had, we wouldn't find the best men, because the Nazis have killed them. We know pretty well, however, what the capabilities of anti-Nazi forces in Germany have been and are now. We can agree, I think, on the following categories:

1. *Cultural anti-Nazis*: chiefly professional and university people who look on Nazism as something uneducated and vulgar; travelers to foreign countries who emphasize its bigotry and barbarity; middle-class urban youths who turn away from its provincialism; sophisticated and rather romantic enthusiasts for Baudelaire, André Gide, Ernst Juenger, and other writers frowned on by the party; intellectual isolationists ("I think I'll sit this one out"); in general, persons inclined to seek refuge from Nazism and its consequences in private worlds of traditional culture, no matter how disembodied.

2. *Religious or ethical anti-Nazis*: a proportion of church members (chiefly Roman Catholic) and lay moralists who condemn Nazism on grounds of its interference with Christian observances and education, and its encouragement of race hatred, sexual promiscuity, and generally pagan conduct; persons who were not necessarily opposed to German aggression as such, but who were estranged by the Nazis' behavior while doing it; people for the most part passive in their opposition, although some, like the group around the Scholl brothers at Munich University in 1943, came out bravely into the open; reformers without a party or program, except insofar as the conservative Centrist party of the Rhineland has staked out a claim to leadership.

3. *Personal anti-Nazis*: the army of the disillusioned, the people with a grievance or grudge over things which the regime did to them personally. They range all the way from the highbrow Cologne businessman who exclaims, "Well, what can you expect, when the riffraff pushes itself up to the top?" to the teen-age waifs and wastrels in the Hitler Youth organization who joined the macabre "Edelweiss pirates" movement, a gang within a gang, whose purpose was to wreak vengeance

upon an overbearing leadership which they resented. A category that includes turncoats, students who were done out of an education, fed-up soldiers without a faith, rebellious generals like the late Field Marshal Witzleben,\* and characters like the curious Captain Gerngross in Munich, who staged his own private uprising a few days before our troops arrived, helped by the aged Nazi, Ritter von Epp, but otherwise without visible means of support; a mass of virulent amateurs who are not only unorganized but also, from our point of view, mostly unreconstructed.

4. *Political anti-Nazis*: predominantly, persons old enough to have been members of parties before 1933 that were opposed to Nazism: in the Rhineland, a compact group of senior Centrists (a leadership without much of a following); throughout the zone, assorted, old-time urban Social Democrats (a following without much of a leadership); some intelligent and thoughtful minority Socialists; in key cities, knots of hardboiled extreme-Left activists, most of them Communists, who know the business of organizing a people that likes to wait for orders. No matter how outnumbered by other anti-Nazi groups,

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\* Although the July 20th revolt in which Witzleben played a prominent part had the look of an organized political movement, its politics were simply to make peace with the West, and beyond that the revolting generals were vague. General Dittmar, who had known the principals, described them to me like this: "They had no political orientation and direction whatever. They were mostly romantic elderly men who assumed that everything would turn out all right somehow if only the party were cashiered and a quick settlement made. Good old Witzleben—what did he really want? To be able to go out hunting again. And General Beck—poor Beck—he was just superannuated. From the very start, you see, the movement was suspect even in the Army as being just a Bendlerstrasse [War Ministry] affair—a matter of the old school tie. And then they had to go and launch the whole thing prematurely—because of the Russian breakthrough!"

There was at the same time in the movement, though, a somewhat shrewder civilian side headed by Dr. Goerdeler, the former mayor of Leipzig, and consisting of numerous old-line Foreign Office and other officials. These tried to approach the Allies with the proposal that if they got rid of Hitler and set up their own peace government, the Allied demand for unconditional surrender should be relaxed and Germany should be allowed the dignity of demobilizing its own forces without Allied supervision. They also asked—and here was another dodge reminiscent of 1918—that German war criminals be tried by this new government rather than be brought to trial in the countries where their crimes were committed, as called for by the Moscow agreement.



Communists were the ones who in almost every larger city except Munich organized and captained the local "Antifas" (anti-fascist leagues) that took over when the local Nazis ran out and then met our entering troops with the keys to the city and the names of those to be purged. They were so rough-and-ready that our Military Government officers shied at once and then clamped the lid on them. We have been sitting on that lid ever since.

THE picture of the anti-Nazis, all told, doesn't stand out very boldly: there's too much vagueness, hesitation, and amateurishness in the middle, and only at the edges, at the Right and oftener at far Left, do we see a concrete pattern of determination. The Communists have confidence, since their Russian comrades have succeeded; the Rightists put up a show of confidence, since they hope they may still succeed in getting the Western victors to let them off easy, as they did last time; it is the liberal and socialist groups who don't have confidence, since they are the ones who let Germany slip out of their hands and into Hitler's. The memory of this lies heavily on them. They feel a constant need to apologize for it. And this leads many of their members in self-defense to the position where they say they are not to blame; the German people as a whole, in fact, cannot be blamed for what happened; the culprits were "a small minority," a "gang" that had "seized power" and "stabbed Germany in the back." Thus in 1942, Social Democratic refugees who worked for the OWI in New York produced for broadcast to Germany a dramatic sketch in which the subject of German guilt was presented at the bar of history by a prosecutor who first inquired, "The Nazi leaders?" and got the verdict (with sound effects) "Guilty!"—"And the German people?"—More sound effects: "*Not guilty!*"

And with this we have come all the way around the circle and back to what the German militarist or past fellow-traveler says. The difference is that he says it as an alibi for his past ruthlessness while the liberal anti-Nazi says it as an alibi for his weakness. The former chooses to think that Hitler liberated him from the burden

of making moral choices; the latter is inclined to argue that there was no choice but to obey, once Hitler's power had asserted itself.

If Germany was, in fact, the first victim of Nazism—"Europe's first occupied country," as I have heard it expressed—then it is clear that its people, now freed from their oppressor, have a claim to be assisted—perhaps even a prior claim. Many an anti-Nazi believes this, and while his argument starts from another premise than that of his unreconstructed countrymen, it comes out at the same conclusion: something is due to Germany.

An anti-Nazi will sometimes say: "If you Allies take the point of view of collective German guilt then you, too, are guilty of having let Hitler come to power and terrorize Europe." He is on stronger ground here than when he argues, as he often does: "The Allied powers are more guilty than the German people." This he attempts to support with the familiar accusations that the Allies did not really back the young German democratic forces of the twenties; "If you had made the same concessions to the Weimar Republic that you later made to the Nazis, the Nazis would never have come to power"; "If you hadn't dealt with the Schachts and Krupps and helped put the German armaments industry back on its feet again, all this would never have started"; "If you had stopped Hitler when he marched into the Rhineland in 1936, he wouldn't have lasted another week"; and finally, "If you hadn't gone on insisting on unconditional surrender—which merely strengthened the hand of the Nazis at home—the war could have ended much sooner and millions of lives have been saved."

What is significant here is not the arguments, I think, but the fact that so many anti-Nazis are still making them. A man who goes on blaming the other fellow for all that has happened doesn't quite look like the man who can keep it from happening again.

#### IV

THERE are indications, though, that many a German wonders whether the answers which fellow-Germans are giving him really solve the burning ques-



tions in his mind. Many are having a hard time squaring the magnitude of the German claims to greatness and innocence with the completeness of Germany's defeat and disgrace. It is a strain on the mind to try to conceive of one's country as the proud Siegfried in one moment and as the world's poor stepchild in the next. Goebbels told his audience, "Important is not what is right but what wins." Germany has lost, and that is the overwhelming fact. Why try to escape it?

The gnawing suspicion of guilt which so many Germans feel and which is the thing they try to cover up by their insistence upon "clean hands" bursts forth sometimes when the facts of defeat are squarely faced. We find individuals going around in a state of deep anguish among the ruins declaring to all who will listen that Germany's destruction is an act of Divine judgment, done in retribution for Germany's sins against the Jews. People who otherwise act soberly will suddenly burst out, as one did during an interview in Frankfurt, "What a mistake! A terrible mistake! We are lower than the animals!" I remember the case of a twenty-one-year-old nurse in Heidelberg who had been toughened up in the Nazi Party and who cynically informed her interrogator that concentration camps—of which he was showing her atrocity pictures—were a good idea: "If a man didn't get along with his folks he got sent there and probably came back a more sensible fellow." But then, after looking at a few more pictures, she suddenly grew hysterical and collapsed. And a classic instance was the testament left by the brutal Robert Ley when he killed himself, in which he cried *mea culpa* and called on his countrymen to make restitution to the Jews.

A trip through Germany shows daily examples of this alternation of callousness and fervor. The mass of younger German women are contemptuous of morality as we know it; yet they fill the churches with their bastard children. You will find peasants who are known to have beaten and starved foreign workers running to gypsy fortune-tellers to find out whether they are going to be saved. You hear talk in dull suburbs of signs, portents, the need to turn to theosophy or Esperanto and await the

Second Coming. In the old humanistic town of Weimar, American soldiers witnessed a procession of black-cloaked citizens each carrying crosses, like penitential pilgrims, which they were going to plant over the graves of the victims of Buchenwald. In Berlin, I have listened to intellectuals who probably hadn't eaten all day sit around most of the night, arguing on how Germany needs to humble herself utterly in order to win "new life"—which "will light up the world."

Scenes like this, reminiscent of the pages of Dostoevsky or the German expressionist, Franz Kafka, also call to mind a time far back in Germany's history—an era of comparable psychic disturbance, when the whole structure of society was collapsing and a bewildered people floundered between lethargy and agonized upheavals. It was the period that followed the Black Death and marked the twilight of the German Middle Ages, when the plague's monstrous toll and the schism of the Papacy left men wondering whether they had not fallen to the Antichrist, and when those who did not resign themselves to fate sought to save themselves by exorcism, penitence, flagellation, and pilgrimage.

There are Germans—chiefly among the most militant anti-Nazis of the Left, I think—who have come to the realization of collective German guilt, and who on that basis have soberly set about trying to put things aright from the start. I remember a meeting with seven men who had been picked by American authorities to start up a newspaper in Frankfurt, who stated their conviction that even they as anti-fascists shared the responsibility for all that had happened, and that they felt it their solemn duty to drive this home to the people so that it wouldn't happen again. Other Germans are coming to this realization through a process of violent upheaval that often borders on hysteria. I wonder if it makes any difference just how they arrive at it. The main fact is that, given a great enough impact, the Germans—like anyone else—see the truth.

## V

WHAT the remaining masses of Germans have been doing, therefore,



seems to be to try to avoid this impact. Every rationalization, every alibi, every demand for favors from the victors is an attempt of Germans to prove to themselves that they didn't lose after all—it was some other fellows. And every time the occupying powers retire a step, give the Germans more rope, go softer on German enterprises and sensibilities than they had said they would, and above all when the Allies show discord among themselves on the subject of what is to be done with Germany, the unreconstructed element in Germany interprets this as confirmation of their claim: the Germans, although stabbed in the back, aren't really down, they needn't hang their heads too much, it's the Allies who are now showing irresolution and weakness; so pull yourselves together, boys, and let's shove some more!

There's strong temptation for this. There would be for any conquered country. There's an appeal in it even for those Germans who see the extent of the guilt incurred. Why impose ashes on one's self if one can go out and pull some fast ones on the conqueror?

Without wishing to toss out generalizations on the German character, it may be remarked that there is a tradition in Germany of the simple, secluded, other-worldly Teuton who at any time can turn into the shrewdest, toughest, and most urbane operator. Something of the legend of Faust's double personality is in this, and of the Nibelungen accumulation of magical potions and changelings, and perhaps something of the national pride in the "simple" Arminius, who nevertheless overcame by trickery the legions of Emperor Augustus. The wistful German who looks as if he were finished for good with his worldly ambitions is often amazingly quick to seize on a practical opportunity such as, say, trying to plant doubts and schisms among the occupying powers. He will flatter the officials of the nation that is in possession of his particular area, and tell them how incompetent are the officials of the next: and there he has planted his seed. Soon there will be rivalries between his masters, they will start doing things differently, and before long the German is playing one against the other.

We could break up such stunts quickly

if they were merely the work of delayed-action Nazis. But they are often done by supposedly good Germans or anti-Nazi friends of ours. A practical German success against the outsider helps to postpone the more arduous work of basic mental cleaning-up at home. The young generation of Germany, whose scant education has given it a minimum of intellectual range but whose service abroad has given it a great store of practical and predatory knowledge, is especially prone to seek whatever the main chance offers.

We yield a bit; so they take advantage. We grow friendly; their respect and fear of us diminish. We reassert ourselves; they flare up, declaring we are persecuting them, and not giving them enough food either, and what the devil do we mean? Then there's an incident; someone kills a GI; maybe someone is caught for it and then, possibly, someone becomes a martyr. And then resistance, which had been non-existent, becomes heroic.

THE important thing, then, would seem to be not to yield. Not to suggest for one moment that we aren't perfectly free to act as sternly as we please. Not to strengthen the hand of the unreformed by admitting that their persistence or their pressure are ever felt by us. And not to give an inch except to those Germans who we are confident have completed their conversion from the past and who will see in our withdrawal an act of faith in them and not of weakness.

We can find these men. I have seen some who have traveled the whole road through their personal purgatory. Not many, but still some. My inclination is to say that these few are worth everything to us and that all the others are worth nothing to us. If we cease giving aid and comfort to their enemies at home, we can produce more of these men. It will take time. We cannot re-educate the Germans; they must do it themselves, out of what is around them. But we can remain behind the scenes, watching, weighing, helping only where there should be help. We can provide the conditions. We can set the climate. To that extent we can determine whether there shall be good growth in Germany, or a patch of weeds.



# STASSEN: YOUNG MAN GOING SOMEWHERE

JOHN GUNTHER

A SLOW-MOVING, hard-thinking moose of a man named Stassen (which in Minnesota is pronounced Stossen) is potentially the most interesting political figure in the United States. Early in November 1945, Captain Harold Edward Stassen, three times governor of Minnesota and a big Republican white hope for 1948, left the Navy after more than two years' service. So, like millions of other young Americans, he returns to the national scene—unemployed in a manner of speaking, with the tremendous experience of war behind him, and the uncharted world of a turbulent peace ahead. What next for Stassen? There are many people who would like to know the answer.

Stassen is six feet three and normally he weighs 220 pounds without a cubic inch of fat. He has a big skull with sparse, sandy hair. His step is quiet; he pauses a long time between questions; his large clear eyes stare straight at you, with the look of a man very sure of himself, but not quite so sure of others. If you think of him as a kind of King of the Woods, but as stalking instead of being stalked, the analogy is not so far-fetched, because he is one of the best rifle shots alive. At the University of Minnesota he hung up a target record that has never been excelled.

He believes in three things: (1) himself; (2) world peace; and (3) the people—if

you give them an even break. What is more, he probably believes in these things in this order.

The Minnesota moose, like most men who appear simple, is far from being so; "simple" men are seldom simple. He can be ruthless in political dealings—if ruthlessness is necessary in a fight on principle—and yet he is one of the kindest men alive. He operates a good deal on hunch; yet he is the least impulsive human being anybody ever met. He is somber; but he can laugh with the best, and he was easily the most popular American at the San Francisco Conference, where his record was impressive. The word went around that while a delegate Stassen was "running for President in 1948"; but this didn't detract from the quality of his performance.

The extreme Right, even in his native Minnesota, distrusts and dislikes him; so does the extreme Left. He is above all a man of the middle. But don't think this means he is not capable of vigorous leadership. He came out for an international organization with real teeth before Roosevelt did; he is one of the few politicians, to date, who has had the guts—and faith in America—to suggest that we might give up some of our own precious national sovereignty. And this from a Minnesota Republican—the representative of a state long classed as isolationist.

*Mr. Gunther is at work gathering material for a new book, to be called Inside the United States. This article about Stassen is one of a series of preliminary studies of personalities who will figure in the book.*



Stassen is not, oddly enough, a phenomenal vote-getter in the sense that, say, Saltonstall in Massachusetts is a great personal vote-getter—for instance a shift of four per cent in the last two Minnesota elections would have beaten him—but he certainly knows how to exert power, once he has it. This faculty is closely associated with two of his prime qualities, candor and a great gift for taking the public at large into his confidence.

Consider for instance the Ball episode in 1940. Senator Ernest Lundeen was killed in an airplane accident, and Stassen, as governor, appointed his friend Joseph H. Ball, a St. Paul newspaperman who had never held public office and had no party standing or support, to be his successor. People thought that Ball had been appointed purely as a stopgap, and that the governor himself would run to succeed him in 1942 when the senate term expired; in other words that the two had made a deal. Besides, they said, Ball couldn't win; the Old Guard didn't like him and he was virtually unknown to the state at large. But Stassen *wanted* him to be a senator; he liked his views and his record and he thought that it was time that Ball, as a useful citizen, should not only write but "get in and pitch." So what did Stassen do? To forestall opposition to Ball, he calmly announced—two years in advance!—that not only was he appointing him, but that he would support him for re-election. He was saying in effect, "Not only are you going to accept this man; I'm sticking with him and so will you." And two years later Ball won.

To tell another story I must dive briefly into the complex byways of Minnesota politics. But it is perhaps worth telling because it illustrates in one episode Stassen's forthrightness, his ruthlessness with some people, and his conscientious sense of public duty.

In early 1942, almost a year ahead of time, Stassen told the people that he would run for governor again; simultaneously he added that if elected he would only serve four months of the two-year term! As soon as the legislature had completed its session, he declared, he would resign and seek active service in the Navy. "This is a young man's war, and I want to help

fight it," he said. That Stassen should win an election in which he publicly warned the electorate in advance that he would serve only four months out of twenty-four is a startling enough example of his popularity. And not only did he win himself, but it was a triple victory, because he pulled Joe Ball in as senator and also, as lieutenant governor, his old friend Edward J. Thye.

Now in regard to Thye more should be told. Of course since Stassen was going to serve only a few months, the real election issue was the choice of lieutenant governor, who would automatically succeed him. And the lieutenant governor at that time was a man named C. Elmer Anderson, whom Stassen did *not* want as his successor. Anderson was a worthy enough business man in Brainerd, an upstate town, but little else. The story was that he had been elected in the first place for one reason only, that the Scandinavian vote is large and his name was Anderson. Also he was a creature of the Old Guard, according to the Stassenites. In any case Stassen decided to get rid of him, and he picked Thye, a sturdy farmer but almost unknown, to run against him. This meant in turn that the Stassen crowd had to campaign *against* Anderson, their own lieutenant governor. Anguished howls from the betrayed Anderson camp reverberated through the state. But Stassen's motive was of the best, to leave Minnesota in good hands. Also, of course, he was perpetuating his own machine.

ONE key to Stassen's character is certainly his seriousness. This young giant—he is only thirty-eight today—is no wisecracker. I have met him only twice, but each time this quality—earnestness, seriousness—was the first thing I felt. The basis of much of his success is a belief that people, the great mass and bulk of people, *can* be sold on a serious issue. What a leader should do, he thinks, is above all to give the people a chance to inform themselves; his first duty is to interpret issues to the people, and give them the opportunity to take sides, even if he himself is beaten; the leader, he feels, should be one who brings to focus the unexpressed hopes of the people as a channel of their own basic



impulses and desires. Out of this comes what is probably his greatest asset: that his actions follow resolutely his own reigning body of conviction.

Minnesota—an extremely volatile state politically—was overwhelmingly Republican till the early 1930's; then came Roosevelt who carried it nationally all the four times he ran. On a state level the Farmer-Labor party, an offshoot of the Non-Partisan League in North Dakota, had already begun to climb rapidly, as a result of agrarian radicalism and the depression; its leader was a remarkable man, Floyd Olson, who was governor for three terms, from 1930 to 1936. Olson, who was authentically able as well as radical, died of cancer in his third term; his successor was his first disciple, Elmer Benson. It is a shame to have to foreshorten so drastically one of the most fascinating episodes in recent American history. Benson was a kind of Henry Wallace to Olson's FDR. Olson had got himself surrounded by Communists, labor crooks, and undesirables. But, a man with charm, fists, and force, he could boss them. Benson, one of the most high-minded men alive, was not strong enough to do so. His record was good enough, but the Farmer-Labor party itself began to disintegrate, and at the same time he lost all control of labor in the towns. There came an angry, vicious upsurge of strikes, vandalism, and gang assassination. An A.F. of L. local, the celebrated Teamsters 544, ran wild, and farmers couldn't get their produce in. The fabric of government seemed almost at the point of being ripped apart.

It was at this juncture that Stassen—only thirty—entered the big pit for the first time, as a clean-up candidate for governor.

## II

**H**AROLD E. STASSEN was born in West St. Paul on April 13, 1907. His father was a German of Czech descent (the grandfather came to the United States from Austria in 1871); his mother, by name Mueller, was born in Germany but had some Norwegian blood. For Stassen's future career, this was a perfect political and biological combination, since it meant both German and Norwegian votes.

The father, William Stassen, is still alive. He is a truck farmer living near West St. Paul, who still wears overalls into town. He had three other sons beside Harold, all of whom live today in the St. Paul area. One, William, is a metal worker; another, Arthur, drives a milk wagon; the third, Elmer, is a grocer. Nothing aristocratic about the Stassens! These are men close to the earth, who work with their hands. In Stassen's first campaign literature a particular point was made that two of the brothers were members of local A.F. of L. unions, William in the Sheet Metal Workers Local 76, Arthur in the Milk Drivers 546.

Young Harold went to the public schools, then worked his way through the University of Minnesota, emerging after six years with a law degree. He was an exceptionally brilliant and pertinacious student; his industry was colossal, and his record in undergraduate activities—he practically ran the campus—is unmatched to this day. He had to earn a living too, and the tough Czech-Norwegian-German strain began to show. He worked as a Pullman conductor, as a laborer in a bakery, as a pigeon salesman. Also, his ambition was considerable from the beginning. Friends say that while still an undergraduate he told them that he intended to be governor of Minnesota before he was thirty-five. He made it at thirty-one.

He set up law practice in 1929, entered politics at once, and in 1930 was elected county attorney for Dakota County. His partner, Elmer J. Ryan, an Irish Catholic, is still, incidentally, his closest friend—people who dislike him say that Ryan is his only friend. Because, as we shall see, this Stassen is a lone wolf, who chooses among men warily. Ryan got close to his heart by campaigning for him when Stassen had a short siege of tuberculosis; he still has one damaged lung.

Dakota County is a tough spot; it includes South St. Paul and the stockyards and was a wide-open haunt of gangsters, but this didn't faze Harold Stassen, as a half-forgotten episode reveals; when I asked him to name some of the turning points of his life, he mentioned this first of all. The milk farmers in the county were up in arms, since milk prices had collapsed;



highways were blockaded and farm trucks were waylaid and the milk spilled out. A meeting was held, and an outside agitator urged further violence. Someone said, "But what about the county attorney?" The answer came, "Lynch him!" But it happened that the county attorney, young Mr. Stassen, was sitting quietly in a back row; he had entered the meeting place unnoticed, wanting to see what went on. It was the most difficult decision of his life to get up, announce himself, walk to the platform, and say that if anybody wanted to lynch the county attorney, he was right there in the room. Stassen then placated the gathering. Moreover he promised that if they would be temperate a bit longer, he would represent them in litigation without fee. And he eventually got an agreement in eleven counties that raised the price of milk by 25 per cent.

But already he was looking outward. For instance he began early in the '30's to cultivate a group of country editors—and the county weeklies are very influential in Minnesota. They reach people in the grass-roots via the most personal kind of old-style journalism. By ones, twos, or threes, Stassen would invite them to "visit" with him. He was looking outward in other directions too. It is surely an indication of his ability that at twenty-six he fought—and won—a hard case before the Supreme Court in Washington.

**F**OLLOWING the Republican debacle of 1932 came the Republican debacle of 1936. All seemed lost to the party in Minnesota, as Elmer Benson swept the state for a fourth consecutive Farmer-Labor victory. A Republican acquaintance of Stassen's exclaimed sourly, "Let's quit, and give Minnesota back to the Indians." Stassen said, "We can't quit." Someone plaintively inquired, "But we haven't got a candidate—who can possibly beat Benson in 1938?" Stassen replied, "I'll take the rap, if necessary."

Almost at once he got to work, but very quietly. In August 1937, he called on Roy E. Dunn, Republican national committeeman and one of the toughest, ablest men in Minnesota. He asked Dunn a million questions about politics on the gubernatorial level, but not by any gesture did he

disclose that he had any serious aim for the job himself. He was too young. He was unknown outside Dakota County. No one would take him seriously. On Thanksgiving Day he asked Dunn to dinner, announced calmly that he intended to run for governor, and asked him to manage his campaign. It was as if an understudy at the opera should invite Melchior to coach him for the role of Tristan, while Melchior was still singing it.

Dunn was in a spot. He couldn't take on Stassen's campaign without giving up the national committee; also, he didn't want to do anything against either of the two other Republican candidates, each of whom had strong party claims for support. One was Martin A. Nelson, who had been beaten by Olson in both 1934 and 1936 and who, having held the party together during the lean years, wanted a reward. Indeed, before Stassen had popped up, the organization had begged Nelson to run once more.

I asked Minnesota friends who finally did manage Stassen's campaign. Reply: "Stassen."

That 1938 campaign was one of the most blistering in local annals. As I write I have the literature from both sides before me. And it is worth describing briefly because this was Stassen's first important run and it tells a good deal about him. That he wanted Dunn as manager is not uninteresting. He wanted advice from a professional. Yet he himself ran in the most non-professional manner possible. He was willing enough to accept assistance from the Old Guard—on his own terms, with no strings attached—but he knew that people were fed up with the Old Guard. They wanted new faces. And he made them want his own.

First came the primaries. The regular Republican organization did not support Stassen at first. The fat boys thought he was muddying the waters, splitting the vote. He paid no attention, campaigning all over the state in an ancient Ford until people began to wake up. Then came a crucial need for money. Stassen and his crowd were broke. The big money of the millers and the steel men was wary. Nobody wanted to waste a campaign contribution on a rank outsider, a kid of thirty.



Yet everybody wanted unity and a winner. So the money waited. After a while he was told that if he could hold out for three more weeks, funds might be forthcoming. In three weeks, the Old Guard thought, they would know how much of a chance he had. He replied, "I'll eat hamburgers on a side road to economize." The three weeks passed, with Stassen clearly out in front, and substantial help was then forthcoming.

One eminent Old Guardist first became convinced that Stassen would win the primary following an organization dinner at Sauk Center (the original of Sinclair Lewis's *Main Street* incidentally) for all the candidates. Stassen's speech was superb; he ran away with the show. Then photographers came with the coffee. Young Stassen couldn't be found to be photographed. He was at the front door, shaking hands with the crowd outside. The next day, practically every citizen of Main Street boasted of having met him "personally." This, one might add, is a technique that he still follows. Instantly after a speech he darts to the nearest door and greets the folks who weren't able to get inside.

Stassen got a Buick, with dictaphone, to help in the remainder of the campaign. The story is that when it was over a spot on the front seat was worn off where, dictating in back, he would stretch a long leg forward, rubbing the upholstery.

Now for another item. I have mentioned that the Farmer-Labor party was at this time seriously split. On his side of the primary, Benson had opposition too, in the person of a remarkable creature named Hjalmar Petersen of Askov, the rutabaga center of the world. An old-style isolationist, Petersen was a kind of handmaiden to forces seeking to disrupt the Farmer-Labor party from within. The Republicans knew this. And thousands of Republicans switched party and went into the Benson-Petersen primary instead of their own—thinking that the really important thing was to beat Benson, whereupon any Republican would win the subsequent election.

Stassen gained as a result, since most of the deserters were anti-Stassenites. Republican money, even, went into the

Farmer-Labor primaries to beat Benson, who was thought of virtually as anti-Christ. In a way Stassen won the primaries, and, later, the governorship (against Benson who beat Petersen), because a lot of Republicans voted Farmer-Labor!

THE Stassen-Benson run-off was a fierce, gouging campaign, in which Benson was beaten for several reasons that had little to do with Benson, mostly the gang warfare in Minneapolis. Also this was the year when progressives had a hard time everywhere; LaFollette was beaten in Wisconsin and Frank Murphy lost in Michigan; there was a temporary national swing away from Roosevelt. Also Stassen's campaign pledges were substantial, intelligent, and attractive. He promised (a) real jobs instead of the WPA, (b) reform of the civil service, (c) economy in administration, (d) labor peace. Besides, people liked him. This sandy hulk was something new in Minnesota politics.

The campaign was unpleasant in that some of his supporters—but never Stassen himself—went in for Jew-baiting. Benson is about as Jewish as Leif Ericson, but he had several Jewish secretaries and friends, and these were unmercifully slashed at. One campaign song went as follows:

Hi ho, hi ho  
We join the C.I.O.  
We pay our dues  
To the goddam Jews  
Ho hi, hi ho.

Then a big shot in the Republican party, Ray P. Chase, who is still a Minnesota office holder, published a pamphlet under his own name—I am looking at a copy now—called "Are They Communists or Catspaws?" It was frankly and defiantly labeled "A Red-Baiting Article," and it sought to tie Benson in with the Communists and other riffraff. Stassen had no responsibility for this pamphlet—indeed he disavowed it late in the campaign—but to an extent he was its beneficiary.

Anyway he won, and won thumpingly. One of his first acts as governor was to appoint a Democrat as a private secretary, presumably to help keep Republican office-seekers out! This man's implacable independence can never be ignored.



## III

So Harold Stassen became governor of Minnesota at the age of thirty-one. Then came the "ninety days." The state never saw anything quite like them. He booted out the crooks, sent several Benson holdovers to jail for corruption, and saw a Labor Conciliation Act through the legislature. He reorganized the state government and created the job of state "business manager"—the only such job in America. Economy, a rational approach, moderation, security plus opportunity, were his watchwords.

But it is time now to consider Stassen from a broader angle. He became a national figure almost overnight; a kid, he somehow got himself into the federal scene. Partly this was because his local record was so good. But what else? How account for his amazingly quick and sweeping rise?

In 1939, during his first term, he was elected chairman of the Governors' Conference, a considerable honor; the next year he actually brought the Conference to Duluth, in his own state. He went east once or twice, and political writers sought him out as a kind of curio. They came to stare, and went away to admire. At a Gridiron Club dinner, that redoubtable curmudgeon, Harold Ickes, was the chief speaker on one side, Stassen on the other. And in a speech packed with humor (which is not usually pronounced in him) the Minnesotan knocked Ickes flat.

In the summer of 1939 Roy Dunn, the national committeeman, got a long distance call from Henry P. Fletcher, counsel of the Republican National Committee. Fletcher spoke from the offices of his friend Sam Pryor, the Connecticut politico. "Can you come to New York?" Fletcher asked Dunn. "When?" Dunn replied. "As soon as you can," Fletcher went on. In New York Fletcher and Pryor said to Dunn, "It's time to talk about this man Stassen. What would you think of him as keynoter for the next [1940] convention? We want a young man and someone from the West. But is he a free lance, or is he bound to anybody?"

Dunn hopped back to St. Paul and sounded out Stassen, who was naturally

pleased, and then wired New York that the governor seemed okay. So it came about that a man who was too young to run for President himself became keynoter at the Philadelphia convention that nominated Willkie. (He was at the time thirty-three and by constitutional limitation a President must be thirty-five.)

THEN an astonishing thing happened. By inflexible tradition, the keynoter at a national convention is a kind of neutral, and in particular is supposed never to support anybody himself until balloting has begun. Meanwhile, however, Stassen and Willkie had become friends. The intermediary who first interested the governor in Willkie was the late columnist Raymond Clapper. Clapper drifted through Minnesota about six weeks before the convention and had a long talk with him in a St. Paul hotel. One of his friends asked him later what he had asked Stassen about. "I didn't ask him a darned thing," Ray replied. "I'm up to my neck for Willkie, and all I did was tell Stassen that Willkie ought to be the nominee." Also John Cowles of the Minneapolis *Star-Journal* had a good deal to do with promoting Willkie sentiment.

On that vivid day in June 1940, when Stassen made his keynote speech, the Minnesota delegation was split three ways: 17 out of 22 for Vandenberg, the rest divided between Bob Taft and Dewey. Someone said, "Where does Stassen stand?" The answer came, "He has one foot in Taft's camp, one in Dewey's, and a third with Willkie." The night before the balloting, the governor sat in informal conference with the four Minnesota newspapermen who had covered him from the beginning. The newspaper men split 2-2 for Willkie, but there was no peep from Stassen himself as to his preference, no hint of any kind. Then he spent some hours with Dunn. Though he said no word, Dunn thought that he was going to go for Dewey. But at 10:55 the next morning he told Dunn that he was coming out for Willkie. Dunn was thunderstruck. If he had let Dunn know a little in advance, things might have gone more smoothly. But a meeting of the Minnesota delegation had been set for eleven A.M. which gave Dunn only five minutes



to prepare. Stassen then announced to the delegation that he would support Willkie, which caused pandemonium; one woman delegate screamed, "You can't do that!" and people practically pulled each other's hair. Dunn asked, "Are you speaking only for yourself, or for the delegation?" "For myself," Stassen replied. Then at noon—just one hour later—it was announced that he had become Willkie's floor manager! This must have been known to Stassen; but he never told his own crowd about it. Finally at 4 p.m. he asked Dunn to swing the entire delegation to the Willkie candidacy.

A lone wolf? Yes. Ruthless? Yes. But—no one influenced Stassen in this course of action except Harold Stassen.

Some Dewey people have never forgiven Stassen for what they call this doublecross. And some Minnesota politicians have resented it ever since.

There is a poignant footnote to this tale, in that Stassen and Willkie fell out later. Willkie stopped in Minneapolis on his round-the-world flight in 1942, and John Cowles arranged a dinner where they met, but both were somewhat cool. Later Stassen reviewed Willkie's book *One World*, criticizing it, and Wendell felt affronted. In 1944, though Stassen was out in the Pacific, his enthusiasts pushed him into the Wisconsin primaries as a presidential candidate, and the new lieutenant commander said that he would accept the nomination if he got it, which hurt Willkie badly. Willkie's theory about this was that the Old Guard feared *he* might win in Wisconsin, and hence produced Stassen to draw off the liberal-internationalist vote, such as it was. Actually, Stassen outran Willkie in this race, and Willkie never quite forgave him.

Stassen went into the Navy, as we know, early in 1943; previously he had been a reserve officer. He waited till the Minnesota legislature adjourned its session; then he signed bills till midnight, resigned the next day at noon, and left the state house in uniform at 4 p.m. A remarkable item is that the Navy was able to accept him, since he was tubercular in his youth. But Secretary Knox had been after him for a long time; the Navy badly needed first-class administrators. Stassen became flag secre-

tary and assistant Chief of Staff to Admiral Halsey, and his record was distinguished, though he did not see much actual fighting. Halsey is reputed to have said at first that he didn't want "any damn politicians" in his fleet; later, they became good friends.

#### IV

STASSEN's wife, whose maiden name was Esther Glewwe, was a childhood sweetheart. She is an unassuming woman of great sweetness of character, who has developed step by step with her husband in recent years; they have two children, Glen (aged nine) and Kathleen (aged three and a half), and live in a small house in South St. Paul financed in part by a modest FHA mortgage. Before that, the Stassens had lived in a five-room cottage. The plain people of Minnesota are a frugal lot, and the governor was criticized for "ostentation" when he moved; the new house was called "Stassen's palace." The charge is ridiculous. Nothing could be further from his character than ostentation, and the house is the kind that anybody might buy whose salary was \$8,500 a year, which is what he got as governor.

Stassen has no private means, and so far as one can tell he has utterly no interest in money for money's sake. If he wanted to be rich he could quit politics and easily earn \$100,000 a year at law.

He is a Baptist. He drinks little, and smokes not at all; he eats carefully, and likes a lot of milk. He can relax in a second, and sleep anywhere. He seldom goes to the theater or the movies or to the great Minneapolis Symphony. He reads a good deal, but mostly on strict vocational lines. One book—on some such topic as German reparations, say—will send him to another. He writes every word of his speeches, which indeed have a highly individual style.

I asked a lot of people in Minnesota who his best friend was, and the answer I got was usually "Stassen!" Outside this, those closest to him are probably Elmer Ryan and—until recently at least—Joe Ball. But nobody gets too close. He has the greatest admiration for men like J. Russell Wiggins in St. Paul and Gideon Seymour in Minneapolis, two of the ablest newspapermen



in the country, but he holds everybody off to some extent. "Just when you think you're really close to Harold," one friend told me, "he trips you up." The retreat into sudden enigmatic coldness is never explained. Then two weeks later he will be warm again.

His chief defect, most of his associates think, is his intense ambition, which serves to make him seem too calculating. Next to this is the coldness. He is not in the least shy; but he is reserved. There is no poetry in him, and some old acquaintances say that he lacks "human" spark. He is often called "secretive."

Like practically all good politicians with a serious interest in life he is a superlative brain-picker. What he likes to listen to—above all—are facts. He seldom talks much in a group; but he is a formidably acute and spacious synthesizer. He drove some of his own experts mildly crazy at San Francisco; they would pass him notes suggesting courses of action; he would read them carefully but never make any sign of reply at all.

One of his positive qualities is courage. Another is his stubborn determination, what might be called his fixity. He has the divine capacity never to be bored by what he is doing. Other people, fatigued at grappling with an issue, may drop by the wayside; he holds on to the grim finish. He is full of Teutonic thoroughness. And he is very seldom diverted by side issues. Call him a Fascist, call him a Communist—he will pay absolutely no attention, but continue to plug steadily down the middle. Nor will he go down the line for *anybody*, except out of deep conviction. It is impossible for him to pretend.

He thinks more slowly than any other man I have ever met in public life. I asked him a question in San Francisco; he swung one big leg over the other, cupped his chin in a fist, and stared levelly out of the window for what must have been sixty seconds before uttering a word. But when he finally does answer, it's usually something worth waiting for.

Then there are other qualities, for instance his spectacularly good memory. In the summer of 1945, he reported to the Governors' Conference at Mackinac on the San Francisco Charter. He spoke for

an hour and a half, without notes. Two governors told me later—quite independently—that this was the finest intellectual performance they had ever heard.

STASSEN is an excellent executive and administrator; once he assigns duties, he never interferes. He is methodical in the extreme; for instance, in the old days, his campaign speeches lasted twenty minutes each, almost to the second. He knows politics inside out, and he is that rarest of things, a *natural* leader; he took over the state of Minnesota as he took over the college campus. This is one reason why the die-hards are always fearful of what apple-carts he may upset. And, above all, he has the ability to visualize the moods and needs of the average citizen and has faith in their good will.

Another of Stassen's traits is self-confidence; another is his consistency (few people have ever seen him out of character); another is his directness, his rapidity of pace. Consider the following, which is from the *first* paragraph of the first big speech he ever made on international affairs, in Washington in 1943:

In response to your invitation, I bring you tonight a message from the Middle West. It is this . . . The overwhelming majority of the people of the Midwest know that the walls of isolation are gone forever.

Finally, he has the valuable merit of not being tagged. People cannot put him into any easy category. No one knows just what to expect from him; hence, almost anything he does is news.

STASSEN has made enemies on both sides in Minneapolis. Old Guard Republicans think of him as a kind of half-adopted son who has forced his way into the house, as an opportunist who has made the party in Minnesota a springboard for his presidential aspirations, little more.

Left-wingers who disparage Stassen's liberalism say, on their end, that he once campaigned in Nebraska against George Norris, that the Silver Shirts supported him in 1938, and that he never had one word to say for Loyalist Spain, whereas Benson stuck his neck out on Spain and took a severe beating for so doing. They assert that his tax program has favored the



steel company, that Minnesota is one of the few states with no enabling act to take advantage of federal housing, and above all that his famous labor law is anti-labor. Finally, they point to the way he entered the Minnesota scene, taking advantage of a labor crisis to "ride roughshod over opposition"; they even hint ominously that this is a "Fascist" pattern, that he could seek to become a dictator.

The main provision of the labor law is to provide a mandatory ten-day cooling-off period before any strike may be declared—a thirty-day period if the governor decides that the industry involved is "vital to the public interest." Labor, naturally, claims that this bill nullifies its most precious prerogative, the right to strike, but in practice it has worked out fairly well, and few moderates want it changed. And in fairness to Stassen—who is all in favor of strong labor unions—it should be pointed out that he put this bill through to forestall passage of another bill much worse. And—something not to be ignored—the CIO itself supported him in both 1940 and 1942, though it would probably not support him now (and though one reason for its support was that his opponent was Petersen, an isolationist).

## V

**I** MET Stassen for the first time at a party in New York given by Sinclair Lewis in early 1943. The room was filled with people who had spent all their lives studying foreign affairs. Who was this amiable, slow-spoken youngster listening with such intent interest? Then people began to ask him questions. It was not surprising that he should be so interested in technical European matters; what struck everybody was that he *knew* so much, and knew it with such precision. Someone asked him why the old League had failed. "For three reasons," he answered succinctly, and then named them without hesitation: Point One, Point Two, Point Three. What was impressive was his unrehearsed command of a subject that seemed very remote from Minnesota.

A few weeks later came the speech in Washington from which I have quoted above. A Republican governor from the

Middle West forthrightly stated that isolationism in the Middle West was dead. Maybe he was wrong; time alone can tell; the point is (a) he believed it, and (b) dared to say so. This was the speech in which he sketched a seven-point program not merely for a world "organization" but for a "permanent United Nations government," which out-Roosevelted Roosevelt. At about this time a group of Republican oldtimers, meeting him in Washington, pleaded with him not to go so far. He "was driving himself out of public life." Stassen replied, "Okay. If you fellows win, Hitler will be boss of the United States, and I'll be delighted to be out."

As an officer in the Navy Stassen could not, of course, continue speechmaking. But on March 8, 1945, just before the San Francisco Conference, he made an astonishing talk in Minnesota outlining what he thought should be the cardinal points of American world policy, and including a proposition that, so far as I know, out-reaches anything else in the field ever made by an American politician. He hit at that ancient shibboleth, national sovereignty, saying that all of us are "citizens of the world," and suggesting

that we do not subscribe to the extreme view of nationalist sovereignty, that we realize that neither this nation, nor any other nation, can be a law unto itself in the modern world, and that [*italics mine*] *we are willing to delegate a limited portion of our national sovereignty to our United Nations organization.*

He went on to qualify himself and deny that he favored setting up any super-state; he was not advocating any abrogation of the American right to be independent. But, he proceeded, "true sovereignty rests in the people, and the people know that for their own future welfare they must exercise a portion of that sovereignty on a world level in place of a nationalist level." And, "the extreme principle of absolute nationalistic sovereignty is of the Middle Ages and it is dead."

Stassen's appointment by Roosevelt as a delegate to San Francisco flabbergasted him. He is said to have felt that to accept it would be a political liability; yet he announced, "It is as much my duty to take an assignment to work for a successful peace as to work for a successful war." At



once he set out to build a kind of bridge between himself and the rest of the party, and he saw that the conference might be a vehicle toward his dearest aim—to liberate the Republican machine from what he thinks is its backwardness in foreign affairs and its conservatism.

On November 9, 1945, just before getting out of the Navy, Stassen made a speech in New York on the atomic bomb which was widely greeted as the most sensible, realistic, and courageous statement on this explosive topic made to date by any American leader. Stassen has vision—and he showed it. Then on November 15 he was released at Great Lakes Training Center, and the first thing he said was that he would return to active politics and devote himself to strengthening the liberal and progressive elements in his party.

AS A civilian considering his future, Stassen will, it would seem, have two major problems. First, he will want to stay up front in the national scene, and it is therefore possible—but not probable—that he will run for senator against Shipstead in 1946. But many presidential aspirants are not too eager to get into the Senate. For one thing, a senator is only one of ninety-six; for another, he has to

take a stand—and get counted—on too many issues. Also, he may not want to leave another job in midterm—and of course it is generally assumed that he will be a candidate for President in 1948. Yet he must keep politically alive.

As to the presidency, the problem seems to be double; Stassen, by ordinary rules, should between now and 1948 be “conservative” enough to win the nomination in an Old Guard convention, and then “liberal” enough to beat the Democratic candidate.

His friends think that, in 1948, he can make a first-class race. They say that he got Minnesota out of just the kind of mess that the United States as a whole may find itself in two years from now; they claim that he is just the man to hang on to the real gains of the Roosevelt Revolution, and yet scour out the barnacles and sediment; they adduce his courageous vision on international affairs; and they think that, with luck, he can get more labor votes than any other American, more farm votes, more Republican votes, more internationalist votes, and the service vote to boot.

Maybe so. In any case, Harold Stassen is certainly a Young Man Going Somewhere.

## *Cub at Conference*

JAMES BOOTHE

THE peace is born in boxcars, out of caste  
 Among the mighty, not quite still-born, redly  
 Yapping, uncommitted, wholly chaste,  
 Ignored at baize-top tables. Peace is deadly—  
 Look at its little fangs already sprouting,  
 Vestigial but tightly rooted, dormant merely,  
 Testing its claws on poultry wire and shouting:  
 “These are not my commandments. No!”—Sincerely  
 Regarding them with cat-eyed innocence  
 And no belief. Domesticate it now,  
 Before the jungle claims her own. Its tense  
 Is screeching urgency, no matter how  
 The empire of the belly crouches, vast,  
 Demanding cages or the world at last.



# Rebecca West

## ... From England

LAST Saturday night there gathered in the little schoolhouse of our village most of the villagers who were over seventeen. Reasonable prohibition barred out their juniors. One of our number, A— B—, an RAF officer who had been engaged in liaison work with certain other Air Forces, had been among the first Englishmen to enter Buchenwald after its liberation by the American troops, and he had felt strongly that everyone should hear the truth about that monstrous settlement, housing thirty thousand men at a time and often replacing that population, which had been wholly dedicated to evil by its founders. So he had brought down from London X— Y—, a brother officer, who, caught in France, had been in Buchenwald for the last ten months of its existence, and together they tried to make the place real to us. They succeeded very well, their marked differences giving a stereoscopic quality to their story.

A— B— is a soft-voiced, slow-moving man in his late thirties, member of a family which has produced distinguished business men and scholars in almost equal numbers, quietly and deeply happy in his domestic life and fully aware that such private joys can be safeguarded only by public spirit. He had gone over to Buchenwald as companion to a high-ranking Czech officer to whom the news had come that nearly all his relatives had been destroyed in its crematorium. A— B— had arrived at the camp feeling the obvious sympathy we should all feel at the violence done to this valuable man; he had returned feeling an emotion not so familiar to all of us. It had happened, he told us, that, wandering about among the piles of naked dead and the shameful disease-

sodden buildings, he had found two boys playing in the dust on a little patch of ground beside the corpses of two old men. He had asked them, "But why are you playing here?" and they had stared at him in surprise and answered, "Why not? We always play here." Though he described the scene in a level voice, we all knew, being his neighbors, that as he had looked on these perverted children he had thought of his own two boys, one of whom had just gone to Eton, the other being still at a preparatory school.

His statement, flat and yet passionate, reminded me that in the days before the war there was a bland effort on the part of many parents and educators to persuade children out of their natural reactions. I have heard a mother assuring her little son that it was silly to be afraid of snakes, as so few of them in England are venomous, until she was furiously interrupted by a zoologist who happened to be present. Didn't she see, he asked, that if her son did at any time in his life meet a venomous snake his only chance against its lightning attack might be a movement of repulsion which had the speed of uncriticized instinct? Such a mother might have thought it better that her son should not feel the mingled horror and reverence which is the ordinary human reaction to a dead body. But this grave father, having looked on children who had lost that natural feeling with eyes that remembered his own children who had not, imparted to us the terror of that sight. That it was terrible was not prejudice, but the most solemn wisdom. If human beings are not appalled by the difference between living bodies and corpses they will make living bodies into corpses without compunction,



and our race will perish in a welter of murder. Blood will quench all the fires of earth, and it will grow cold as the moon.

A— B— represented the reaction of normality to Buchenwald. That could not be said of X— Y—. He was not mad; he was not to the faintest degree mentally affected. But there are good wines which possess every quality of the best of their kind but are distinguished by a flavor peculiar to themselves, mark of some climatic prodigy that had ravaged the year of their vintage, such as a storm or a prolonged drought, and it would be so with this young man. To the day of his death there will be a strangeness about him, though he belongs to the least strange type of Englishman. Tall and well-built in a slender fashion, with a fair skin and light brown hair and round, direct blue eyes, neat and well-mannered, he was like hundreds of thousands of others who are executives in big businesses or owners of small ones, and greatly given to swimming and tennis and cricket at weekends. But, arriving at Buchenwald and being given a number well up in the eight thousands, he had found that seven men before him had borne it; being told by a cook that a little boy had offered him a gold tooth in exchange for another plate of soup, he had sought out the boy, knowing that if the SS men had found him with such a treasure, which rightfully belonged to them, they would send him to the crematorium, and, on finding that the child had wrenched the gold tooth out of his dead father's head, had to put him over his knee and spank him, as if he had been stealing apples; he watched thousands of prisoners from other concentration camps which were likely to be overrun by the Russians march into Buchenwald and stand under the searchlights on the parade ground, every one of them raving mad because of the hardships of the journey, some to die as they stood there, others to die as they were stripped of their lousy clothes in the disinfection station, others to die during the night in a stench of gas-gangrene, septic wounds, and dysentery, only a few, and those the least happy, to survive till morning.

It was not for him to brood, like A—

B—, on the horrible site of Buchenwald, on the lip of an abyss into which for all day and all night human beings dropped down and were lost in the nothingness of inhumanity. He had gone on a stage further. He wanted to know why certain human beings had chosen to transplant themselves from cities, imperfect yet certainly enduring, which sane adventure has built on the solid ground of tradition, to this disgusting waste lot. For very little in Buchenwald was determined by any recognizable necessity. Surely it would have been sensible, if one was a brute, and at war, and had absolute power over many thousands of men, to shoot those who were incapable of working for one and to feed those who could work so that they worked well, not to keep them all in a state of semi-starvation which enfeebled the strongest and brought all of average strength and below sooner or later to the crematorium. There was apparently no reason at all why there should have been any children in the camp; the SS authorities, pressed for an explanation, could only say they obviously could not have been allowed to run wild and somebody had to look after the poor little ones. It is hard to see what lay behind this hypocrisy. There can have been no question of preventing the children from talking of what had happened to their parents. In Hitler's Reich nobody talked. The prisoners in the concentration camps which were about to be overrun by the Russians could as well have been shot where they were. There was some reason why the Germans should keep evidence of their atrocities from the British and American forces, but they had already committed so many on Russian soil that they could not hope to alter Russian judgment by covering up a few more.

"Will you explain that one for me?" X— Y— asked his audience again and again, still short-breathed with wonder, and went on to tell us that not only the policy of Buchenwald was incomprehensible, but its routine also. The camp was set in one of the coldest places in Central Europe, on a plateau swept by winds from the icy North, the Atlantic, the Russian tundras, and the Alps. The inmates were not allowed to put their hands in their pockets. Those that had coats might not



wear them. One night, when the snow lay deep on the parade ground, the twenty-five thousand men standing at attention got a new order from the tower which drilled them through loud-speakers. "Lie down on your stomach! Roll over on your back! Stomach! Back! Stomach! Back!" Not till three-quarters of an hour had passed were the shivering and sodden wretches permitted to crawl back into the unheated buildings. When an inmate died in one of the blocks his neighbors were compelled to bring his corpse to the next of the twice-daily parades, so that the SS guards might record his death, and, however long that parade might last, they were not allowed to lay the corpse on the ground, but were compelled to hold him upright in front of them. The excuse given was the need for discipline; but it is senseless to discipline men who in a few weeks or days will be dead. No wonder it was with the freshest amazement that X— Y— asked us, "Can you work out what the sense of that was? *We* never could."

The conclusion reluctantly formed at the end of the evening by the two speakers and their audience was that Buchenwald existed for no other reason than that it was some people's notion of fun. It had amused a certain number of evil men to get others in their power and torture them till they died, dribbling out the pain as slowly as possible, so that the entertainment should last as long as possible. That was near enough the truth and we can perhaps congratulate ourselves on our realism, which is an advance on our easy faith of the nineteen twenties that human beings were incapable of evil and caused pain to others only under constraint. But those congratulations had better be withheld if we go on to draw another conclusion, and identify these evil men with the Nazis, and to assume that the Buchenwald kind of horror will come to an end because the Nazis have been defeated by us who, being their enemies, must be virtuous.

THAT any such conclusion is an error was hinted just after the liberation of Buchenwald, by a tired voice that spun a thin and broken thread of sound over the radio. An English officer who had been among the liberated inmates was inter-

viewed, briefly because of his physical weakness, on his experiences. Faintly he said it was difficult to describe them, because what had gone on in the camp had had nothing to do with the rest of life. The things he had seen had made it hard to keep faith in humanity. "I suppose the SS guards were terrible?" asked the interviewer. The flat voice became the ghost of disgust. It intimated that it had not only been the SS guards who had been terrible.

What that stricken speaker meant has been fully explained in a little book published in England by the publishing firm of Heinemann: *The Dungeon Democracy*, by Christopher Burney, a young English officer who was captured while working with the French resistance movement and spent fifteen months in Buchenwald. It is disconcerting, as many books written during the next few years are bound to be, because its writer had not long left school when he was dropped into the inner circle of the war, and has therefore known the depths of experience while having had few experiences. Therefore it is at once wise and ignorant, and its pity and its intolerance rage together. But Christopher Burney has a powerful intelligence, and a hungry preference for good over evil which makes him set down in black and white all his intellectual findings, even those which are not flattering to our kind and age.

Buchenwald, he tells us, was founded in 1935 with a few political prisoners from other camps and some common criminals, as a reservoir from which slave labor could be drawn for certain munition works and petrol factories and salt mines where the conditions were particularly disagreeable. Like so much of the Nazi structure it was planned on lines that made financial corruption inevitable. The camp commandant was given a quota of shares in the firms which he supplied with manpower, and marks per day were allowed him for the maintenance of each inmate, an arrangement which allowed ample opportunities for pickings. It was thus to the interest of both the state, which wanted labor and enjoyed torture, and the parasites who cheated the state and also enjoyed torture, to make Buchenwald possible. So very soon the business of policing it became too onerous for the SS guards.



It therefore became necessary for them to apply the good old Roman formula, *divide et impera*: divide and rule, split up into sections people you want to rule, pamper one section and make it do your work for you by oppressing the other section which will then turn their hatred against it instead of against you. The SS took certain prisoners, all Germans, and gave them certain comforts and privileges on condition that they kept the camp in working order. Thereafter when the SS wanted fifty men for work in the quarry or on sewage-disposal or in the munition works it gave the figures to a prison-*Kapo* or chief, who found the fifty men. Other *Kapos* supervised the loathsome dormitories, distributed the mean rations, staffed the horrible parody of a hospital, and formed a police force. The SS were still guards, and inspectors and executioners, but they had no more dealing with the individual prisoners.

THESE *Kapos*, the SS first naïvely took from among those inmates of the camp who wore green triangles on their arms to show that they had been convicted of murder, rape, robbery, or large scale fraud, or had been certified as criminally insane, and those who wore black triangles to show that they were "anti-social" and had been convicted of brothel-keeping, fortune-telling, homosexuality, or habitual drunkenness. In this action lies proof of the nihilism which is engendered by dictatorship. Mankind has formed through the ages a habit of locking up people who are guilty of murder, rape, robbery, and skulduggery, because it has found them unhelpful in the day's work that builds up civilization. It is not easy to imagine a society that has not some sensible respect for that tradition. Here, however, was the SS, a powerful executive arm of a modern state, which was in total ignorance of this elementary piece of wisdom and obviously believed that their own organization shut up these people out of caprice. They were amazed to find that under the Greens and the Blacks Buchenwald turned into a thieves' kitchen which failed entirely in its task of producing manpower. Therefore they gradually transferred the task of organization to those inmates who, locked

up as political opponents of the Nazis, wore red triangles on their arms.

That is the sad message of this book: how the Reds took over Buchenwald and what happened to it and to them. How they prepared for the situation long before it arose, how they laid traps for their Green tyrants and saw that they fell victims to the force by which they lived, how they consolidated their power, by bringing into the organization those men of like mind whom they found in new arrivals of other nationalities in the camp, might have been a magnificent story, it could still be told as if it were one. But in Mr. Burney's opinion the story was shameful.

There were in Buchenwald responsible representatives of almost every anti-Nazi organization. They were there, cramped in an enclosure with an ideal opportunity to study and prove their ability to work sincerely for the common good. And they failed. They could have said, "The Nazis have cast us brutally into the midst of horror. We will show the world by our example that our cause is just, that if we are ever freed we will be successors of whom no honest man need be afraid. We will show that we are champions at least of elementary decency and the respect of human life and liberty." They proved the contrary. They proved that in fact they, too, were moved only by greed, ambition, or weakness.

They dipped, it seems, to the extremes of moral slovenliness. They refrained from the murder and robbery of their predecessors, for the Reds were bound to be better than the Greens in this matter, since thought acts as a brake on violence. But they were bad enough to make Mr. Burney bitterly describe them as "merely Nazis painted red." They fed themselves and their friends on food filched from the common store, and diverted from all others such medical attention as the camp afforded. Those that worked in the disinfection station on the convoys of dying men that came in from the other camps were untender with the dying. The police were brutal; when a transport of Jews who had been returned from the murderous petrol factories as no longer capable of working were marched off, swaying and shambling skeletons, to the station on the way to the gas chambers at Auschwitz, moaning because they knew of their doom, they were beaten up by the police to keep them moving.

They were slovenly, yet about their



faith as cruelly precise as the Nazis. They were Communists, and though not orthodox members of the Communists, being for the most part Trotskyites, and all much loathed by the Red Army prisoners, they had as stern an attitude to heretics and heathens as if their orthodoxy had been unquestioned. They used their power to nominate inmates for the labor drafts, to purge all of not identical belief, and this without respect for the stand their victims had made against the Nazi terror. Emil Kalman, a Viennese intellectual of the highest character, who by an act of great daring saved one French and two British officers from execution in August 1944, was later to play a decisive part in preventing the SS from murdering the whole camp before the American troops arrived. He was continually persecuted by the Reds because he was a Roman Catholic, and a member of the Clerical party; and was named by them for deportation to Auschwitz for liquidation, only escaping by a trick. Michelin, the French tire manufacturer, was sent to Buchenwald by the Gestapo for extensive sabotage, including the destruction of a large stock of rubber which might have been used by the Germans. He was over sixty and therefore exempt from the labor draft. But he was a capitalist, so he went to Ohrdruf, where there were twenty-five hundred deaths a month. Within three weeks he was dead. Ten days before the liberation of the camp these bigots passed a resolution that "it is in the highest degree regrettable that the Anglo-American capitalists should liberate us . . . we will do all in our power, even under them, to retain the position which we have always held," and they excluded from the new administration the two ablest caterers (although, since the German sources of supply had dried up and the American commissariat had not yet taken over, the camp was starving) because both these men had pro-Ally sympathies. Their eyes were blinded by sectarianism to the supreme wonder, that there was to be an end to the slaughter and disease and savagery.

**I**T MAY be argued that this misconduct was due to the years of sequestration and ill-treatment to which these men had

been subjected. But this is beautifully disproved by those others who retained their integrity unchanged through years of imprisonment. In the hospital, where nearly all the staff had cynically abandoned the bodies or souls of the sick, three German Communists, unskilled laborers by calling, gravely set themselves to acquire what medical skill they could, applied it to their patients with the utmost diligence and kindness, and refused to let themselves be used as executioners or vivisectionists. In the disinfection station there worked a Pole who loathed and despised the Jews. That is natural enough: the Czars worked hard throughout the nineteenth century to foster anti-Semitism by such means as the deportation of large numbers of Russian Jews into poverty-stricken Polish areas. But this Pole, who had to work sometimes for three days and nights at a time on the filthy and louse-infested bodies of Jews arriving in delirium and the spasms of dysentery, never touched one roughly or spoke to one rudely. There were, indeed, saints in the camp. Mr. Burney's message is not that all Buchenwald or all mankind is vile, but that, as he puts it, "ideology cannot replace morality." Adherence to an ideology can give individuals the power to form a group which can take control of an organization; but it cannot give them the power to resist the temptation to use that ideology as the cover for the indulgence of greed, ambition, and the nastier notions of fun. That can only be derived from a personal decision always to say yes to good and no to evil, from a resolution to scrutinize every such decision to see that it is truly what it claims to be.

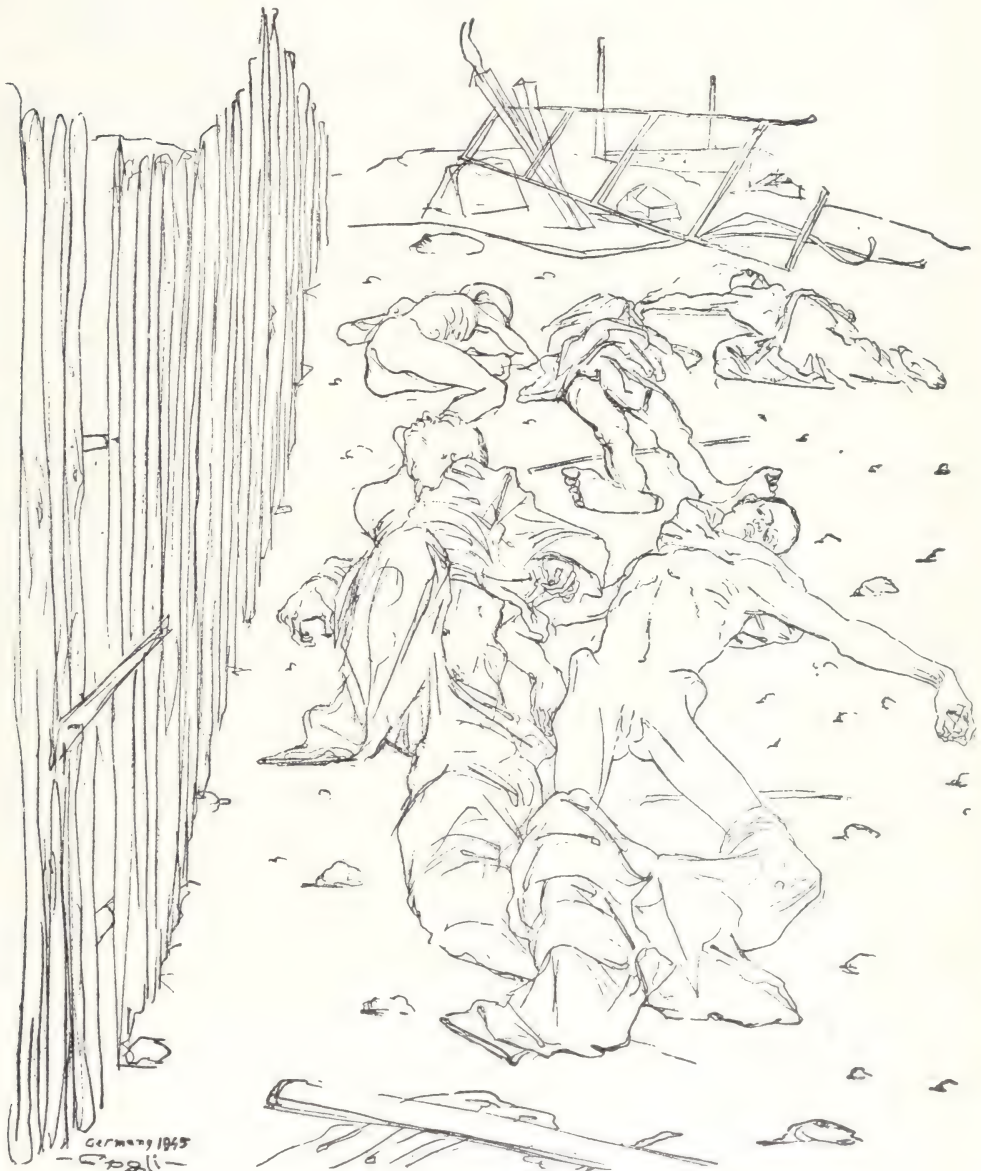
**T**HERE is a passage in the preface of *The Dungeon Democracy* which finally expresses the moral anxiety of its author:

My interest is to see the world cured of a pestilence which will eventually cause the destruction of the human race unless a swift cure is found. That pestilence is inhumanity, and this book is designed simply to give warning of its presence and of its activity and especially to guard against the fatal tendency to think that it is a direct offspring of Nazidom and will perish with its father. Nazidom was indeed infected with the germ as no other regime in history has been, but when Nazidom is dead the germ will still be there, strengthened and more virulent after its recent encouraging activity.



In other words, tomorrow might find that our notion of fun was Buchenwald, or some refined version of it: say a policy which led to the oppression of a race, a nation, or a class, and rejected the knowledge we all carry in our hearts that all created creatures must be allowed to follow their own road toward the knowledge of reality. We were conscious, as we listened to the tales of Buchenwald, in our village school, that such danger might be overhanging us; and I think we were all halfway to suspecting that it might be as

Christopher Burney tells us and that there is no way of averting that danger, save for each one of us to resolve that all our lives long we should prefer the agreeable to the disagreeable, love to hatred, and good to evil. Such resolutions, in the past, were usually reinforced in the village church. But though a fair proportion of us attended the meeting at the village school that Saturday night not many of us would meet at church on Sunday morning; and I do not know the answer to the problem implied in that disharmony.



*Drawing by Corrado Cogli (Northausen, 1945)*



# MR. TRUMAN REORGANIZES

JOHN FISCHER

**F**OR the past seven months the government has been going through a reorganization more drastic and far-reaching than anything since the first upheaval of the New Deal. The shake-up has attracted little public attention, both because it has been smothered by the more spectacular foreign news and because it is being carried out gradually and without uproar. Yet this reorganization probably is the most important accomplishment, so far, of the Truman Administration; and its character will largely determine the Administration's entire future course.

Mr. Truman stepped into the White House with two firm notions about how the government ought to be run. Both of them grew out of his eagerness to avoid what seemed to him the two great mistakes of his predecessor. He was determined to get along with Congress better than Roosevelt had; and he wanted a "strong" cabinet to which he could delegate a large share of his responsibilities, thus escaping the painfully obvious faults of F.D.R.'s so-called one-man rule.

The new President hoped to solve both problems at once by loading his cabinet with former members of Congress, who presumably would know how to work with their old colleagues on the Hill. Four key Departments—State, Treasury, Agriculture, and Labor—went to such men: Byrnes, Vinson, Anderson, and

Schwellenbach. All were long-time personal friends of Truman, and all of them were of proven stature well beyond that of the average legislator.

That was the most Truman could do for the Hill. Two minor Departments, Commerce and Interior, had to be left to New Deal hold-overs, Ickes and Wallace, because—as we shall see—the President simply dared not turn them out. In view of the nervous state of world affairs, it clearly was good politics to keep the military establishment out of politics; so both War and Navy were turned over to career men—Patterson and Forrestal—who had demonstrated their capacity as first-rate administrators. Ancient tradition demanded that the Post Office should go to Truman's campaign manager and political generalissimo, Hannegan, although in fact so many postal jobs recently have been put under Civil Service that it is no longer an important source of patronage. The Justice Department, which is a potential fountain of countless favors, went to another political technician, Clark, who is closely allied both to the wealthy oil industry and to the most powerful state delegation in Congress.

In order to strengthen his cabinet still further and to untangle some of the bewildering administrative confusion of Washington, Truman set out to scrap or to bring into the regular departments as many as possible of the ninety-odd "independent"

*Mr. Fischer, one of our editors, brought to his current study of the reorganized Washington bureaucracy a background of seven years' experience inside the government.*



agencies. Most of these—ranging from TVA to the Tariff Commission—are nominally responsible directly to the White House, although it is obviously impossible for any man to supervise a fraction of that number. In practice some of them are responsible to nobody at all.

Consequently, Truman is endeavoring to dismantle or consolidate nearly every such agency, whether wartime or New Deal, which he can reach by means of executive order. Moreover, he has asked Congress for authority to tackle the remaining long-established bureaus and commissions which are protected by statute. (At this writing it seems likely that he will get it, although Congress doubtless will forbid any tampering with a dozen or so of its special pets.) Finally, a thorough remodeling job is either under way or impending in all but three of the regular departments. Taken together, all this piecemeal surgery adds up to a major operation on the framework of government.

Here, in brief outline, is the way the reorganization is working out.

## II

### THE STATE DEPARTMENT

Three successive secretaries have kept the State Department in an almost continuous turmoil of reorganization ever since the beginning of the war. Yet it remains the most criticized, mistrusted, and ineffectual department of government—and Jimmy Byrnes has yet to prove that he will be any more successful than Hull and Stettinius in his efforts to rejuvenate the imperious old lady.

The nub of this intractable problem lies in the fact that the Department has been dominated for the past thirty-five years by a small clique of Foreign Service officers, who have come to regard it as a sort of private club where they could practice diplomacy as a gentlemanly hobby. Traditionally they entered the service directly from one of the Ivy League universities, without once rubbing elbows with business, labor, or the grubbier facts of American life. From then on both their associations abroad and the traditions of their service have schooled them to think of foreign affairs as the special concern of an

aristocracy, like grouse-shooting, and the less the public hears about it the better.

These men are by no means the coterie of vacant-headed tea-sippers sometimes caricatured by their critics. On the contrary, some of them are appallingly clever. They have a mastery of the dark rituals of protocol which a new secretary finds almost indispensable. They are deeply entrenched in the Department's political divisions and key administrative posts. Their own special kind of civil service makes it impossible to root them out; and it also serves as a barrier against any new recruit, however able, who may lack "proper background." Most important of all, they are virtuosos of bureaucratic intrigue. As one of their recent victims complained: "Those boys don't cut your throat like an honest politician. They smile, pat your back, and then stab you in the kidneys with a perfumed ice-pick."

Because they pride themselves on a profound indifference toward economics, the Department's Brahmins have seldom fully understood the tumultuous events of the past three decades. (This same trait, coupled with an open distaste for tradesmen, has not endeared them to American businessmen operating abroad.) Toward other branches of government their attitude ranges from condescension to a thinly-veiled contempt; and as a result the State Department is disliked by nearly everyone else in Washington, and has the most trouble in getting the co-operation of other agencies. Its feud with the Treasury, in particular, has long been an open scandal.

Perhaps the most serious shortcoming of the Foreign Service hierarchy is its failure to develop any interest in the art of administration. On the purely mechanical level, this means that the Department still creaks along with a set of procedures which might have been inherited from an old ladies' home during the Grant Administration. (In the dispatch of cables, which is its main preoccupation, State is slower than any other major foreign office in the world; and the issuance of a passport may take as long as three months.) On the policy level, it means that each of the political offices habitually makes its own decisions in cozy secrecy with little or no reference to the decisions being made by



the next office down the hall. The result, as Walter Lippmann recently pointed out, is that "our foreign relations are not under control, that decisions of the greatest moment are being made in bits and pieces without the exercise of any sufficient overall judgment . . ."

This state of affairs was tolerable in the days when the United States had small concern with the rest of the world, and wanted less. Today, however, it invites catastrophe.

Hence the repeated efforts to do something about it. The venerable Hull, who wasn't much interested in administration himself, simply drew a new set of boxes on the organization chart and shuffled around the old names. Stettinius redrew the boxes again, repainted the fusty corridors, brought in new furniture and a little new blood, and labored heroically to find out why the correspondence so often went unanswered for weeks on end. Meanwhile the old gang conducted business as usual.

When Byrnes took over he seemed bent upon a reorganization that would really take. His first step was to oust the Foreign Service crowd, for the first time in a generation, from two of its key redoubts—the offices of the under secretary and the assistant secretary for administration. Into the first he put Dean Acheson, who suffered many a jab from the perfumed ice-picks during his earlier assignments in the Department and has never forgotten it. For the second, he drafted Colonel Frank McCarthy, a thirty-three-year-old protégé of General George C. Marshall, who had made a reputation as a super-charged administrator while serving as secretary of the General Staff. Byrnes told them to overhaul the works, with the help of a blueprint drawn up by the Budget Bureau, and then took off for Potsdam and the London conference.

McCarthy lasted just six weeks. Full of pep and high purpose, he tore into his job with a somewhat naïve enthusiasm. Gradually it became sodden under a drizzle of cold hostility, passive resistance, time-encrusted precedents, and countless memoranda explaining in three thousand words why nothing really could be done. Moreover, it began to appear doubtful whether Byrnes, an habitual compromiser,

would back up the reform program in the face of an ominously growing internal opposition. Then McCarthy developed a painful and quite genuine case of bursitis which afforded a convenient opportunity for him to resign.

To fill the vacancy, at least temporarily, Byrnes called upon his old South Carolina law partner, Donald Russell. His experience has been political rather than administrative, and his most pronounced talent seems to be the smoothing of ruffled feathers. Nobody expects him to attempt anything drastic; the Budget Bureau's reorganization scheme is molding on the shelf; and the old regime is breathing easily again.

**Y**ET in all these abortive reorganizations something has been accomplished. In Byrnes, Acheson, and Ben Cohen, the Department's new counselor, State now has a team of top policy-makers which is sometimes described as the ablest since the days of John Hay. Under great handicaps they are doing their level best to put together a coherent foreign policy, in which the line of action proposed for, say, Japan no longer contradicts that for Eastern Europe, and in which loans to our Allies, tariff revisions, oil interests in Saudi Arabia, overseas airlines, the atom bomb, and a dozen other complex pieces may at last fit together in some consistent pattern.

Their economics staff has been reinforced to a strength of about three hundred, and under the aggressive leadership of Will Clayton it is at last beginning to serve as a counterpoise to the still-dominant political divisions. Byrnes has junked one of Hull's most cherished notions—the theory that the Department should lay down "policy" from its august heights, while lesser agencies carried out "operations"—and has taken over remnants of four such operating agencies, OWI, OSS, the Foreign Economic Administration, and the Office of Inter-American Affairs. It is true that State is not yet in any shape to handle these new functions. At this writing it has not even begun, for example, to recruit and train the large staff of civilian administrators needed to take over the government of Germany from the Army next June. But the mergers at least



brought in some desperately needed new blood.

(Whether the best of the new people will stay is another question. Many of them are being shunted into blind-alley jobs, or subjected to systematic hazing. To cite only one instance, Colonel Al McCormick, a former New York lawyer who became one of the Army's most brilliant intelligence officers, was brought into State to organize an urgently needed intelligence and research service. He found himself without adequate budget, staff, or office space, and confronted with the most implacable bureaucratic jealousies. The current betting in Washington is that within six months he will either throw up the job in disgust, or that the intelligence service will be moved outside the Department.)

Another former Army executive, Colonel Carter Burgess, is making slow progress toward the setting up of a modern message center. He has even wangled some cryptographic machines out of the military surplus, to replace the old-fashioned code books which have been technically obsolete for the last decade. Burgess also is expected to sparkplug a new Department secretariat, proposed as a tool for pulling together the operations of many hitherto unco-ordinated offices.

Will these piecemeal reforms ever go far enough to transform the State Department into a really adequate instrument of foreign policy? The tip-off perhaps will be what happens to the Passport Division. For years immemorial it has been run by a dignified gentlewoman named Ruth Shipley. The Washington legend that she breaks into tears every time anyone actually manages to get out of the country is, no doubt, exaggerated; but apparently needless delay in issuing passports certainly brought gray hairs to the head of every wartime executive who tried to build up a staff abroad, and is still creating widespread resentment. It would be difficult to find anyone in the State Department—even in Mrs. Shipley's own office—who argues that the division operates at maximum efficiency. Yet she is closely allied with the old Foreign Service crowd; there are rumors of political friends on the Hill; and no secretary has quite

dared attempt a thorough overhaul. If Byrnes & Co. don't screw up their courage soon to do something about this most obvious sore spot, it is pretty certain that they will never tackle the Department's more fundamental weaknesses.

### III

#### TREASURY

Putting Fred Vinson—"The Judge"—at the head of Treasury may turn out to have been one of the President's most serious administrative blunders. He has exhibited a judgment as firm and lucid as any man in the Administration, and his grasp of the workings of both Congress and the executive agencies is unsurpassed. Consequently, there is a growing opinion in Washington that Vinson might better have been left in his old job of Director of War Mobilization and Reconversion—in effect, Assistant President—which is now being handled with something less than brilliance by one of Truman's old Missouri friends, John Snyder.

Vinson's abilities are not going entirely to waste in the Treasury. He carried most of the load in the British loan negotiations, and for a long time he will have a man-sized task in handling the public debt and easing the tax system back to a peacetime basis. There is little prospect, however, that he will have a chance to operate at full capacity, or that his wisdom will be focused where it is most needed—on the guiding of the country's overall economy.

His is one of the three departments which require no grand-scale reorganization. Its relatively simple operations have been set in an efficient pattern for many years, and the permanent staff is above average quality. Vinson's major change, so far, has been to curtail the foreign activities which his predecessor (with Roosevelt's tacit encouragement) had built up on a considerable scale. The result should be a little less confusion in our diplomatic affairs. Whatever the State Department's shortcomings, they were seldom cured by the kibitzing of Mr. Morgenthau's bright youngsters, and sometimes—as in the case of the unfortunate European Advisory Commission—it caused an embarrassing and costly deadlock.



## AGRICULTURE

**A**The appointment of Clinton P. Anderson as Secretary of Agriculture was a sample of Truman's political craftsmanship at its best. Anderson himself is a farmer, with prosperous—but not too big—properties in both New Mexico and South Dakota. He also is a successful businessman, and he had acquired some useful administrative experience in both state and federal posts in New Mexico. Well-liked by his fellow congressmen, he was identified with neither the extreme New Deal nor conservative wing of the party. Moreover, he had been Congress's most outspoken critic of government farm policy, and as chairman of a committee investigating food shortages he had set forth some vigorous ideas for straightening things out. Truman told him to go right ahead and try—and at the same time he abolished the War Food Administration and handed all its staff and functions to the new secretary.

Anderson's first move was to gather an expert committee to help him plan a top-to-bottom reorganization of the Department. It was headed by Milton Eisenhower, brother of the general and president of Kansas State College; he and most of the members were former Department officials, who knew its intricate machinery but no longer had any personal vested interest in it.

The resulting plan was unexpectedly drastic. It lumped together fourteen loosely-related agencies into one big Production and Marketing Administration, designed to handle all of the Department's major "action programs." The new PMA was set up on commodity lines, so that responsibility for everything concerning cotton, for example, now rests—at least in theory—in one office, instead of being scattered through a dozen different bureaus. A similar consolidation was proposed for the Department's state offices, so that the bewildered farmer would be able to transact his business with the government without the aid of a road map and a triple-decked organization chart.

For his right-hand man, Anderson chose John B. Hutson, a Department officer of nearly twenty years' service, who became both under secretary and

chief of the PMA. Most of the other key posts also went to seasoned career men.

In practice, however, the reorganization has not proved quite so neat as the paper pattern. Anderson's shotgun wedding did not end the inherent conflict between the production and marketing sides of the food industry; it merely pushed it out of sight. Beneath the lid of PMA the struggle still goes on, sometimes with paralyzing effects. Together with the normal bureaucratic jealousies, it has made it impossible so far to carry through the amalgamation of the field offices.

For all his capabilities, Hutson has become a badly overworked Pooh-Bah. In addition to his two main jobs, he tries to handle the Commodity Credit Corporation, the Federal Crop Insurance Corporation, and a long list of minor assignments. Inevitably decisions tend to bottleneck on his desk.

Anderson himself looks pretty good in comparison with his two rather feeble predecessors, Claude Wickard and Marvin Jones; but he is showing some of the weaknesses which might be expected of a congressman in a tough administrative job. Because agriculture is under more rigid government control than any other segment of the economy, he is battered by the fiercest pressures in Washington. A good fellow by both instinct and training, Anderson sometimes is inclined to try to please everybody. Both the liberal Farmers' Union and the conservative Farm Bureau Federation, for example, have conferred with him on successive days—and each came away with the impression that he favored its program.

His real test will come when the postwar farm surpluses begin to pile up and prices start to skid. In order to coax farmers into the utmost wartime production Congress promised to hold prices at a high level at least through 1948—and Anderson has to find some way to carry out this commitment. He will be under terrific pressure to impose rigid production controls, dump surpluses abroad, bribe farmers to plant less, subsidize sales to low-income consumers, murder little pigs, and pack government warehouses. Whatever he does is sure to evoke outraged screams from one or another of the big farm organ-



izations, and probably from consumers, congressmen, and taxpayers as well. If Anderson has a plan ready, he has not yet disclosed it. But the decision can't be postponed long. The first big postwar surplus—a glut of eggs—is due to hit the market next spring.

**LABOR**  
**L** The new Secretary of Labor looked like another political natural. Lewis Schwellenbach had been a well-known labor lawyer in Washington state. In the Senate he had chalked up a solid New Deal record which gratified both the CIO and A.F. of L., although he was careful not to become linked to either organization. Later, as a federal district judge, he had demonstrated the kind of even-handed judicial temperament which is supposed to be an asset for a Labor Secretary. The only difficulty was that Schwellenbach didn't want the job.

He knew that a wave of strikes would, as usual, break with the end of the war. And he realized that there was nothing much that any Secretary of Labor could do about it, except to serve as a whipping-boy for management, labor, and the raw-tempered public. It is possible that he accepted, in the end, only because he hopes that this uncomfortable chore may be rewarded eventually by the Supreme Court appointment he has long coveted.

He inherited an organization which had wasted away, during the Roosevelt era, to little more than an agency for collecting statistics and enforcing the child labor laws. Worse yet, the Administration had no clear-cut labor policy, no time to develop one before the strikes started popping, and—once the wartime controls evaporated—no way to enforce whatever policy might be improvised.

In an effort to work out some kind of policy backed by at least moral sanctions, Schwellenbach called the national labor-management conference which at this writing is still in session, and which obviously cannot bring forth any magic recipe for preventing strikes. At least some work stoppages, however, may be headed off by Schwellenbach's plan to build up the Conciliation Service into the strongest arm of his Department. He has chosen

Edgar L. Warren, one of the best of the WLB regional chairmen, to head it. He probably can pick up other labor-wise personnel from the disintegrating WLB, War Manpower Commission, and U. S. Employment Service staffs which the Department took over soon after Schwellenbach's arrival. But his plans for rebuilding the rest of his somewhat seedy and rheumatic bureaus will have to wait until most of the picket lines get back to work.

#### IV

**WAR AND NAVY**  
**W** The military hair-pulling contest touched off by the proposal to merge the Army and Navy into a single Department of Armed Forces has made that scheme so familiar to most newspaper readers that there is no need to go into its details here. It is curious, however, that through all the noisy controversy there has been almost no public mention of one of the underlying reasons for the Army's enthusiastic support of the plan and the Navy's bull-necked opposition.

Like most Washington squabbles, this one boils down to a question of money. In peacetime, when the services went separately to Congress for their appropriations, the Navy almost always got the big cut. (The theory was that a fleet took decades to build and must be kept in constant readiness, while land and air forces presumably could be improvised in a few months whenever the international weather began to cloud up.) But if Congress decides to ladle all future defense funds into one big pot, the generals are confident that they can grab a bigger helping, and the admirals fear—with reason—that they will get less.

Moreover, the admirals (who often have an almost pathological suspicion of non-naval people) are afraid that on important questions of strategy and administration they would be outvoted two-to-one by the Army and Air Forces men in the combined department. Or, as the Deputy Chief of Naval Operations recently put it, that the merger would “strait-jacket the Navy into the status of an Army auxiliary. . . .”

In addition, the members of the con-



gressional committees now dealing with military affairs view the proposal with a good deal of unspoken apprehension. There are now four such committees, one for each of the services in both House and Senate. A merging of the services themselves would, of course, entail a similar amalgamation of committees—and that would mean that a couple of worthy statesmen would lose their coveted chairmanships, while up to forty members would have to hunt new and probably less influential committee assignments.

Nevertheless, it seems probable that some kind of armed services unification eventually will be agreed upon, simply because the public has come to believe that it will mean economy and an end to Army-Navy bickering. (Congressional mail is running heavily in its favor.) Top Army politicians are trying to make the bitter dose a little more palatable to the admirals by hinting that they would look on James Forrestal as an acceptable secretary of the combined department. Even on the merits, he probably would be the best possible choice. He has proved himself the strongest Secretary of the Navy in a long time, and politically he is a rare specimen—a Democrat who is also a highly-regarded Wall Street financier. Robert Patterson, an invaluable if somewhat crotchety public servant, then presumably would become under secretary; and General Dwight Eisenhower is, of course, the leading candidate for Chief of Staff of the combined armed forces.

While this issue remains unsettled, no other major question of military policy can be finally resolved. For the present, in fact, there is no such thing as an overall American military policy. Such problems as conscription, the size of the fleet, overseas bases, the rate of aircraft construction, and the future organization of the high command are being debated with little or no relation to each other by the services themselves and by a dozen different congressional committees.

Meanwhile, neither Army or Navy has made any basic organizational adjustment to the advent of atomic warfare, and both services are slipping back into some of their hidebound peacetime habits. For instance, their intelligence operations—to-

day of unprecedented importance—seem to be reverting to the traditional system which General H. H. Arnold described a few weeks ago as “suicidally dangerous.” They are in danger of becoming once more a kind of wastebasket for broken-down cavalry colonels and slow-witted sea captains, merely because neither service has yet devised any other humane way to get rid of its misfits.

#### COMMERCE AND INTERIOR

**C** Although Truman and Henry Wallace display no overwhelming affection for each other, there was never any question of replacing Wallace as Secretary of Commerce. He had made himself the symbol of the Democratic party's liberal wing, and his removal might well have alienated the CIO's Political Action Committee and many thousands of independent voters. Consequently, he was left alone—rather pointedly alone, in fact. No other cabinet member is so studiously ignored by the Administration's inner political council.

If this cool treatment bothers Wallace, he has never shown any sign of it. He is speaking seldom, avoiding controversy, and concentrating on the long overdue repair of the Commerce Department. The past twelve years had left it in even more ramshackle condition than the Department of Labor. Roosevelt never concealed his jaundiced view of Commerce, which had been Hoover's pet agency and therefore was presumably infested with Republicans, barricaded behind the protection of Civil Service. Repeatedly he handed to other agencies jobs which logically fell within Commerce's bailiwick, and he gave it three successive secretaries who did nothing to haul it out of the doldrums. The first was mild old “Uncle Dan” Roper; the next two were Harry Hopkins, who had more important chores at the White House, and Jesse Jones, who was so preoccupied with his RFC jobs that he seldom set foot in the Commerce offices.

Under these circumstances, the giant Commerce building became a drear, unhappy island amid the bustle of New Deal Washington—and when Wallace's appointment was announced, the morale of many of its officers sank lower still.



They expected him to push them aside for a pack of dreamy-eyed New Dealers in search of a last refuge.

He did nothing of the sort. There was no room in the Department's starved budget for more than a handful of new people, and Wallace apparently wanted to use the few appointments at his disposal to reassure the business community which was watching him with such nervous foreboding. To head the Bureau of Standards, for instance, he named Dr. E. U. Condon of the Westinghouse laboratory, a scientist of national repute who obviously harbored no hostility toward industry. Similarly, his choice for Patent Commissioner—an official of unique importance to many corporations—was Casper W. Ooms, a Chicago patent lawyer who had represented such clients as Armour, Bendix, and Sears, Roebuck.

Moreover, Wallace made a point of turning to the old hands in the Department for advice on its internal affairs. (Philip Hauser, assistant director of the census, became his leading brain-truster on reorganization.) With pleased surprise, they found that they at last had a secretary who was interested in their work and took the trouble to learn something about it. They also discovered something which few people, except those who have worked with Wallace, are willing to believe: he is a skilled, hard-driving administrator. (The obvious proof is the fact that he brought the Department of Agriculture to the highest level of efficiency it has ever had, before or since.)

He soon outlined a plan for making Commerce the spokesman for businessmen in the councils of government, and for a field service to provide technical advice for businessmen, just as the county agent system serves farmers. The Bureau of Standards, he suggested, might become a research agency for industries too small to afford their own laboratories, on the model of the agricultural research centers. Wallace also proposed a regrouping of the Department's bureaus—formerly almost autonomous—under three new assistant secretaries, one for foreign trade, another for the industrial economy, and a third especially to help small business.

It is unlikely that those ambitious plans

can be completely carried out. They hang upon congressional approval of the additional secretaries, plus a doubling of the present budget. And the coalition of Republicans and Southern Democrats which controls Congress doesn't like Wallace any better than it ever did. Nevertheless, the renovated Department will play a role prominent enough to keep Wallace from dropping out of sight. In the 1946 and 1948 elections his friends expect him to campaign in a score or more of congressional districts, reaffirming his leadership of the party's hard-pressed liberals. Then, if a serious slump in business and employment occurs at about the turn of the decade, his dormant political career may show surprising signs of life.

SOON after Truman took office the satellites of Ed Pauley—a California oil man who will bear close observation in the months ahead—let it be known that the Interior Department might be an appropriate reward for his spectacular services as the party's treasurer.

At that point Harold Ickes, the self-styled curmudgeon, muttered something about Albert B. Fall, the last Interior secretary who was on intimate terms with the oil industry, and allowed that he had no intention of quitting. And if anybody had ideas about firing him, he intimated, a good deal of fur was likely to fly.

Perhaps Truman never dreamed of such a thing. Certainly Ickes, in spite of his saw-toothed personality, was recognized as one of the most efficient and blatantly honest secretaries the Department has ever enjoyed. Both the President and his political advisers, moreover, were acutely conscious that Ickes commands the most waspish invective in public life, and that anyone who stirs him up always acquires some painful lumps. In any case, Pauley was given the handling of German and Japanese reparations (no doubt with expectations of some more lustrous job in the future) and Ickes was assured that his tenure was safe. Like Wallace, he is being left strictly alone by the rest of the Administration. The Department is arranged about the way he wants it, and no spectacular changes in either organization or personnel are in prospect.



## POST OFFICE AND JUSTICE

When a political boss finally rises to the top of his profession and becomes Postmaster General, he nearly always develops a rather touching eagerness to prove to the world (and to himself) that he is a devoted and able public servant. Jim Farley had it; so now has Robert Hannegan. He is devoting an astonishing amount of effort to restoring the war's inroads on the postal service—possibly, as some of his colleagues hint, to the neglect of his political duties. There isn't a great deal, of course, that anyone can do to the staid old Post Office. Hannegan hopes to cut costs a little, speed up deliveries, and perhaps establish a three-cent airmail service, if technical studies indicate that it is feasible.

In the Justice Department, where many of the best jobs are free from civil service, a quiet but far-reaching shift in personnel is under way. Such New Deal veterans as Hugh Cox, Fowler Hamilton, and William McGovern are pulling out, to be replaced by lawyers more closely identified with the regular party organization. Aside from the winding up of some war activities, no structural changes are likely—but the atmosphere of the place under Attorney General Tom Clark is very different from what it was in the days of Francis Biddle. You get the feeling that if it weren't for the building's excellent air-conditioning, every office would be a smoke-filled room.

## V

IT is becoming apparent that the original strategy of Truman's reorganization was based on at least two serious miscalculations.

For one thing, relations with Congress are not merely a question of personalities, either the President's or those of his cabinet. The present Congress is just as mulishly opposed to Truman's program as it was to Roosevelt's, and it can be moved only by the kind of prod which F.D.R. used so ruthlessly—an appeal directly to the voters. It is little help to the President that at one time or another he has bent elbows or swapped yarns with half the men on the Hill; on the contrary, this very familiarity is probably a handicap.

There is hardly a man in Congress—by nature a collection of egoists—who doesn't believe in his heart that he would make a better chief executive than Good Old Harry. He doesn't awe them as Roosevelt did; and in American politics a fearsome respect usually gets results better than camaraderie. By the same token, the fact that his cabinet is generously larded with ex-congressmen is not in itself proving an important asset.

In the second place, Truman is finding that many of his problems cannot be disposed of simply by delegating them to a "strong" cabinet. The really tough ones keep on bouncing back into the White House as the court of last resort. Furthermore, each cabinet officer inevitably becomes the spokesman for a particular interest or economic group, and the President cannot escape the task of reconciling these clashing pressures.

For these reasons, Truman, like every President before him, soon felt the need for some kind of apparatus entirely separate from the cabinet, to help him referee, to seek the truth behind conflicting briefs, to aid him in reaching decisions which would be right for the whole country, rather than for one Department alone. (Here lies the origin of the Kitchen Cabinets and the confidential White House advisers such as Colonel House and Harry Hopkins—phenomena which keep cropping up in American history, to the embarrassment of all tidy political theorists.)

In the beginning, Truman placed his main reliance on Reconversion Director John Snyder. He was armed with authority to lay down policy for every agency dealing with the domestic economy, and to make sure that all their programs meshed together. His office absorbed the vestigial powers of the War Production Board; it drafted presidential messages to Congress; it framed the Administration's legislative program. In theory Snyder was the strongest man in Washington, after the President himself, and on him rested the prime responsibility for steering the country through the perilous transition from war to peace.

Such a task plainly calls for a man of exceptional understanding, firmness, organizing ability, and initiative—a sort of



combination of Alexander Hamilton and a more youthful Bernard Baruch. It is no reflection on Snyder to suggest that he has not quite filled the bill; perhaps no man could. At any rate, by November there were many signs that the job was beginning to overwhelm him, in spite of his almost frantic labors. The excellent staff which he had inherited from Vinson began to drift away in discouragement; before these words reach print, even his deputy, Robert Nathan, probably will be gone.

Under these circumstances, Truman started groping for someone else who might shoulder part of the White House load. He hit upon George Allen, an obscure politician who had traveled with Truman during his last campaign. Allen is a comforting fellow to have around—discreet, jovial, an incomparable teller of ribald stories; tactful about avoiding headachy subjects when the President is tired. Like the Tommy Corcoran of an earlier day, he seemed eager to serve both as a relaxing companion and the White House chore boy. Before long Allen blossomed forth with an office in the State Department building, just across the lane from the executive offices, and the title of personal representative of the President. The errands he runs are infinitely varied, but much of his time has been devoted to dismembering the war agencies and parcelling the fragments out to the regular Departments. Occasionally he seems to flourish his scalpel with a somewhat heavy hand; one embittered bureaucrat, whose carefully-drafted reorganization scheme was wrecked by Allen in a ten-minute conversation, refers to him as "that political plumber."

Finally, during the past few months Truman has been turning more and more to the Budget Bureau for aid in top-level administrative co-ordination. It is the only arm of the executive which can reach into any unit of government, ask questions, and enforce its findings by the unanswerable

method of snapping shut the purse. Its staff is experienced to the point of cynicism in the ways of bureaucracy, and it is managed by two of the country's wisest administrative experts, Harold Smith and Paul Appleby. In all likelihood it can serve the President more effectively than either Snyder or Allen in handling the reins on his cabinet team.

THE framework, then, of the Truman reorganization is fairly clear, although the trimming will not be complete for many months. No one—least of all the President—would argue that the structure is perfect. Yet, from a purely administrative standpoint, the result is likely to be a substantial improvement over the Roosevelt regime. The chain of command is more direct, the pattern of authority more clearly defined, the processes of government a little less confused. It may even lead to some minor economies.

It would be a mistake, however, to assume that good administration alone can make Truman a successful President. In the end, that is not the yardstick by which Presidents are measured. Neither Jackson nor Lincoln (nor Roosevelt) was noted for his administrative skill, while that footnote in history, Chester A. Arthur, probably was as good an administrator as ever sat in the White House.

In the years just ahead, as never before, the man at the head of this government will be judged by his handling of a few great issues—the economic crisis just over the horizon, America's new responsibility as the world's strongest single power, the building of peace. The talent demanded is not that of a tidy bureaucratic housekeeper; it is the unique combination of insight, leadership, and bold judgment which goes to make up a statesman. When the chips were down, Roosevelt nearly always seemed to have it. Perhaps Truman may still prove that he is built on the same scale; he has not proved it yet.



# The Easy Chair

*Bernard DeVoto*

I THINK this is about two discharged soldiers and an MP arguing in a club car, a couple of hours out of Fort Wayne. But let's take up the train first. Something embarrassing had happened to the engine and we spent three post-midnight hours in a cornfield. That was the second small wreck that vexed my recent eight days of railroad travel in the Middle West, and the next day we had to make a four-hour detour round a big wreck. No one can blame the harassed railroads for wrecks these days; anyone who might be disposed to would be restrained by the ads in all cars and along all rights of way. The roads are spending a lot of ten-cent dollars describing the torture which war burdens have inflicted on them, the triumph of American managerial genius in solving the unprecedented problems, and the suffering and heroism of all railroad personnel. The ads are persuasively written but they have had one odd, probably unintended result. Constant reading about their own conflicts and frustrations has made train crews neurotic.

In the old days when a train or Pullman conductor sat down by you to rest his feet, he was just any man taking a few minutes off. He talked about the ducks he had shot last weekend, or his kid who was playing right guard for Franklin High, or what in hell was Congress up to, or have you seen Crosby's new picture. But now he can only talk about his psyche, which has got out of true. The crisis in transportation, which (he makes clear at the beginning) we who are traveling could have relieved by staying home, has laid strains and inflicted traumas on him which he can no longer bear and, as he puts it, why

should he? He tells you about them in detail, a little mournfully but with admirable detachment, with the objectivity of resigned invalidism. He describes his interesting symptoms, makes it clear that the human spirit has no chance against fate, and sits brooding on the uselessness of struggle.

I can sympathize for a while. But presently I remember that he and his railroad aren't working any harder than I am, and haven't been. I begin to wish that he would entertain the hypothesis that there may be as much tragic dignity in effort as there is in resignation. If he did, he might stimulate the porter to fork out some of the debris that eddies up and down the washroom all day long. Or American managerial genius might consult its seat diagrams before selling my space to two others besides me. Or between them they might even get her into Center on time. I don't deeply care for the Hamlet mood in porters, either. The one who woke me at six-thirty to tell me that I could sleep for another half-hour began that day with a promising briskness but he spent the fine autumn morning in the vestibule meditating on man's fate while yesterday's cigar butts and dirty towels swirled round the knees of us pilgrims. Another one was lost to the world for three hours in a reprint of one of my books, which might have been gratifying except that the filth in the washroom showed that he was using it as escape literature. I think that he and American managerial genius surrender to fate too promptly: I don't think that the schedule and the crowds create such burdens for the railroads that there is no recourse but those display ads. I got support for my point of



view when, with no advance warning, I found myself on the kind of train the railroads used to run. It was the Northwest-ern's "400" out of Chicago. It was crowded but it was quiet, it was clean throughout its run, and all day long it was on time. The crew had not been looking into psychosomatic medicine.

But even if all the trains were as good as the "400," I'd remain an automobile man. Eight days of railroad travel are dreary in prospect and even drearier in realization. There is no way of using time on a train. Take along some books you have to review, the proofs you haven't read, or any other casual job, and you are still using them to kill time. Traveling by plane cuts down the time you have to kill but you still have to kill it. Unless you have some control over the conveyance, personality goes into suspension. I came to Wisconsin and Minnesota fresh from a study of the Jesuits and French fur traders who first explored them. The waterways and portages I passed, rivers like the St. Croix and the Minnesota and the Chippewa, the whole geography in fact had abundant associations for me but there was no way of vitalizing them. When the automobile manufacturers and the unions stop brawling and get round to making cars, they may not find the job of reselling automobile transportation to a public that has learned about other forms as difficult as some people have been predicting. They can point out to amateur antiquarians like me that you can't detour a plane for a hundred miles to speculate about Father Hennepin or halt No. 7 for half an hour to work out the probable direction of an Indian trail. They can remind individualists of all species that transportation does not become travel until you can adjust your time to your whim and your progress to your purposes. I'll be glad to write that publicity for any manufacturer who will see me through the un-bureaucratic red tape of buying a new car, in time for my projected Western tour next summer.

THE trains were full of soldiers, sailors, and marines going home. The gray hair or Victory Medal ribbon of an occasional elder furnished an oddly pathetic accent, but mostly they were younger than

seemed credible. They were fluent with the shop talk of fighting men and they were bringing to the Middle West such a legendry as even that legend-haunted section has never known. Jason and Ulysses, d'Artagnan and Johnny Inkslinger are coming home to Muddy Creek. All week long I overheard fragments of the international saga that will be a serialized commonplace at farmsteads and filling stations from now on. The farm boy taking his transport over the Hump, the high school quarterback bringing his lost platoon in through six weeks of jungle, the newsboy who was detailed to run a black market in Paris so that he could trap some spies, the book-keeper who fomented revolution in Morocco, the fisherman who was dropped behind the lines in Czechoslovakia—they were all here and all setting out their professional experiences for the appreciation and criticism of their fellow professionals. A sentence rouses you from your book, "As soon as he said he was from Oshkosh I knew I had to get him in." So you listen to a casual, comfortable narrative of getting him in with the help of some acquiescent cannibals, and you sit pondering the implications of Oshkosh. Or, "I knew we were in a mine field and I had the Old Man waked. He said, 'Tell him to get her the hell out himself' and went back to sleep. I got her out but I guess I'll remember Panama." He will remember Panama at a turn in Muddy Creek, with a tale by C. S. Forester and Buck Rogers, and he has as yet no permanent need of a razor. In a dining car I sat beside a sergeant of marines who had two rows of ribbons, and if he had passed his twentieth birthday it must have been last week. When a waiter asked him if he wanted coffee, he shook his head. "Don't drink it, huh?" the T/5 across the table remarked, and the marine said, "No, but you know, I damn near had to three or four times."

IN Cambridge I tend to remember Indiana by some of the whims and affectations of its people. They tell Hoosier stories about themselves and a lot of them like to pose as country bumpkins who are too smart for you slickers, take care to use bad grammar, and are fond of aphorisms from the crackerbox tradition. But whenever I



go there from the surly East I at once remember that Indiana is the place where everyone you pass on the streets gives you a genial "Hello" or "Good-morning." This time it took me some hours to realize that something had changed: the Negroes were not speaking to strangers. So presently I moved on to Wisconsin.

Now I grew up in Utah, one of the most beautiful states, and have spent most of my adult life in Massachusetts, one of the most decadent. Both cultures have helped to confirm a belief I acquired when I was living in the Middle West: that if you were required to decide which is the best of the forty-eight states, you would necessarily end up with Wisconsin. My composite memory of it is just like yours: rivers and lakes and forests, Lake Michigan and Green Bay, rounded hills and rich prairie soil, fat farms, fat dairies, the island fishermen among whom I spent three summers long ago, towns like Fond du Lac and Madison and Neenah and Manitowoc. But that memory is suffused with other things. I think of the university not only as a great educational institution but as a living part of a living regional culture. To an outsider the public school system seems the best in the United States. There is the vital memory of the elder LaFollette and of many other men and women who helped give Wisconsin a vigor and a decency that have seemed a better adaptation to the conditions of our national life than any other state has achieved. (If you need to brush up on the heat and struggle of their efforts, on their courage and doggedness in establishing the democratic decencies, try James Gray's *Pine, Stream, and Prairie*.) These things and many more have gone to make those little towns, the bigger cities, the whole state a more nearly complete realization of the promise which the democratic ideal made to the American people than any other commonwealth. Or so my fantasy has run, so many of us scattered over the country have thought. None of us has mistaken Wisconsin for Utopia, as some of its founders did from time to time, but it has seemed the proof of hope, it has shown what can be done with the materials at hand.

This time I made two long diagonals across Wisconsin. I was in a dining car

when I was brought back from the twilight landscape and the ghost of La Salle by hearing a man across the table remark to his companion that he wasn't going to move to Madison because "they're too fond of niggers there." It was the kind of remark that scrambles geography and culture and leaves you gasping, for the words ought to have been spoken in the high whine of Mississippi but instead they had the homely, disarming flatness of the Middle Western voice. The speaker went on disrupting the pattern of known things. He kept a gun at home, he said, for the purpose of plugging any "nigger" who might come prowling round the house. His companion approved but felt that Wisconsin was not yet as badly off as Illinois: "Niggers rape eight or ten white women a day in Chicago." For half an hour I listened to a conversation which I would have said could not take place in Wisconsin in any circumstances whatever. And when I went back to my Pullman a bridge foursome had interrupted the game long enough to hold a committee meeting on "niggers," who it developed were getting too big for their breeches and would have to be restrained by the indicated measures unless Wisconsin were to go under.

Two conversations do not make a race riot. But I came back across Wisconsin by another route and spent a whole day in the lounge half of a combination diner and parlor car which emptied and filled three or four times with people who were making short trips. And all day long, in a state where I think I had never before heard the word "nigger," that car was full of talk about niggers and what had to be done about them. The Badgers were talking like any handful of evangelical small business men in interior Georgia, with occasional overtones of the neo-Calhoun intellectual whose deckle-edge reviews are making a modern restatement of the thesis that God and evolution set the Protestant white American apart. Yes, and what happened in Racine some time ago? I didn't know but everybody else in that car knew, for all day long casual allusions to it produced immediate approval. I made out that Racine put on some kind of anti-Negro demonstration and I can testify that thirty or forty citizens of Wisconsin



feel relieved. Why haven't we heard about Racine, back here where we have been thinking of Wisconsin as a free and enviable society?

I THINK it was the most shocking experience I have ever had in a railroad car. And there is an additional edge to it. I wonder how many of the postwar SS apprentices I listened to had grandparents who could speak English? The native Protestant American of those parts was given to calling those grandparents Hunkies, Squareheads, Polacks, Oles, Honyocks, Sheenies, Heinies, and up to forty other epithets coined out of national or racial derision. The Hunkies and Honyocks enjoyed neither the epithets nor the facts of discrimination. So with the clearest, most concrete ideas ever held by any Americans of what a functioning democratic commonwealth is, they went out and built Wisconsin into a free state. They were exploited and discriminated against, lots of old settlers thought they were a menace and would destroy Wisconsin, but they created the best state, the one that sometimes seemed likely to drag the rest of us along by attraction. That state lasted quite a while too, but something seems to have happened. You can tell the State Tourist Bureau that one traveler has recently crossed Wisconsin in shocked disgust at what he found there.

It was the same night that the train into Fort Wayne got stalled for three hours in a cornfield. I listened to the two discharged soldiers and the MP, talking and wran-

gling. One of the soldiers had had to do a lot of traveling, foreign and domestic, in the last three years. "I've traveled across the U. S. six times," he said, "and the more I see of it, the better I like it." I knew what he was talking about. I have always found that the best remedy for personal depression or for dissatisfaction with the United States is to get out of the library and see some of the country. To encounter a variety of one's fellow-countrymen and to cross a variety of native landscapes is therapeutic, a powerful tonic, a purge of bile, a restorer of belief. But at two A.M. in a stalled club car, after several thousand miles of shuttling back and forth across the Middle West, the composite of all that shifting landscape could not erase the impression of all that talk in Wisconsin. A color line in Wisconsin, that flat voice talking about the necessity of keeping niggers in their place, the sons of the Hunkies and Oles selling out? How far, I wondered, had that dining car been from Ripon? Does Wisconsin remember what happened in Ripon?

The soldiers went on talking. Presently they were wrangling about Huey Long and it made instructive listening. Especially when the MP remarked that Huey had done a lot for Louisiana and "as for his graft, that's just business." That started the globe-trotting private of infantry, who had crossed the U. S. six times and liked what he saw, on an impromptu lecture. "Where you spent the war, Mac," he began, "didn't you hear what it was about?"

Wisconsin papers please copy.



# RUSSIA'S IN A TIGHT SPOT TOO

PETER F. DRUCKER

AT THE moment of the Japanese surrender, the Soviet Union formally announced that a new Five-Year Plan—its fourth one—was about to be put into operation. The full details of this plan are apparently still to be worked out, but enough has been published to show that this is by all odds the most ambitious post-war blueprint produced by any of the powers. It provides valuable clues to an understanding of future Russian policy.

If the Five-Year Plans before the war aimed at making Russia economically strong enough to withstand a war, the new plan proposes to make her economically strong enough to play the role of a superpower. The goal is still to industrialize the country, and at an accelerated pace. The main emphasis, as in the prewar plans, is on building up the capital-goods industries. The eastward trend of these industries—which began in 1932 and was greatly speeded up by the war—will also continue. The Russian planners do not put first the satisfaction of the needs of the Russian consumer, low though his standard of living now is; they intend to make him wait for the goods he needs until his country's industrial strength has been built up.

Top priority in the plan is apparently to be given to an increase in steel production to thirty-five or forty million tons a year by 1950, which is far above the 1940-41 figure of a little less than twenty million

tons (to say nothing of the mere ten million tons in 1942-43, when the steel centers of the Ukraine were in enemy hands). The Russians claim that their steel production is already back at the prewar level, partly as a result of large-scale repairs but largely because of the new huge steel centers built behind the Urals during the war. Even if this be true—and other Russian reports indicate that this was the "plan" for 1945 rather than an actual achievement—the new program would call for a virtual doubling of the prewar rate of expansion during the next five years.

Next in importance to steel production are the building of a powerful navy and of strong naval bases, especially in the Far East! The atomic bomb may lead to a revision of this program but hardly to an abandonment of the principle that direct armaments have the first claim on all industrial capacity.

Other major aims of the new plan are the expansion of internal and external communications: the construction of a large ocean-going merchant fleet under the Russian flag, a substantial railway building program, the construction of highways and canals, and greatly increased production of railway equipment and trucks. Twice as many tractors are to be built during the next five years as there were on all the collective farms when Germany attacked; this will be done partly to replace the equipment destroyed during

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the war, partly to provide tractors for new farms in Siberia. And an entirely new building industry is to be created to make prefabricated plants and prefabricated houses. (Incidentally the new houses are not to be owned by government agencies, as before the war, but are to be sold to the workers on very generous terms.)

THE official comments insist that Russia, by 1950, should be able to supply all her peacetime and wartime needs in the basic products of an industrial civilization. And not only this; Russia must also be capable of supplying the capital equipment of the countries in the Soviet zone of influence in Europe and Asia. It has become a recurrent theme of Russian political discussion that the security of the Soviet Union would be threatened if neighboring countries—even those under “friendly governments”—were dependent on non-Russian sources for their supplies of capital goods. According to this theory, it was Germany's position as a heavy-goods exporter that gave her control over Eastern Europe; and if the political co-operation between Russia and her neighbors is to be on a sound basis, it must be supplemented by close economic co-operation, with the Soviet Union holding the place formerly occupied by Germany. Today, obviously, Russia is in no position to supply even such very limited needs for capital equipment as those of Bulgaria or Iran, let alone those of heavily industrialized countries such as Poland and Czechoslovakia. But by 1950, according to the press comments on the new plan, she is to be the capital-goods center for the entire border region from the Baltic to the Straits of Korea.

Contrary to popular belief, a Five-Year Plan is not rigid. It is revised constantly in the light of economic developments and it is under constant pressure from all kinds of political and economic interests. Actually, every Five-Year Plan in the past was drastically amended during its operation, not only in detail but in direction. The “goals” of a Five-Year Plan are not meant to be precise production figures; they are sights to aim by. But even if we discount the figures given in the new plan as propaganda designed to prevent a slackening of the Russian production effort during the cru-

cial period of reconversion—something not unknown in this country either—the fact remains that Russia proposes within the next five years not only to repair the ravages of the war but, by redoubled efforts, to attain the industrial capacity she would have had if the war had not interrupted her program of economic expansion.

## II

THE tremendous sacrifices of the Russian people during the forced industrialization of the prewar years were always justified by promising them great economic improvements once the country had been made strong enough to withstand a war. But now that this war has been won the Russian people are, apparently, to be asked for new economic sacrifices to make their country strong enough economically for the role as a great power to which she is entitled by her population, area, and prestige. The new Five-Year Plan differs from the old ones mainly in being more ambitious. To understand what it implies for Russia's internal and external policy, we must therefore recall what the prewar plans were meant to achieve and how they worked.

First we must remember that, ever since 1928, the Soviet Union has been living in an extreme war economy. The production of consumer goods has been entirely subordinated to the production of capital goods and armaments. During the first plan—that is, until 1933—preparation for war was only one of the goals of a program that aimed at building the foundations of a modern industrial economy. The methods used and their effect on the consumer were, however, the same as if Russia had intentionally prepared for war. In 1934, partly because of popular discontent brought on by the great famines in the Ukraine, the pressure was relaxed, and for two years, until late in 1936, the supply of consumers' goods increased steadily. But early in 1937—the period when the idea of collective security collapsed in the Italian sanctions crisis, when Britain was appeasing Hitler and Franco, and when Japan attacked Shanghai—Russia shifted abruptly back to a full war economy. Since 1940 she has produced practically no



goods for the civilian consumer except the basic subsistence requirements in food.

In no year since 1928 has Russia invested less than 40 per cent of her national income in capital goods and war supplies. In critical years, such as 1932 and 1939, the figure went above 50 per cent. During the war it may at times have reached 75 per cent. To get the full impact of these figures you must remember that we in the United States—a country infinitely wealthier than Soviet Russia—have never, not even in the peak years of the war, allocated more than 50 per cent of our national income to such uses. Altogether, Russian economic policy during the entire period since Stalin became the undisputed master has been based on the doctrine that the civilian economy should get only as much as is absolutely necessary to keep the people in reasonable working condition; everything above that is to go into capital investment.

The best evidence of the severity of the regime which the country imposed on itself is the impression of luxurious abundance made upon the Russian soldiers—the best supplied of all Russians—by the poverty and squalor of eastern Europe. In Berlin they have been paying the most fantastic prices for the shoddiest merchandise salvaged by the Germans from the ruins. In Bucharest, the first foreign city most Russian soldiers had ever seen, they were overwhelmed by the “luxury and affluence” in which the Rumanian worker lived. Yet the slums of Bucharest were probably the worst in all Europe. The Viennese worker impressed the Russian soldier as a “bourgeois”—so much so that there has been considerable looting of working-class homes. Yet under Nazi rule Vienna—a place of dire unemployment ever since 1918—had gone almost entirely without consumer goods. To own a suit of clothes in addition to overalls, to own a radio, some china, or a watch, the things for which apparently the looters were hunting, is “luxury” for the Russian who has gone without consumer goods for almost twenty years.

Hence there has been a gigantic “inflationary gap” between the money income of the Russian population and the supply of goods available to them. Half or more of the money income of the Russian popula-

tion has consistently been surplus income for which there were no goods on the market. To let this purchasing power compete for the few goods that were available would have wrecked the economy—and with it the industrialization program. In such a situation, the first step is, of course, rationing. But though the Russians have used rationing so extensively that money at times has been almost meaningless and ration books have been the main currency, rationing controls are not enough in such an extreme situation. It is necessary to siphon off the surplus purchasing power of the consumer.

This the Russians did by two methods. The first was a general sales tax concealed in the retail price of all commodities. This sales tax accounted for 60 per cent of the average retail price and took about 40 per cent of the income of the Russian consumer. Such a tax inevitably hits hardest at the low income groups which hold the bulk of the surplus purchasing power. Accordingly, the sales tax—the official Russian term is “turnover tax”—was highest on the articles of popular consumption, such as food and clothing. The prewar bread price, for instance, concealed a tax of 60 per cent, the sugar price one of 80 per cent. Yet bread is the staple of the Russian masses and sugar their only high-energy food, as the Russian diet contains little meat, fats, or dairy products.

The other instrument of fiscal control was a tax on the farmer concealed in the fee that the government charged the collective farms for the use of tractors. This charge may have taken as much as a quarter of the farm income—and half of Russia's population still lives on the farm.

**I**N A developed industrial economy such fiscal measures would by themselves bring about an expansion of capital goods and armaments production. But Russia lacked the first requirement of an industrial economy: an industrial labor force. When Russia began to industrialize in 1928, it was an almost wholly agricultural country. Out of a total working population of ninety million men, not more than six or seven million were employed in industry, transportation, and public utilities. Between 1928 and 1941 at least twelve



million men were added to the industrial labor force—about nine million workers and three million clerks, engineers, bookkeepers, and executives. Counting dependents, between twenty-five and thirty-five million people were moved into industry. Since Russia did not permit immigration from abroad—which was the way in which a similar problem had been solved in the United States between 1680 and 1914—the labor had to come from the farms. And at the same time the farms also had to supply the additional food to feed the new industrial workers.

This was done by collectivizing the farms. The traditional Russian family farm had been too small for efficient cultivation and so backward in equipment and methods as to need far too much labor. The new program involved consolidating small farms into one big unit, replacing manual labor by machines, and increasing the output per worker in order to cut down the number of workers needed per acre and thus to free men for work in industry. The collectivization of the farms was thus the cornerstone of Russia's industrialization program, and logically, the main project of the first Five-Year Plan.

According to the official Russian version the peasants themselves wanted collectivization. This is blatant nonsense; the great majority were bitterly opposed and a considerable minority resisted actively. But it is just as false to see collectivization as inspired primarily by the desire of a totalitarian regime to establish complete control over the people. Collectivization was not the result but the cause of Russian totalitarianism. The transformation of the Russian farms into collectives within five years was the most violent and most radical social operation ever performed on a social body in peacetime. It could only be achieved by the most ruthless methods and through complete regimentation. Soviet Russia in 1928 was not a democracy in any sense of the word. But it was collectivization that made her into a police state, that made the Secret Police all-powerful, and that led to the introduction of convict-labor and concentration camps—first used for the millions of peasants who fought collectivization—to suppress all opposition. In the last analysis the cause of

Russia's development into a totalitarian state was her decision not to admit immigrants from abroad; once this decision had been taken, rapid industrialization could be achieved only on a totalitarian basis because it could be achieved only through collectivization. (This, incidentally, is not a purely theoretical argument about past history. For Russia, as we shall see, is again faced with the decision between allowing free immigration and Secret-Police rule.)

Stalin himself was opposed to collectivization for a long time. He clearly saw that it amounted to a major revolution which might break the regime. He gave in only because there was no other way to achieve industrialization. Events proved his fears to have been justified. Food production collapsed, partly because of the resistance of the peasants, partly because the new tractors failed to arrive in time. The three-year famine—from 1931 to 1934—almost broke the Russian economy. The resistance of the peasants almost broke the government; it was subdued only after millions had died of starvation and more millions had been shipped off to forced labor.

By 1935, however, collectivization had become a success. The farm population had been lowered by twenty million people, while total food production had been nearly doubled. It is true that this great increase was made possible only by a general shift from the production of high-protein foods, such as meat, vegetables, and dairy products to crops that could be produced on mechanized farms such as grain, potatoes, and sugar beets; yet the total supply of food to the cities increased sufficiently to take care of an increase of the urban population from forty to eighty million.

To obtain workers in sufficient quantities was one thing; to convert the peasant into an industrial worker was another. Actually, the increase in Russian industrial production from 1935 to 1941 was almost exclusively accomplished through a steady rise in industrial efficiency. This was achieved by means of a nation-wide training program for workers, by ruthless speed-up methods, and by the most comprehensive system of wage inducements



used in any industrial country. Altogether, the rise in industrial efficiency is probably the most impressive of Russia's achievements; it certainly was the most difficult one. In 1933, at the end of the first Five-Year Plan, Russia's industrial plants seemed on an average to be not more than one-fifth as efficient as comparable American plants. By 1940 this figure had risen to 35 or 40 per cent, at least for plants that had been in operation for several years. Management efficiency, especially on the foreman level, was still very low; but it too was increasing in spite of the 1937-38 purges of managerial personnel.

### III

**E**VEN if Russia should try in the five years ahead merely to restore her economy to the prewar level, the task would be prodigious. But the new Five-Year Plan provides for a considerably expanded production—and not of consumer goods but of capital goods. This makes the task herculean. For the war has not only largely undone her previous achievements but has confronted her with new and pressing difficulties. She is now forced to solve her labor problem all over again, under circumstances in which her former methods either will not work at all or else will be much harder to apply.

To begin with, the war has decimated the Russian industrial labor force which had been built up so painfully during the previous fifteen years. The industrial workers were the largest single group of military age in Russia, most of them being between twenty-five and thirty-five years of age; they were also the physically fittest and the best-trained group. Hence they furnished the bulk of Russia's combat troops and accounted for a very large proportion of Russia's staggering battle casualties. In addition the Nazis, in their deportation of Russians to forced labor in Germany, singled out industrial workers and farm mechanics, partly because they needed trained men for their factories, partly because they wanted to weaken Russia permanently. And even those workers who survived the horrors of the Nazi labor camps will not be fit physically and nervously for sustained industrial work for

a long time to come. According to Russian estimates which seem fairly reliable, no more than ten or twelve million out of a prewar total of close to twenty million workers are available immediately for employment in industry, transportation, and public utilities.

The new Five-Year Plan needs an industrial force considerably larger than that of prewar days. Much of the work to be done is construction work, which is labor-consuming even with the most modern equipment—and the Russians lack this. Also a good deal of the work is to be carried on in new regions, such as the central and far east, where living and transportation facilities have to be provided before actual construction can start. To offset the war losses and to provide for the new expansion as many as fifteen or twenty million new workers may be needed.

But there is no longer any surplus labor on the farms. On the contrary, Russian agriculture suffers from a manpower shortage just as much as Russian industry. It is not so much the loss of life which is responsible as the almost complete destruction of mechanized equipment, especially tractors which cannot be replaced for several years at the earliest. Manual labor will have to take its place to produce the absolute minimum of food. Hence returning Russian prisoners of war have been put to work on the farms even if they had been industrial workers before the war. We also know that Russia postponed the beginning of the demobilization of her armed forces until October 1945 because the men were needed for the harvest. Where then will the millions of new workers come from who are needed in non-agricultural employment if Russia is to expand industrially?

**T**HE war has also largely destroyed the consumer goods industries which supplied the prewar population with the essentials of life. As most of these industries were located in western Russia, especially around Moscow, Odessa, and Kiev, the main industrial centers of czarist Russia, they have been razed twice—first by the retreating Russians in 1941, then by the retreating Germans in 1943 and 1944. To a certain extent this loss can be offset by converting war plants to civilian produc-



tion. This is easiest in the metal industries, which have already begun to turn out such goods as pots, pans, and bicycles, and in the tank plants, which are being converted to the production of badly needed farm equipment. But there seems to be very little industrial capacity available to produce the goods which, next to food, are most urgently needed by the population: clothing, shoes, building materials, bedding, and furniture.

To restore these industries merely to their prewar level should not be a major problem, to be sure, nor should it require too much manpower. The machines which the Russians removed in such large quantities from eastern Germany, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, and Austria, came largely from consumer-goods plants; and the equipment they will get during the next year from western Germany as their share in the reparations—mainly from the metal-processing and chemical industries—should speed up the process considerably. Even so, American government officials in close touch with Russia estimate that until the spring of 1947 Russia will have to rely to a considerable extent on captured German Army stores, on relief (the Soviet Government has asked UNRRA for \$700 million worth of goods for 1946), and, perhaps, on the purchase of American Army surplus stocks in Europe. By the summer of 1947, however, the Soviet Union should again be able to supply the minimum consumer needs of her population.

But the question—a big question—is this: will the Russian people be satisfied with minimum subsistence supplies, or will they demand a higher standard of living? All through the prewar years the incredible sacrifices which the people were asked to make were justified by the promise of abundance and plenty once Russia had become strong enough to withstand a war. Now that this war has been won at the price of even greater sacrifices, the new Five-Year Plan proposes again to subordinate the satisfaction of consumer demands to the expansion of the capital-goods industries. Will the people be willing to accept another indefinite postponement of the promise of a more abundant life to make the Soviet Union a "super-power"?

There are many indications that the Russians are not only unwilling to continue to live in a war economy but that they are physically and mentally unable to do so. They have been living, after all, for thirty years under conditions of extreme strain. The past five years have been a nightmare which it took every ounce of physical and nervous strength to survive. They probably realize that they will have to live under a regimen of severe austerity until the country is rehabilitated. But it does not seem likely that they can accept continued privation. And now, for the first time in twenty-five years, they have an organization which the government cannot suppress, and through which they can voice their demands: a victorious army. And, as all reports agree, this army has been deeply impressed by its first contact with the higher living standards of the outside world, especially those of the American and British soldiers.

Recent announcements and actions of the Soviet government clearly reflect mounting pressure for a speedy increase in the supply of consumer goods. In the official announcement of the demobilization policy, officers and men were promised ample clothing and housing upon their eventual return to civilian life. Even before the final surrender of Germany, the Russian press began to feature popular demands for consumer goods—and such a campaign is usually the prelude to official action. But the most telling indication is a decree of the Supreme Soviet, announced early last September, which forbids the exportation of consumer goods out of the province in which they were produced. This, obviously, does not solve the problem; on the contrary, it makes things worse for the population of European Russia where the industries have been destroyed. But it shows that the workers in the consumer-goods centers were no longer willing to go without the things they themselves produced; indeed there have been unconfirmed reports of riots in textile and food-processing plants whose output was destined for shipment to the big cities of western Russia.

While not conclusive, the evidence certainly suggests that Russia cannot put the new Five-Year Plan into effect with



her own resources alone. She lacks the manpower to produce both the capital goods (including armaments) that she is resolved to produce in rising quantities, and the consumer goods which her people will demand. She can put the plan into effect only if she obtains from abroad considerable amounts of consumer goods or, at least, of raw material and equipment to produce consumer goods; or if she can import workers to meet her shortage of labor.

#### IV

THERE has been no public discussion in Russia of how the problems of labor and consumer-goods supplies are to be solved. But there are not many ways to solve them. Indeed, there is only one real solution to the consumer-goods problem: a large American loan.

To some extent Russia can obtain consumer goods from abroad without such a loan, by paying for them with the one commodity which she produces without having any use for it herself: gold. This explains the great interest that Soviet diplomacy has shown in the raw-material producing countries of Latin America, and the considerable commercial organization built throughout the Latin American continent by the late Soviet Ambassador to Mexico, Mr. Oumansky. To buy Argentine wheat and meat, Uruguayan wool, Brazilian cotton against gold is not only good business but good politics as well. For, as Germany proved before the war, it is the buyer and not the seller who wields political influence in a raw-material-producing country dependent on exports. This also explains, incidentally, why Russia, after twenty years of scoffing, has become such a fervent admirer of the gold standard and has been supporting the American currency position since the Bretton Woods Conference. To pay for raw materials with gold means actually to pay for them with a check on the United States, which alone of all major countries today is willing to supply goods against gold.

But for a real solution of her consumer goods difficulties Russia would have to have access to the American market and would have to finance herself through a

long-term American loan. For she needs finished goods, or machinery to make goods, rather than raw materials; and finished goods in quantity and against a loan can be obtained only in this country. Russia has officially announced that she is about to ask for such a loan in the amount of six billion dollars.

And yet it is by no means certain that Russia intends to go through with such a loan. There is little doubt that there would be formidable opposition to it within the Soviet leadership, for a foreign loan of this magnitude would constitute a radical departure from the principles of Russian economic and foreign policy.

It has been an axiom of Communist thought—developed largely by Stalin—that a foreign loan means intervention and control by foreigners. This conviction springs from Russia's experience with the loans of the czarist regime. But it would be held to apply with equal force to loans obtained today from this country, and with reason. For although Soviet Russia is undoubtedly a good financial risk—probably the best risk among all potential governmental borrowers—nevertheless a loan to Russia, especially one of the magnitude needed, would be primarily a political transaction. It is most probable that the United States government would demand political concessions in return, especially in respect to Russia's relations with the countries in her zone of influence. It is certain that Congress and public opinion in this country would regard such a loan as ample justification for a very "tough" attitude towards the Soviet Union. This is not a matter that could be solved by American "generosity" or by a well-intentioned campaign to be nice to Russia. To borrow six billion dollars is an admission of weakness and dependence, however honeyed the language of the lender. It would bring Russia into America's economic zone of influence and control, and would establish the U.S.A. as the superior power.

Certainly Russia would accept a loan only if there were no political strings to it; and it is most unlikely that the Soviet government would submit to the kind of cross-examination the British have been subjected to in their negotiations for financial assistance. The announcement of a



request for a loan is thus not conclusive proof that Russia has finally decided to give up her traditional financial autarchy. But it does indicate the seriousness of the Russian economic situation.

**E**VEN with an American loan to buy consumer goods in America, the Russian problem of labor supply will be difficult. Without such a loan it will be much more difficult. Certainly it will involve Russia in another and more pressing question of foreign policy. For she will have to decide between using foreign convict labor and allowing the immigration of free workers from the Balkans.

We know she intends to use large numbers of Germans as convict workers; actually by now she must be using, for her rehabilitation work, something like five million German war prisoners and Nazis caught in eastern Germany. It is also probable that large numbers of "anti-Russians" and "Fascists" from the territories annexed by Russia in Poland and the Baltic states have been drafted for work in forced labor battalions under the supervision of the Secret Police. But there are indications that Russia wants to obtain still more convict workers—many more.

The spectacular trial of the leaders of the Polish Home Army last spring was not only intended to put pressure on the Polish government-in-exile. According to the Russian comments at the time, the conviction of these leaders as anti-Russians and Fascists automatically made every member of the old Polish underground liable to imprisonment or forced labor. The same doctrine has been put forward by Russia as a basis for the trials of the Nazi leaders. And while the report, last spring, of a Russian demand for twenty million German compulsory workers to be used for five years was hardly to be taken very seriously—even half the number would be hard to obtain—it may not have been pure chance that the figure coincided so closely with Russia's needs for industrial workers.

To use such large masses of compulsory workers would create considerable policing worries. But problems of this sort Russia is well equipped to handle, since the Secret Police have been running

forced-labor camps since 1933. Also the policy would be cheap and popular with the Russian masses. It would, however, meet with bitter opposition abroad, especially in England and western Europe with their strong trade-union tradition. It would also alienate the peoples of eastern Europe for generations to come, and would tend to create the very anti-Russian bloc the Soviet Union is most afraid of. Nevertheless, the policy is likely to remain Russia's first choice.

Why? Because the alternative would raise even greater problems. The alternative is free immigration from the Balkans.

**A**T FIRST sight immigration would seem to be not only the best solution of the labor problem but also of the problem of Russia's relations with the Balkan countries. The Balkan peasants make good and adaptable industrial workers. Most of them would assimilate fast, being closely akin to the Russians in language, tradition, and religion. The Balkan countries, Rumania, Bulgaria, southern Yugoslavia, and Hungary are extremely overcrowded and desperately poor. There are no large estates to divide among the peasants except in Hungary; and even there the available land is sufficient to settle only a small fraction of the landless laborers. The only solution for these countries, if their people cannot migrate elsewhere, would be industrialization. Russia is today incapable of supplying them with industrial equipment. Furthermore, as the Russian press has been stressing, she is not willing to let any western country do it, as that would bring the Balkans again under the influence of western Europe. Denied both industrialization and a chance to migrate elsewhere, the Balkan peoples are almost certain to be in perpetual unrest. But Russia, in the interest of her own security, has to keep the Balkan cauldron from boiling over. Why not do it by admitting Balkan immigrants?

The difficulty is that the immigrants would have to be given political and economic rights denied the Russians. No Balkan peasant will move voluntarily unless guaranteed religious freedom and promised a chance to acquire his own little homestead. Immigrants would have



to be allowed to send money home, to go home on visits, and altogether to keep up the contact with the "old country." They would tend to settle together, to be critical of the new country, and to compare it not only with conditions at home but with conditions in that Mecca of Balkan emigrants, the United States. Above all, even though the Balkans have been under various kinds of dictatorships all along, these were never very efficient or very stable dictatorships. Hence the Balkan peasants are used to much more freedom of discussion than Russia has known for fifteen years, and also to a considerable degree of party politics and to real—though violent and corrupt—electioneering. They would expect to find at least the same freedom in the country to which they emigrate.

Russia might grant them religious worship—in the state-controlled Orthodox Church—and home ownership, as she has already promised both to her own subjects. But could the other rights be given to immigrants without being given to Russians too? And is the Soviet regime willing or able to abandon so much of the basis of totalitarianism? Some of the Pan-Slavic propaganda that has recently come out of Moscow sounds as if the Russians were thinking of encouraging Balkan immigration. But it would be a last resort—even more so than an American loan; a minimum prerequisite would be complete control by Russia of the Balkan countries from which the immigrants are to come.

## V

THE Soviet Union is thus faced with a decision between two alternatives. Shall she maintain the absolute autarchy of a police state, at the risk of endangering her industrial expansion, or shall she attain her industrial goals at the price of considerable dependence on the outside, capitalist world? Which alternative—or rather which compromise between the alternatives—she will choose, only a fool would dare predict. The decision will depend on economic and political pressures inside the country, and on Russia's estimates of the chances for world peace during the next decade. And then there is the big question mark of the eventual suc-

sion to Stalin and of the policies of his successor. Nevertheless the main effects of Russia's economic problems on her foreign policy are reasonably clear.

In the first place, an analysis of Russian economics strongly supports the argument—developed for instance by John Fischer in a recent issue of this magazine—that Russia's overriding interest in the period ahead must be the maintenance of world peace. The next few years will be a very critical period indeed—as critical almost as that after the last war or as the years of the first Five-Year Plan. Russia's economic program will absorb every ounce of her resources. She can hope to reach her economic goals only if she is allowed to work in peace. And to play an aggressive role in a world of super-powers would altogether exceed her economic strength. It may not even be too far-fetched to explain Russia's uncompromising attitude in recent international negotiations, particularly where they touched upon her zone of influence in eastern Europe, as reflecting a consciousness of this economic weakness rather than of strength.

At the same time, however, the publication of the new Five-Year Plan at this moment, and the comments with which it has been introduced, show clearly that Russia's basic trend in economic policy will continue in the direction of autarchy and industrial self-sufficiency not only for herself but for the countries in her zone of influence as well. Moves in the other direction would be concessions to the needs of the moment rather than signs of a permanent change in fundamentals. It is very possible that Russia will be a large buyer of American goods in the next few years; but if so, the long-range objective of these purchases will be to make Russia again independent of foreign supplies. The biggest concession would be the opening of the country to immigration, and this is unlikely unless Russia has absolute control of the areas from which the immigrants are to come, that is, the Balkans.

In short, the indications are that she will combine with a concern for world peace an insistence on going her own way, dependent upon nobody else, keeping herself to herself, and so far as possible bending her immediate neighbors to her will.



# MOURNER FOR PEGASUS

## A Story

MARGARET SHEDD

THE room was so full it bulged. There was sunlight, firelight, a baby just walking, some mothers around a tea table, three three-year-olds in front of a puppet theater, and two eight-year-olds behind it. This was life at combustion point and most concentrate around the puppet stage.

Only the group of mothers added nothing to the intensity of living these walls enclosed. It was a children's party and the mothers had wordlessly agreed to let it be an afternoon of no bridge, no gossip, to spare themselves tongue and mind and bask back into maternity, which is very restful. So the resting mothers at the tea table ate angel cake, and yellow cake made from the yolks. Once in a while they gave a glance at the children, but they were unaware of the maelstrom whirling round the puppet theater.

Not that it was noisy over there. The three-year-olds sat on squatty little red stools, and the puppets that were not acting were in among them on doll chairs. But these children, alike in age, were so divergent in character that mere adjacency set up a cosmic friction. Of course the earmark of children's parties is that the participants must be of an age, often omitting real friends to include the mother's schoolmate's daughter who was born within two weeks of Trudge, but whom Trudge seldom sees, and certainly has not seen now, although her arrival was triumphant in blue ruffles and sausage curls.

There was this little girl and there was the boy Trudge and there was another boy, beautifully mannered, watching the puppet show with equanimity, a fixed smile, and a good deal of inner scorn. He was a perfect guest. But Trudge could not be called a perfect host, although the party was his, to celebrate his birthday, and the play was being presented in his honor by his eight-year-old sister and her best friend. Trudge acted exactly as if he were alone in the room. His guests did not interest him and he made no bones about it. But the play was something else. It was not that it pleased him or displeased him; nothing trivial like that. He simply gave it his whole attention, a released force of untold potency. He never took his eyes off the stage, even now when the baby made a disturbance in another part of the room and Trudge got up and pointed at the baby to protest this.

The baby had come because he was the brother of Trudge's sister's best friend. She had written the puppet play, although Trudge's sister managed to give the impression she was responsible by putting her head through the curtain to announce the title, *Rescue*. The real author had asserted herself to the extent of operating the hero horse who rescued his master.

And the rescue was about to come off. The horse was saying, "I shall fly to my master and save him from the dirty Japs!" Just then the baby interrupted again and Trudge, already on his feet, ejaculated



furiously, but still watching the horse:

"Little baby, be quiet! Horsie make his talk. You hush up and listen."

The baby didn't listen; he dumped over a drawer of music he had been working noisily to dislodge. In the face of this outrage Trudge had to take his eyes off the stage. He levelled his small intense gaze at the baby. "Bad baby!" he said with such tragic force that the baby did look at him startled, and intrigued by the tone of violence came toward Trudge and left his music drawer.

UP TO now there had been that pool of relaxed fertility, the mothers. There had been that marvelous incipience on all sides of the puppet stage, which was set on a chair in the curtains of a doorway: behind the curtain, the unseen but felt antagonism of the assorted sisters; before the curtain, the three-year-olds like yellow and red and blue on a painter's palette. Even the puppets added something, seated there among the children. But above all there had been the horse on the stage. He was a creature of leather and stubbly hair, very much horse except for his straight, obstinate legs. And finally there had been the perambulatory excitement of the baby, wandering about the room in never abated sentience, examining the room and reminding it of its ancient and secret fastnesses.

The baby, travelling Ulysses-like, had been forgotten by all but his own mother, though faintly recognized it is true by the other mothers in some archaic mental process as a pleasant demonstration of their own uberty. Unknown to themselves they had been ready to leap up if he got too near the fire or the stairway. But they had not been thinking about him, they so comfortable in the afternoon sun with cakes and tea.

To his mother it was a little clearer; if she didn't have to put it in words she knew that the baby, running busy in the clear yet faint meeting of sun and firelight, was will, clattering unstopped in a beautiful world, indomitable will, since falling he rose without distress or decided to stay down and roll over because he liked having fallen; he was a little hand resting on his mother's knee, not caressing, just stopping for a minute at a familiar caravan-

serai in a place made up of new objects which must be taken into this same small brown hand, tested and measured with the hand, calling in his mouth sometimes for consultation. He was a joy whose race was just begun, not unbodied joy; how dear and aloof his little body was to her, he squatting on poised haunches to find out the secret of a bar of sunshine on the floor.

Then he found the music drawer and then he dumped it and then he answered Trudge's intense little voice with response as lively: he reached out his arms and started toward Trudge and cried, "Hm!" but in a minute, "Hm?"

This had all been tentative, up to this point waiting for a climax. And here something took shape, just when Trudge called him bad baby and the baby answered Trudge. The mothers and the other children, perhaps even the puppets, stopped to wonder what would happen, and the life of the room was spotlighted on these two, as if they were the matching parts of a whole.

But then almost at once interest shifted into other channels because Trudge could not really bear to keep his eyes away from the puppet horse, and the baby on that "Hm?" discovered the yellow cake. It was on a table just low enough for him to reach. For some reason no grown hand intervened. He was able to stuff most of a large piece into his mouth, first using one hand to support himself on the table edge, because he was standing tiptoe, then finding it more important to use both hands to push in the yellow cake, palms over his mouth, fingers dancing upward. But when the cake was in, still largely visible, and he found he had kept his balance through the excitement and without hand support, he raised both his arms rejoicing, fingers especially exultant. It was the finale of a ballet about being strong and able to appease sudden hunger. His feet and eyes took part in the dance; and his mouth, too, by lush chewing.

No one saw this because of the other things that were happening. The horse, having waited patiently for the interruption, had started over again, "I have wings. I have wings. I shall fly to my master." And then there was a pause. The horse did not fly. Most people listening to



his tone of voice would have known he could not; the uncompromising legs said that this was no flying horse. But Trudge was not to be diverted from the flat promise of the spoken words. So, after a lapse, a long moment of anticipation unmet, Trudge once more arose from his little red stool with its spread legs and, in silence, he took the horse from its manual moorings and made it cavort with genteel abandon toward a theatrical heaven and then dip down again and up, a very Pegasus.

And here conflict ensued.

For Trudge, impelled to bring words to life, to bring Pegasus out from the limitation of cramped promises to go like a bird, like an angel, flying to the rescue of that hard-pressed master, had figured without the other children. He had no trouble getting the horse from the grasp of the surprised author. But he knew nothing of the pride that burned in the author's heart. Her play yanked out of her grasp, she emerged from the curtains ready for battle.

Least of all had he taken into account the little girl he had never looked at, the one in blue ruffles, from whom rose a hurricane of protest.

"Can't do dat"—and she accompanied her words with all the noises of deepest anguish—"mine horse."

By some delicate complicity the horse she had never owned had become her horse, hers with heartbreaking certainty when he was brought out of his remote stage home and flourished about with such evident personal relish by someone not herself.

The baby, too, now wanted the horse. He didn't say so but he changed his dance about capturing food and eating it to a dance about wanting the horse. He beckoned to it with his arms and hands and fingers, called to it directly, scorning go-betweens.

It was a moment charged with lovely furies. All the children were wild with the zeal of possession or of depriving someone else of possession, except Trudge, who was also wild, but with the delirium of earth-bound Pegasus now released.

Of course it was the mothers' turn. "Oh dear, it was such a nice party. Why did the children have to spoil it?"

Just then Pegasus took matters under his own wing. High above all the hands that reached for him, he slipped out of even Trudge's grasp, leaped right into the fire, and began to burn, antic and gay in death as he really never had been in life.

Most of the children were delighted. The author's pain abated with the increase of conflagration. The little girl in blue ruffles wanted to burn up all the other puppets, even a beautiful new Goldilocks. The baby beckoned intimately to the fire. But Trudge began to cry, and went trying to fish the horse out of the fireplace.

One of the mothers recognized that his grief was genuine and she helped him. The remains were charred but still horse; the sound of Trudge's weeping stopped although the tears kept rolling silently down his cheeks. So the mother said, to distract him, "Come on, Trudge, we'll have another puppet show. You can work the puppets all yourself. Can't he, children?"

The children did not try to focus their eyes or ears on these words. As often, the mothers spoke to them from a distance and deep fog. Trudge had been gathered into the fog and put back of the curtains to make the puppets go, including Goldilocks, fresh and unsullied.

"You know the story of little Goldilocks, dear. Remember how she was walking through the forest, all alone? That's right, have her walk through the forest."

The other children still watched the fire. But not for long. The assorted sisters, régisseurs of the Pegasus tale, decided to have a funeral, that festival so dear to children's hearts. These things happen with devastating rapidity. It is because children do so many things so fast that their lives seem to them infinitely long, really unending. At three, at five, even at eight they can barely peer over their twelfth or thirteenth year into adulthood. Sometimes, when the swing goes higher than it ever has before, there is a glimpse over that garden wall.

So, before Goldilocks had a chance to get good and lost in the forest, the funeral of Pegasus was well afoot with flowers from the tea table, a shoe box, and a prayer book. Also it had been decided to use Trudge for a mourner.

"He'll be a good one. He's really crying.



"I can hear him crying," said his sister eagerly.

The other three-year-old, not the girl in blue ruffles but that child of good manners who managed to act as if he approved of all the events of his life, really did approve of this funeral. He watched the preparations with unsimulated pleasure, face smiling.

He said, "Bury him?"

"Yes," the sisters answered irritably. With the coffin at hand, burial seemed pretty obvious.

"Worms?" asked the little boy joyfully. "Worms eat him?"

"Sure!" they said. Then they closed in on his affability, taking him unaware. "Go get Trudge. He's the mourner."

Not that he knew what that was, and for him to enter the adult arena and extract Trudge was quite a feat; that was why the sisters had asked him to do it; but he, like all of them, was oblivious to anything but the funeral. So he went, still smiling, and without much ado got Trudge from back of the stage. It was easier than they expected.

All he had to say was, "Come."

The only trouble was that Trudge stopped crying altogether and that was distinctly not in the plan.

"It's a funeral," the sisters told him. Still he was unmoved. "We're going to bury the horse in the garden . . . out in the wet ground . . ." they goaded him.

"Worms eat him," cried the mannerly child in happy elaboration.

It was this thrust that not only started the tears again, but wrenching sobs as well. The sisters were gratified.

"Now we can have the dirge," and they took Pegasus out of his coffin for one last look and to scatter him with ashes, although he was pretty ashy already. Came a wail from Trudge, louder than necessary for mourning purposes. He started to grab

the deceased horse. The little girls held onto Pegasus firmly and chanted in a grave, lovely rune of childhood, not in the horrid meter of that ditty,

"Ashes to ashes and dust to dust.

If the worms don't get you . . ."

It was this second reference to worms for Pegasus that really galvanized Trudge. He arose and made onslaught. But his sister and her friend were ready too.

"There you go spoiling everything again, Trudge!"

And "Can't you ever leave things alone?"

They were angry but very quiet; everybody knew that the mothers must not be involved. But there was no worry about that because the mothers were all around the puppet theater now, playing with Goldilocks themselves. So for a long moment the bitter fight proceeded, shifting gradually from Pegasus to more individual assault between burial and non-burial factions.

But the baby had something else to do.

He picked up the horse, abandoned and sadly involved in wilting begonias. With swift decision, and *éclat*, he shoved Pegasus back into the fire.

The mothers turned when they saw the fire brightening. The quarrel stopped when the mothers turned. Then the children saw the corpse ablaze. The baby laughed because he had found out he could stand with his head down to the floor and look backward through his fat little outspread legs. The children said nothing about Pegasus, but decided to play on the swings in the yard. Trudge gave Pegasus a poke farther into the fire and this time he was unmistakably and totally consumed. Then Trudge ran out of the room ahead of all of them, and he swung higher than anyone else, way above the garden wall.



# FARMING WITHOUT BARNS

VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON

WE OWN a hill farm in Vermont and have discovered what a good many seem to have known before us; that it is difficult to make a living from New England soil. But it may not be impossible. The longer I think about it the more I am inclined to hope that a key to our situation, and to many like it in many states, was given to a small group of us in 1912 by the then ex-President Theodore Roosevelt.

When Europeans began to colonize interior Africa, he said, they found large and fertile sections of the continent stocked with such numbers of eland that only the vast buffalo herds of our Western plains were greater. The land appeared to some of the pioneers suitable for cattle; whereupon they began to kill off the eland, thus committing the stupidity of removing an animal potentially about as valuable as cattle in order to begin the slow process of developing herds of shorthorns, or of another breed. For, said the ex-President, the chief thing you could say against the eland was that he differed from a short-horn. But, after all, he differed no more than a shorthorn differed from an eland. Both, when properly used, could be of great value to man.

After destroying the elands by the ten thousand and bringing in cattle to replace them, the cattlemen made a discovery. There is in large parts of Africa an insect called the tsetse fly, with a sting which is

fatal to domestic cattle but to which the eland is immune. So there had to be undertaken a vast, costly, and problematic campaign to attain one of two ends: to make domestic cattle as immune as the eland was already, or else to destroy the tsetse. The end of that was not yet, as Roosevelt spoke; it is not yet, if we speak as of 1946.

But, said he, it would not matter to his argument if the case for the eland were not as strong as he made it out to be. The real point was that civilized man had never domesticated a beast of consequence. We inherited from our prehistoric ancestors the dog, cat, elephant, horse, camel, sheep, yak, llama, cow, goat—the full range, including chickens. Some have thought, he said, that the New England turkey was an exception; but what we actually did was to kill off the turkeys of New England and then replace them with other turkeys which we borrowed from the Mexican Indians, who had domesticated them long before.

Now it was absurd, he argued, to suppose that Stone Age man combed the whole world for domesticable creatures, choosing infallibly the best from every continent. Most of our mammals come from a small section of the Old World that is tropical or subtropical. As long as humanity migrated east and west, not too far from the tropics, these animals were suitable enough. But try to move them north, farther north in our country than Okla-

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homa or Kansas, and you have increasing trouble with them.

In Texas, where they are strictly at home, cattle will fend for themselves. But as you go north the expense and labor of coddling them grow more and more serious. They need barns to shelter them and hay to feed them, and the longer the winter the greater the cost will be. In terms of modern farming, this implies that you have to buy mowing machinery and a lot of other farm equipment; so that by the time you produce your milk or your beef, and send them to market, you are lucky if years of backbreaking toil do not find you broke.

Roosevelt argued that the obvious step toward a remedy, if people were sensible, would be to see if we could not find for the northern states, Canada, and Alaska beasts as native to those climates and systems of vegetation as cattle are to the Argentine; and he suggested consideration of the American buffalo or the Tibetan yak.

In other words, the tenor of his argument was that men should experiment with the idea of domesticating animals which are native to the region or which come from similar climates in other parts of the world.

## II

Clearly the reason why we farmers have such a hard time breaking even in our Vermont neighborhood is that we are so much out of pocket for things like barns, hay, machinery, and labor. But by substituting for cattle a more self-sustaining breed of animal, we might be able to reduce our expenditures more than we do our income.

When first I spent summers in Vermont, fifteen years ago, I could have bought cutover land with spots of cleared pasture and decrepit meadow for two dollars an acre, for instance around Stratton Mountain. We city slickers have boosted the price a bit since then; but even now such land is relatively cheap. Let us say, then, that you buy up an inexpensive hill section. Your purpose is to raise on that land whatever will raise itself, requiring practically no care except protection from enemies. There will be two initial sources

of expense, fencing and stocking your land, and then the inevitable cost of harvesting and marketing. But there will be no stables or barns to build or care for, no haying, no machinery, no need for many laborers.

Within your fence it will be your purpose to have only those animals which are sufficiently native to the climate and conditions so that they will prosper on the local vegetation and require no care, summer or winter. They should be animals that do not seriously interfere with each other—for instance, browsing animals to feed on the bushes, grazing ones for the pasture land. The enclosure must be large, a minimum of several square miles, to embrace the full variety of topography and vegetation.

THE most promising animal for New England is probably the one that is miscalled musk ox in English but is better designated by its Latin name *ovibos* (meaning sheep-cattle). Most nearly the *ovibos* is a gigantic sheep, twice as heavy as a reindeer and four times the weight of a medium domestic sheep. Like the sheep it has a coat of wool. It gives more milk than any domestic animal except the cow, and the milk does not have a strong taste. Its flesh has the look and flavor of beef, without any strong smell such as that of mutton.

In 1916-17 I was one of sixteen people who, with about sixty dogs, spent a year on uninhabited Melville Island. We arrived there by sledge from afar, without provisions, and supported both men and dogs by hunting. For fuel we burned local coal, which we discovered in various places, and lived on polar bears, seals, caribou, but chiefly on the *ovibos* herds. We estimated that there were about 4,000 *ovibos* on the island, of which we used about 400.

The members of our party were six whites, one Portuguese Negro, and the rest Eskimos. The Eskimos had never tasted *ovibos*. Three of us whites had been on Melville the year before; the other three had never tasted *ovibos*, nor had the Negro. So here was a chance to get valuable opinions on this meat, in comparison with the meats we were used to. The Eski-



mos, caribou eaters from childhood, said at first that they preferred caribou; the Negro and most of the whites, who had eaten caribou for only a few years, preferred ovibos right from the start, saying it tasted exactly like beef.

Only three Arctic expeditions have used large quantities of ovibos beef through long periods—those commanded by Peary, Sverdrup, and myself. Peary said it is better than domestic beef; Sverdrup said it is just like beef. I agree with Sverdrup, feeling it must have been the excellence of hunger as a sauce that led Peary to an extreme view. Some fliers of the Second World War have eaten the meat in northern East Greenland and have returned claiming it is better than beef; others with the same experience prefer beef.

On my expedition we whites agreed that there is no way in which you can tell from beef the meat of an ovibos cow, or of a bull less than three years old. As Sverdrup remarked, after having ovibos for his chief meat through four continuous years, it is only the beef of old males that has a strong odor; and even then this is not nearly so strong, or so disagreeable to most, as the corresponding odor of male sheep or goats of the same age.

**T**HE ovibos not only provides good milk and good meat. It also supplies wool. Looked upon as a sheep, it is more valuable than the ordinary domestic variety because it is larger; looked upon as a steer, it has extra value because it can furnish wool as an annual crop. And the wool is good.

A thorough technical study of ovibos wool, made during the nineteen-twenties by Alfred Farrer Barker, professor of textile industries at Leeds University, led to the conclusion that cloth made from it has roughly the wearing qualities of merino, is softer than cashmere, has an agreeable soft brown color, bleaches readily and can then be dyed any shade. But the trait which thrilled Professor Barker was that garments made from it will not shrink, even if you wash and rub them in hot water. Professor Barker considered that ovibos wool, if available in quantity, could be sold at a higher price than any of the ordinary domestic wools.

Some objectors have pointed out that if you clip ovibos you find in the wool many guard hairs that are stiff like the mane of a horse, and that even if you curry the beast, as they do with sheep in Iceland, you still get some hairs with your wool. Barker claimed, however, that machinery was available to separate these hairs from the wool and that the hairs themselves would have a market value that would more than defray the cost of processing.

### III

**I**T WOULD seem obvious that we have in the ovibos a beast that need fear nothing from a New England, Dakota, or Montana winter. It is today the most northerly of the large grazing animals, for Peary found it on the north coast of the most northerly land in the world, that northward extension of Greenland which is known as Peary Land. True, there is a heavier winter snowfall in every part of New England than in most regions where the ovibos is now found; but it prospers in sections of the east coast of Greenland that have deeper snow than any part of New England.

Nor would the ovibos suffer inordinately from the New England or Dakota summer heat. These animals frequented the prairie south of Point Barrow, Alaska, where temperatures run above 90° in the shade, until the Eskimos killed them off. "Musk oxen" used to range as far south as Kentucky, as we know from bones which have been dug up.

It is pretty certain that prehistoric hunters cleared the ovibos from the United States and southern Canada; but there is a possibility, of course, that we have down here now hostile bacteria that are lying in wait to destroy them. All we can say on this score is that calves, yearlings, and animals more than half grown—perhaps three years of age—have been brought south frequently and sold to zoos in various of our cities, including New York, and to zoos scattered through Europe. It does not appear that their longevity has been notably lower than that of domestic cattle.

In the second Wilson administration I suggested the domestication of ovibos as a



project which might contribute to the development of Alaska. Nothing was done right then but Dr. Edward William Nelson, chief of the Biological Survey, followed up the idea until the Alaska government finally took it up, and in 1930 the Department of the Interior brought thirty-four ovibos from northern East Greenland by steamship and railroad to Fairbanks, Alaska.

Now this is significant for New England since, after chances for contagion while passing through the United States, the herd was placed in a forested region which has a climate not unlike that of the White Mountains, the Green Mountains, and the Adirondacks. The maximum Weather Bureau summer record at Fairbanks is 99° in the shade; it is a hill country with successful wheat lands. In this New Englandish climate the herd maintained excellent health; but, instructively, they ran into a serious enemy, the bears, which killed several. There are bears in New England, and that must be remembered. Ovibos defend themselves and their young against wolves successfully by forming a protective circle; but that is not good enough against bears.

Partly because of the bears, the reduced herd of thirty-one was moved in 1935 and 1936 to Nunivak Island in Bering Sea, which has a rainy and blustery climate similar to though slightly colder than that of the coast of Maine. By 1943 they had increased to 115.

Here we have, then, an outline sketch of one candidate for the type of animal husbandry which Theodore Roosevelt advocated for central Africa, for Canada, and for other parts of the world: that is, the use of animals that are native in the sense of their being able, each in its proper environment, to secure their own food and to prosper in the open, whatever the season.

From a small experimental herd of

ovibos there would be an income from the start, through the wool. Superfluous males could be sold to zoölogical gardens at first, later for beef. Meats strange in name, though not necessarily in taste, bring a high price when sold to connoisseurs—as buffalo, without claiming superiority to beef, sells at a higher price because of its rarity. Then, if the first experiment has a good press, breeding stock can be sold at high prices, as was the case when the silver fox and mink industries were new.

**I** AM not, of course, arguing for ovibos alone. (The native New England deer and the Rocky Mountain elk would also do well in a large enough fenced Vermont enclosure. They are not so competent as ovibos in looking after themselves, but will require no feed during most winters.) What I am urging is the general plan of raising on abandoned New England farms, and on other submarginal land, those animals which require no barns or haymaking, with a minimum of labor and other costs, so that the money you take in at harvest time shall not be eaten up in a multiplicity of expense.

In a scientific age we should make use of scientific findings, among them the principle that domestication requires only one generation. Our common sense ought to tell us that it is nearly as poor business to raise cattle where they require barns as it would be to raise oranges where the trees would need to be sheltered in hothouses. Our pride should make us ask ourselves why we of the flying age cannot domesticate new animals when our ancestors could do it in the Stone Age. Our thrift should tell us that we could turn marginal hill country into prosperous farms through being as sensible as our remote forefathers were in the use of native resources, not the least of which are beasts native to our sort of climate.



# THE GERMAN GENERALS

## *I. Seeckt, Brauchitsch, Halder, Bock, and Especially Rommel*

B. H. LIDDELL HART

ANY ACCOUNT of German generalship in the war must begin with a man who died three years before it began—and retired ten years earlier still, in 1926. For though he was no longer on the scene when war was declared, his influence on the subsequent course of events was greater than that of any other German military leader. This man was Hans von Seeckt, who rebuilt the German Army after 1918. Not only did Seeckt build an effective small army within the stringent limitations imposed by the treaty of Versailles, he also laid the foundations upon which a much greater structure could be built. Most of the early successes of the Wehrmacht, were cast in his mold, and its later failures were foreshadowed in his warning words.

Seeckt infused the Army with the idea that mobility was the key to the future; that a quick-moving, quick-hitting army of picked troops could, under modern conditions, make rings round an old-fashioned mass army. Under his influence, the manuals of the Reichswehr laid down the dictum that “every action ought to be based on surprise.” Seeckt accented the importance of flexibility and, to achieve it, of new means of communication. Tech-

nically, to be sure, he tended to think in old terms. He had only a dim vision of armored mobility and mechanized power; and his book *Thoughts of a Soldier* (1928) dwelt at length on the value of horse cavalry in the mobile operations he pictured. But the difference between Seeckt’s doctrine of maneuver and the French doctrine of that time—which held that “of the two elements, fire and movement, fire is preponderant”—was ominous for Germany’s future enemies.

Seeckt also laid down two political principles: first, that the Army should stand aside from politics; second, that it should have complete authority in its own sphere, forming “a state within the state.” These two ideas were not easily reconciled; and actually the Army repeatedly intervened in politics and thus helped to undermine the democratic regime in Germany—only to open the way, not for the sort of conservatively nationalistic government that the generals wanted, but for a Nazi regime that challenged their powers even within their own sphere.

GENERAL VON BLOMBERG, who became Hitler’s War Minister in 1933, added to Seeckt’s concept of mobility a concept

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of "trapping" tactics, instead of pure offensive tactics, and also an appreciation of the great importance of tanks. In this he was backed strongly by his chief of staff, Walter von Reichenau. Their ideas did not go unopposed, however, for Fritsch, who became chief of the Army Command at the end of 1933, represented a more conservative school. Fritsch possessed great all-round ability and had grasped the value of tanks and aircraft up to a point, but he regarded the new arms as "upstarts" and was intent on keeping them in their place—a subordinate place, in his view. Thus the Army, while it forged ahead of other countries in developing mechanized forces, remained a compromise between the old and new patterns. That partial renovation proved good enough to beat Poland in 1939 and France in 1940 but failed to overcome Russia in 1941—a failure that eventually proved fatal to Germany.

To the military conflict between Blomberg and Fritsch was added a political one which likewise had destructive effects. Though the generals had been ready to welcome Hitler's rise to power in so far as it seemed likely to favor their own schemes for military expansion—as it certainly did—they had scoffed at the idea that an ex-corporal could be credited with any military judgment, and were jealous of any encroachment upon their preserves by the amateur soldiers of the Nazi party. At first they had gained a delusory advantage when, in 1934, by playing on Hitler's fears, they incited him to wipe out Roehm and other militant Brown Shirt leaders, thus curbing for a time the claim of the Nazi amateurs to a place of power in the Army. But in 1938 they overreached themselves. Fritsch, representing Army conservatism, attacked Blomberg, representing military innovation and, in some degree, Hitler's influence—attacked him ostensibly on the ground that he had contracted a marriage outside the social confines of the military caste. Thereupon Hitler seized the opportunity to play off the two generals against each other, to retire not only Blomberg but Fritsch as well, and to seize for himself the supreme command of the German armed forces.

General Keitel succeeded Blomberg but

with a lower status, and thereafter kept his place only by subservience to Hitler. A much abler and more honest man, Walter von Brauchitsch, was chosen to succeed Fritsch as commander-in-chief of the Army, for Hitler was shrewd enough to see not only the necessity for having a good strategical brain in that post, but also the advantage of having a man who was trusted by all sections. Nevertheless, the ex-corporal and his Nazi amateurs had greatly increased the scope of their authority over the professionals.

Although Brauchitsch tried to put a brake on Hitler's aggressive foreign policy and thus to avoid any early war, the circumstances of his appointment were a handicap. And his restraining influence was further weakened by the way in which Hitler, defying military doubts and warnings, succeeded in occupying Austria and then Czechoslovakia without a war. Before Hitler took the next step, against Poland, he had taken care to fulfill the preliminary condition insisted upon by Brauchitsch—that the neutrality of Russia must first be insured; nevertheless that next step carried Germany too far. Britain and France declared war, and it was now left for Brauchitsch, as a soldier, to make the best of the situation.

In the invasions of Poland, of Norway, and of the West, the broad conception was Hitler's in each case, and the detailed plan was worked out by Halder, the chief of the general staff, but Brauchitsch was closely associated with the planning in its final stages, while the success of these campaigns was largely due to his masterly execution. Their very success, however, carried Brauchitsch and his fellow generals into a situation that proved fatal to their own power, and eventually to their country—by exalting Hitler's position to a pitch where he was beyond their control.

## II

THE German plan for the attack upon Holland, Belgium, and France in the spring of 1940 appeared to the world as a supreme example of the shock-offensive, but it was really more remarkable for its subtlety. The essential condition of its success was the way in which the Allied



armies of the left wing, comprising the pick of their mobile forces, were lured deep into Belgium and even into Holland. Only because the left wing was caught in this trap, and wrenched from its socket, could the panzer stroke cut through the Allied left center deeply and quickly enough to have decisive effects. Moreover, as fast as the German armored divisions drove toward the Channel coast, cutting a pocket in the Allied front, the motorized divisions followed them up to form a defensive lining along the whole length of the pocket. These tactics extracted a maximum advantage from a minimum use of shock, and exploited the power of tactical defense as an aid to the offensive. For the burden of attacking, at a disadvantage, was thereby thrown on the Allied armies in any attempt to force open the trap and reunite their severed parts. Such subtlety is the essence of strategy.

It is significant that, seven years earlier, Brauchitsch had succeeded Blomberg as the commander in East Prussia, where this combination of defensive with offensive tactics had been cultivated; Blomberg had done much experimenting with the tactic of luring the enemy out of a strongly defended position, catching him in a trap, and then exploiting his disorder by delivering one's own real stroke—in the more deadly form of a riposte.

When the Allied left wing failed to break out, its fate was sealed—save for the portion that managed to escape by sea from Dunkirk, leaving all its equipment behind. None at all might have escaped but for the fact that Hitler twice put a brake on the sweeping advance of the panzer divisions lest the Allies might have some unexpected card up their sleeve. But, even with these checks, the speed of the sweep was sufficient to insure his victory. With the left wing armies eliminated, the remainder were left too weak to hold the far-stretching front in France against a powerful offensive, so that their collapse in turn was mathematically probable even before the next German stroke was delivered. In 1914 the aim had been to wheel inward and round up the opposing armies in one vast encirclement—an effort that proved too great for the Germans' capacity. In 1940, Brauchitsch concentrated

on cutting off a portion of the opposing armies by an outward sweep, with the result that in this piecemeal process he eventually succeeded in swallowing them completely.

In that course he followed Napoleon's method, translating it into modern terms, and applying it with more mobile instruments. But he was baffled, as Napoleon had been, when it came to dealing with the problem that remained—the continued resistance of island Britain, and the prospect of her continuous "thorn in the flesh" effects unless and until she was conquered. The Wehrmacht had been prepared for continental warfare, and for a much more gradual development of events than had taken place. Having been led on to attempt, and attain, much more than had been foreseen, it was caught unprepared in shipping and equipment for carrying out any such new technique as was involved in a large-scale oversea invasion.

Placed in that dilemma, Hitler was encouraged by the sweeping success of the earlier continental campaign to follow in the footsteps of Napoleon and repeat his invasion of Russia. Brauchitsch tried to curb Hitler's ambition to succeed where Napoleon had failed, but the immensity of his own successes hitherto made it more difficult for him to impose a policy of moderation. Moreover, while he was not one of those who regarded the conquest of Russia as easy, the relatively high estimate that he had formed of Russia's strength made him more inclined to accept the necessity of tackling Russia before that strength had still further increased.

THE plan that Brauchitsch (with Halder's help) framed for the Russian campaign was designed on the same principle as that of 1940—to pierce weak spots in the Red Army's front, isolate large fractions of it, and force these to attack in reverse in the endeavor to get out of the net which he had woven round them. He aimed to destroy Russia's armed strength in battles near his own frontier, and wanted to avoid, above all, being drawn deep into Russia in pursuit of a still unbroken army that retreated before his advance. Conditions in Russia favored his design in so far as the vast width of the



front offered more room to maneuver for piercing thrusts than there had been in the west, but were unfavorable in the lack of natural backstops, comparable to the Channel, against which he could hope to pin the enemy after breaking through. A flankwise sweep to the Black Sea had a broadly similar promise, and was part of the plan, but it called for a much longer stretch of the arm than in 1940, and was thus bound to give the threatened forces more time to extricate themselves before the trap closed.

The German plan achieved a series of great piecemeal victories which brought it ominously close to complete success—helped by the initial over-confidence of the Russian leaders, and their inclination to attempt offensive moves for which their forces were not yet fitted. The panzer strokes cut deep, and successively cut off large portions of the Russian armies, including a dangerously high proportion of their best trained and best equipped troops. But, on balance, the advantage which the German offensive derived from the *breadth of space* in Russia was outweighed by the disadvantage of the *depth of space* through which the Russians could withdraw, in evading annihilation. And that balance of disadvantage tended to increase as the campaign continued.

Another handicap to the Germans was the limited scale of the armored forces on which the success of their strokes mainly depended. In 1940 the victory in the west had been virtually decided by the thrusts of the 10 panzer divisions used to open the way for the mass of 150 ordinary divisions which the Germans deployed there. For the invasion of Russia in 1941 the number of panzer divisions was raised to 21—but only by halving the number of tanks in each. The greater power of maneuver provided by this increased scale of mobile divisions was invaluable on such a broad front, while the decreased punching power did not matter much in the earlier phases of the invasion. Indeed, the consequent rise in the proportion of infantry in these divisions was welcomed by the orthodox, since it provided a higher ratio of troops to hold the ground gained. But the limited punching power became a serious factor as the campaign continued, especially

when the Germans met a more concentrated defense on approaching the great cities.

It was on those rocks that the German prospect of victory foundered. The nearer they came to Moscow and Leningrad, the more obvious became the direction of their attacks and the less room they had for deceptive maneuver. Hitler's long-profitable instinct for the strategy of indirect approach deserted him when such great prizes loomed before his eyes. Moscow became as fatal a magnet for him as it had been for Napoleon.

As early as September, Brauchitsch reached the conclusion that the chance of victory that year was fading. He advised Hitler that the armies should draw in their horns and consolidate a safe defensive line for the winter where they could economize their strength for a fresh offensive in 1942. Hitler refused to admit the necessity, and demanded a continuance of the effort to capture Moscow, as well as of the southern advance through the Ukraine toward the Caucasus. Early in October Hitler staked his prestige on the gamble by the announcement that the final stage of the offensive to capture Moscow had begun. Although this made threatening progress, its cost mounted more rapidly, and it achieved no definite result. When Hitler called for fresh efforts, Brauchitsch emphatically protested, and opposed him so firmly as to bring the argument to a crisis. Although the offensive was resumed on Hitler's orders, Brauchitsch ceased to be responsible. After its final failure, coupled with the German retreat from Rostov in the south, it was officially announced that Brauchitsch had been relieved of his post, and that Hitler had decided "to follow his intuitions" and take over supreme command of the German Army, in addition to the supreme command of the forces as a whole, which he had assumed when he parted with Blomberg in February 1938.

Brauchitsch was fortunate in the time of his departure. For it left his military record distinguished by the most striking series of victories in modern history, and blemished merely by a check which he had not only foreseen but of which he had forewarned his superior. But his dismissal registered the final defeat of the soldiers' claim to



decide questions of strategy and military policy. Henceforth the "Bohemian corporal" would dictate to the generals in their own sphere—and their power would be limited to advice, or sabotage.

### III

IN 1942 the designing of operations involved mainly on General Franz von Halder, the chief of the general staff. He had a fine strategical brain, and had done much to improve the German planning machinery, especially for combined operations by the three fighting services. The Norwegian plan had been worked out by his inter-service team of "young men." But he lacked the authority to impose his judgment, and his influence was offset by too many counterweights in the hierarchy.

In the autumn of 1941 Halder had endorsed Brauchitsch's argument against persisting in the attempt to capture Moscow. That offensive had been carried out by Field Marshal von Bock's group of armies. Fedor von Bock was the most typically Prussian of all the generals, as narrow as he was hard—a man who was filled with the lust of battle, so that he was blind to the subtler side of strategy, and who continually preached to his troops that "the crown of a soldier's life is a glorious death in battle." But he also, for himself, craved glory by battle. Such a man was easily lured away from the field of maneuver by the magnetic attraction of Moscow. Unfortunately for Germany's prospects, his bull-headed concentration on that objective, and his determination to gain it at any cost, encouraged Hitler's hopes at the crucial moment when Hitler had committed himself to a public announcement that Moscow was about to fall. So the warnings of Brauchitsch and Halder had been disregarded, and von Bock had been allowed to pursue the offensive, which he bungled. And then, because it became difficult for Hitler to blame the man who had shown such determination to serve his purpose, and with whose judgment his own was bound up, von Bock had been retained in command and Brauchitsch had been made the scapegoat.

Despite sharp differences of view, Hitler deemed it wise to retain Halder for the

planning of the 1942 summer campaign. This had brilliant initial success. An artful delay in opening the campaign on the main front, coupled with a startling coup against the Crimean peninsula, incited the Russians to take the initiative with an offensive toward Kharkov. Having got the southern Russian armies deeply embedded there, the main German offensive was launched past their flank, and gained a clear run down the corridor between the Don and the Donets rivers. But von Bock, who was in executive charge, now bolted with the reins—beyond Halder's control. The German forces split in divergent directions—the major part advancing on Stalingrad, and the lesser part on the Caucasus. Worse still, von Bock's eyes became as narrowly focused on Stalingrad as they had been on Moscow the previous year, and by the very directness of his aim he helped the Russians to concentrate their reserves to frustrate him.

As soon as it became clear that the effort was losing momentum Halder argued that it should be broken off. This time his unwelcome advice led to his dismissal, and replacement by Kurt von Zeitzler.

Zeitzler, a much younger man, had been only a colonel commanding an infantry regiment before the war, but subsequently had become chief of staff to Kleist's panzer army. Able and energetic, he was predominantly the "man of action" type that appealed to the Nazi leaders, in contrast to the "man of reflection" represented in Halder, who was a mathematician and botanist, as well as a military writer of distinction. Zeitzler's rather weak chin apparently belied his nature on the battlefield, where he had proved his gallantry, but its significance became more evident in the council chamber, where his tendency to advocate the more aggressive course was combined with a disposition to agree with those who could promote his personal ambition. Thus he proved ready to back the continuance of the assault on Stalingrad, as well as the advance in the Caucasus, until the bulk of the German reserves had been committed too far to be extricated—in so far as they had not already been consumed in vain efforts.

Helped by that compliance, Zeitzler



remained in office until, in 1944, Germany's chances had crumbled beyond repair. His positive influence on the planning was never as great as his predecessor's had been. Indeed, his appointment tended to augment the influence of General Jodl, the chief of Hitler's personal staff, and thus of Hitler's own control over operations. For Jodl, who kept his place throughout the war, would never have lasted so long if he had not been adept in "keeping to his place" within the limits assigned to him. He was a first-rate clerk.

#### IV

WITH the departure of Brauchitsch, and then of Halder, the executive commanders in the field played an increasingly important part—subject to Hitler's directions. One of the subordinate commanders who had most distinguished themselves in the German thrust to the Channel coast in the spring of 1940 was the commander of the seventh panzer division, Major General Rommel. His drive from the Meuse to Arras had culminated in a stroke that dislocated the Allies' only promising countermove in their efforts to break out of the trap. That success of his paved the way for the most startling rise that any German soldier achieved during the war.

Erwin Rommel, son of a Württemberg schoolmaster, did not belong to the officer caste; and although he had distinguished himself in action as a junior officer in 1914–18, he had not been able to qualify for the narrowly restricted Reichswehr after the war and had become a minor leader of Nazi storm troopers. Only when the Army expanded following Hitler's rise to power did he gain permanent military employment. By then he was too old to qualify for the General Staff, and his new enthusiasm for armored warfare was not judged sufficient qualification for a post in that promising field.

These disappointments were redeemed by his direct acquaintance with Hitler, who had found him a refreshingly unorthodox soldier with whom he could discuss new military ideas. The sequel was his appointment as liaison officer between the Hitler Youth and the Army, and then

to Hitler's personal staff—with the rank of colonel. Thereby he gained the opportunity to apply his previous studies in geopolitics (he had been an early disciple of Professor Haushofer), for he accompanied Brauchitsch on an official visit to the Italian forces, and then went on his own by car through Libya and Egypt, carrying out an unofficial reconnaissance of these regions. As a result, he was able to exert a considerable influence on the plans for the specialized organization and training of the "Desert Corps" that was being formed in Germany for future colonial warfare.

For the time being, Rommel continued at Hitler's side, and was in charge of his headquarters during the invasion of Poland. He was rewarded by being given command of the new seventh panzer division, which became known as the "Phantom Division." Its equipment was not complete, so its strength was made up with a number of ordinary motorcars disguised to look like tanks. Nevertheless, Rommel handled it in such a daring way that he achieved almost as much by bluff as would have been possible if it had been fully equipped.

AFTER his brilliant leadership of this spearhead in the invasion of France it was a natural step that he should be given command of the Desert Corps when Hitler decided to send this to help the Italians in North Africa. If such a picked force under such a thrusting commander had arrived earlier it might have made a vital difference to the 1940 invasion of Egypt. Fortunately for the British, their small forces under General O'Connor's command, and General Wavell's higher direction, had routed Marshal Graziani's army and finally wiped it out in their pursuit the month before Rommel appeared on the scene—in March 1941. Even so, the British suffered a bad shock from Rommel's tempestuous onset and were swept out of Libya. In this offensive the effect of the "*Afrika Korps*"—at first, barely equal to one division in strength—was multiplied by its whirlwind advance. Rommel pushed his tanks so hard that many went astray in the desert, but when he reached the main British position he cleverly concealed the scanty number that



were present by utilizing trucks to raise a great cloud of dust, and create the impression that tanks were converging from all sides. This produced a collapse.

He had neither the strength nor the supplies to press his pursuit beyond the Libyan frontier. But when the British, reinforced, launched another offensive in June, he broke it up by a shrewdly timed tank counterstroke. In November they mounted a bigger offensive, and this time pushed deep across the frontier, but were then checked by the skillful defensive tactics of the German armored troops who drew them into anti-tank gun traps—applying the “baited” method to the field of tank fighting. Then Rommel tried to hamstring the whole offensive by a daring swoop back over the frontier onto the British Army’s communications. This narrowly failed, and the British were then able to turn the tables, relieve their isolated garrison in Tobruk, and force Rommel to retreat completely from Cyrenaica, the eastern part of Libya. But as soon as the British became stretched out in their advance, Rommel—whose forces were imagined to be almost annihilated—struck back again and tumbled his pursuers out of half their gains.

The British were just preparing for another offensive, in May 1942, when Rommel forestalled them with a stroke of his own against their Gazala position. Caught off their balance, they were beaten piecemeal, and this time the results were more serious. While the main body was falling back to the frontier, another large portion was overrun at Tobruk, and driven to surrender by Rommel’s sudden break-in, following an unexpected turn-about in the pursuit. Rommel then chased the remainder of the British forces helter-skelter through the western desert, and came dangerously close to reaching the Nile Valley, the main artery of Egypt. If that should be severed, and with it the Suez Canal, Britain’s whole position in the Middle East would be imperiled.

On June 29, 1942, Rommel’s armored cars made contact with the El Alamein position, covering the approaches to the Nile. Rommel’s confidence was shown in his comment on a speculation on how long it would take to reach Cairo: “We shall be

there in three or four days.” But General Auchinleck, the commander-in-chief in the Middle East, intervened at this crisis by taking over personal charge of the battered British Eighth Army, and rallying the disheartened troops for a definite stand on the El Alamein position. Rommel’s troops, tired by their long pursuit and short of supplies, were disillusioned by the unexpectedly tough resistance they met. In two successive efforts they were foiled and thrown back. The British troops had recovered their morale, and also had profited by a novel type of defense designed by Auchinleck’s acting chief of staff, Dorman-Smith. That check proved fatal to the invader’s prospects.

Rommel still remained confident that he would succeed at the third attempt, for which he spent nearly two months in preparation—so confident that when he was asked what his objective was, he replied, “The Persian Gulf.” During the interval the British were reinforced by fresh divisions from home. There was also a change of commanders. Mr. Churchill wanted the British to take the offensive as soon as the reinforcements arrived. Auchinleck, more wisely, insisted on waiting until they were accustomed to desert conditions. In the sequel, Auchinleck was replaced by Alexander as commander in chief, while Montgomery took over the Eighth Army. But Rommel struck first, at the end of August, and was again baffled by the new defense plan. Then the initiative changed sides. After a long pause for thorough preparation—longer than Auchinleck had contemplated—Montgomery launched an offensive in the last week of October that was now backed by a tremendous superiority in air-power, gun-power, and tank-power. Even then it was a tough struggle for a whole week, as there was no room for wide outflanking maneuver. But the enemy, besides being over-stretched, was vitally crippled by the submarine sinkings of their oil tankers crossing the Mediterranean. That decided the issue, and once the enemy began to collapse at their extreme forward point they were not capable of any serious stand until they had reached the western end of Libya, more than a thousand miles back.

For Rommel himself, the decisive blow



had been the frustration of his August attack. Following that disappointment, he was so badly shaken that his moral depression lowered his physical state, and he had to go sick, with desert sores, for treatment in Vienna. On hearing of Montgomery's offensive he insisted on flying back to Africa at once, regardless of the doctor's protests; but was not fit enough to do himself justice in the months that followed. Although he conducted the long retreat sufficiently well to evade each of Montgomery's attempts to encircle his forces, he lost opportunities to administer a check, while his sickness may have accounted for his bad slip in the battle of Mareth that opened Montgomery's path into Tunisia, and thus paved the way for the enemy's final collapse in Africa. He himself left Africa—for further treatment, in March—over a month before that occurred. For Hitler, it was as important to preserve Rommel's prestige as to preserve his services for the future.

THE following year, 1944, Rommel reappeared as army group commander on the Channel coast, to meet the Anglo-American invasion. Here he was under Field Marshal von Rundstedt, the commander-in-chief in the West, who in earlier days had referred to him, with super-professional scorn, as "that clown who commands Adolf Hitler's circus." Such an attitude, and its natural reaction on Rommel, did not make for happy relations between the two. The trouble was increased by their difference of view as to the best way to meet the invasion and also as to the place where it was to be expected. Rundstedt favored defense in depth, trusting to the effect of a powerful counter-offensive when the invaders had fully committed themselves. Rommel had a natural disposition to favor such a form of strategy, which he had followed so often in Africa, but experience there had modified his view of its practicability against an invader superior in mechanized power. He was now anxious to concentrate right forward with the aim of checking the invasion before it became established ashore. Rundstedt also held the view that the main Allied offensive would come direct across the Channel at its narrower part,

between the Somme and Calais, whereas Rommel became more concerned with the possibilities of an invasion of western Normandy, between Caen and Cherbourg.

On the latter issue, Rommel was right in his expectation. Moreover, there is evidence that he had striven hard in the last four months before D-Day to improve the coast defenses in Normandy, which had been neglected by comparison with those in the Pas de Calais. His efforts, fortunately for the Allies, were hampered by a shortage of resources—so that both the underwater obstructions and the coast fortifications were far from complete.

On the other issue, the general opinion on the Allied side, especially among the generals, has been that Rundstedt's plan of holding the reserves back and then launching a massive stroke at a chosen moment was a good one, and that Rommel spoiled it by using up strength in the effort to pen the Allied armies within their Normandy bridgehead. That was even more strongly the opinion of most of the German generals. Those who belonged to the general staff "caste" regarded Rommel as only less of an amateur than Hitler, and had a deep professional resentment at being subordinated to him. They argued, also, that Rommel had had no war experience comparable to that provided by the Russian campaign, which had taught the importance of disposing forces in great depth.

Rundstedt's plan was certainly more in accord with orthodox strategy. But when one takes account of the size of the Allied forces, coupled with their domination of the air, and set against the wide space open for maneuver, it looks very doubtful whether any deliberate counter-offensive by the Germans could have stopped the invading armies once they penetrated deep into France. In such circumstances, the only real hope may have lain in preventing them from securing a bridgehead big enough to enable them to build up their strength on that side of the Channel. Rommel went close to depriving them of this opportunity in the first few days, and his eventual failure to hold them in check may be traced back, not to his mistakes, but to Rundstedt's parsimony in releasing reserves, and continued belief that the



Normandy landings were only a prelude to larger landing between Havre and Calais.

In any case, it is clear that the divergence of the two men's views, and the conflict of personalities, was detrimental to the effective application of either plan. That obvious effect was signalized early in July, a month after the invasion began, by Rundstedt's removal from command. It was significant, however, that Hitler did not promote Rommel to fill Rundstedt's place. Instead, Field Marshal von Kluge was given the supreme command in the West. He belonged to the older school of Prussian generals, but had a more equable temperament than Rundstedt and was less likely to get at loggerheads with Rommel.

**B**UT there was more behind the changes than appeared on the surface. Geyr von Schweppenburg, the commander of the Seventh Army in Normandy, had frankly stated that the invading forces could not be checked much longer. He had urged that the only good prospect would lie in withdrawing to a line where the German forces could reorganize and where the panzer divisions—the essential pieces in the game—could be restored to strength with fresh tanks, for counter-attack. (His judgment now was to prove as wise as when before the war, in the light of his experience as military attaché in London, he had controverted von Ribbentrop's confident assurances to Hitler that Britain would not fight.) Geyr's recommendation was approved not only by Rundstedt but by Rommel. Hitler refused to consider such a step back, and it was immediately after this that both Rundstedt and Geyr were relieved of their command. Rommel remained, but his changed attitude was evident in the way he remarked to some of his subordinate commanders that Germany's only hope now lay in doing away with Hitler as quickly as possible, and then trying to negotiate peace. A common sense of despair at Hitler's blindness to reality had bridged the gap between Rommel and the other generals as nothing else could have done. It is certain that, like most of them, he was acquainted—at the least—with the plot that ended in the

attempted assassination of Hitler on July 20th.

Three days before that, and barely a week after Rundstedt's removal, Rommel was badly hurt when driving along a road that was attacked by low-flying Allied planes. By a strange coincidence this occurred at a little village that bore the name Sainte Foy de Montgommery! He was walking about again at the end of August, but was still a sick man. His sudden death was announced in October. Because of his turn against Hitler, and his lack of caution in showing his feelings, a natural doubt remained whether his death was really from natural causes. It is now known that he was visited by messengers from Hitler who offered him a choice between committing suicide and being brought to trial, with the certainty of execution. He took the first choice. It was a dim ending. The star that had shone so brightly over Africa sputtered out like a burnt-up candle.

Nowhere was there more regret at such an end than among many of the British soldiers who had fought him in Africa. That was partly due to his remarkably good treatment of British prisoners; indeed, the number who managed to escape and return to their own lines after a personal contact with him suggests that his chivalry was blended with strategy. Much wider still was the impression made by his swiftness of maneuver and his startling come-backs after being apparently defeated. He had become the hero of the Eighth Army's troops before Montgomery arrived on the scene—the scale of their respect for him was shown by the way they coined the term "a Rommel" as a synonym for a good performance of any kind. This attitude of admiration carried a subtle danger to morale, and when Montgomery took over the British command, special efforts were made to damp the "Rommel legend" as well as to create a counter-legend around "Monty."

This propaganda gradually spread the view that Rommel was an overrated general. Montgomery's private feelings, however, were shown in the way he collected photographs of Rommel and pinned them up beside his desk, though he later expressed the view that Rundstedt



was the more formidable opponent of the two. Here it must be remembered that Montgomery never met Rommel at his best, and that when they met in battle Rommel was not only weakened by sickness but tactically crippled by a heavy inferiority of force and shortage of gasoline supplies.

THE outstanding feature of Rommel's successes is that they were achieved without a superiority of force, and without any command of the air. No other generals on either side gained the victory under such conditions, except for the early British leaders under Wavell, and their successes were won against Italians. That Rommel made mistakes is clear, but when a man is fighting superior forces any slip may result in defeat, whereas numerous mistakes can be covered up by the general who enjoys a big advantage of strength.

More definite defects were his tendency to disregard the administrative side of strategy and his lack of thoroughness over detail—in contrast both to Rundstedt and Montgomery. At the same time he did not know how to delegate authority, a defect

that was very irritating to his chief subordinates. He not only tried to do everything himself but to be everywhere—so that he was often out of touch with his headquarters, and apt to be riding round the battlefield when he was wanted by his staff for some important decision. On the other hand, he had a wonderful knack of appearing at some vital spot and giving a decisive impetus to the action at a crucial moment. He also gave dynamic junior officers such opportunities to prove their value as seniority-bound generals would never have dreamt of allowing them. As a result he was worshipped by the younger men.

As a strategist, his defects were apt to be a serious offset to his subtlety and audacity. As a tactician, his qualities tended to eclipse his defects. As a commander, his exceptional combination of leading power and driving power was accompanied by a mercurial temperament, so that he was apt to swing too violently between exaltation and depression. In sum, he was a military genius—more so than any other soldier who succeeded in rising to high command in the war.

*Next month Captain Liddell Hart will conclude his study of the German generals by taking up Kluge, Model, and Rundstedt.—The Editors*



# THE VINE-COVERED FACTORY WORKER

C. HARTLEY GRATTAN

A CONSPICUOUS item in the American credo is the notion that if you are close to the soil nothing very terrible can happen to you. Roots in the earth are supposed to guarantee security. They are also alleged to bring you health, happiness, and a large and blooming family. Out of the soil all the higher values of living supposedly flow in abundance and the man with God's good earth on his boots is axiomatically a choicer mortal than one whose boots are sullied with the scurf of city sidewalks.

Look out of the window at rolling fields, noble trees untouched by Mr. Davey's surgeons, flourishing bushes and blooming wildflowers, and the soul is expanded and exalted. Look out on a wilderness of rooftops, scraggly ailanthus fighting a losing battle against gasoline fumes, patches of anemic grass ever in danger of being trampled to death by the heedless urban hordes, and flowers (if any at all) exotic as those in a hothouse and equally expensive, and the soul shrivels and dies, giving off noxious gases—economic and political—in the process. The argument is old, excessively familiar. Man originated in the country, he invented cities late in his career, in them he withers and dies. Therefore back to the land before we perish of neon lights, traffic problems, and the artificialities of living within brick

walls cheek by jowl with other brick walls.

Especially back to the land if the going gets tough in the cities. Every time there is a slump, the cry mounts in volume. If this country should run up an unemployed army of ten millions, and if the chances of dissolving it should appear remote, the prophets of the soil will deafen us with their clamor. They will ask why we should maintain these idle millions in urban areas, wasting their substance and ours, when they could grow their keep on acres now lying fallow, waiting for the plow. Why support this urban mass, incapable of producing anything but crackpot notions to poison the body politic, when by shifting them to the country they could be made to sustain themselves and from the soil draw not only food but a decent respect for the social order? Let them wait out the slump in peace—country peace—speaking only when spoken to; and when prosperity finally turns that corner, there they will be, none the worse for wear.

Indeed, why wait for the slump to come? Why not—as good, sound pessimists—agree that hard times are as inevitable as death and taxes? Why not get one foot in the soil *right now*, before the city job peters out? Why not try to carry water on both shoulders and go to live in the country while still hanging on to that city job, consoled by the thought that if worse

*The illustrations for this article by Mr. Grattan, contributing editor of Harper's, are by Charles E. Martin, a New York free-lance artist.*





comes to worst, the family will at least eat? The idea has occurred to many—including leaders of thought who will never act on it. The most ardent agrarians I have met have invariably dwelt comfortably in cities.

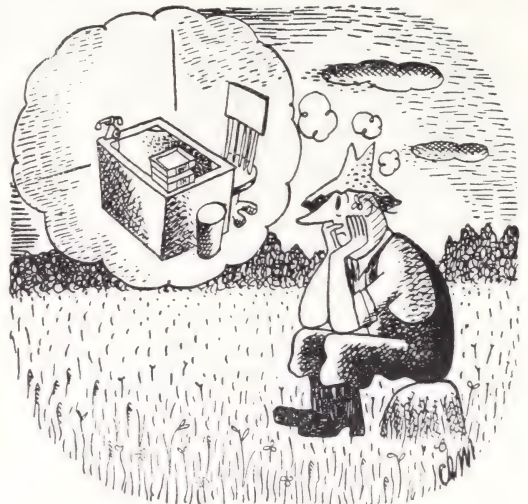
I DON'T suppose the confusion of thought in this field is any more remarkable than in any other field you care to mention. Much of the confusion arises from the various theories entertained by the promoters of rural living. I do not refer here to those animated by panic about the future of the world. But even excluding these there are the religious back-to-the-landers, both Protestant and Catholic, the unreconstructed Jeffersonians now chiefly found south of the Mason and Dixon line, the distributist decentralists like Ralph Borsodi, the industrial decentralists covering a wide range from big capitalists to Stuart Chase, even some followers of Jean Jacques Rousseau and Henry David Thoreau.

Only once in our recent history have these various strands of thought appeared to coalesce. That was when the National Industrial Recovery Act—on any showing a most remarkable potpourri of wonderful notions—was being written, back in 1933. Section 208 of that act provided that \$25,000,000 should be appropriated to aid “in the redistribution of the overbalance of population in industrial centers” by making loans for, and otherwise aiding in “the purchase of subsistence homesteads.” On the basis of that section

the federal government made the most extensive experiment ever undertaken in sending the supposed discards of industrial society back to the land for subsistence.

It was a disappointing experiment, reinforcing—it seems to me—these conclusions: (1) that as a housing scheme, the semi-rural (or outer-suburban) location, with the dwelling on a larger than average plot, has much to recommend it; but (2) that as a solution of the problem of inadequate or intermittent income, the subsistence plot or farm has little to recommend it. The security it is alleged to bring is at very best illusory.

LET us try to get the whole question into perspective. The term “subsistence farming” is itself a sign of mental confusion. It implies a retreat from normal living, which is—unless we have abandoned all hope of national prosperity—precisely what we don’t want. “Subsistence” implies the lowest level of living that will support existence—a low peasant level. Except in the most extreme situations, few people nowadays advocate the establishment of a peasantry, even a temporary peasantry of displaced industrial workers awaiting re-employment. It is a step backward. Actually great efforts are expended in most civilized countries in raising peasants from their lowly estate; or, if you don’t like the word peasants, in taking off the land “non-commercial farmers” who can never hope to rise above the peasant level.





We leave our peasants where they are only because of economic pressures that stubbornly resist their moving out of farming into industry or the service occupations. Where these pressures are formidable and long continued, as in the Orient, peasant standards can get fantastically low (witness the chronic malnutrition in India). In the United States they rarely reach such low levels, though during the Great Depression very shocking standards were discovered in rural areas; but they are held down by the fact that almost all the time there are more people on our farms than are needed to produce all the agricultural products we require.

Agriculture is a declining segment of the economy, providing full-time occupations to a constantly diminishing proportion of the people. As recently as 1920 it occupied 26 per cent of the working population; in 1943, only 15 per cent. In time the figure may drop to 10 per cent. Meanwhile production per worker has increased with such parallel rapidity that we can dogmatically say that a diminishing proportion of the people can produce all the farm products the nation will require, even at boom-time consumption levels.

This means, if the farm business is to be in a healthy condition, that *people must continue to leave the farms*. What people? Why presumably, on strictly economic grounds, those people who are today making the least contribution to commercial supplies.

We can roughly indicate who these people are by the following table of the number of American farms in various categories in 1940 (see Professor Lowry Nelson, *Farms for Veterans*):

(1) Large-scale farms . . . . .	313,000
(Value of products \$4,000 or more per year.)	
(2) Family-commercial farms . . . . .	2,818,566
(Value of products \$3,999 down to \$600.)	
(3) Part-time farms . . . . .	600,000
(Value of products under \$600 and operator supplemented income by outside work.)	
(4) Residential farms . . . . .	600,000
(Value of products under \$600, but owners over 65 years old and really retired.)	
(5) Small scale and unclassified farms	1,725,000

Obviously only those farms in categories 1 and 2 are really contributing substantially to commercial production, and some of those in category 2 are pretty close to the "poor farmer" level. Categories 3 and 4 are borderline cases. Most of the people in category 5 should either leave the land altogether and shift into some other occupation, or be provided with sufficient outside employment really to earn a living.

The actual situation of our American farmers suggests, therefore, that about half of them need to supplement their incomes by outside work. The usual expedient is to tie up farm work with factory or other off-the-farm employment of some kind. So pressing is the need that a program to encourage this solution has been proposed, the Bailey-Hays Rural Industrialization Bill, which provides that the Departments of Commerce, Labor, and Agriculture co-operate to set up small businesses, chiefly factories, in rural areas. We may say that the farmers who participate in such a program will meet—on their way up the income scale—the people moving down the scale who are seeking to supplement inadequate factory incomes by acquiring some farm land.

While in this article our concern is more with the industrial workers coming down than with the farmers going up, I think this over-all picture of the situation in farming makes it clear that a movement of society's casualties onto the land is a confession of failure, not an advance of any kind. Moreover, in the light of existing evidence such a move is only to be characterized as blind persistence in demonstrated error. The government's experiments with "subsistence farms" show quite clearly that except in rare and exceptional instances that prove little (like the Granger Homesteads in Iowa, sponsored and fostered by Monsignor Ligutti of the National Catholic Rural Life Conference) the effect on the incomes and security of the participants was decidedly trivial. If the value of farm-produced commodities used *on a successful, full-time farm* equals only about \$337, it is safe to assume that the net value of the products an industrial worker could produce *on a part-time subsistence farm* would not be more than half that sum. And this implies what, at great





cost, the government learned: that even when undertaken conscientiously, "subsistence farming" is of small use in terms of income for family living to those who don't already have an off-the-farm income of \$30 a week or more.

If the off-the-farm income declines, they are badly pinched. If it is lost, they are in as bad a jam as if the farm did not exist. The farm offers no refuge. True, the occupants continue to eat, after a fashion, but they have little or no money to meet their other manifold needs.

The sale of excess farm produce seldom provides them with anything more than pin-money. It is apparently the usual thing for people living on subsistence plots to reduce farming to the vanishing point when it is possible to earn a good income away from the farm. The only reason for resorting to the subsistence farm is, after all, that income is inadequate. The whole subsistence farming experience shows that adding people to the marginal farm population is a fantastic way to seek security.

**I**N TERMS of economics, then, the value of subsistence farming is at best hypothetical as a means of increasing one's income. But what of the less tangible satisfactions summed up in the question, "Is it nice to live in the country?" The answer must necessarily reflect the individual's feelings, but a reasonable reply seems to me to be, "Yes, provided you have a good income and can readily have city conveniences like clean water, electricity, a telephone,

laundries and other services, and an automobile to give you easy access to entertainment and your job." And it is on that basis that the government's subsistence farms proved that good houses on outside plots in semi-rural locations are a recipe for a first-class housing development.

The problem is how to support such homes. Off-the-farm income is absolutely indispensable. The central factor is location of the job, and it is here that industrial decentralization enters the picture.

Decentralization of industry, which for some years now has been hailed as the next great development in the location of factories, is variously interpreted. It can mean movement from the crowded centers of great cities to the outskirts, from large cities to small cities, from one part of the country to another, or from a city to the country. Evidence to support trends in any of these directions is easy to find. But the fact remains that the location of industries is still determined primarily by such hard-hearted criteria as the relation of the site to the market for the plant's products, relation to supplies for operating the plant, relation to transportation (road, rail, air), availability of coal, electricity, and water, and availability of labor supply. Anyone who disregards such facts in locating a plant and acts on the basis of social theories, however attractive, is likely to face high costs of operation. Nevertheless, a re-interpretation of established criteria in the light of modern conditions does allow plants to be located today in



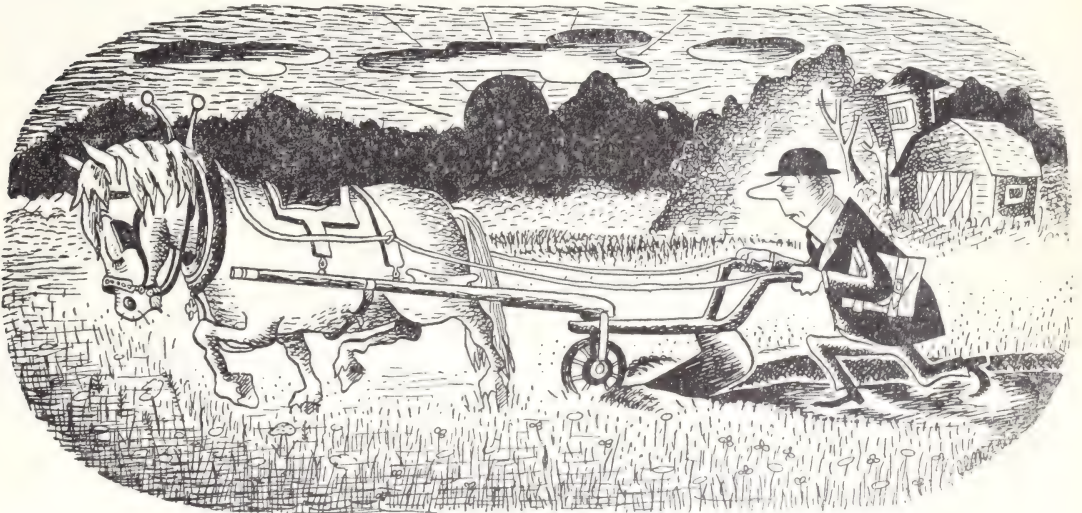
far better surroundings than formerly, and especially in better relation to something much closer to ideal living conditions for the workers.

This brings us back to the miscalled subsistence farms. If a sensible assessment of location, or relocation, allows the building of a plant at a point accessible to workers living in the outer suburbs of a city, or close to a small town or village, I'd say so much the better. If under such conditions some workers decide to live on subsistence farms, that is their business; certainly the growing of beans and peas and beets and tomatoes is a legitimate leisure-time activity. But if, living in the country, the worker chooses to drink beer and play cards, or even read books, that is his business too. Grubbing in the ground doesn't appeal to everybody and it is folly to expect everybody to do it just because they get pleasure out of living in the country.

And certainly the mere fact that the workers live in rural or semi-rural surroundings which permit them to grow vegetables, keep chickens, or even keep a cow, *should not be allowed to influence the rate of pay offered for the work they do*. Rather these things should be looked upon as by-products of our improvement of living standards, as part and parcel of the progress of the nation in general. Realistic employers do not expect anything else. If the location of industry can hike the real income of workers, an effort to take it away from them by lowering wages is

obviously socially indefensible. The new semi-rural location should not be used either to lower wages or to justify arbitrary lay-offs or close-downs. The industrial problem, wherever the plant is located, is—and must remain—the payment of as high wages as the productivity of the workers warrants, coupled with as uninterrupted operation as general economic conditions and managerial skill permit.

If in the future more and more workers can live in vine-covered cottages, the nation will be better to look at and the condition of the workers will improve. But we have a lot to learn about what this change will really mean. At this time it is clear, however, that a "return to the land" will solve no economic problems whatever. A flight *from* the land is more to the point for a large proportion of those persons now on it. And even when the workers are more pleasantly situated we shall have eliminated only a symptom of maladjustment to modern technology—the industrial slum. We shall still have to face up to the same old problem of how to keep the economy going at high levels all the time to support desirable living standards all around. We may train vines over our factory workers, but as long as our money economy persists, they will, vines or no vines, want as much of the money as they can get. No appreciable proportion will willingly beat a retreat into marginal operations in a farm economy that is shrinking and will continue to shrink. And there, at the moment, the matter rests.





# CAN YOUR CHILD REALLY READ?

## *Why Our High Schools Are in Collapse*

GEORGE H. HENRY

**T**wo world wars and a ten-year depression have not sobered educators so much as has the human material with which they work. The difficulties they have in dealing with it have harassed them to distraction and caused them to grasp at any fad that promises relief. When educators write for one another they envelop their statements in a cloak of pedagogic lingo in order that as public servants they may not be charged with lack of faith in democracy. Yet it is common gossip inside the profession that at least a third of the entire secondary school population—grades nine to twelve—are incapable of mastering the stock tools of learning (reading and writing) well enough to profit from textbook instruction.

This is no diatribe against the schools. No method and no brilliance of teaching can improve these youths enough to make any appreciable difference in their literacy. By testing any graduating class or any high school in the country, the skeptic can see for himself what is an old story to teachers: that a third of the high school cannot read on a fifth-grade level or write a coherent paragraph reasonably free of errors. So awkwardly and painfully are the three R's used by these fourteen-to-eighteen-year-

olds that "learning" as it is commonly understood cannot take place, because communication of orderly thought cannot proceed between teacher and pupil.

The pupils who compose this lower one-third are not to be confused with the mentally backward (a far smaller group comprising only about five per cent of a school or less). The great majority of them are normal, wholesome, even talented, responsible youth. They are, to put it simply, non-verbal. Of the six and two-thirds million on the high school rolls in 1940, easily two and one-half million belong to this group.

Nor should they be confused with that "one-third of a nation" of New Deal fame—the ill-housed, ill-clothed, ill-fed. This non-verbal group comprises rich and poor alike.

It is difficult to explain to a parent of a boy or girl, who stands not so very far below the school average, that the average itself may have fallen dangerously low; that the many standard objective tests—the stock-in-trade of most schools—are forever creating their own averages. Tests in reading comprehension and word usage, for instance, are given to tens of thousands of youngsters and the average is taken;

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against this average your high school child is measured. If his score is 72 and the average for ten thousand others is 60, your boy is considered "safely" and strongly above average. If the average or "norm" declines to 50, then of course 60 is well above. Under this relativist system—above-average, average, and below-average—any progressive deterioration of our schools could actually hide the intrinsic performance of your boy in language. This is exactly what has happened.

In the decade 1930-40 the high school enrollment increased over fifty per cent (from 4,399,000 to 6,600,444) while the number of boys and girls of high school age was advancing only seven per cent, and this change brought with it into the high schools the most undifferentiated, heterogeneous mass of humanity ever to be assembled for higher education in the history of the world. In 1940, 1,228,246 diplomas were granted, almost twice as many as in 1930. In that interval, since there was little employment available for boys and girls, all that was left for them to do was to stay at school till they graduated. Inevitably the "norms" went scaling downward, so that by now, as every classroom teacher laments, "average" (called age-grade equivalent by schoolmen) in respect to these "standard" tests does not necessarily indicate enough language ability on the part of the pupil to carry on the traditional verbal procedures.

Democracy is thus brought face to face with the cold fact that one-third of our citizens, although literate by census standards and able to read and write well enough to get along, are impervious to book learning, to the detection of the use of words as weapons, and are therefore ever a prey to demagoguery and a potential threat to democracy.

CHANGE the tradition of education for these millions? Nineteenth-century democracy, culture lovers, and the populace as well, cry in horror, "No! Discrimination." The state accepted long ago the principle that all pupils, bright and dull, were entitled to the same education. But the right to learn does not seem to carry with it the ability to learn or the willingness to learn—as school is now constituted.

Thus the old concept, liberal education, is helpless and insufficient in dealing with the greatest human experiment of all times, and as a result high school education in America has virtually collapsed.

Ask any teacher. She knows. Then read some authorities, such as the report of the Modern Language Association of America (1940), the Regents' Inquiry of 1938, or even the Carnegie Report issued in 1932 (on conditions before the depression, when high school was twenty-five per cent more selective than it is now). Then read any educator writing for educators, keeping the secret in the family. J. Paul Leonard, one of the experts from Stanford University, writes in *The School Review* in 1945: "Not more than *half* of our youth can profit by such academic study." We principals realize the state of affairs. You parents have not heard of it yet, though the problem is the most discussed one among educators. We read that "46.6 per cent of the ninth grade made scores in rate of reading lower than the normal for the sixth grade." (McCallister, *Remedial and Corrective Instruction*, 1936.) "Why, more than half of the boys and girls in this section have never learned to read," writes a Maryland superintendent about high school sophomores—who have had nine years of schooling! (The May 1945 *Journal of Education*.)

"Remedial reading" has been tried as a remedy (fully a million 15-year-olds being taught reading over again from scratch); "guidance" has been tried; but the problem remains unsolved. It is obvious that for these millions there can be no high school education worthy of the name; but there they are—in high school! Secondary education has been debased by a sentimentalism that would make of the high school a kind of benevolent institution in which everybody will be granted a diploma for his ego's sake, and where youth may go to wait out a depression, or a reconversion after war.

## II

ONE standard answer to the problem at the moment is vocational training. Two and two-thirds millions were taking it by 1942. For boys and girls in states



which by law compel children to stay in school it at least fills their time. But it is not the answer to the problem of preparing them for citizenship—or even to the problem of preparing them to find jobs. And in the battle of vocational vs. liberal education which is now raging among the educators—the storm over progressive education having run its course—neither side seems fully aware that the nature of this third of our high school population is the cause of the controversy, as it is the chief cause of nearly all the controversies over low standards and the automatic promotion policy, and of the controversy over whether or not to teach grammar (this lower third cannot learn it). Both the advocates of vocational education and those of liberal education sidestep the real issue.

Not even the recent Harvard Report recognizes the *nature* of this new high school population. The report of course is aware of the radical change in the high school population, with its concomitant mass of less-gifted pupils. It does point out too that “the chief problem is not to discover the right general education for these able young people but for the less gifted . . . for the great majority in other courses, those who are in those courses precisely because of their lower facility with ideas.” But in the use of the term “less gifted” it does not recognize, it seems to me, the large extent of this non-verbal group I describe, and particularly how unreceptive it is to anything like the English the report supposedly advocates for all. As I see it, the report has in mind chiefly (1) the great middle group of pupils (50 per cent, maybe); (2) the gifted, college-deserving group (20 per cent roughly). It is the presence of yet another group that has foundered the whole high school—the non-verbal (easily 30 per cent).

Vocational schools arose in great numbers chiefly because they offered the easiest, the quickest, and indeed the only way (as schools were hamstrung by the book tradition) to dispose of millions of young people who after eight years of schooling could not read well, and who threatened to undermine the whole structure of higher education. But, when a boy cannot read or write in fair fashion, why put him through four years of “mastering” a trade that he

can learn in a few months outside, as industry has amply demonstrated during the war, especially when these assembly-line jobs are constantly being eliminated or changed throughout a worker's lifetime? No public school could hope to keep up with these vocational fluctuations.

At present, reconversion is dumping the out-of-school teen-agers back upon the high school. The Philadelphia schools may serve as a sign of what is happening in the rest of the country. “Of 30,000 young people in the 16-year-old age group, about 10,000 are working” (or about to lose their jobs!) is the estimate of Dr. Cushman, associate superintendent of schools, according to the *Philadelphia Record* of September 11. Philadelphia educators are enticing these young people back by granting school credit for past war work. Schoolmen justify this baiting because school offers the pupils what is called “related work”—consisting mostly of books that these pupils have trouble reading. The blunt truth is that these pupils left school either because they could not get along or because they instantly saw that they might as well be paid on the outside for a vocation as stay in school *doing the same thing for nothing*.

THE usual non-vocational solution of the problem is to adjust the work of the other two-thirds to meet the capacities of this lower third; that is, the book obstacle is allowed to remain, but the effort to overcome it is eliminated. This has been a natural solution because it is generally recognized that, for most high school pupils, sustained effort (practice and drills) does not seriously modify their handling of language. For instance, in nearly twenty years of teaching English I never had an upper classman in high school who, after having repeated the course a second year, showed perceptible improvement. “If at first you don't succeed, try, try again” surely does not apply to a pupil striving to master the mere tools of learning after eight years of trying in the elementary school and two more in the high school.

Under such circumstances, what is the school principal to say to the parents? In our democracy, being promoted in school has ceased to be a matter of education



alone; it has become social in significance. Even the reading of books has become a fetish out of all proportion to its worth. Failure in school is thereby wrapped in hypocrisy. If your child fails, his teacher or principal usually tells you that he can do the work but just does not apply himself. But nine times out of ten this is a dishonest statement. The truth is, generally, that the child cannot do the work—that he is a member of this slow-reading third. To say that he does not apply himself is an old gag of the ever-appeasing schoolman, and parents never catch on to it because they want very much to believe it.

For most parents regard passing in school as a child's democratic right, irrespective of whether the child is educated or not. Their primary wish is to have their adolescents pushed through in order to secure an entry into the higher positions that mere possession of a diploma is supposed to bring. Unless a teacher wishes to be picked to pieces by parents, she cannot fail a third of her pupils, and so she passes nearly everybody in this lower third for the sake of harmony—and also for the sake of the pupils themselves, who, she well knows, should not be there in the first place. This parental pressure on the teacher and the principal—after all he is a public servant, not a private headmaster—is contributory to the collapse.

### III

ONE way out of the dilemma is to build high school education around a clear-cut fact: ninety-five per cent of the entire school population, whether verbal or not, possess some gift or talent that is above average. It is just as important to uncover this gift for the non-verbal third (along with the others) as to teach reading and writing; maybe it is more important.

For though nature has not democratically handed out intelligence, it has blessed nearly everyone, even this third which is lowest only by verbal measurement, with enough skill in some direction to create inner satisfaction to himself and service to others. The search to "know thyself" (one's talent) should be the prime business of a school. It is not the same thing as specialized vocational training—in courses con-

stantly becoming obsolete—which is the present substitute for this exploration.

There is not so much relation between native intelligence and one's ability to read and write as the objective test faddists suppose. Furthermore, there are many people who are facile in pronouncing words and writing them into sentences but who are not very good at "thinking"; and others who have high IQ's yet who for the life of them cannot master the mechanics of pronouncing and writing words. In fact, it is not yet decided by most psychologists just what the ability to read or the inability to read does represent—to what extent it measures one's power to think. Different tests put different valuations on these two things. We now know that there is a type of thinking with word symbols, involving manual manipulation plus the imagination to project a finished plan in picture form—the kind of intelligence it takes to build a boat from blueprints.

So if your child does not do well in school, it is not necessarily a calamity. It probably means he is just not good at book learning. Since school requires a mastery of the tools of book learning, commonly called the fundamentals, he may seem a misfit there. In school there's not much to try except books. Sixty-six per cent of school is spent on academic subjects suitable for college entrance. (National Survey of Secondary Education, 1932.) In New York the Regent's Inquiry (1938) found the proportion to be seventy-five per cent. But the misfits in life run much fewer than the misfits in school. People try all sorts of things until they get into what they like and can do well. If earning power is your gauge of the value of education—it is with most parents—remember that your child has a chance of being a contractor, or a practical engineer, or a manager of a dress shop—at \$5,000 a year or more—even if he never finishes school. These jobs have nothing to do with reading a book or organizing thought into words at page-length. If you prefer a non-financial criterion, be assured that he may become a happy, useful member of society—though probably not as soon as if his school helped him to discover and realize his special potentialities.

The one thing that will be most likely



to detract from his value to the community—that may even make him a menace to it—is that he may be insufficiently grounded in citizenship. Inevitably the American high school is for all youth the training place for citizenship. To millions citizenship must be taught without books or it will not get taught at all.

How our schools can be reshaped to give these non-verbal millions a training in citizenship suited to their capacities we do not yet know. But one thing is known: a lack of vision prevents us from using already available means and services in the way that they should be used for these non-verbal millions. In proportion to the colossal motion picture industry in our midst, films for teaching citizenship are ridiculously scarce. Last summer, in a seminar in the social studies, sponsored by American University, it was brought out that visual aids in this field are almost non-existent.

In this day of large-scale production there is no reason why a film library for a school should not be as well stocked as the regular library. The radio, too, is used half-heartedly by schools because it is difficult to synchronize school class hours with outstanding commercial programs. Some colleges are planning their own radio stations; in truth, every state-wide school system should have its own radio station for exclusive use for schools. Also, during the past decades the Boy Scout camps, private summer camps, and C.C.C. camps have demonstrated their worth, yet the public schools neglect this method for dealing with non-verbal youth. What in-

credibly little use is made of the bus by schools, in a country with many more automobiles than the rest of the world put together! A school trip is still an "event."

Besides, the arts—in contrast to vocational training—are simply not being explored for their possibilities in teaching citizenship to "slow" readers: a school that possesses a hundred recordings and transcriptions is extremely rare; the planned use of the theater by high schools is practically unattempted; the schools' utter neglect of the available, splendid, cheap reproductions of paintings of the American social scene amounts to delinquency. For example: one important function of English is to sharpen the awareness of pupils to their everyday surroundings, chiefly by means of sensuous imagery, notably that of poetry. But non-verbal pupils cannot be reached by such abstractions as words. In spite of both these facts, no American high school that I am aware of systematically substitutes for English the numerous stimulating lithographs which are felicitous for the purpose and in which our country, at present, surpasses all other nations. Finally, the community school itself as workshop is only gingerly being tried, for administrative routine of mass education stands in the way.

Here, then, is a sketch of some pioneering that needs to be done. But it will not be done unless we Americans first recognize that because of the pressure of this non-verbal third on an educational system which is helpless to deal with them, precious little education, even for the others, is now going on.



# WHY UNRRA HAS FAILED

JOHN PERRY

**F**RANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT must have thought the need was urgent. His good friend Herbert H. Lehman had only a few weeks to serve before his term as governor of New York would expire, but the President urged him to resign the office and come to Washington. Lehman was to head the Office of Foreign Relief and Rehabilitation Operations, within the Department of State.

It was late in 1942. Our forces were in North Africa and there was talk of victory in 1943. When Lehman arrived, he found a desk overflowing with mail, thousands of letters from people who wanted to have a part in postwar relief. All kinds of people offered help. Some were perhaps dazzled by the glamour surrounding foreign service. Certainly a few saw even then the opportunities open to a slick operator with an official passport. But most were unquestionably sincere and willing to make personal sacrifices if need be.

Lehman's State Department post was supposed to last for a matter of weeks. A great new international instrument, the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration, was in the making, and he would be its Director General. To people in all lands UNRRA offered the first promise of better things after victory. This time we would be ready when the guns ceased fire. This time relief would be truly international, free from political control and group prejudice. OWI broad-

casts promised hungry Europeans that milk, meat, and cheese would follow our planes and tanks.

Now the promises have been broken. In Europe many have fared worse than before their liberation. This winter's death toll is likely to be the heaviest on record. Lehman is under fire on both sides of the Atlantic, and charges of bungling, confusion, intrigue, and bickering are freely made. Few of Lehman's early lieutenants are still with him.

What happened? There is danger that people will misunderstand, as many congressmen do. When more of the story is revealed, there may be scandals. Isolationists will cite UNRRA's failure as proof that international co-operation can't work.

Undeniably there has been bungling and incompetence. There is truth in allegations that UNRRA has been used as a political instrument, that some supplies have vanished into black markets, that bookkeeping has been inept. Staff members have been kept in idleness for weeks at a time, assigned to tasks that never materialized. All the evils of a blundering bureaucracy will be attributed to UNRRA, and this winter's tragedy in Europe will be blamed on UNRRA also.

Congress bears major responsibility for Europe's current plight, for Congress callously withheld appropriations for UNRRA until too late. But this alone does not explain UNRRA's failure, nor is the fail-

*Mr. Perry was chief of the Food Branch of OFFRA during that agency's existence. He is now in the public relations business in Washington.*



ure one of internal weakness. UNRRA has failed not so much in what it has done, as in what it has never been permitted to try. UNRRA has failed because it was never allowed to operate in many areas, and in others operated under the authority of military leaders and politicians. UNRRA has failed because the two nations directing its affairs had relief policies which conflicted with each other and within themselves. UNRRA has failed because it was denied adequate powers, funds, and supplies. UNRRA has failed because it has never been a United Nations organization in purpose, in spirit, or in fact.

## II

IT WAS an inspiring task that President Roosevelt offered Herbert Lehman, retiring governor of New York. As a philanthropist, as a Jew, as a humanitarian, and as a public servant, Lehman could not refuse. The *New York Times* commented that there could have been no happier choice for the post. Lehman posed for the press smiling happily, dignified but patently delighted. It was no time to quibble over bureaucratic niceties and official prerogatives. Such matters could be disposed of in Executive Orders.

Unfortunately they weren't. No orders were issued, then or later. The Federal Register for that period is bare of any reference to Lehman or his new agency. Lehman assumed a role which was never clear to himself or anyone else.

The idea of an international relief body had been conceived months earlier in the State Department and Board of Economic Warfare. Three months before Lehman took office in December 1942, a number of interdepartmental committees had been appointed to study European relief needs and ways of meeting them. Each committee included representatives of all interested agencies. Thus the committee on food relief included officials of the Departments of Agriculture, Commerce, Labor, and State, and others from the War Production Board, Tariff Commission, Office of Lend-Lease Administration, Board of Economic Warfare, and Office of Defense, Health, and Welfare, all serving under the chairmanship of Howard R.

Tolley. Other committees dealt with clothing, industrial supplies, shelter, medical goods. Their reports were on Lehman's desk when he took office.

That is the way effective governments should work. All interested branches confer on a given subject, come to agreement, and make recommendations. An administrator is then designated to translate into action their joint conclusions.

Doubtless it seemed that way to Lehman. The Tolley report advised:

The Lend-Lease Administration and the Department of Agriculture should be requested to take the initiative in establishing a contingency reserve of food designed to provide for civilian relief in areas reoccupied by United Nations forces. Later, as arrangements are agreed to, this can be merged into a more comprehensive United Nations Reserve. The Lend-Lease Administration should be asked to allocate immediately 250 million dollars to the Department of Agriculture for the purpose of accumulating the food stocks listed. . . . Provisions also should be made for additional allocations of Lend-Lease funds of 800 million dollars for relief food purchases during the last nine months in 1943.

Other committees made similar recommendations: tight, specific, documented, expressed in terms of action. They had their weak points, of course. Thinking about relief had not progressed far in 1942. But individual judgments should not be set against the weight of interdepartmental conclusions. Lehman took the wise course of writing to Lend-Lease Administrator Stettinius, asking that he go ahead as the reports outlined. A similar letter went to Secretary of Agriculture Wickard.

THOUGH UNRRA did not come into existence until ten months later, its fate was partly decided in the following few days. The letters touched off disputes that continued through the life of the new agency, endless meetings, voluminous memoranda, angry debates. But it all boiled down to this: the agencies repudiated the signatures of their representatives. Lend-Lease did not allocate the funds. Agriculture did not procure. Lehman's own department, State, failed to support his requests. When the first UNRRA meeting was convened in November 1943, less than three per cent of the recommended purchases had been made.



Failure to procure was serious enough. It fixed a pattern which was unbroken on V-E Day, and many Europeans have died and will die because of it. But even more devastating was this collapse, in 1942, of the first effort to define a United States relief policy. When the policy expressed in the inter-departmental reports was repudiated, no other took its place. There has been no policy since, but as many policies as there are agencies (or individuals) concerned with relief.

Now Lehman felt keenly his lack of official powers. Though charged with enormous responsibilities, he had been placed by Roosevelt in the State Department as chief of a bureau—a relatively minor position in the official hierarchy. Another man might have tried to accomplish by moral force what he could not order. Lehman's prestige at this point was tremendous. He might have proclaimed a relief policy and demanded that all government agencies comply with it. Weeks later he did, in fact, try something of the sort, but by then it was too late.

### III

FROM his office in the State Department, Director Lehman overlooked the White House lawn, just at the spot where Fala used to romp. As befitted a ranking Department official, he had been quartered in the main building. But space was short, and his staff would be housed in the Walker-Johnson building a block away, where the few remaining WPA employees were winding up that agency's affairs.

His first tasks would be administrative, finding suitable subordinates, assigning offices, drawing an organization chart, locating equipment. In less than two weeks it was plain that something was seriously wrong. Perhaps Franklin Roosevelt had erred in placing Lehman within the State Department. Perhaps there was a conspiracy against Lehman within the Department. Red tape is nothing new in Washington, but the obstacles placed in Lehman's path were higher than usual.

The most charitable explanation is that the State Department had never been an "operating" agency. Until the Office of

Foreign Relief and Rehabilitation Operations was formed, it had not had to deal with such physical realities as purchasing and transporting supplies. It advised other departments on such matters, but its own transactions were in words. Always leisurely, the Department had been the last government agency to install telephones, preferring the superior dignity of the messenger. Even in 1942 its communications system was ten years behind that of a well run cartel.

Lehman needed employees? Very well, but of course they would have to meet the usual Department standards, professional, personal, moral, and political. So it was that it required two months for the Department's personnel office to add a Lehman appointee to its rolls. Several who, in other federal posts, had been acceptable to the Civil Service Commission, FBI, Secret Service, ONI, and G-2, were frowned on by State's corps of sleuths.

Telephones? This new office might have a few, perhaps one for every four officials. Typewriters? In due course. Messenger service? The Department had its own, perhaps a trifle slow, but it would have to serve. And of course all outgoing letters and cablegrams would have to be reviewed by every bureau of the Department which might have the slightest interest in the subject-matter.

Such matters are trivial, but in total they did much to undermine Lehman. Petty details could be worked out, but it might take a personal call from Lehman to an assistant secretary. There was seldom a flat refusal, only quiet resistance which could be broken through only at the highest official level. Lehman was saddled with the "help" of a couple of the State Department's own functionaries who did their best to indoctrinate the newcomers, and who incidentally kept an eye on things.

It requires very little of this in Washington to take the measure of a newcomer. Within a month, Washington knew that OFRRO—as the new office was called for short—was in fact, as well as technically, merely another bureau within the State Department, and that the Department's top officials would make the major decisions.



WAR and Navy Department representatives had not served on the inter-departmental committees. There was a reason: everyone understood (apparently without quite knowing why) that relief would be strictly a civilian affair. Lehman's staff went ahead on this assumption. Obviously civilians could not administer relief in combat areas, but as soon as the fighting lines moved on, certainly within thirty days, the civilian relief corps would take over. The military bolstered this assumption by repeated statements that the Army wasn't in the relief business.

In retrospect, one can make out a good case that both Army and OFRRO were naïve, neither understanding the situations that would arise in military theaters. World War II was different, and as we look back now on the realities of the Italian deadlock, the Red Ball route in France, the unexpected uprisings of partisans, it is obvious to us that civilians could not have moved in so quickly. In military theaters, the top military officer must be boss, and all personnel in the area must be under his command. When an army is on the move its supply lines can't be complicated by civilian supply operations. There aren't docks, railroad cars, and trucks enough to go around, and there isn't time to argue. But neither Army nor OFRRO realized this in the spring of 1943.

So OFRRO based its first supply program on the assumption that it would have to begin meeting civilian needs thirty days after each area was liberated. It was a real shock when the Department of Agriculture balked and insisted on an authoritative statement of War Department relief plans.

Agriculture's position seemed reasonable enough. There was a limited amount of food to distribute, not enough for all. Army had asked for a large amount. Obviously it was important that Army's request should not duplicate OFRRO's. But soon the OFRRO staff began to suspect a squeeze play. Agriculture refused to budge without an Army commitment, and Army declined to make any statement that Agriculture considered satisfactory.

There were interminable conferences between OFRRO and Army groups, with

and without participation of other agencies. One set of military officials told OFRRO to assume that the period of military responsibility would be sixty days, OFRRO to take over at the end of that time. But the sixty-day period passed in North Africa, Sicily, and southern Italy with no sign that civilians would be allowed to move in. Another Army group wrote Lehman setting a ninety-day period. Before long a six-month period was being discussed. But none of these statements was backed up with enough official brass to convince Agriculture. OFRRO's requests were denied, even though Army officers in charge of procurement steadfastly asserted that the Army supply program made no provision for civilian feeding in liberated areas.

Weeks of negotiating turned into months. At one point certain Army officials explained that the snarl resulted from secrecy. Army supply data were based on a timetable of successful invasions, they said, and no figures could be released without divulging invasion plans. They suggested that OFRRO supply country-by-country data. The Army would then apply its timetable to the figures, total the results, subtract Army civilian supply provisions, and hand back to OFRRO a procurement timetable.

Statisticians tore their hair. The timetable argument was nonsense, they argued, because OFRRO's figures were totals, including reserve provisions, set up to cover relief needs whenever and wherever they should arise. Accepting Army's proposal would leave civilian relief planning wholly dependent on the accuracy of the Army's guesses. Further, the resultant figures couldn't be defended by OFRRO; Lehman could only explain that he had been handed them by the Army. War Department relief experts could revise, amend, delete, or increase as they chose. But OFRRO was desperate, and the order was given to go ahead. The whole affair proved pointless, for the Army never sent back the schedules.

Procurement of clothing, farm machinery, tools, medical supplies, and other relief goods was similarly blocked. Before the allocations committees of WPB, representatives of OFRRO battled with Army



spokesmen to no avail. OFRRO was embroiled with the War Department on matters of shipping, transportation, communications. But while OFRRO could argue, the Army could decide.

Some Army officials privately admitted obstructionism, offering an explanation that had merit. With such discord among civilian agencies and the absence of any Executive Order giving OFRRO definite powers, they pointed out, the Army would be reckless indeed to make binding agreements. How did they know that OFRRO was the responsible agency? At least two other civilian agencies were making plans for some relief operations. Pointing to certain OFRRO blunders, they questioned the agency's competence. Civilian agencies would have to put their houses in order, they said, before the Army would dare allow them to operate in critical military zones.

**I**N THE great controversy over supply policy that raged through 1943, one issue was basic: the principle of stockpiling. The Tolley report had declared:

In view of the great need of many countries and the strained supply position in regard to a number of foodstuffs, it seems advisable to provide a buffer of reserve stocks for that purpose so as to prevent the full force of additional requirements from falling suddenly upon production and consumption in the supplying areas.

Agricultural economists underscored the need for reserves. High production goals and favorable weather had driven American food production to record levels. Lend-lease and military takings were large, and domestic consumption was at an all-time high. But manpower, fertilizers, and machinery were tight. A year of bad weather could cause a major disaster, prejudicing not only European relief needs, but also the supply of American troops and civilians. Was it not unwise to distribute food so lavishly? Would it not be in the interest of national safety to accumulate some reserves in the periods of greatest production?

Other experts urged the gradual accumulation of seeds, farm machinery, and hand tools, so that Europeans could be aided in producing their own foodstuffs at the earliest possible moment, lightening

the burden on both American production and ocean shipping. Minimum reserves of clothing and medical supplies would help ward off pestilence and conserve Europe's diminished labor power, and both of these uses would be advantageous to our military operations.

Manufactured goods weren't available for the asking, with America's productive machinery working overtime on war orders. Most needed relief goods were of types already under heavy priority control. No relief officials suggested that war orders be subordinated to civilian needs. But they yearned for just a little more of the philosophy of total war. After all, if a tractor shipped to Europe could save ten to twenty times its own weight in shipping space by producing food there, it made sense to send it. Europe's labor power would be needed by our armed forces, and it could be conserved only if clothing were available. Some officials remarked that supply decisions were made not on the basis of essentiality but on whether the requests came from military or civilian agencies.

But the stockpile controversy was not primarily between agencies or between civilians and the military. At the root it was a clash between two familiar rival philosophies. On one side were the proponents of plenty, those who believed in the ever-normal granary, the managed surplus, full production. On the other were the advocates of scarcity, who knew that the existence of stocks in the hands of government would be fatal to their hopes for a postwar speculators' market. Scarcity after the war would mean rising prices; there would be no international OPA.

In mid-1943, meat temporarily became plentiful, and the stockpilers urged that part of the surplus be canned and stored. They urged similar accumulation of fats and oils when that was possible. They put on paper many a plan to encourage production of food crops, fishery products, and textiles in Latin America and Africa. But hopes and plans were not enough, and the power of decision rested elsewhere. The fight for stockpiling ended in failure.

Just before Franklin Roosevelt left to meet Winston Churchill at Quebec in August 1943, an obscure incident added to



the discouragement of the few who knew about it. It was already clear that Britain and the United States would be the two strongest powers in relief planning. Both had civilian rationing programs in operation. What happened to those programs as the war neared an end would largely determine how well Europe would fare.

A few OFRRO officials conceived a plan which, if it succeeded, would be a first step toward a constructive Anglo-American policy. They drafted a brief note, which read approximately like this:

In recognition of the critical need for all kinds of supplies that will exist in Europe after liberation, the United Kingdom and the United States agree that neither government will relax or remove any present restriction on civilian consumption without first consulting the other government.

They hoped this note would be discussed and signed by Roosevelt and Churchill. Because of England's position, they were quite certain Churchill would agree. The note went to the White House a few days before Roosevelt's departure, with a brief explanatory memo. The OFRRO men were assured that the President would see both. Perhaps he did, but the note did not go with him to Quebec.

#### IV

LEHMAN's OFRRO post was supposed to be temporary, lasting for only a few weeks. Certainly by spring the United Nations organization would come into being. But spring came and went, Washington sweltered through its hot, humid summer, and OFRRO still carried on. Once planned for March, then for July, the UNRRA conference was finally set for November.

The delay was caused by prolonged talks with other governments. The details of these meetings are perhaps recorded in State Department files, but few people knew about them. It is doubtful that Lehman himself was fully aware of all the meetings. He conferred with many foreign diplomats, and they were wholly convinced of his sincerity and integrity. But there were also meetings in which only State Department officials took part.

From these meetings a definite pattern emerged. Originated in America, the

UNRRA idea became an Anglo-American project. Proposals were first worked out by these two principal powers, then discussed with others. It became known that there was bitter opposition from some of the smaller governments to certain proposals, notably those which would subordinate UNRRA to existing Anglo-American control mechanisms such as the Combined Boards.

Lehman's position became increasingly difficult. Through no fault of his own, he was caught in a situation that virtually immobilized him. As director of OFRRO, his authority was unclear; after all, since OFRRO would soon be replaced by UNRRA, why bother much about it? As the State Department official primarily concerned with relief, he might be expected to have an active part in United States policy formation. Yet as the potential head of UNRRA, he could not wisely become too closely identified with a strictly American position.

As the conferences progressed, Lehman was gently moved aside by more experienced State Department men. OFRRO lesser lights grew uneasy as more and more decisions seemed to be slipping out of their hands. The final blow was sudden. Though it could hardly be described as a coup, since the Department had always had the power, OFRRO was quite unprepared for what happened.

In anticipation of the forthcoming conference, Lehman had directed his staff to reduce to writing the sum total of their months of work and research. Over a hundred memoranda were to be prepared, for use of the conference delegates. Some would be entirely factual and descriptive, describing the supply situation, commodity requirements, procurement procedures, transportation methods. Others would discuss critical policy matters. An elaborate committee structure was set up to prepare and review the documents. For nearly three months the principal staff members devoted most of their time to these preparations.

As an action agency OFRRO had been a failure. But the failure had not been of its own making, and its staff members had gained enough knowledge and experience to qualify them as experts on relief mat-



ters. So, with the co-operation of experts from other government agencies, they prepared to pass along what they had learned.

A few days before the UNRRA conference opened, the blow fell. Acting on State Department advice, the President named the United States delegation to the UNRRA meeting. Advisers named to the delegation were State Department choices. It was taken for granted that Lehman would become the permanent chairman of the conference, and the State Department named the secretariat that would assist him and conduct conference business.

These lists included a number of OFRRO people. But they were men chosen by State, not Lehman. The State Department chose them and assigned them. As a working team, OFRRO ceased to exist.

But a more severe blow was the Department's decision on the hundred-odd documents. They were impounded, placed in locked files. Although they were taken along to the conference, less than a dozen were released. The remainder are still gathering dust.

SO AT last the delegates from the four corners of the world gathered at the Hotel Claridge at Atlantic City. The mayor issued a proclamation and the Convention Bureau decked the city with WELCOME! signs. The weather was brisk, but not cold enough to bar strolls along the boardwalk. Delegates from war-ravaged lands marveled at the steak and lobster. A top-hatted British food expert gaped as a boardwalk pitchman demonstrated kitchen gadgets and lectured on the vitamins in raw vegetables. The new United Nations flag, four red bars on a white field, flew over the hotel. MP's armed with Garands patrolled the area and inspected passes. A special train shuttled back and forth between North Philadelphia and the beach, carrying delegates and couriers. There were cocktail parties, teas, and dinners. Turbans, dark skins, beards, and slant eyes drew the curious glances of similarly-equipped fortune tellers.

The meeting opened with suitable cere-

mony beneath the massed flags in the hotel ballroom. But through the corridors ran an uneasy rumor. Foreign delegates discussed a story to the effect that just prior to the conference the United States and United Kingdom had negotiated a secret agreement setting forth the subjects the conference should consider and the decisions it should make, and agreeing to use their combined influence to these ends.

The rumor was never confirmed, but the delegates' belief in it was strengthened by events. A Dutch delegate rose to deliver a prepared speech which, near the end, attacked an Anglo-American proposal. As he neared the telling points, another delegate suddenly moved to adjourn. One could only guess at what happened during adjournment, but when the meeting was reconvened the Dutch representative had changed his tune. Other delegates showing signs of revolt were called into bedroom conferences from which they emerged white-lipped but silent. One delegate proposed that the meeting consider the famine in India. Instantly the British delegate in the chair ruled the suggestion out of order; and the question was not raised again, though Indian nationalists picketed the remaining sessions.

SUCH practical politics are a natural part of any international meeting. Decisions, not incidents, are the measure of success. In the final decisions made by the UNRRA Council, by nearly unanimous votes, were several which many delegates privately opposed. They were fatal to the hopes of those who had dreamed of a genuinely international relief plan.

It was agreed that on all matters of procurement and supply, UNRRA would be subordinate to the Combined Boards. These Anglo-American boards effectively controlled most of the world's exportable food, raw material, and manufactured goods, as well as shipping. Thus two nations were given the right to tell UNRRA what supplies it could have for relief and where they should be obtained.

It was agreed that in liberated areas UNRRA would be subordinate to the



Combined Chiefs of Staff and to individual theater commanders.

It was agreed (in effect) that within every country, whether as supplier or recipient of goods, UNRRA would be subordinate to agencies of the local government.

There was nothing wicked or immoral in these decisions. They meant only that no nation would yield to UNRRA any portion of its established sovereignty. UNRRA was given no powers of its own superior to those of any single member nation.

## V

AT ITS birth UNRRA was denied independent power, and became an international meeting-place, a center for the discussion of relief and the interrelating of national plans. UNRRA could buy goods, hire employees, send missions overseas, relocate displaced persons—but only with the explicit approval of each country whose borders, citizens, commodities, or currency might be involved. It is almost axiomatic that an international group cannot be both a discussion and an action device. When sovereignty is translated in terms of payroll vouchers, initials on a proposed letter, transport priorities, and the hiring of personnel it becomes a terrible impediment to effective administration.

Much of this might have been avoided had each member nation worked out a clear relief policy of its own. But what chance had UNRRA to work effectively with the United States government when, on relief matters, the Foreign Economic Administration could not agree with the Department of Agriculture or the Treasury Department with the War Production Board? UNRRA had been set in motion by executive agencies of the United States government, but they could not commit Congress. The President himself could not assure the other nations that the House and Senate would vote funds to fulfill the American commitment.

Some observers believe it was a critical mistake for UNRRA to have agreed to do business with individual agencies of member governments. It would have

been better—had it been possible—for the international body to have had only one official point of contact with each member nation. Instead, UNRRA workers took on the impossible task of negotiating with individual agencies, attempting through their efforts to settle problems that were essentially national and internal.

In Washington, UNRRA's headquarters city, the idea that UNRRA was an international body never quite got across. Its relations with U. S. government agencies were similar to the relations of agencies with each other. Congressmen called the UNRRA personnel office seeking jobs for constituents and discussed UNRRA on the floor as if it were a federal body. The mistake was easily made, for UNRRA was staffed largely with people who had been transferred from American government posts.

Walking through the halls of the Dupont Circle Apartments, the UNRRA building, one would meet officials, clerks, and secretaries fresh from OPA, Agriculture, FEA, WPB, State, Commerce, Treasury, and RFC. Here and there would be a Canadian or British accent. There were also Chinese, Russians, Poles, and Greeks, but these were a small minority. Perhaps it would have been impossible to build a genuinely international staff in wartime. Doubtless it was more efficient to hire Americans who knew their way around Washington. But the inevitable result was to isolate the few non-English-speaking staff members. Their sense of isolation grew when they learned of documents shown only to British and American personnel and of meetings to which they were not invited.

IN ACTION, the UNRRA program was rapidly losing its broad international character and breaking up into a number of different programs for different countries. The Atlantic City meeting had decided that countries able to pay for supplies should be ineligible for UNRRA aid. UNRRA was to review their supply schedules, however, to make sure that they did not get more than their share.

So France, Belgium, Holland, and Norway were on their own. UNRRA might impede them, by reducing the quantity of



some item they sought to buy or by asking them to refrain from making a particular purchase in a foreign port, but could offer them little help. Why should they agree to let UNRRA missions administer relief in their homelands?

It has been officially denied that UNRRA in Greece served as an instrument of British foreign policy, although returning UNRRA employees confirm the charge. But why should this be surprising or shocking? The area was a British military theater under a British commander. For months several hundred UNRRA workers fretted in Cairo, waiting for permission to enter Greece. Gradually some were allowed to enter, but there was never any question of their subordination to the British command. That was a conference decision. UNRRA cannot be blamed for obeying orders.

Returning congressmen have howled that UNRRA aid was being used by Tito in Yugoslavia to bolster his regime. Where is the basis for complaint? Tito is the head of a recognized government, and in Yugoslavia UNRRA must defer to his government's sovereignty. That also was a conference decision.

Over a period of months two things became clear: When national interests are controlling, each nation may decide what may be done within its own borders, but not what may be done elsewhere; the net program is a sum in subtraction. Secondly, in such a framework, each government's attention is centered on issues of major policy; no nation has a primary interest in the efficiency and integrity of the international administration.

**T**HERE is nothing in UNRRA's record to inspire confidence in that organization. On the contrary, the record is one of inefficiency, political intrigue, mismanagement, and downright poor administration." So declared a report of the Republican Congressional Food Study Committee. But the committee went on to point out that UNRRA must be allowed to finish the job in Europe, and that Congress should appropriate needed funds, there being no alternative machinery. This report might be dismissed as superficial and political, but it is underscored by the

statements of present and former UNRRA employees, bitterly resentful and discouraged because of UNRRA's internal failings.

Perhaps at some time and place there may be reason to examine closely these allegations of maladministration and attempt to place blame upon certain individuals. Undoubtedly there has been incompetence and there may have been graver weaknesses. Yet it would seem that UNRRA cannot be held responsible for its major faults, for it was born with them. Perhaps it could have surmounted them, by using moral force in place of legal authorization. Perhaps had UNRRA, under forceful leadership, attempted to rally world opinion, had it operated with full publicity given to its needs and problems—then, just possibly, it might have been able to surmount its many handicaps. But this is the thinnest kind of speculation. The dominant nations could readily have checked any UNRRA efforts to influence them by propaganda.

Despite its handicaps and weaknesses, UNRRA's record has many bright spots of real achievement. There are people—many of them—alive, healthy, clothed, and reunited with their families because of UNRRA. UNRRA has saved whole communities from disease and starvation. UNRRA has made it possible for thousands of Europeans to begin making their own way on the long road back. Throughout the coming year its work—however inadequate—will be more indispensable than ever to thousands of hungry people all over the world.

Most of the bright spots in the record have been put there by the rank and file of UNRRA workers, men and women who have accomplished much under handicaps. Many of them have been people of great ability and courage, and they have made real personal sacrifices. Some have been killed, others returned crippled and ill. Some have eaten bad food, shivered in cold quarters, lived on borrowed funds when their salaries were weeks or months late. Some have languished in out-of-the-way places for months at a time, paying more for room and board than their allowances covered, waiting for orders to move into action. Some have



been pushed around by the military, victimized by local chiselers, ordered to do things they opposed in principle. And because they were trying something new, because no one could fully anticipate what conditions they would face, when they finally went into action they had to improvise and make their own way.

People and legislatures would think more favorably of UNRRA were the stories of these local achievements told. The daily press has reported UNRRA's progress in terms of tons of goods delivered, but these figures give no measure of the hope and salvation brought by a bolt of cloth or a carload of grain, or the near-miracles that can be wrought by a small group of determined people, even in a strange land.

It will be tragic if these UNRRA workers are allowed to drift back to their native countries, resign, and return to peacetime pursuits. For they have learned better than the diplomats the problems that must be solved if nations are to join in organized efforts toward common ends. In their sacrifices, accomplishments, failures, and heartbreaks are the basic lessons, and they have acquired many of the qualifications of international civil servants.

AT THE risk of repetition, let me set down some inescapable conclusions:

*Even today international organizations can work effectively within a limited, specific field of action, such as the administration of a commodity agreement. Or they can serve as meeting-places and bring about voluntary agreements among nations. UNRRA's problems should cast no shadow on the United Nations Food and Agriculture Organization. But until nations are*

*ready to yield some of their sovereign powers to an international body, even in a strictly limited framework, no such vast undertaking as UNRRA can succeed.*

*International organizations cannot cope with the internal conflicts of member governments. It would seem best that international bodies seek commitments from each chief executive, and that it be his responsibility to require compliance by his subordinate agencies.*

And some as yet unanswered questions:

*How can international bureaucracies be policed for efficiency and honesty? A national bureaucracy is responsive to one legislature and one people, and lives in intimate association with them. But UNRRA has been a mystery to all nations; only by a long, obstacle-filled route could people at large make their will felt.*

*UNRRA sent citizens of several nations into other lands to administer relief, in times of sharp political division and conflict. Several UNRRA workers were accused of acting as secret agents for individual nations. Whether this was true or not, how could such things be avoided? And how can an international organization arouse in its civil servants such loyalty to the common interest that it will not be hamstrung by the desire of Russians, Englishmen, and Americans to watch out for the interests of their own countries first?*

The basic difficulties of UNRRA were and are the same as those of the United Nations Organization itself, the problems of a world seeking for and shrinking from world government. UNRRA failed, as UNO may, because these contradictions were written into its charter. It had the name and task of a truly international device, but the nations which brought it into being in the same moment denied it power.



# LOVE, LET US BE TRUE TO ONE ANOTHER

## A Story

LEONARD WALLACE ROBINSON

LEANING against the post waiting for the bus she was still and self-contained, her head bent down, staring at her feet, her black pocketbook clutched in against her stomach by her small dark hands. Among the white people waiting in the twilight heat for the bus she was a piece of dark stone curved in on itself, tense in repose. Her features in the partial dusk were even darker than usual but their sharp immobile lines also showed inwardness, inwardlooking. A bright flower, white and blue, in the very center of her upswept hair was startling, was a light showing the clean young lines of her neck and the youngness of her skin.

In her head, as she stood staring at her feet, she was writing letters. *Dear Mrs. Gardiner, For a long time now I been reading a lot about things like the problems between white people and us Negroes and I think I had ought to tell you that I don't think you should bawl me out like you did right in front of Lily Page and the other new white girl on the soda fountain. It ain't just some little question like a sugar bowl being broken and me being to blame but being bawled out in front of white girls who are used to making fun of such things, and this is a wrong thing altogether.*

No, that was getting too mixed up. The one thing she wanted to say was the thing she read in the book on colored people.

The thing was how you shouldn't ever lose your head, just because a white person made you feel bad, so bad you wanted to kill him, but instead you should look on the whole thing as a problem that both had to face, the thing was to behave with a lot of dignity because that was the only way. That's what the book said.

*Dear Mrs. Gardiner, It ain't as if I was a little girl who didn't know some answers. I always knew you was an intelligent woman, because of the way you treated all sorts of people who came into your restaurant, I mean people from all walks in life, doctors and lawyers and others like that. And this is what gave me such a shock when, because I broke this sugar bowl, you should say this particular word to me. In quitting from this job I have just one wish—*

That was more like it, that last sentence. That should go first. First you should say something about just plain quitting from the job. That was what had been going through her head all the afternoon. I'll quit. Nobody can talk to me like that. No damn woman can talk to me like that. So what she wanted to say most should come first; that had dignity, quitting right out like that had dignity all right.

THE bus came to the street corner and she stopped staring at her shoes and stood up straight without losing the in-



wardlooking quality of her body and the remoteness of her face. In the bus the letters went on and on, each starting out with a rush and, somehow, ending in an unsatisfactory tangle of thoughts that never quite said what she meant them to say, forcing her to start over again. *Dear Mrs. Gardiner, In quitting from you . . . Dear Mrs. Gardiner, Dear Mrs. Gardiner . . .*

By the time the bus had reached the park where she was to meet Hap dusk had turned to dark. On the fringes of the park the people, all white, were walking around, alone or in groups, talking under the bright lamp-posts or sitting limply on the benches in the intense heat. By the bubble fountain at the fork of three walks which trisected the park the ice-cream man was doing a brisk business. As she passed him and started down the darker walk to the left which led across the park to the law school on the other side, her abstraction left her and her mind stopped writing letters. The benches were dotted at intervals by overhanging lights and as she reached the darkest spot between two of these lights, somebody called out to her.

"Hey babe," the voice said, "where you going rushing to?"

She stopped and walked over to the young colored man who had spoken. "You mashin', mister?" she said.

"Yup," the man said. She could see his teeth and eyes gleam whitely as he smiled at her through the half light. "Never too tired to do a little mashin'."

"Well," she said, "you go right to it." She sat down on the bench next to him and he leaned over and kissed her. She put her arm around his neck and held him closely for a moment. "There," she said, "that's better. That's better even if you are all hot. Why don't you take off that hot coat?"

The boy was dressed in a full winter suit of dark material, and he had on a white shirt and a woolen necktie. "Well," he said, "a man in my position who is a scholar and a student can't go lookin' like riff-raff around on the outside. A man studyin' to be a lawyer has got to maintain his dignity." He grinned at her, and she started to smile, but the word "dignity" reminded her of her letters and her smile did not complete itself, but remained motionless, then subsided into a tight grimace.

**D**ear Mrs. Gardiner. She let go of his arm and again became still and remote and self-contained. But now, somehow, no letters of resignation, no passionate explanations came to her mind. The interim on the park bench had put a few moments between her humiliation and a reply to it. What would a white woman like her do with a letter like that? She would laugh and tear it up! How could she tell this woman in words all the things in the book Hap had given her about Negroes and why things had happened to them the way they did all through the years. It was foolish thinking to write such a letter when she had no education inside her. She remembered her angry thoughts and how she had planned to put them down and send them off, and she felt weak and foolish and ashamed. God, a letter like that to a woman who had called her a nigger, an awkward nigger. Her body bent inward again with the remembered humiliation, and she stared at the darkness around her feet.

The boy peered at her through the gloom. "You feelin' bad?" he said.

She did not answer for a moment and then she said in a low voice, "Just tired out."

"Me too," he said. "That damned elevator got me dizzy today." He stopped and put his hand on her lap, over her hands as they lay folded on her pocket-book. "Well," he said grinning at her, "we can take it. All work and no play makes jack. Plenty."

She turned then and looked at him, an intense smile on her face. "How much you love me, Hap?" she asked.

He put his head back as if thinking hard. "Oh," he said, "lots. I guess I love you lots." He did not sense her intensity.

"Yes," she said, "but how *much*? In all the world how much?" She leaned closely toward him, her smile fixed.

But he still felt only the playfulness of the question. "I'd say I loved you as much as you loved me. That's how much."

"That's no answer," she said. "That don't tell me how much." She had stopped smiling now and was looking at him almost feverishly, her hand grasping his tightly.

Her voice had risen a little and he



glanced around. He thought he saw two white men on a nearby bench glance over. "Look honey," he said, "don't go get so excited. I told you I loved you as much as I could. That's all I can say. Why do you get so bothered up? I love you. That's all I can say."

She mimicked him: "That's all I can say. That's all I can say. And you got some education with words. I can tell you how much I love you, though. I can tell you that if all the world was to go drown and die except you and me, if it was all to shrivel up and be nothin' but dirt and dust except only you and me, then I'd be

damned glad, damned, damned glad. That's how much I love you."

He put his arms around her and held her, feeling the tautness of her body. He forced himself to stop thinking about anything the white men on the nearby bench might be hearing, and to think only of her trouble.

"That's what I wanted to say," he said softly, "only you say it better."

"Do I, Hap?" she said, "do I, do I?" And the tension of her body relaxed gradually as she moved over to tears, moved over to weeping and weeping, softly, on the winter-time cloth of his suit coat.

## *What To Take on the Tour*

**W**HEN you make preparations for an extended tour—particularly if the trip is to be of some duration—bear in mind that cross-country touring often leads you off the well-beaten path into territory where help of service stations and garages is not always within easy reach.

It is a good plan—and this practice is generally adopted by the seasoned cross-country tourist—to begin a long trip with a full set of new tires.

Two or more extra inner tubes should be carried in strong bags into which a little talc has been shaken. . . . A complement of blow-out and inner tube patches, tire pressure gauge, tire valve insides, and valve caps are necessary, while a portable vulcanizer is at least advisable.

A most important item is the tow line—either hempen rope, chain, or steel-wire cable.

Tire chains should always be carried; likewise some single chains or mud hooks. There are also several automatic "pull-out" devices which enable one to drive through places that otherwise might be impassable. Many motorists accustomed to long-distance traveling make it a point to carry two jacks. In addition they carry several wooden blocks.

There are a number of highly meritorious touring accessories whose use depends on the country you will traverse. Where mountain roads, sandy stretches, and muddy places are met with, or where the condition of the road depends on the weather, a shovel with collapsible handle and a good camp axe often repay a hundred-fold the trouble of carrying them.

*From the Official Automobile Blue Book, Volume Two, 1921.*



# THE ROYAL CANADIAN MOUNTIES

RICHARD L. NEUBERGER

IN THE luxury of the Vancouver Hotel, as our regiment of U. S. Army Engineers had a final fling, we talked to a detective who wanted to know when the outfit would shove off. Were we ready to embark? Had the sailing date been kept a guarded secret? Was the nature of our mission in the North likewise concealed? Would equipment for construction of a military road to Alaska go with us or follow on another vessel? Who would take care of security for the second vessel's departure? The detective wrote down our names and Army serial numbers in a little leather notebook. He wore a neat brown suit and felt hat, and he had a guileless, round face and twinkling eyes that made him look considerably more like my old scoutmaster than like a detective.

Three weeks later, 1,200 wilderness miles north of Vancouver, General O'Connor shook hands with a rangy young man in a buffalo hide coat. Between the lapels of the coat could be seen a crimson tunic on which bits of metal shone in the Arctic sunlight. A muskrat hat, carbine over his shoulder, gold-striped breeches on his legs, and beaded Eskimo *mukluks* on his feet completed the uniform. As he stood at the lonely log outpost along the headwaters of the Yukon River, he satisfied all our boyhood memories of Jack London, Robert Service, and James Oliver Curwood.

Both the detective in Vancouver and the constable at Caribou Crossing bore the credentials of the same organization—the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. Three-quarters of a century after its founding, it is still the most extraordinary police force in the world. No other law enforcement agency in any land has duties so varied.

THE sovereignty of the Royal Mounted extends from the Canadian industrial cities within sight of Detroit to the ice-sheathed islands guarding the North Pole. The payroll of the R.C.M.P. includes plain-clothes men in Montreal, mariners off the stormy coast of Labrador, Bertillon experts in Toronto, and troopers in scarlet and gold who patrol the shores of Hudson Bay by dog-sled. Where these men have exclusive jurisdiction the crime rate is the lowest on the North American continent. And although a corporal earns only \$3 a day and often must serve a dozen years before sewing on a second chevron, a long waiting list always bids for admission to the force.

Acceptances are comparatively few, for the Mounted never send two men to do one man's job. With a strength of only 4,470 men—just about the size of the Philadelphia police department—the Royal Mounted perform for Canada functions which in the United States require the

*Mr. Neuberger saw the Mounties at close range while serving as aide to General O'Connor in Alaska and the Yukon during the war. He has written many articles and books about the Northwest.*



Federal Bureau of Investigation, Coast Guard, Secret Service, Border Patrol, and numerous State Police forces.

Thrift in manpower is virtually a fetish of the Mounted. They take pride in the story of 450 unruly Cree Indians who were being escorted from the States to Canada for wintering on a new reservation. A column of U. S. Cavalry guarded the tribe. At the international boundary near Medicine Hat they were met by a Royal Mounted corporal and two constables.

"Where's your escort for these Indians?" inquired the American commanding officer.

"We're here, Colonel," replied the corporal.

"Yes, I know, but aren't there any more of you?"

"Oh, yes, Colonel. There's a fourth chap, but he's back up in the draw looking after our breakfast."

Solitary exploits or deeds by a handful of troopers are part of the tradition of the force. During the Klondike gold rush a few scattered outposts of Royal Mounted under Superintendent Zachary Taylor Wood, grandson of the twelfth President of the United States, maintained order among the 40,000 *cheechakos*. And when the force at Dawson had collected \$150,000 in gold dust as customs duties, Wood put on his scarlet tunic and sledded this tempting prize across Chilkoot Pass in defiance of the outlaws who terrorized the Alaskan side of the boundary. A patrol of 3,347 miles by snowshoes and canoe was routine for Inspector E. A. Pelletier, commanding the Norway House detachment beyond Lake Winnipeg.

Nor has the force forgotten Corporal Charlie Hogg, who galloped into North Portal on the Saskatchewan plains to find the town shot up by one "Cowboy Jack." Because of the contempt with which their Eskimo and Indian wards view a premature unlimbering of firearms, the Mounted seldom draw first. Hogg took away "Cowboy Jack's" forty-five, slugged the gunman into unconsciousness, fastened handcuffs on him, and then summoned a doctor to treat the prisoner. A report of Hogg's sergeant added, "During the arrest of Monaghan the following property was damaged, viz., door broken, screen

smashed up, chair demolished, jacket belonging to Corporal Hogg damaged by being covered with blood, adjacent walls bespattered with blood."

The Mounted still carry off adventures such as these, even though a considerable portion of the force is as modern and mechanized as the FBI or New York's finest. In the thickly-populated strip of Canada along the American border the Mounted, or "Mounties" as Canadians possessively call them, use cars and trucks and airplanes. Recently a squad of twenty-five motorcyclists was formed for highway service near Toronto. The title "Mounted" stems from history, for today the force feeds only 144 horses, less than half as many as the police department of the city of New York. The Mounted now rely on more than 800 automobiles in the prairie provinces and a fleet of power boats on the rivers which drain Canada's seaboard.

In the vast Yukon and Northwest Territories, which comprise nearly half the area of the Dominion, the troopers of "G" Division journeyed 60,322 miles last year by the ancient method of Arctic travel—basket-type wooden sleds pulled by teams of snapping Huskies and splotched Malamutes. No other organization—not even the Red Army—has developed dog teams to this extent. One constable slogged 1,400 miles across the barren lands on snowshoes to bring back the murderer of an Eskimo named Angootocoyamayo. Another of these "G" Division constables, Cliff de Lisle at Fort Ross, 78 miles north of the Magnetic Pole, saw the supply ship *Nascopie* come within sight of his marooned outpost two years in succession and then put out to sea again both times—without unloading rations and mail—because of the shifting pack-ice offshore.

Nor is Fort Ross the last station of the Mounted. At Dundas Harbor, 565 miles above the Arctic Circle on the shore of Devon Island, a corporal and two constables live farther north than any other white men in the Western Hemisphere. But the Mounted go beyond Dundas Harbor, too. Theoretically, their jurisdiction extends to the Pole. Last year a staff sergeant and seven other troopers of "G" Division ended twenty-eight months in the polar ice-sheet, edging their way through



the Northwest Passage in the 105-foot schooner *St. Roch*.

## II

THE Royal Canadian Mounted Police is primarily a federal police force. It enforces federal laws throughout the Dominion of Canada. In addition, it is the only authority in the 1,516,708 square miles of the Yukon and Northwest Territories, which cover more land than half the United States. But the most unusual feature of the sovereignty of the Mounted is the optional clause with respect to Canada's nine provinces. Under the terms of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police Act, the legislative assembly of any province can contract with the national government of Canada "for the services of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police to enforce the provincial statutes and criminal code within the boundaries of that province." To use an American parallel, this would make the Mounted both the state and federal authority in the geographic subdivision involved.

This arrangement is now in effect in six provinces: Prince Edward Island, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta. The other three provinces—Ontario, Quebec, and British Columbia—maintain their own provincial police forces, which are somewhat similar to the Mounted in method but patterned after the New York, Pennsylvania, and California State Police in organization. The Canadian government assesses a province only \$1,000 annually for each extra trooper required. The arrangement is therefore cheaper for the province than supporting a separate force, and some Canadian editors suspect that the three provinces which limit the R.C.M.P. to federal jurisdiction are reluctant to part with their own constabularies because of the substantial patronage at stake.

The calling in of the Mounted has proved conducive to law and order. The lowest crime rate among the provinces is in Prince Edward Island and New Brunswick, where the Mounted wield both federal and provincial authority. The lowest crime rate for the entire Dominion is in the forest and tundra solitudes of the Far North, a jurisdiction literally run by

the Mounted Police. As for comparison in crime rates between Canada and the United States, such cities as Chicago, Detroit, Atlanta, Birmingham, and Washington each turn up more murders annually than all of Canada. Larceny, manslaughter, and robbery are equally plentiful. In the same year that Manitoba, patrolled federally and provincially by the Mounties, had eight murders, Baltimore, Maryland, with approximately the same population, had a hundred.

A variety of circumstances must be appraised in judging these statistics, warns Dr. Ronald H. Beattie, who has been in charge of crime surveys for the United States Supreme Court. "There is a general habit of law observance among the English people which extends to Canada," he contends. "Greater respect for government and constituted authority prevails. Canada, despite its large French minority, has a more homogeneous population than the United States. Crowded metropolitan industrial areas, traditional breeding grounds of crime, are far less numerous in Canada. Much of Canada is rural and agrarian, rather than urban and industrial.

"However," he continues, "one cannot overlook the fact that perhaps vigilant and persistent law enforcement on the part of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police is an important factor in the situation."

FINANCIAL reward is not one of the inducements to enlistment in the Mounties. Although they would be among the last to profess sympathy with the point made, these men demonstrate fairly convincingly the old Socialist thesis that people do not need promise of riches to brave danger, endure hardships, and do great deeds. A constable begins at \$1.75 a day. The wages of a constable, first class, are \$2.75 a day. A corporal earns \$3. The three gold chevrons and a crown of a sergeant mean \$3.75, and the four chevrons of a staff-sergeancy raise this to \$4.50. Nor are promotions handed out promiscuously. When W. J. Parry, of "G" Division, stood at Government House in Ottawa last year to receive the Polar Medal from the Earl of Athlone, he had served as a constable for twenty years.

The lowest ranking commissioned of-



ficer in the Mounted is a sub-inspector. He is paid \$2,000 annually. A full inspector gets \$2,540 and a superintendent \$3,120. Each of the eight assistant commissioners earns \$3,600, the deputy commissioner \$4,500, and the commissioner of the force \$10,000. Only the pay of the commissioner compares at all favorably with state, municipal, or federal police salaries in the United States. Even the ration allowances for men on field duty are meager by American standards.

Virtually all Canada's federal law enforcement and protection responsibilities are concentrated in the Royal Mounted. There is no such multiplicity of organizations as in the United States, where nine government bureaus have what in many instances amount to overlapping jurisdictions. A marine section of the Mounted, with thirty-one sea-going vessels, controls smuggling. The force has a large Secret Service branch, which had charge of security precautions and the internment of enemy aliens during the war. The Criminal Investigation division consists principally of detectives and plain-clothes men, whose operations closely resemble those of FBI agents in the United States.

This gives the Mounted a variety of duties without parallel in any government agency, Canadian or American. In the latest annual report of the commissioner to Louis S. St. Laurent, Canadian minister of justice, these were a few of the topics discussed in some detail:

- Collection of night-club taxes.
- Training of sled dogs.
- Japanese internees.
- Strikes in the coal and steel industries.
- The narcotic traffic.
- Epidemics among the Eskimos.
- Abundance of game for Indians.
- Provost Company for Canadian Army.
- Condition of military cemeteries.
- Exploration of the Northwest Passage.
- Counterfeiting activities in Canada.
- Record of finger-print section.
- Delivery of mail on Yukon River.
- Building of log cabins.
- Purchase of fish for winter food.
- Activities of the Humane Society.

The Mounted maintain police colleges at Regina on the prairie and Rockcliffe Barracks in Ontario. It requires a year's training to shape a recruit into a constable, ranging from a scientific course in the

criminal detection laboratory to learning how to web snowshoes. With the war ended the waiting list will be long again. Many of Canada's returning soldiers have specified enrollment in the R.C.M.P. as their first ambition. The force is built on military lines. The commissioner wears the insignia of a British brigadier, the deputy commissioner that of a colonel, and thus on down through the commissioned ranks.

The Royal Canadian Mounted Police is administered in thirteen divisions across the Dominion; and despite the military chain of command, considerable latitude and discretion are left to the men in charge of divisions, posts, and detachments. This dates from the early days of the force when the sergeant commanding at Fort McPherson or Craig Harbor got mail from headquarters once a year, weather permitting. Beyond where the Canadian plains stiffen into the pocked plateau of the Laurentian Shield, the troopers of the Mounted are practically temporal rulers. They represent nearly all civil authority as well as the police power. At wilderness settlements on the Yukon and Mackenzie Rivers we invariably saw four institutions—a Hudson Bay Company post, a Church of England mission, a Catholic mission, and an R.C.M.P. barracks. Only the tall sergeant, with his peaked summer Stetson, gold chevrons, and service revolver at the end of a white lanyard symbolized the Dominion government in far-off Ottawa.

We found, too, that the sergeant held court, ministered to Indians and Eskimos when they were sick, collected taxes on furs, carried mail, counted big game, and patrolled trap-lines. Yet he was also more than a combined magistrate and game warden. He was the best shot with a forty-five we had ever seen, and he had captured the slayers of an Indian trapper by watching at a post down the river for white men who might turn in skins cured in native fashion. Before the slayers knew what was up, they saw the familiar uniform and manacles clanked on their wrists.

For five years Stuart Taylor Wood, present commissioner of the Mounted, commanded the Arctic Ocean outpost on Herschel Island off the Mackenzie's icy delta. He once mushed alone across the Richardson Mountains from Fort Yukon



and Rampart House in weather of sixty below zero, with even old sourdoughs wagering fox skins he would never make it. He arrived at Herschel with a sled loaded with frozen caribou steaks. Looking back on this command 200 miles north of the Arctic Circle, the commissioner once said: "That was the only job I ever held where I felt I really amounted to something."

It is in the Far North that the Mounties are most like their movie counterparts. Yet Hollywood to the contrary notwithstanding, the motto of the force has never been "Don't come back until you get your man," or anything remotely similar. It is the French "*Maintiens le Droit*"—"Maintain the Right."

Three or possibly four men usually form the detachment at such Arctic points as Pond Inlet, Moose Factory, and Yellowknife. One constable is considered sufficient at Port Radium on Great Bear Lake, where the world's principal pitchblende deposits are found. The largest northern outpost is Fort Smith on the Mackenzie River. The force there consists of an inspector, a corporal, and nine constables. Practically all the wilderness detachments are commanded by NCO's; there are only four commissioned officers north of the 60th parallel. After the sternwheeler *Distributor* makes its summer trip down the Mackenzie and back, some Royal Mounted posts do not see newcomers until the ice goes out again late the next spring.

R.C.M.P. Arctic duty is the loneliest job in North America. A few troopers have become "bushed" in the Arctic and gone mad. Yet Richard Finnie, a noted Canadian explorer, has observed that many Mounties will refuse promotions and higher pay rather than leave their lonely stations on the polar sea, and that after a few months' leave from their duties "they long for the comparative independence of life in the Arctic."

### III

INDIANS and Eskimos are the main responsibility of the Royal Mounted in the Arctic. Of a total population of 18,942 in the Far North, 10,966 are natives. Much of the job is protecting these people from marauding whites—and from themselves. When Salteaux witch doctors slew an

Indian girl as a part of a tribal ceremony, a young Mountie constable strode alone into the village and took the chief and three braves to Norway House for punishment.

Harry Radford, an American, and Tom Street, a Canadian, were a pair of explorers who journeyed north of Hudson Bay looking for the "blond Eskimos" reported by Stefansson. They disappeared into the white wilderness above Chesterfield Inlet. Inspector F. H. French of the Royal Mounted spent two years in the Arctic running down the facts. The inspector learned that Radford had beaten the Eskimo guides with a whip when one of the natives refused to abandon a wife who could travel no more across the snow. After the whipping the Eskimos killed the white men with harpoons. "Murder provoked. Prosecution not recommended," advised French, and word spread among the natives that the police were just.

In a country with a large Indian population, the Royal Mounted are considered the arm of the government most expert and successful in dealing with the native population. Last year troopers of the Mounted treated Eskimos on Baffin Island who were stricken with a mysterious disease which caused thirteen deaths. They also try to keep the wandering tribes moving in the direction of game—reindeer, musk oxen, and caribou. The police are so much the wardens of the natives that they have hung around the neck of each Eskimo in recent years an identification disc similar to the American soldier's "dog-tag."

I have talked with Indians in the North, men who were outraged by the white man's expropriation of what had been the Indians' homeland. Some of these Indians felt that the white man's talk of freedom was sophistry. Yet all of them believed that the Mounted Police were their friends.

In Canada's cities off to the south I never heard progressives or social workers charge the R.C.M.P. with third-degree methods. "I've never been acquainted with one instance in which a Mountie used any third-degree techniques," a prominent reform editor said. But strikes and labor demonstrations are another matter. For ten years the use of the Royal Mounted in industrial disputes has been an issue of



Canadian politics. M. J. Coldwell, parliamentary leader of the Co-operative Commonwealth Federation, has charged many times that the Mounted have been called into action to break strikes. In 1937, when the CIO had struck at the General Motors plant in Ontario, C.C.F. members of Parliament contended that the Mounties had been placed in large numbers at the disposal "of a provincial government which had already placed itself definitely behind General Motors." A few years ago Canadian trade union leaders criticized the government for *not* dispatching the Royal Mounted to maintain order when organizers for the United Mine and Smelter Workers were beaten up and the union headquarters demolished at Kirkland Lake. Mr. Coldwell has said several times that the intrusion of the Mounted into strikes and other labor troubles was the result of policies formulated by the dominant Liberal Party, rather than the wish of the police either as an organization or individually. But many Canadians agree that nothing in its nearly seventy-five years of history has done so much to hurt the force as the sight of troopers in scarlet and gold arrayed against picket lines.

#### IV

CANADA'S confederation took place in 1867. Six years later 300 men in crimson jackets and tight breeches, known officially as the Northwest Mounted Police, rode westward from Dufferin in Manitoba. Their assignment was to reach the foothills of the Rocky Mountains, establishing posts and forts as they went. They carried supplies and provisions with them, for civilization ended at Lake Winnipeg.

This is one reason that the R.C.M.P. is so traditional an institution north of the international boundary. The force dates from Canada's beginning as a nation. Its "thin red line" held against the Riel Rebellion in 1885, when an ambitious French-Canadian named Louis Riel tried to establish a separate state with the aid of halfbreeds and Crees. Riel was captured by two constables and hanged for treason. Shortly afterward the Mounted guarded the end of steel and helped survey the passes through the Continental Divide

when the Dominion was spanned by the Canadian Pacific. What the old blue-coated cavalry, the fur traders, and the mountain men were in the United States, the Mounted Police were to Canada. They explored and settled the Canadian Northwest, and then grew up with it.

Most of the pioneering is over now, but the Mounties continue to push back the frontier in Canada. The most important exploration since the war began, in the opinion of Dr. Stefansson, was the forcing of the Northwest Passage by eight troopers of "G" Division on the schooner *St. Roch*. It was the first round-trip navigation in history of the inlets and channels at the roof of the continent. The trip from west to east—from Alaska across the gables of the hemisphere to Greenland—required twenty-eight months. One of the constables died during a seventy-below storm in the ice pack. With channels mapped and leads charted, the *St. Roch* returned in less than three months. The Arctic Institute of North America believes that these journeys may result in ocean commerce behind ice-breakers through the Northwest Passage, comparable with the extensive Soviet traffic above Asia in the opposite Northeast Passage. Plans are now under way, as a project of the postwar period, to fit Victory ships for this polar route linking the mouths of the Yukon, Mackenzie, and St. Lawrence.

Almost three-quarters of a century after the first troop rode west, the Mounties are pioneers still.

#### V

WHAT makes a great police force? What makes any military organization great? At Caribou Crossing I asked the young Mountie constable if he minded the lonely winters, low pay, and bleak surroundings. "Why, no," he said somewhat incredulously. "Why should I? Someone's got to do this job. A lot of other fellows did it before. I guess I can stick it out if they could."

Pride of unit, pride in a uniform, and glory in a military tradition may not be desirable goals to the social scientist, but they have helped shape the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. A column of Mounties participated in the formal opening of



the Alcan Highway at Burwash Landing near the Alaska-Yukon line. It was twenty-two below zero and General O'Connor suggested that they keep on their parkas throughout the ceremony. "Wouldn't think of it, sir," said the lean, ascetic-looking officer who commanded the column. While everyone else shivered in parkas and great-coats the Mounties stood at attention in their scarlet tunics. "I thought only the U. S. Marines felt that way about their uniforms," Delegate Bob Bartlett of Alaska whispered to me.

Sons who follow the careers of their fathers are often a measurement of an organization's morale and pride. Commissioner Wood, the present head of the force, is a son of Zachary Taylor's grandson, the superintendent in the Klondike who sledged the gold-dust over the Chilkoot. There would be another Zachary Taylor Wood in the Mounted, had not the commissioner's oldest son been killed while flying with the R.C.A.F. overseas. Inspector French, of the two-year Chesterfield Inlet patrol which investigated the disappearance of Radford and Street, is the son of an inspector who rode west with the first troop in 1873. And the tenacious Inspector La Nauze, who ran down the slayers of two Catholic priests in the frozen North, joined the force because his father had been a sergeant. The roster of the Mounted is long with such examples.

"Being a policeman and being a Mountie are two entirely distinct and different things," M. E. Nichols, the venerable editor of Vancouver's *Daily Province*, said to me. "A policeman—an ordinary policeman—has an honorable enough job, but it is a job and that's all. But being a Mountie is a career. It's like British Army duty in the Sudan or being a Kipling subaltern in India. It's an adventure. Charles Dickens' son Francis was a Mountie in the old days and won an inspector's pips. Some of the Empire's most famous sons have aspired to the Royal Mounted. So try never to call a Mountie a 'policeman' and certainly never, never, a 'cop.' He definitely wouldn't like it."

THE Canadian Arctic is a hard, bleak land. In 1898 Jack London wrote that it was the grimmest country on earth. Many rugged and fabulous characters have contested with this land for mastery, but around the campfires at night the tales that the sourdoughs tell are tales of the men who police this wilderness. At a dozen frontier settlements in the North we heard of Inspector La Nauze and his patrol down the Coppermine. An Indian referred to him as *Shingoos*, the ferret. Our soldiers guarding the uranium ore shipments up the Mackenzie, for use in the atomic bombs, were told about Inspector La Nauze by Indian and white alike. He was a legend to these people of the solitudes. A few knew him. On patrols he had slept in their cabins, and I think these hosts of his were looked at in much the same way that we might regard a person who had entertained a President or Premier.

We also heard around innumerable campfires of Inspector Fitzgerald, who led a patrol halfway across the forbidding Pelly Mountains from McPherson to Dawson and then learned that the guide was hopelessly lost. It was 240 miles back across the wastes to McPherson. First, a Chinook wind softened the barrens and they sunk to their hips in the snow. Then the temperature dropped to fifty-two below and the exhausted men began to perish from the cold. A winter of no game plagued them and they had to eat the dogs. Some of the Mounties chewed on the harness and boiled moccasins before they died. The inspector and Constable Carter struggled on. Fifty miles! Carter could not continue. He ended his suffering with his carbine. Forty miles! The inspector was still on his feet. Thirty miles! Now Fitzgerald was crawling on his hands and knees. Twenty miles from McPherson and safety, the inspector could struggle no farther. With his last strength he wrote the initials of the force:

All money in despatch bags and bank, clothes, I leave to my dearly beloved mother, Mrs. Mary Fitzgerald, Halifax. God Bless all.

F. J. FITZGERALD, R.C.M.P.



# Harper's

## MAGAZINE



### HOW THE CENSORS RIGGED THE NEWS

FLETCHER PRATT

**T**HERE is a distinct disposition, now that "the best reported war in history" is over, to forgive and forget the censorships on the ground of "What the hell—we won, didn't we?" It is a dangerous tendency, and not merely because we are still kept from getting any adequate knowledge of many of the events that took place. The boys who are interested in seeing censorship as an institution grow and prosper have learned altogether too much about the technique of suppressing any facts but those they want people to believe. If they are not called to account for what they have done in the past, they will keep right on doing it.

If anyone doubts this let him consider General MacArthur's attempt to hogtie the press by personally deciding what newspapers shall be represented in Japan and by whom; and let him look at the

May bill for control of atomic energy, which, in effect, would place an Army censor in every publication office in the country. Or think of Sax Rohmer, withheld at the request of a foreign government from writing the kind of stories he does best. It seems the Chinese objected to having Dr. Fu Manchu a Chinese villain; they even objected to having him a Japanese in Chinese disguise, and their objection could be made to stick because Rohmer was writing for the movies.

One can hardly blame the military men for their efforts to maintain an institution which gave them such spectacularly successful results during the conflict. Successful within the terms with which military censorship usually operates, that is. Essential military information was seldom concealed from the enemy by censorship. The Japanese knew how much damage

*Fletcher Pratt has seen military censorship as correspondent afield, as author of our series of battle narratives, and as student of military affairs generally.*



they did at Pearl Harbor and at Savo Island. The convoy for the invasion of North Africa was no secret to the Germans (they merely guessed wrong about the point of impact); neither was the explosion in Bari harbor which destroyed the supplies for the Cassino offensive. The approximate date and place of the Normandy invasion were correctly identified by the enemy.

But censorship succeeded beautifully in concealing the name of the commander who asked for reinforcements to quell the 2,000 Japs at Attu when he had only a division of 15,000 men and the support of a fleet. Until it was revealed in W. L. White's *Report on the Russians*, censorship concealed from everyone but the Germans the fact that in a night bomb attack on Poltava they burned all 70 of the Flying Fortresses that made the first big shuttle raid across the Reich. Our troops were surprised and defeated at Kasserine Gap in Tunisia and in the Battle of the Bulge in the Ardennes; but censorship never permitted the mention of any officer's name as responsible for either setback. The carrier *Saratoga* was twice torpedoed and the *Wasp* once; the latter went down. The loss of the ship was not hidden, but the fact that both carriers were hit while running routine patrols in a restricted area at a speed of eight knots was hidden; and it was precisely because the Japanese had ascertained this fact that they were able to slip submarines in on the two carriers. It has never been revealed whether any officer was held responsible. No one was allowed to hint that the famous V-mail device was detested by the men at the front and was usually so incompetently managed that ordinary letters and post-cards beat V-mail for speed.

When General Stilwell returned from China he was allowed to talk to the press, but with a colonel of the Army's private Gestapo sitting right beside him who said "There's a stop on that" whenever any but the most innocuous subjects were raised, and who ended by telling the reporters they must not even mention what questions the general was not allowed to answer. (One of them was whether the Japs he had encountered were using equipment made in Manchuria—which gives an

idea.) A dispatch by Stoneman, the correspondent, telling of destructive looting by American troops at Jena during the German collapse was held up till after the Nazis quit.

In other words, the official censors have pretty well succeeded in putting over the legend that the war was won without a single mistake, by a command consisting exclusively of geniuses, who now have asked to be rewarded by being placed in control of all scientific thought and utterance.

## II

THE case made by military officials for the suppression of anything suggesting that our men and their officers are on a lower level than archangels is that such ideas are bad for morale. This is already some distance from the preservation of military secrets, and it does not rest on very good ground as a philosophy, particularly when one recalls that "thought control" was the precise thing we were supposed to be fighting against. Not only does it make a thoroughly objectionable assumption about the childishness of the people whose morale is being kept up, but it also sacrifices one of the few real advantages democracies have in war—that the acts of the ruling power are subject to popular review.

The popular judgment is not always just, as we know from the history of our own Civil War and that of the French Revolution, but there seems no doubt that in the long run publicity makes for military efficiency. An American or British leader who blundered as badly as Hitler did in his inspirational campaign against Moscow could hardly have kept his place. But Adolf the Great was happily able to keep right on being inspired till after the breakthrough at St. Lo; while, on our side, we had the swift downfall of the Chamberlain government after the British defeat in Norway.

Moreover, censorship for morale was stupidly and unimaginatively handled. The *Army and Navy Register* tells of a colonel in the Pacific whose wife's letters were returned to her on the ground that his morale would be shaken by her description of conditions in the home town—



though apparently he was to remain undisturbed if he did not hear from her at all. I have had my own letters home from a destroyer at sea clipped by a Navy censor when I used the forbidden phrase "not happy" over some such minor matter as a bad breakfast egg. These are by no means isolated cases; they are the necessary result of a flat, tight censorship rule that nothing "discouraging" must be allowed to go through the mails in either direction. Consequently, during the whole Aleutians campaign, the people of Alaska learned about the Japs on Attu and Kiska only through Radio Tokyo broadcasts. Newspapers, magazines, and even private letters from the States which contained any reference to the campaign were clipped to keep the Alaskans from getting melancholy.

THE result of this policy or set of policies has been that instead of being the best reported war in history, it was very nearly the worst reported. It was well reported in the sense that never before had so much attention been given to the individual soldier or sailor with his home address and next of kin, but in that sense alone. Of the larger issues of the war, of the way it was fought, of what actually happened both on the home and the military fronts, most Americans—in the service or out—remained profoundly ignorant. John Hershey's conclusion that the Marines of Guadalcanal were fighting for blueberry pie was echoed from Africa, where the politically-conscious British were simply stunned at the discovery that the American troops in their area neither knew what they were fighting for nor cared to any great extent. No compilation of the total military vote in the 1944 election has been published, but on at least one major vessel of the Pacific fleet not two hundred men out of three thousand voted ("What does it matter who's elected, anyhow? Can't they call off that crap till the war's over?")—and the proportion cannot have been widely different elsewhere.

In the other direction, it is firmly believed, probably by a majority of Americans, that the heroic Colin Kelly dived his damaged plane into the battleship *Haruna*, causing her destruction; references re-

cently were made to the story in that form in a New York newspaper editorial. Somewhat less firmly, perhaps, it is widely believed that only one battleship was sunk at Pearl Harbor; that the planes of the MacArthur command sank 22 Japanese warships in Bismarck Sea; and that the victory in Tunisia was largely an American operation.

These items for popular consumption, the product of official errors—to put the matter as charitably as possible—are not particularly surprising. They are a concomitant of war. Last time we had the fables of the Kadaver-Fabrik and the crucified Canadians, and the Civil War produced the story of General Butler's silver spoons, to mention only one.

The novelty under the forms of censorship with which we have had to deal in this war is the continuing official insistence that the official lies were perfectly true. When *Harper's* attempted to print an article in which MacArthur's claims for damage in the Bismarck Sea battle were compared with the facts, the War Department objected to publication. (It is very hard to see what question of security was involved here.) When correspondents with the fleet, at the time the *Haruna* appeared in Leyte Gulf, mentioned that this was the battleship Colin Kelly had "sunk," the line was censored out of their dispatches. The quasi-official "War in Outline" published by the *Infantry Journal* for members of the armed forces after the war was over perpetuates the legend that only the *Arizona* was sunk at Pearl Harbor. It must have made curious reading for the men there who could look out their windows and see the gunless, engineless hulk of the *Oklahoma* being led toward the scrap heap.

The official viewpoint, based apparently on Roosevelt's famous "propaganda of truth" phrase, is not only that every communiqué is literally true but also that American officers never make mistakes in ascertaining the truth. For example, nineteen Japanese heavy cruisers were claimed sunk before the battle of Leyte Gulf, chiefly by the bombers of the MacArthur command. The Japs had eighteen at the beginning of the war, and had built none since; yet they showed up for the big fight with fourteen. But no correspondent was



permitted to call attention to these mathematical discrepancies, as long as any censor had anything to say about his copy.

Of course, the official mythologists did not always get away with it. It came out during the war itself that Doolittle's Tokyo bombers, instead of all landing safely as the communiqué said, had all been wrecked and some of their crews captured by the enemy. A flat lie from the Navy Department about the loss of the cruisers off Savo Island eventually had to be corrected. When the late General Patton administered the slap heard round the world, when our own parachutists were shot down by American gunfire over Sicily, the events were concealed—but for the time being only. In the last two cases, however, it is noteworthy that the information reached the public through writers who were not war correspondents and who therefore were not subject to having their copy examined before it was printed; and in each of these cases, the story was so sensational that even months after the event it still made news.

**I**N CASES like this, the disease produces its own antibody. The really dangerous, because far more numerous, instances are those in which no corrective has been applied to arbitrary censorship or official falsehood because the event is not sufficiently newsworthy to bother with after the facts do become known. A good case is that of the bazooka. This rocket-firing anti-tank instrument had been used by Montgomery's group at Alamein in October 1942. It was used by American troops in Tunisia all through the winter campaign and deep into the spring of 1943, while remaining on the forbidden list for American publications. The Germans had captured several bazookas and already had one of their own—the *panzerfaust*, technically an improvement—in production.

In February 1943 the *Marine Corps Gazette* published a picture of the "secret" weapon with a descriptive caption. Reproduction of item or picture by other magazines was still being objected to by the Army review office a month and a half later. In April General Campbell, the head of Army Ordnance, grew tired of secrecy about something that was no

longer secret and in a radio broadcast over a national hook-up told the bazooka story. It went on the AP wires and was printed by practically every daily in the country. The Army's review office had little control over dailies, but its stop on the bazooka remained in effect for magazines. When one of them included in its copy submitted for review a transcript of the Campbell broadcast it was objected to. The magazine pointed that it could appeal to the Byron Price Office of Censorship (whose role throughout the whole censorship business was highly honorable) on the basis of previous publication and would certainly be sustained. The Army review officer in charge is reported to have replied that this was perfectly true—but if the magazine in question did anything like this it would find great difficulty in getting future copy cleared, whatever its nature.

Another case. One of the service journals sent a combat correspondent to interview soldiers who had participated in the desperate fighting on Guadalcanal. "What was wrong and what was right in your training?" they were asked. "How could you have learned to do things better?" The result was a small book which so impressed General Marshall that he wrote a preface stating his hope that every American soldier could read it. At the same time, as required by procedure, a copy had gone to the Army review office, which classified the volume as confidential. This meant that all copies had to be kept under lock and key by the colonel of the regiment receiving them, and that any soldier who wanted to read one in accordance with the Chief of Staff's request had to take it out under his personal signature with a court martial hanging over him if he lost the volume.

The story has already been told about the Army's excessive tenderness over some of its new forms of radar; it even refused permission to print repair manuals, so that when a set broke down it had to stay that way. Neither in this case nor in that of the Guadalcanal pamphlet could even such a figure as General Marshall overrule his subordinate. Under Army protocol he could only remove the officer in question, who was presumably doing good work in other directions.



## III

THESE cases have been somewhat deliberately chosen out of many similar instances of bumbling, because they point to the basic defect which hamstrung the whole censorship and public relations policy of both services throughout most of the war, turned censorship into an instrument for keeping news from Americans instead of facts from the enemy, and drove Elmer Davis to running a bureau of propaganda instead of giving us access to accurate information. (Not that there is anything wrong with such a bureau in itself; we needed one. But that is not what a large number of writers and publishers thought they were leading up to when they signed a petition to have Elmer put in there to give us the facts.)

In both services the final decision as to whether an item should be published or not rested with the operational officers. They would have been something better than human if they had not used so wide an authority to stifle criticisms as well as to withhold information that in a direct sense would have been of value to the enemy.

Both the Army and Navy had able writers and editors on their rosters—men who understood perfectly not only the value of the printed word, but how to use phrases to cover military facts as well as to reveal them. In both services these men fought a losing rear guard action against the operational officers to whom anything bordering on "security" had to be submitted. "You will be judged," a new Navy public relations officer was informed on taking over his post, "not on what you get into the papers but on what you keep out of them"—an instruction to maintain relations with the public by not having any.

The reaction of these operational officers was simple and comprehensible. They were overworked men in the midst of a desperate war. Having borderline cases under censorship brought to their attention was a nuisance, taking time from really important business for something which the operational men could not but regard as the most maddening form of hair splitting. They were accustomed to getting and receiving information in the

downright form of a military report, where there are no shades of meaning.

"God damn it," said one of them in a sincere but unguarded moment at a party in Washington, "I wouldn't tell them anything till the war is over, and then I'd tell them who won." The remark excited considerable indignation among the members of the press; sympathy would have been slightly more appropriate. The problem was really insoluble under the method by which the business of informing the public and misinforming the enemy was administered. The operational officers attempted to solve it by a series of directives sometimes issued at Washington, sometimes in the war theaters, to which no exceptions were admitted, and which would (it was hoped) spare them the necessity of deciding the individual case on its merits.

MOST of the trouble can be traced to these directives. One such blanket prohibition was that against discouraging items in letters, mentioned above. Another was an Army rule, long in effect, against mentioning any unit below a division in size. It produced results like this: part of the 27th Division was mentioned as in action in the Pacific; New York telegraph desks added "including the famous Fighting 69th." The 69th was nowhere near the action and considerable needless worry was caused in the families of men in the organization. (On the straight matter of security, of what importance to the Japanese would it have been to learn which regiment of the division had fought against them? Even the division was not mentioned until the island had been taken.)

The outstanding case was that of radar. There had been articles about it in various scientific journals before the war and a long report had been printed in the Congressional Record. A flat prohibition against mentioning the word nevertheless went down at the beginning of the war. Early in 1943 it became clear that both the Japs and the Germans were using the device and the rule was relaxed to allow it to be mentioned, provided significant technical details were avoided—but what were the significant technical details? The operational and intelligence officers were called upon to decide doubtful cases so



frequently that they flew into a temper, rescinded all previous okays on the subject and substituted a new regulation, in force to the very end of the war. No reference that by the remotest periphrasis approached the subject was permissible, and the word must not be mentioned in any connection.

This produced some fantastic results, particularly since James F. Byrnes, then Mobilization Director, had made a speech in which he used the naughty word in connection with the Battle of Guadalcanal. The Office of Censorship considered that publication in a recognized official source put anything in the clear. The reviewing officers at the Navy Department were required by regulation to strike out from all copy submitted to them both quotations from the Congressional Record and from Mr. Byrnes. But when the matter was appealed to the Byron Price office, that agency invariably sustained the republication of the official document, so that in this case, at least, the regulation accomplished nothing but to make the regulators look ridiculous.

ONE result of this policy of trying to strait-jacket within the bounds of specific words and phrases a business so wholly indefinite as the means of human expression, was that public relations officers, especially in the Army, were driven to sending out under the official stamp some of the dreariest drivel that has ever entered a newspaper office. Toward the end of 1942 someone in the Army decided that it would be in the interests of efficiency to have all official releases inspected and cleared through a central office in Washington. It was so ordered, with the result that from that point on every newspaper office and columnist in the country was bombarded daily with from forty to sixty pages of mimeographed official releases. A contract had been let for the construction of a new sewer at Fort Blanding, Florida. Colonel John F. Whatsis was promoted to brigadier general of an infantry command (unnamed). A formation at Fort Snelling had been discovered to contain no less than four men who followed the morticians' profession in private life—everything was of approxi-

mately this order of interest. But about events in the titantic war being waged across the borders of the world not a word. Anything about battlefronts must be handled at the source, according to another blanket official ukase.

The correspondents up in the front lines and out with the fleet were the individuals hardest hit by these regulations, made by men who had not the slightest conception either of news values or of how to tell the story of a battle without giving information of military value. The training of these officers was precisely to write reports that *had* military value. The correspondents had neither time nor means to appeal to the Byron Price office or anywhere else. Men with the Army, moreover, were accredited only to a single command, which placed them under the almost absolute authority of a public relations officer who often interpreted rules in the most whimsical manner, holding disaccreditation as a threat over the writer's head.

The classic example is the case of the four correspondents sent to the official chopping block in August 1944. They had been accredited to the Ninth Air Force, operating in France. The Ninth was doing a lot of flying, but the news at its headquarters was by this time mostly the well-hackneyed narration of successful bombing raids and German planes shot down. On the other hand, the great armored battles that drove the Germans back across their borders were in full swing, and the correspondents in question not unnaturally felt that their home offices would be more interested in these major Army movements. Colonel Parham, public relations officer of the Ninth, did not agree. They were attached to his air force and they could write about it or go home. When they proved contumacious, he revoked their accreditation and sent them home.

It is fair to report that these disaccretions were later canceled from Washington. But Washington did nothing about the system that left Army correspondents little choice but to become special publicity agents for the organization to which they were attached. This was responsible for one of the worst failures in war reporting, and indirectly for one of its most bitter episodes. It seems fairly certain on the



evidence we now have that the Germans, after the line of the Seine had been broken, intended to stand on a position which linked Antwerp via the Albert Canal with Liège. They never made it, because the forces which should have held this position were utterly smashed in a great, semi-accidental battle at Mons. A good many of the men in France knew about it but there did not happen to be any with accreditations that would permit them to tell the story, which was left to the vague, confused account of the communiqué and an article in *Life* months later. An event like that in World War I would have hit every front page in the country.

THE other instance is the background of Ed Kennedy's break of the news that the Germans had signed their surrender on the dotted line. Mr. Kennedy has been content to let the case stand on its own merits, on the ground that the Army heads had no business acceding to a request from the Russians or anyone else to withhold the news that the war was over; and that the Germans by putting it on the air had broken it anyway. That question need not concern us, except to remark that it was another instance in which American authorities lent themselves to the foreign censorship of the American press—like the suppression of Sax Rohmer's *Fu Manchu* and the withdrawal for revision of James Aldridge's *The Sea Eagle*, presumably at the request of the British government, which came off rather badly in that work of fiction for its dealings in Greece.

The background story (which Kennedy himself has never mentioned) is that some months earlier he had been the first newspaperman into Bizerte, at the intimate peril of his life. The press relations men made all the press representatives on the front toss coins for the use of the limited cable facilities, and Kennedy lost the toss and his story. He was also (it is said) the first correspondent into Paris, coming in with a unit of the Seventh Army, again through a thousand dangers. But Paris was in the area of the Third Army and was supposed to be captured by that unit, so the regulation-bound censors would let Kennedy say nothing about it. At the signing of the surrender he once more

found himself in a large group of correspondents served by inadequate wire facilities and facing the practical certainty that the Russians would break the news first from Berlin. This matter of who gets the news first is not at all important to army officers, but it is the bread and butter of the newspapermen.

The limitation of correspondents to a single narrow area was in fact so consistent and so severe as to rouse the suspicion that the Army did not want the war reported at all by independent individual writers. Only the great press associations could afford to maintain men at all the various fronts, and they were fairly easy to control by the threat of such blanket expulsions as that visited on AP (and later withdrawn) after the Kennedy incident. Later six correspondents were discredited because they went to Berlin without having received the special new accreditations necessary for them to visit that place. The war was over, Berlin in defeat was obviously the only story about which anyone back home gave a hoot—but the Army operational officers had so many other things on their hands that they had not got around to issuing any credentials for Berlin and no other officers had authority.

#### IV

THE blame for this sort of occurrence, for all these occurrences, was commonly placed by the correspondents on the men appointed to handle public relations, whom they derided as "the Hollywood extras." This was unjust; if they were Hollywood extras it was because the system would permit them to be nothing but messenger boys for the operational officers. What was really needed was a press relations division headed by an officer with rank and experience sufficient to command the respect of field leaders and with authority, referable to no higher command, to decide whether a story or an item in a story should be released. Responsible for results, yes; Army quartermasters (for instance) are responsible for results in their department, but they do not obtain them by having responsibility without authority.

The Navy had clearly begun working



toward such a system in the latter part of the war. This showed up in public relations which improved steadily throughout the conflict, till at the close the reporting from the Pacific stood on a far higher level than that from Europe, despite the enormous difficulties of transmission. The Navy called in Rear Admiral Merrill, who as commander of a cruiser division had one of the best combat records in the whole war, and followed him with Rear Admiral Miller, whose communiqué on the Leyte Gulf battle still ranks as probably the best piece of official prose the conflict produced.

The Army clung throughout to Brigadier General Surles, retired, who—whatever his talents were in other directions—simply lacked the background to be anything more than one of the glorified lackeys the Army system produced.

It is also unfair to place upon the censors and press relations officers the entire blame for the inefficient reporting of the war. This showed up very clearly during the Okinawa campaign, when no front line stories were half so effective as the Navy Department releases on the experiences of *Bunker Hill* and *Saratoga* under kamikaze attack. The point is that too many correspondents waited for such releases—which is to say that they were clumsy and ineffective correspondents.

No men during the whole war showed a higher courage and a greater endurance than these correspondents. Their losses were proportionately greater than those of any combat service, and they were men who for age or for physical infirmity had been rejected as unfit to take part in combat. Some of them—Pyle, Hersey, Tregaskis, Trumbull—were very able writers. But if physical courage is the basic criterion, the Japanese of Attu are entitled to still higher praise than the correspondents; their losses were 99.5 per cent. The fact is that with a few exceptions the writers, like the Attu Japanese, failed to achieve their objective. When all allowances have been made for censorship, an inefficient public relations system, and difficulties of transmission, there remains a residue of bad reporting which can only be accounted for by sheer professional incompetence.

Far too many of the representatives of

the press were old political, police beat, and district men, trained in the spot news tradition, who failed completely to realize that reporting a war is a business of writing a continuing series of feature stories. Under the official repressions most of them turned into "handout men," waiting around headquarters for the communiqué and any attached releases, then simply putting these in their own words for the cable.

For a specific example, the light cruiser *Birmingham* put in at Pearl Harbor just after the Battle for Leyte Gulf. She had tried to rescue the burning carrier *Princeton*, and in the explosion of the latter had lost two hundred men. Two hundred more aboard were being awarded purple hearts and other decorations. The correspondents were invited to witness the ceremony and to talk to the men. Not one came. The story was quite equal to that which broke when the *Bunker Hill* came home later, but it had no spot news value, because it would have to be held up for a couple of weeks till the cruiser reached the continental United States.

The trouble here—as in many other cases where correspondents failed to grasp what was going on or antagonized military men by their sheer ignorance—was at least partly the fault of the home offices. They doubtless had their manpower problems like everyone else during the war, but this does not excuse the type of policy that made AP, for instance, choose as its war correspondents men who could by no stretch of the imagination be called qualified. When they got a man who knew what it was all about (they had some very good ones, such as Drew Middleton), they put him behind a desk somewhere, handling the copy that came in from the field representatives. These field men were almost invariably good routine district reporters, capable of covering a two-alarm fire, carefully drilled to spell names right, get quotes and figures correct, and follow the assignment exactly without allowing themselves to be side-tracked.

The result was that the war was reported in terms of a social function by the Fifth Street Ladies' Club. The names and addresses were correct and all the necessary ones got in; the phrases were the



stereotyped, unobjectionable stencils one should employ on such an occasion—and there was almost never any sense of the hurry, passion, and continual surprise that are the essence of real fighting, or of the ineffable boredom and desperate devices for self-entertainment that are the focus of preparation for battle. These were left for the “trained seals,” the stunt men like Pyle and La Farge and Clark Lee.

THE home offices were also responsible for another form of censorship, another part of the failure of the public to understand what was going on. To the extent that they were so responsible, the editorial cries that rose from time to time that the government was not giving out facts were disingenuous. The point may perhaps be best illustrated by a citation from an AP dispatch published by a big metropolitan daily during the fighting on Okinawa:

“A wide, winding river—the Asato—stands between Naha and the Americans. The Japanese attempted to blow up the span by covering themselves with explosives and detonating charges as they

plunged onto the bridge. They damaged the span and delayed the crossing.”

The headline placed on this item by the paper in question was: “Japs’ Human Bombs Fail to Halt Marines.”

Now the point was that the Japs’ Human Bombs did precisely halt the marines in that instance. It was a whole week before the marines finally got across the Asato. The cable desk put the opposite interpretation on it, less because it was unintelligently handled than because the people who buy papers would prefer to read the rosier version. In a somewhat similar case one of the correspondents brought back from the Pacific to his newspaper the protest of the men at the front against V-mail. The city desk was simply not interested, and did not think its readers would be—which is a method of saying that the primary interest around such desks is in peddling papers rather than in giving facts. And this is, unfortunately, precisely one of the most dangerous truths which the people favoring censorship of every sort have discovered as they follow in the footsteps of the masters of “thought control.”

## *Sees His Love Arriving*

DAVID MORTON

THE sun attending, and the gay, small grass,  
And the tall sky uplifted, and the going  
Birds that must pass and circle and re-pass,  
Stung with this quick awareness, this wide knowing;  
See with what brave intelligence the street  
Lays sun and shadow, how the elms, above,  
Extend new-budded branches, now, to meet  
In green arcades to arch his coming love.

If this be much, think how his heart is more;  
Think how the sun and grass and the gay birds  
Are but projected script, the inadequate lore  
Of that for which the heart could find no words:  
Its suns of love, its birds, the inordinate din  
Of the tongued grass, at her sweet entering in.



# LETTER FROM THE RECORDING ANGEL

MARK TWAIN

*The sketch here called "Letter from the Recording Angel" was found untitled in the Mark Twain papers. It was probably written, as the text implies, in 1887, possibly following an August notebook entry which expresses astonishment over the recent profits of a Langdon colliery. It is printed here as it was originally written, with the Office of the Recording Angel addressing Andrew Langdon, an uncle of Mrs. Clemens.*

*In 1886 Mark Twain had begun A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court, only to lay the manuscript aside as his custom was when the going got hard. He took it up again in 1888 and when he reached the passage where the Yankee restores the water of the holy well in the valley of anchorites and stylites, he tried to work the Recording Angel's report into the context. He had to change it radically to adapt it to the scheme of the book: it is a mysterious, unexplained communication, possibly genuine, brought here by a pilgrim who may be either a mystic or a religious maniac. He could not satisfactorily work it into the mood of the book and so deleted it. So far as I know, he made no further effort to adapt or publish the original sketch.*

BERNARD DeVOTO

Office of the Recording Angel  
Department of Petitions, Jan. 20

Andrew Langdon  
Coal Dealer  
Buffalo, N. Y.

I have the honor, as per command, to inform you that your recent act of benevolence and self-sacrifice has been recorded upon a page by itself of the Book called *Golden Deeds of Men*: a distinction, I am permitted to remark, which is not merely extraordinary, it is unique.

As regards your prayers, for the week ending the 19th, I have the honor to report as follows:

1. For weather to advance hard coal 15 cents per ton. Granted.

2. For influx of laborers to reduce wages 10 per cent. Granted.

3. For a break in rival soft-coal prices. Granted.

4. For a visitation upon the man, or

upon the family of the man, who has set up a competing retail coal-yard in Rochester. Granted, as follows: diphtheria, 2, 1 fatal; scarlet fever, 1, to result in deafness and imbecility. NOTE. This prayer should have been directed against this subordinate's principals, The N. Y. Central R. R. Co.

5. For deportation to Sheol of annoying swarms of persons who apply daily for work, or for favors of one sort or another. Taken under advisement for later decision and compromise, this petition appearing to conflict with another one of same date, which will be cited further along.

6. For application of some form of violent death to neighbor who threw brick at family cat, whilst the same was serenading. Reserved for consideration and compromise, because of conflict with a prayer of even date to be cited further along.



7. To "damn the missionary cause." Reserved also—as above.

8. To increase December profits of \$22, 230 to \$45,000 for January, and perpetuate a proportionate monthly increase thereafter—"which will satisfy you." The prayer granted; the added remark accepted with reservations.

9. For cyclone, to destroy the works and fill up the mine of the North Pennsylvania Co. NOTE: Cyclones are not kept in stock in the winter season. A reliable article of fire-damp can be furnished upon application.

Especial note is made of the above list, they being of particular moment. The 298 remaining supplications classifiable under the head of Special Providences, Schedule A, for week ending 19th, are granted in a body, except that 3 of the 32 cases requiring immediate death have been modified to incurable disease.

This completes the week's invoice of petitions known to this office under the technical designation of Secret Supplications of the Heart, and which for a reason which may suggest itself, always receive our first and especial attention.

The remainder of the week's invoice falls under the head of what we term Public Prayers, in which classification we place prayers uttered in Prayer Meeting, Sunday School Class Meeting, Family Worship, etc. These kinds of prayers have value according to classification of Christian uttering them. By rule of this office, Christians are divided into two grand classes, to wit: 1, Professing Christians; 2, Professional Christians. These, in turn, are minutely subdivided and classified by size, species, and family; and finally, standing is determined by carats, the minimum being 1, the maximum 1,000.

As per balance-sheet for quarter ending Dec. 31, 1847, you stood classified as follows:

*Grand Classification*, Professing Christian.

*Size*, one-fourth of maximum.

*Species*, Human-Spiritual.

*Family*, A of the Elect, Division 16.

*Standing*, 322 carats fine.

As per balance-sheet for quarter just ended—that is to say, forty years later—you stand classified as follows:

*Grand Classification*, Professional Christian.

*Size*, six one-hundredths of maximum.

*Species*, Human-Animal.

*Family*, W of the Elect, Division 1547.

*Standing*, 3 carats fine.

I have the honor to call your attention to the fact that you seem to have deteriorated.

TO RESUME report upon your Public Prayers—with the side remark that in order to encourage Christians of your grade and of approximate grades, it is the custom of this office to grant many things to them which would not be granted to Christians of a higher grade—partly because they would not be asked for:

Prayer for weather mercifully tempered to the needs of the poor and the naked. Denied. This was a Prayer-Meeting Prayer. It conflicts with Item 1 of this report, which was a Secret Supplication of the Heart. By a rigid rule of this office, certain sorts of Public Prayers of Professional Christians are forbidden to take precedence of Secret Supplications of the Heart.

Prayer for better times and plentier food "for the hard-handed son of toil whose patient and exhausting labors make comfortable the homes, and pleasant the ways, of the more fortunate, and entitle him to our vigilant and effective protection from the wrongs and injustices which grasping avarice would do him, and to the tenderest offices of our grateful hearts." Prayer-Meeting Prayer. Refused. Conflicts with Secret Supplication of the Heart No. 2.

Prayer "that such as in any way obstruct our preferences may be generously blessed, both themselves and their families, we here calling our hearts to witness that in their worldly prosperity we are spiritually blessed, and our joys made perfect." Prayer-Meeting Prayer. Refused. Conflicts with Secret Supplications of the Heart Nos. 3 and 4.

"Oh, let none fall heir to the pains of perdition through words or acts of ours." Family Worship. Received fifteen minutes in advance of Secret Supplication of the Heart No. 5, with which it distinctly conflicts. It is suggested that one or the other of these prayers be withdrawn, or both of them modified.



"Be mercifully inclined toward all who would do us offense in our persons or our property." Includes man who threw brick at cat. Family Prayer. Received some minutes in advance of No. 6, Secret Supplications of the Heart. Modification suggested, to reconcile discrepancy.

"Grant that the noble missionary cause, the most precious labor entrusted to the hands of men, may spread and prosper without let or limit in all heathen lands that do as yet reproach us with their spiritual darkness." Uninvited prayer shoved in at meeting of American Board. Received nearly half a day in advance of No. 7, Secret Supplications of the Heart. This office takes no stock in missionaries, and is not connected in any way with the American Board. We should like to grant one of these prayers but cannot grant both. It is suggested that the American Board one be withdrawn.

This office desires for the twentieth time to call urgent attention to your remark appended to No. 8. It is a chestnut.

Of the 464 specifications contained in your Public Prayers for the week, and not previously noted in this report, we grant 2, and deny the rest. To-wit: Granted, (1), "that the clouds may continue to perform their office; (2), and the sun his." It was the divine purpose anyhow; it will gratify you to know that you have not disturbed it. Of the 462 details refused, 61 were uttered in Sunday School. In this connection I must once more remind you that we grant no Sunday School Prayers of Professional Christians of the classification technically known in this office as the John Wanamaker grade. We merely enter them as "words," and they count to his credit according to number uttered within certain limits of time; 3,000 per quarter-minute required, or no score; 4,200 in a possible 5,000 is a quite common Sunday School score among experts, and counts the same as two hymns and a bouquet furnished by young ladies in the assassin's cell, execution-morning. Your remaining 401 details count for wind only. We bunch them and use them for head-winds in retarding the ships of improper people, but it takes so many of them to make an impression that we cannot allow anything for their use.

I DESIRE to add a word of my own to this report. When certain sorts of people do a sizable good deed, we credit them up a thousand-fold more for it than we would in the case of a better man—on account of the strain. You stand far away above your classification-record here, because of certain self-sacrifices of yours which greatly exceed what could have been expected of you. Years ago, when you were worth only \$100,000, and sent \$2 to your impoverished cousin the widow when she appealed to you for help, there were many in heaven who were not able to believe it, and many more who believed that the money was counterfeit. Your character went up many degrees when it was shown that these suspicions were unfounded. A year or two later, when you sent the poor girl \$4 in answer to another appeal, everybody believed it, and you were all the talk here for days together. Two years later you sent \$6, upon supplication, when the widow's youngest child died, and that act made perfect your good fame. Everybody in heaven said, "Have you heard about Andrew?"—for you are now affectionately called Andrew here. Your increasing donation, every two or three years, has kept your name on all lips, and warm in all hearts. All heaven watches you Sundays, as you drive to church in your handsome carriage; and when your hand retires from the contribution plate, the glad shout is heard even to the ruddy walls of remote Sheol, "Another nickel from Andrew!"

But the climax came a few days ago, when the widow wrote and said she could get a school in a far village to teach if she had \$50 to get herself and her two surviving children over the long journey; and you counted up last month's clear profit from your three coal mines—\$22,230—and added to it the certain profit for the current month—\$45,000 and a possible fifty—and then got down your pen and your check-book and mailed her *fifteen whole dollars!* Ah, Heaven bless and keep you forever and ever, generous heart! There was not a dry eye in the realms of bliss; and amidst the hand-shakings, and embracings, and praisings, the decree was thundered forth from the shining mount, that this deed should out-honor all the historic self-sacrifices of men and angels,



and be recorded by itself upon a page of its own, for that the strain of it upon you had been heavier and bitterer than the strain it costs ten thousand martyrs to yield up their lives at the fiery stake; and all said, "What is the giving up of life, to a noble soul, or to ten thousand noble souls, compared with the giving up of fifteen dollars out of the greedy grip of the meanest white man that ever lived on the face of the earth?"

And it was a true word. And Abraham, weeping, shook out the contents of his bosom and pasted the eloquent label there, "RESERVED"; and Peter, weeping, said, "He shall be received with a torch-light procession when he comes"; and then all heaven boomed, and was glad you were going there. And so was hell.

[Signed]

THE RECORDING ANGEL. [Seal.]

By command.

## *The Letter of the Law*

IN KOREA, before the war, there was a missionary who needed a new umbrella. She had two alternatives. She might go down to Chin Goki, where the dry-goods stores were, and buy a Japanese one. These kept off the rain but left something to be desired in the matter of appearance and smell, since they were made of bamboo and oiled paper.

The other alternative cost more money, but it was much to be preferred. She brought out an American mail-order catalogue, studied it, and finally found an umbrella that she could afford. It was plain black, but it had a pretty handle. She wrote a check and sent in her order.

Months passed. At last there was a notice in her mail: at the post office was a package. Would receiver please call for same?

She took the notice to the post office and went to the proper window. The Japanese clerk showed her a long, thin package.

"How much duty is there?" she asked.

"No duty."

"Fine. I'll just sign for it then."

"No duty," he said, "because it cannot come."

"What do you mean, it can't come?"

"Too long," he said. "It cannot come."

"But that's silly. It has come. Here it is."

"So sorry. Too long. It cannot come."

"Look," she said. "It's here. May I please have it?"

He brought out a large book, and showed her the regulations. They were all there, neatly printed in both Japanese and English, the rules for size and weight of parcel post. Then he brought out a ruler and measured her umbrella to show her that it was several inches too long. That was all there was to it. It couldn't come.

"That is all very interesting," she said. "But of course, now that it is here, you might as well give it to me."

She reached through the window and took hold of her package. But the clerk pulled it away from her. He stamped something on it and crossed out her address. When he put it back on a pile of packages, she turned and walked out. She stopped in at a store and bought a paper umbrella with a particularly oily smell. Two months later her check was returned, and that was the end of the matter.

Mary Alice Moore



# FLYING HIGH

## *The Frontiers of Altitude*

WOLFGANG LANGEWIESCHE

OF THE many coast-to-coast records recently set up, one stands out to air transport men. Early in 1945, the Boeing Strato-Cruiser, civilian brother of the B-29, piloted by A. Elliott Merrill and John B. Fornasero, flew from Seattle to Washington, D. C., in 6 hours 4 minutes, making 383 mph.

Better records have since been made. But this flight still stands out because it most nearly simulated routine airline procedure. Most such flights, you ought to know, are made with helps which Public Relations doesn't like to mention. Often the flight starts only after months of waiting for a freak weather situation with extra-strong tail winds all the way; hence you may credit the wind with 60 to 80 mph of most transcontinental record speeds. Often the flight is made with throttles wide open—at the risk of burning out an engine. Fuel consumption at wide-open throttle being so wasteful, often the airplane is overloaded with extra fuel tanks and can't lift a payload. Again, some recent records have been made by bombers with slender fuselages, crammed full of extra tanks, which had not even space for a payload. But the big Boeing had a fat, two-story cabin, with space for 114 seats, a cocktail lounge and powder room, and even a circular staircase! The engines ran at reduced power, and tail winds con-

tributed only 45 mph of the speed, so that the ship itself actually did 338.

It was a preview of a revolution which is now beginning in air transport: a sudden spectacular increase in flying speeds. The Boeing Strato-Cruiser is not yet in actual service. But it is only one of a whole new breed of super-airplanes, now being built to definite orders of the airlines. Not all are quite so fast; 300 mph will be more nearly average. Some, like the big new Douglas, are still in the flight-test stage. But one airplane of the breed, the Lockheed Constellation, is already flying for TWA, so that you can buy yourself some of that new high speed right now.

Three hundred miles an hour may not seem so fast compared to the 400 mph bombers and the 600 mph fighters now in the news. But that comparison would not be fair. Military airplanes need speed at any price; transport airplanes must satisfy a more exacting formula—speed at a price the passengers can afford. The fair comparison, therefore, is to the present standard ship of the airlines, the trusty Douglas DC3: it cruises at 180, and cannot carry profitable payloads farther than 700 miles, non-stop. With refueling delays, its actual long-distance progress is more nearly at 140 mph. Thus with longer range as well as higher speeds, the new

*This is the second of an intermittent series of articles on the frontiers of aviation by Mr. Langewiesche, free-lance writer on aeronautics, and research pilot for Kollsman Aircraft Instruments.*



airplanes promise easily to double our present traveling speeds.

Such sudden jumps in development are not supposed ever to happen, either in business or in engineering. What magic is it that permits this speed-up?

IT ISN'T size. The new airplanes are giants, by present standards; but size does not make an airplane faster; it merely makes it more profitable, provided the owner can fill it with payload. The magic speed-up could be done just as well on a small airplane. In fact, single-seat fighters get much of their speed by the same trick.

And it isn't "streamlining." A smooth, slippery shape gives you mostly not miles per *hour*, but miles per *gallon*: not speed, but cruising range. The magic speed-up was once done effectively on a strut-and-wire biplane of World War I, increasing its poky speed by nearly half!

Nor does the new speed magic lie in power—at least not in the simple sense of bull-headedly pushing the ship faster by brute force. Every airplane has its own inherent cruising speed; to push it faster would make no sense because air resistance would rapidly become too stiff, and absurd powers would be required. To raise the cruising speed by a mere fifteen per cent would require a doubling of the power; to double the cruising speed would require eight times the power! An airliner which got its speed by brute power would lose money, and would soon find itself in a museum.

Then there is the old racing pilots' formula: clip the wings and *then* add power. That way you do get higher cruising speeds without having to use absurdly big engines. Much of the progress since the Wrights has been accomplished by this formula. But in a sense it has been fake progress; for as your smaller wings increase your cruising speed, they also increase your landing speed, and you need more runway. The formula has never evaded the big curse of the airplane—that it could not do both, fly fast *and* land slowly. The new super-airplanes do use the clipped-wing formula to the limit: their wings may not *look* small, but they are, considering the airplanes' weights.

The early Wrights had so much wing that each square foot had to lift only  $2\frac{1}{2}$  pounds. If the Boeing had proportionately as much wing it would darken the sky. In the Boeing, each square foot holds up 70 pounds. As a result, it lands at about 100 mph, and then the brakes take a mile to stop it. But even at that, those clipped wings still would give them cruising speeds of only 200 plus, not 300 plus. Thus the clipped-wing formula is part of the answer, but not the essential part.

No. The real speed magic consists of one trick only: *flying high*. The big Boeing cruised at 340 simply because it flew at 30,000 feet, where the air is thin and offers less resistance. That is the true speed formula: the higher you go, the thinner is the air. The thinner the air, the faster you can fly *without* absurd expenditure of power, *without* clipping your wings so that every landing becomes an adventure. And that is why the campaign for altitude goes on although we can now easily clear trees and mountains: we want to clear the thick low air that holds us back. The campaign for altitude is a campaign for speed. As long as the airplane flies low, it cannot free itself from its basic curse—that it must land at about 40 per cent of its cruising speed; or, vice versa, that it can cruise only at about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  times its landing speed. Thus it must always cruise impractically slowly, or else land dangerously fast. But if it can take off and land in low, thick air, and cruise in high, thin air, it's different. At 40,000 feet it can cruise at five times its sea-level landing speed. And that is only a beginning. Just as soon as we can, we shall go high into the stratosphere and cruise at *eight* times landing speed! Way upstairs—that's where the airplane belongs.

## II

THE altitude record for airplanes is 56,046 feet. Yet transports and bombers are flying above 40,000 still only experimentally. Most war flying was below 30,000. The airlines are still merely beginning to move up to a mere 25,000; almost all airline flying at the moment is still below 10,000. If altitude is so good for airplanes, then why aren't we flying *really* high right now?



High flight is mostly a problem of breathing. Not only for pilots and passengers; the engine, too, must devour air if it is to make power. The upper air does not differ chemically from low air but there is less of it: each cubic foot of space contains fewer actual air particles. Hence each lungful of breath contains less life; each cylinderful of fuel-air mixture contains less power.

The engine's breathing problem stops you first. At about 15,000 feet—where the pilot can still muddle through—the ordinary airplane quits climbing because its engine can't get enough air, hence can't burn enough fuel, hence can't produce enough power. The engine buzzes just as it did down lower, but there is little force behind the buzz. The propeller turns as usual, but in the thin air it takes little force to turn it, and the resulting pull is feeble. And so you sit there with your nose pointed up for a climb, but you don't climb: you have reached your ceiling.

Even as you read this you have probably invented the remedy. Why not *cram* air into the engine with a pump? Let the engine itself drive the pump, and there you are: full power at any altitude.

Today, such a pump—called a supercharger—is built right into the engine of almost every airplane except trainers and light private planes. It is a centrifugal blower, similar to that in a vacuum cleaner: a wheel with vane-like spokes, spinning at high speed, slings the air away from itself by centrifugal force; a surrounding housing catches the air and conducts it to the cylinders. If any one thing has opened the upper air to us it is this little wheel—no bigger than a saucer—whirling away deep in the innards of the engine.

But it has not been easy to make it work. To keep the pump small and light and yet make it furnish enough pressure, it must be spun at terrific speed—twenty times as fast as the propeller. This causes fantastic mechanical problems. The driving gears and clutches alone make the gearbox of your car look like oxcart engineering. The centrifugal force turns every ounce of material on the wheel's rim into a crazy quarter-ton trying to tear itself loose and fly away; if there is the

slightest flaw in material or design, the wheel simply explodes.

The air inside the pump flows so fast—almost at the speed of sound—that it breaks into shock-waves and compression-waves and all the contrariness of "compressibility" which bothers an airplane in very fast flight. You can see why it took from before the First World War until the early thirties to make the supercharger practical; and why there are only three firms in the United States, only a dozen in the whole world, building high-altitude engines.

WITH a supercharger the average airplane's ceiling was raised to 25,000 or so, and load-carrying cruising flight became possible at 15,000. (Special record airplanes could, of course, go much higher.) But now the pilot's and passenger's breathing problem became acute. Actually, the problem was old. The bearded professors of Victorian days had explored the upper air in balloons, with amazing nerve, and some of them had died in their baskets for lack of air. Most moves in the high-altitude campaign have been strangely timed. Our account here is not a true chronological history of the campaign, but an attempt to show its internal logic—a logic which was actually quite hidden behind the cross-purpose strivings of many men.

Above 8,000 feet, every breath leaves you with a slight deficit of oxygen. But you don't gasp for more breath; you feel fine. Too little oxygen acts much like a bit of alcohol. Tyrolean boys and girls get the "upper-pastures-intoxication" when they drive the cattle up the mountains in spring—a state of elation, coupled with a pleasant relaxation of sex taboos. Even the 18th century balloonists used to report that the upper air contained "invigorating acids." Actually, you ought to feel awful at, say, 14,000 feet, perhaps as if a snake had bitten you; you are slowly suffocating. But your sensory system is itself doped-up, and in all aero-medicine there is only one record of a pilot who actually felt as sick at altitude as he was. Actually, your mental arithmetic with miles, minutes, and gallons of fuel becomes sloppy; your flight-test notes turn out later to be il-



legible scrawls; on the radio you report yourself "southeast" of the field when you mean "southwest"; but your confidence rises. After half an hour at 12,000 feet you may suddenly loop the loop simply because it seems a good idea at the time.

On longer exposure above 10,000, well-being turns into lassitude, drowsiness, intense fatigue. To unfold a map, to adjust an engine control no longer seems worth the effort; and the passenger stops reading his paper. You still don't realize your condition. But a whiff of oxygen taken after, say, half an hour at 12,000 feet shows it up. All of a sudden the light seems to go on, and the engines are roaring music, and the world is in technicolor: you have come out of a gray narrow cave. That's why domestic airliners have so far been compelled—by actual law—to stay below 10,000 except in special cases; some early crashes in the high West could be explained only by the assumption that the pilots had been befuddled by lack of oxygen. Professional pilots soon learn to stay below 10,000 except on business; even a short time above 10,000 takes the pep out of you for that evening. Transatlantic passengers often feel a little dead for several days after an eastward crossing when pilots tend to cruise high to take advantage of strong west winds aloft.

Above 18,000 feet the effects of altitude become vicious. Vision blurs. Hallucinations begin. Out of the corner of your eye you see someone flying formation on you, but when you look for him he isn't there. An Army pilot and observer once flew for several hours at 18,000 without oxygen. The observer began to notice the pilot's red, sunburned neck, and after a while the sight so irritated him that he searched frantically for a fire extinguisher or other club with which to kill the pilot! And the higher you go, the worse it gets. The symptoms always depend on various factors—altitude, length of exposure, quickness of climb, the victim's constitution and personality. Some get melancholy, others get giggly, still others vicious; some fade out gradually, some collapse suddenly. But the end result is always the same: if you fly high enough long enough, you pass out into a glassy-eyed, open-mouthed

coma. And if you stay in that coma long enough, you die.

**E**VEN the old professors knew the solution: carry your own oxygen, compressed in a bottle. They used to breathe it through a pipestem clamped between the teeth. But puffing on a pipe requires concentration; that's why smokers keep having to relight. An airplane pilot sooner or later becomes preoccupied with flying and forgets to puff, breathing through the nose instead. Then oxygen-starvation sets in; with it come drowsiness and befuddlement and, since the symptoms are not unpleasant, nothing reminds him to start puffing again. The pipestem drops from the slackened mouth and he fades out.

Obviously a mask was needed that would cover both mouth and nostrils. But such a mask was more of an inventor's problem than it may seem. For it must imitate in rubber and aluminum a function of the living body. An artificial throat, it must separate incoming breath from outgoing by shifting valves; and unless the valves shift with the utmost ease the wearer feels he's being choked, and wants to tear the thing off. It must lead away the moisture of the breath into outside air which may be so cold that any moisture instantly turns to ice. It needs a built-in nervous system, to budget the oxygen flow according to the pilot's need; for while the gas itself is light, the bottles are heavy and cut into the airplane's useful load: the stuff must not be wasted. No wonder that even today such a mask is not foolproof. It must be continually watched. For if it leaks or jams or becomes disconnected at high altitude and lets the pilot breathe outside air, then every breath not only fails to give him oxygen but actively drains him of the oxygen-content which he had artificially maintained. And with that treacherous absence of warning symptoms, out he goes like a light. Many a pilot during this war has suddenly waked up in a screaming dive near the ground—to discover that he had quietly passed out; and some haven't waked up in time.

Still, with a blower for the engine and a mask for the pilot, we could at last fly high *and* long, really working the thin-air trick and making it pay. Thus in 1935 the



great Wiley Post—whose flights, like those of Lindbergh, always made sense—installed a highly supercharged engine in a Lockheed which had a sea-level cruising speed of 150 mph. Post flew it at 30,000 feet from Los Angeles to Cleveland non-stop, averaging 235!

### III

**T**AKE a closer look at that thin-air trick; just *how* does it speed an airplane up? To understand that, no aerodynamics are required. A bicycle will do.

On a bicycle practically all your power goes into overcoming air resistance—just as in an airplane in cruising flight. You cruise a bicycle at 10 mph because that's all you can get with the power you've got. If you rode twice as fast, air resistance would quadruple; thus you would have to push the pedals four times as *hard*. In addition, of course, you would have to push them twice as *often*. Thus it would take eight times the power to go twice as fast, and you would soon quit.

It is the same with an airplane in cruising flight. If it doubled its speed, its drag would quadruple; hence its propeller would have to pull four times as *hard*. In addition, the prop would have to pull twice as fast, and it would require eight times as powerful an engine to turn it. And if you tried to *triple* the airplane's speed, you would need 27 times the power! Even if it could be engineered, it would be poor business.

But now suppose you could thin out the air to one-fourth of its usual density. Then (your own breathing somehow taken care of) you could ride a bicycle at the usual 10 mph and meet only one-fourth of the usual resistance. You could speed up to 20 mph and let the resistance quadruple—and it would still be only the resistance which in the usual air you used to meet at 10 mph. Thus you could ride twice as fast without having to push the pedals any *harder*. You would, however, still have to push them twice as often. This means you would still have to double your power output. Instead of riding twice as fast with eight times the power, you would do it with twice the power.

An airplane actually can thin out its

air: at 40,000 feet, the air is one-fourth as thick as at sea level. Hence a ship that cruises at 200 down low can cruise at 400 up there and have no added drag. To keep up that doubled speed, however, its propellers have to turn twice as fast; or rather (since that is not practicable) the propeller blades have to be set at a steeper angle, which makes them advance twice as far for each revolution but also makes them twice as hard to turn, requiring twice as big an engine. Thus the airplane, too, can fly twice as fast on twice the power, simply by seeking out thin enough air—whereas in thick air the same speed-up would have taken eight times the power!

Twice as fast on twice the power may not seem much of a bargain. But consider a trip of 1,200 miles. Some low-altitude airplane, cruising at 200 mph, runs its 1,000 HP engine for six hours. The same airplane re-designed for cruising at 40,000 feet needs a 2,000 HP engine, but cruises at 400 and runs its twice-as-big engine only for half the time. Thus the high-flying one uses no more fuel, but gets there twice as fast: speed has been grabbed out of thin air, free of charge.

The same logic works, on a lesser scale of course, also at the lesser altitudes. At 21,000 feet, for example, you can cruise  $1\frac{1}{2}$  times as fast as at sea level by using  $1\frac{1}{2}$  times as much power. Even our present airliners, which cruise at 8,000 or thereabouts, fly about 15 per cent faster there, for only 15 per cent additional power, than they would if they stayed way down. If they wanted to fly at 500 feet and still cruise the usual 180, they would have to run with throttles pretty wide open, burning lots of gas and wearing out their engines.

This thin-air trick is really *the* speed trick of aeronautics. Build 'em fast in the first place—as heavy and small-winged as you dare, in view of the resulting high landing speeds—but then fly 'em high. Speed at low altitude is so expensive, in engineering as well as financial terms, that even the military airplane can't afford it. An apparent exception, just at the moment, are the ultra-fast jets: they *have* to get their extreme speeds down low, in order to stay in warm air and thus stay out of "compressibility" troubles. But they



pay for it: the power they have to develop to get those high speeds down low is truly fantastic; so is, of course, the fuel-consumption. And they, too, will start *really* speeding only when they can finally try it up high. The ordinary 400 mph bombers and fighters you read about all get their speed by height. Most of them are really a 250 mph sort of airplane; that's what they would do if cruising with low-altitude engines near sea-level; that's what their landing characteristics are like. They do 400 simply because they are sufficiently supercharged and well enough powered to do their cruising at 20,000 or 30,000 or higher. Thus when it is announced that such-and-such a ship "has a speed of 400 mph at an altitude of 25,000," it doesn't mean: "Look, even that high it can go so fast. What a ship!" It means: "It can cruise so high that it can actually hit 400; what supercharging!" When it is announced that some famous fighter has come out in still another, still faster model, there usually has been no important change in the airplane itself; it has simply been given a little more power and a lot more supercharging, so that it can fly higher—and then it naturally flies faster.

In commercial flying this simple logic is sometimes obscured by secondary considerations. For a short flight the climb to high altitude may take too much time and extra power—so you stay low. Strong headwinds aloft may make high flight too slow. In really high flight, supercharging and cooling become a tax on the thin-air deal—as will be explained. The economics of the airline business is very complex. At present, for example, most airplanes are flown much too fast, from an engineering viewpoint. The familiar Douglas airliner would carry bigger loads on less fuel if it were cruised at 130 rather than 180. But that would be too slow for the customers; also, such dawdling would mean fewer trips per week, and smaller gross earnings. But in the high thin air an airplane can mush along slowly and still make decent speed. Thus some airline may elect to operate the new, high-flying airplanes, not at 300 but at an easy-going 250—and charge lower fares. But whichever way you twist it, you still have that gain: the thinner air lets you move more easily.

## IV

FLIGHTS such as Wiley Post's were appetizing. You wanted more of the same—fly really high, and with loads. But now the problems really began to pile up. Really thin air cannot be sufficiently compressed by one blower; you need two, the first one feeding the second, the second one feeding the engine. You need gear shifts so that you can throw your blowers into high gear when the air gets thin. But now the first blower may deliver more air than the second can take, or less than the second demands. Then air surges back and forth in the duct between them, and the engine quits. So now you complicate your engine with an automatic supercharger-regulator—a Rube Goldberg device in which bellows A operates linkage B which opens gate C, and so on. Then the regulator makes errors, and you complicate it with an automatic compensator—and so it goes, with the result that today only a few dozen minds really understand all about a high-altitude engine.

And that isn't all. When air is compressed it heats up—as you know from pumping up your tires. The air at 35,000 feet is about 55 below zero; but compress it sufficiently for use in the engine, and add also some friction-heat from those crazily spinning blower-wheels—and it gets twice as hot as boiling water! Fed such hot air, the engine would knock and wreck itself. So now the high-altitude airplane blossoms forth with an entirely new part—added to the usual airplane parts such as wing, engine, tanks, landing gear: an air-cooler, much like the radiator of a car, through which the hot, compressed air is piped before it is fed to the engine. This "inter-cooler" is quite a burden on the airplane because of its weight, and because of its bulk which makes the airplane bulge in the wrong places, and especially because of the drag it adds. True, it is hidden inside the airplane and doesn't spoil the external streamlining. But just like an automobile radiator, it needs a stream of cooling air to carry away the heat—and pushing air through a radiator is work. In a car this is done by the fan, and the engine uses some of your gasoline to drive the fan. In the airplane



it is done apparently without work, simply by scooping up some of the air which rushes by outside, and ramming it through. But it is still work. The scooped-up air, in hitting the radiator inside the airplane, still pushes backward against the airplane; and the engine must therefore pull forward harder.

But the most serious complication of really high flight is the work it takes to run the superchargers. When you pump up a tire, you work; but that's nothing compared to the work of keeping up a continuous torrent of high-pressure air for an engine which continually sucks it away. This work, too, is done by the engine itself. At 20,000 feet, a 1,000 HP engine may have to use 200 of its own horses to run its own blowers; thus only 800 are available to pull the airplane. And as you climb higher and shift your blower system to high gear, the power waste rapidly increases. At 55,000 feet, two blowers may still manage to feed the engine enough air—but *all* of the power developed now goes into driving the blowers, and none is available to drive the airplane: the whole device has become useless. And even far below that altitude the engine hasn't enough power, after supercharging, to fly the airplane.

The answer to that one is easy to think up if you have ever watched the exhaust shoot out of a car's tail-pipe. Most airplane engines have no mufflers, and the exhaust gas comes blasting out alive with three kinds of energy: it is white hot, very fast, and under high pressure. In most airplanes (and all automobiles) this energy (nearly a third of your money's worth in gasoline) goes to waste. Then why not use this blast to drive a windmill, and let the windmill drive a blower?

You have just invented the turbo-supercharger—a device which has figured large in American air power. The Flying Fortress, the Liberator, the Thunderbolt, the Lightning, the Mustang—all get their altitude-ability, and hence their speed, by an exhaust-driven supercharger which feeds air into a second, engine-driven one. And the B-29 has *two* turbos on each engine, feeding air into an engine-driven blower; so has the big Boeing liner.

This invention, too, was made long

before the problem was really acute. A Frenchman, Rateau, thought it up during World War I. It came to the United States in the course of routine inter-Allied exchange of information. General Electric, experienced in steam-turbines and in blowers, developed it. Flight-test methods being too crude in 1917, a turbo-supercharged engine was trucked to the top of Pike's Peak and tested. It had developed 350 HP near sea level: now it developed 356, proving that here was a supercharger which did not tax the engine for power. It was with this early high-altitude engine that Maj. R. W. Schroeder in 1920 flew at heights up to 30,000 feet and thus increased the speed of a 1918-vintage biplane by nearly half.

But to make the thing practical took twenty years. Credit for such persistence belongs to G.E. and the Army. The main problem was metallurgy: the exhaust blast is so hot that the turbine wheel runs cherry red. At such temperatures ordinary metals lose four-fifths of their strength and become plastic. But the little turbine spins at 25,000 RPM, and centrifugal force tries to pull it apart. New metals had to be developed which would not splatter under such conditions. Another problem was control. If the turbine slowed down for any reason, the engine would get less air, and would make less exhaust blast, and thus the turbine would slow down still more; presently you would sit there at 30,000 feet with a feeble, unsupercharged engine. Or, if the turbine speeded up for any reason, it would super-super-charge the engine, and the increased exhaust blast would speed it up still more; ask any ex-bomber pilot about run-away turbos! Sensitive regulators were built to control the whirring devil; they were too sluggish. The problem was entirely solved only during this war, when fancy electronics came to the rescue.

**T**HUS the airplane's ceiling is now probably about 65,000 feet, and a new world's record is overdue. Cruising flight ought now to be possible at 45,000. But now the pilot is the weak link again. It can't be proved, but airport opinion is that some of our military airplanes have never been flown to their ceilings.



For at really high altitude an oxygen mask is no longer enough. It feeds you the oxygen all right; but from 35,000 feet on up, the lack of *pressure* begins slowly to kill you, much as it kills some deep-sea creature hauled up to the surface. Your stomach expands and presses against your diaphragm from underneath, so that you feel breathless and may think your heart is acting up. Severe intestinal pains may develop. Above 37,000 feet, lack of pressure begins to make your blood fizz, much as a coke fizzes when you open the bottle and thus release the pressure: nitrogen, which normally is dissolved invisibly in the blood, now forms bubbles. These bubbles float in the bloodstream and lodge at joints, causing cramp-like pains much like arthritis: the same deadly "bends" which sometimes overtake men who have worked in compressed air under water, and have come up too fast.

At 40,000 feet you may get the mysterious "chokes"—perhaps because in such thin air coughing no longer clears the throat, perhaps because nitrogen bubbles form in the throat tissues. Above 42,000 feet or so, the lack of pressure stops the breathing process; at this point, even if you breathe pure oxygen, it can no longer penetrate through the lung tissues into the blood. Thus life can be sustained only under artificial pressure.

That's why Wiley Post invented that Martian-looking pressure suit: a diver's outfit, airtight from boots to helmet, kept full of pressure-air by the engine supercharger. It is awkward; the internal pressure makes it rigid, like a blimp. It is cleverly tailored to stiffen the pilot in a sitting attitude, hands in position for stick and throttle, feet extended toward the rudder; but at best it is bound to make his flying stiff. And it seems fearfully flimsy. If it should burst at, say, 65,000 feet, you would die instantly: at such altitude the pressure is so low that your own body temperature will make your blood boil!

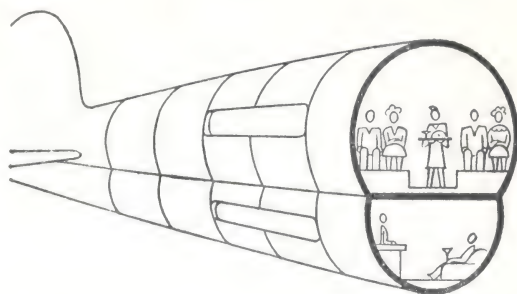
Still, it was with pressure suits that the altitude record was run up, just before the war, first to 46,000 feet by the British, then to 56,000 feet by the Italians, who have always excelled at "pure" aeronautics and have often held the world's speed record as well.

**M**EANWHILE Americans—always more interested in the applied arts than the pure—had tackled a new problem: altitude comfort for the cash customer. Record flights were all very well; but unless people pay cash to be flown, there can't be much flying.

Commercial transport with heavy payloads must, of course, stay well below the record altitudes. The region between 20,000 and 30,000 feet interested our airline operators. At those levels, the pressure suit was not needed. The oxygen mask was not wanted; it takes too much instruction, too much watching, too many heavy oxygen bottles. It was too uncomfortable. To wear one for several hours can become torture, for it must fit tightly over the nose, around the cheeks, and under the chin. It has been aptly described as a malevolent hand clamped on your face. In addition, the bestial, piglike expression it gives its wearer would scare the lady-trade away.

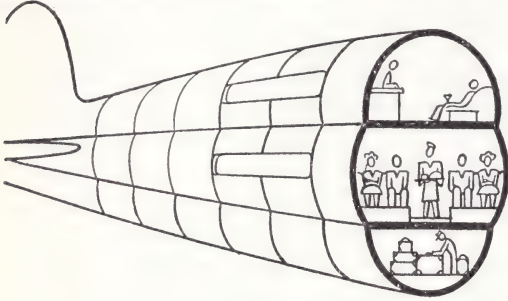
But why not put the passengers into an airtight cabin and pump the cabin up to sea-level pressure? Then you need not even carry oxygen at all: high air, compressed, becomes precisely like low air. And there you've got it: high flying and low living.

The "pressurized" cabin is what gives the new generation of airliners its distinctive appearance. Pressure acting inside a hollow thing tends to force it into a spherical shape. Hence the cabin of the plane is built in the first place in the shape which it would want to assume when full of pressure. Some cabins are strictly circular in cross-section. Since this may not always permit an efficient seating arrangement, some cabins are combinations of *two* circular sections; with a waistline between them which is characteristic of many of the new ships.





In such a shape every bit of material is under stretching stresses; none under bending or squeezing stresses. Essentially, such a cabin would keep its shape, simply by internal pressure, even if it were tailored of limp fabric. Some cabins may even have three stories, with pressurized places for baggage masters and mail clerks to work in.



A pressure cabin is not an easy thing to engineer. Leaks are the least of your worries; your blowers can more than make up for them, and there has to be ventilation anyway. More serious is the compression-heating of air: at high altitude you need an inter-cooler even for the cabin air! The most serious problem—much more involved than it seems—is the control of cabin pressure. The Army built a pressure airplane in 1920, before the mathematics of the thing was quite developed: on its first take-off it promptly pumped itself so full that cabin pressure corresponded to 7,000 feet *below* sea-level. The pilot's eardrums almost burst, and the heat of compression, added to Midwest summer heat, almost baked him to death. He got down in the nick of time. A Frenchman tried it in 1935; his airplane blew up outright. Not until 1937 was a successful pressure airplane built—by Lockheed, to Army specifications. In 1939 the first such airline ship was built by Boeing—the Stratoliner, still flying for TWA. And Boeing's B-29, with "pressurized" crew-compartments, finally proved the idea on a large scale. Since then, the fascinating technology of precision instruments and automatically self-controlling devices has been further perfected—and perfection is needed. For if the "automatic brain" should allow the cabin pressure to fluctuate even only a little (the way a thermostat sometimes lets a house get alternately too hot and too cold),

then the passengers' ears would click and their tempers would get ruffled. And *that* must not be.

## V

THAT's where we are now. The heavily supercharged engine and the "pressurized" cabin solve the problem of commercial high-altitude cruising up to 30,000 feet.

Thirty thousand feet is pretty high. Most of the weather is below you, and the air is almost always smooth. Even on a clear day there are usually several layers of dust, smoke, and haze below you, and you don't have the usual view of the ground; you are more like a ship on the high seas. The sky is a very dark blue—almost the black of inter-stellar space. The sun is fiercely powerful, and its rays come hot through the windows. You won't see much detail, but with a view that reaches hundreds of miles, you will see strange things. Merrill and Fornasero, that evening they crossed from coast to coast, saw at the same time both the day and the night: the country behind them was still in sunlight while in the country ahead of them the cities were lit.

But 30,000 feet is not high enough. Almost no height will ever be high enough. The immediate next goal is the stratosphere itself—that layer of clear, smooth, dry air, always weatherless, in which we would have the smoothest sailing. So far, the expression "strato-" in airplane names and ads is still a bit wishful. The bottom of the stratosphere lies at 37,000 feet, on the average, in our latitudes, and on many days it lies higher. A true stratosphere airplane would probably have to be capable of cruising, load-carrying flight at 42,000. Beyond that, just for example, 65,000 feet looks nice: to take an airplane which lands at 100 and cruise it at 800 mph would be nice indeed. What obstacles keep us from it right now?

A pesky but very real one is the intense cold of the upper air. As Hitler found out in Russia, ordinary machinery simply quits working when the thermometer gets below the usual limits. But the *average* temperature at 37,000 feet is 60° below zero; on a cool day you might run into 100° below! That sort of cold makes



ordinary oils and greases freeze solid. Rubber gets brittle; paint chips off. Metal contracts until the airplane's rudder-hinges jam and lock. The wiring of electric motors contracts until they quit, and thus fail dozens of important gadgets which are worked by such motors. Wings and tail actually get shorter with cold; at the same time the control cables, being of steel, contract less, so that the control system gets slack and the automatic pilot becomes wobbly. Propeller hubs, which must do that important job of twisting the propeller blades to the correct angle for altitude, speed, and power, quit working as the oil in them congeals. Not perhaps really tough engineering problems; but remember that they come to the test pilots in reverse order: something mysteriously goes wrong in flight, and to track the trouble down is dangerous work, bound to take time. And they bother a large, complicated airliner more than they would some small special record job. On the hopeful side—once you climb up into the actual stratosphere, the air does not get any colder (this being the definition of stratosphere, and the reason why it has no weather); at extreme altitudes—unthinkable ones by present standards—the atmosphere may be actually warm!

Absurdly enough, while the airplane freezes to death at high altitude the engines tend to overheat. One early strato-ship once had all four engines stop because of this, and had to come all the way down into a hay field, like a Cub. And there have also been disastrous engine fires. The high air is cold, sure enough, and should have much cooling-power; but it is also so thin, so lacking in real substance, that it has little capacity to soak up heat. The exact mathematics is complicated, but fundamentally it works out like this: at 40,000 feet you are flying through air of one-fourth the usual density at twice the usual speed: this means that your airscoops and cowlings catch only half as many actual *pounds* of cooling air per minute. At the same time you are flying with twice the usual power, so that your engines put out twice the heat! Only the intense cold keeps you from burning out your engines. And in *this* respect, the peculiarities of the actual stratosphere are unfavorable: as you

climb higher into it, the air does not get any colder, but keeps getting thinner, and so the problem rapidly gets worse until it finally becomes a fundamental limitation on commercial high flight: cooling becomes impossible, not technically but economically. For if you somehow force more cooling air over your engine and through your inter-coolers, you increase the drag. Even when cruising at 30,000 feet, the Stratocruiser wastes 12 per cent of its power on dragging its own cooling devices through the air. If it were to cruise at 40,000 its engines would have to develop an extra 30 per cent of additional power (over and above what the simple bicycle-at-high-altitude formula calls for) merely to overcome the extra drag of the extra cooling necessary at such height. And from there on up it rapidly gets much worse. Thus "cooling drag" constitutes a tax which progressively detracts from the economy of high flight and finally destroys it.

All these troubles have been under attack ever since 1935, when TWA started its "over-weather" flight research program, "Tommy" Tomlinson piloting, and found the stratosphere full of tough nuts. Here is another: the thin air above, say, 40,000 lacks the electrically insulating properties of ordinary air; it is more like a vacuum. Hence the ignition may short-circuit itself with giant sparks that jump across the outside of the engine, instead of going inside across the spark-plugs, as they should. For a while early in this war, some of our best fighter planes threatened to remain quite useless because their engines would quit at high altitude. Weird radiations which by sea-level rights should occur only in vacuum tubes and neon lights surround all high-tension wires in such air, turning oxygen into ozone which then corrodes the insulating materials. Thus even the ignition wires actually had to be pressurized—surrounded by tubes blown full of pressure-air by the super-charger; little pressure-cabins had to be built around the magnetos. Even batteries have been "pressurized." And as for radio—!

But even that isn't all: owing to lack of atmospheric pressure the gasoline boils furiously in the tanks and fuel lines; thus



the engine gets blobs of vapor instead of fuel, and quits. An ordinary fuel pump, trying to suck fuel toward the engine, gets nothing but vapor: pumps had to be re-designed. Even the oil goes crazy with altitude: agitated by the engine, it is usually full of air bubbles, and as the airplane climbs it turns into useless foam. Hence even fuel and oil tanks may have to be pressurized on high-flying liners, as they already are on high fighters.

FOR the immediate future the passengers' breathing problem also still limits commercial altitudes—in some of the new ships down to 20,000 feet. There is a limit to the pressure-difference which can well be maintained between the cabin's inside and the outside. If we wanted to fly at 43,000 feet, for example, with low-level conditions inside, the cabin would have to be built of heavier-gauge material, boiler-like; that would cut into the payload. It may, however, eventually become worth while. There is also still the thought that the cabin pressure system might fail. At 25,000 feet the sudden decompression would mean nothing. It has been tried, and the passengers felt merely as if they had taken a strong drink on an empty stomach. Before more serious anoxia symptoms could set in, the airplane had descended to a comfortable level. But a pressure failure at, say, 43,000 feet would be more nearly like a leak in a submarine and at the blood-boiling 65,000-foot level it would mean disaster. Cabin pressure systems seem trouble-free now; but before we dare carry pay passengers in the stratosphere, we shall need large-scale statistical *proof* that they are.

Nor is the engine's breathing problem quite solved yet for the ultra-high altitudes. Above 45,000 feet, the air becomes so rarefied that more and bigger blowers are needed to catch enough of it. Such blowers are less efficient; and the waste-energy of the exhaust blast no longer suf-

fices to drive them. Thus if ultra-high, load-carrying flight were to be attempted with present-type engines, the engine itself would after all have to be taxed for power to run the blowers; and that tax, just like the cooling tax, would make high flight uneconomical.

But all that isn't going to hold us down.

High flight, commercially, up to 30,000 feet is an accomplished fact. It has started, and a tremendous expansion of it is plainly visible in the straight-line future. Just around the corner, and definitely coming, are the new power-plants—gasoline turbines and jets. And those have neither the supercharging nor the cooling problems of our present engines, and have ceilings which are as yet unknown. At the same time, in order to be efficient, the jets positively need speeds which are economically possible only in very thin air. Already the first jet liners are rumored to be in the works; with them should come true stratosphere flight. We shall then get speeds approaching or exceeding that of sound, and shall have to solve the "compressibility" problems of stability and control which such speeds present; but the outlook for that is getting better almost by the month now.

Even the jet engine has a ceiling—somewhere, way upstairs, the fire finally goes out for lack of oxygen. But then, in the more remote future, there is rocket-propulsion. A rocket has no ceiling; it works best in empty space. The thin-air trick is so overwhelmingly appealing that we shall almost certainly follow it to its logical conclusion and fly by rockets—not in projectile-like things that are shot off and eventually fall, but in regular winged airplanes that can take off and land as usual, but are *driven* by rocket-motors at extreme heights, say three *hundred* thousand feet, in air so thin as to be almost non-existent. And that is how in our lifetime we shall almost certainly cruise at 2,000 mph—for better or worse.



# A PROPOSAL FOR INDUSTRIAL PEACE

KURT SOLMSSEN

**I**F RECONVERSION bogs down and develops into a slump, it will be due to one thing only: the failure of labor and management to agree on the distribution of the financial sacrifice which reconversion inevitably demands. Yet such agreement must be possible on the basis of a formula which puts the burden evenly on the shoulders of the three participants who share in the fruits of all production: capital, labor, and management. Such a formula is presented here—not as a mathematical equation from which each company or union can automatically read its new wage schedule, but as a procedure which should enable individual employers to reach a satisfactory compromise with their employees, provided that they are already agreed on one point: that capital, labor, and management must for a limited time all tighten their belts if an era of postwar prosperity is to follow.

**J**UST as postwar wage rates are determined partly by the rates in force before the war, and partly by the impact of war conditions, so the remuneration of capital for the transition period should be based on a combination of prewar conditions and wartime developments. Therefore, as a first step, management and labor should agree on a base period not entirely reflecting wartime earnings: for example, the period from 1939 to 1943

inclusive. The average earnings during this period—after taxes, interest obligations, and preferred stock dividends—would constitute the “base pay” for capital.

For the reconversion period, capital should agree to take a temporary cut in these earnings at least equal to the cut in weekly pay which labor has to take owing to the reduction in working hours.

As a second step, management should determine how much it can raise wages immediately if it raises prices as far as consistent with the President’s anti-inflation order of October 31, 1945, and if profits are to be limited as stated above.

For example, with the long wartime working hours and overtime pay, the average weekly wage in a company may have been \$60. Now, with a 40-hour week, average weekly earnings may be down to \$42, a cut of 30 per cent. The company finds that by taking full advantage of existing price regulations it could raise prices enough to permit the raising of wages by about 10 per cent, to \$46.20. This would still leave them 23 per cent under the wartime level; but during the “base period” the company made average annual profits, after taxes, of \$1,000,000—and with the lower peacetime tax rates the profit for 1946 is estimated at \$1,100,000. As its contribution to reconversion, capital would now agree to limit its profits, after taxes, and including that

*Kurt Solmsen, now with a federal agency (not connected with the wage-price problem), was formerly president of the Wilmington Chemical Company. He has written previously for us on rationing and the prevention of inflation.*



year's refundable portion of the excess profits tax, to \$830,000—which is 17 per cent under the "base period" earnings. This would make it possible to raise wages further to \$49.80—also 17 per cent below wartime wages.

But this is not all. If profits after a trial period—say, of six months—are found to be greater than at the annual rate of \$830,000, *then capital would agree to raise wages further.* We may assume, for argument's sake, that reconversion proceeds better than anticipated, and that the company is in a position to raise wages another 7 per cent to \$53.28. This would leave them only about 11 per cent under wartime pay. Therefore, during the next six months the company's stockholders could earn 89 per cent of their "base pay" or at the annual rate of \$890,000. As soon as wartime weekly pay is restored, restrictions on profits would be removed. Meanwhile, profits earned in excess of the allowable percentage of capital's "base pay" would go into a special reserve to be used as agreed upon between the union and management.

Naturally, there can be no guarantee that capital will really make the profit allowed by the formula. Actually, the company may already have decided to operate during the conversion period at a smaller profit, or even at a loss. The salient fact is that now there would be a limited commitment to the union.

Finally, as a third step the top managers of the company would agree to take a cut in their salaries equal to the cut which capital and labor may be taking at any particular time, to be restored at the same rate as wages are brought back to the level of preconversion wages.

**T**HIS procedure will not satisfy all cases, and the calculations may have to be adapted to circumstances. For example, some companies may reasonably claim that their profits for a six-months period offer an uncertain basis for wage changes. The details which I have set down are modifiable; it is the principle of shared sacrifice and step-by-step adjust-

ment which should be applicable in many of the most troublesome situations, namely those of companies whose working hours have decreased by reconversion.

Labor must be aware of the fact that business cannot function without profits. The quarrel about wage rates is often caused by a dispute whether profits will still be possible and how large they will be after a wage demand is met. By the method suggested here the determination of probable profits and the extent of possible wage raises is left entirely to management, provided they are willing to back up their judgment by an offer to share the burden.

The limitation on the return of capital should in most cases eliminate complicated investigations of "hidden profits" on the companies' books as long as management agrees not to change its accounting principles without an agreement with the union, unless weekly wages are fully restored. The distributable profits are mostly public information, and they are easily compared with previous figures.

To cut management's remuneration by the same percentage as that of labor is not really an equal distribution of sacrifice, because top managers are in high tax brackets and their spendable income does not decrease accordingly. Two facts, however, make it seem advisable not to go further. Both are practical rather than logical: First, to tie management's income directly to workers' wages is a new step. Management is in a strong bargaining position and a demand in this direction if pressed too far might jeopardize success. Secondly, even for a man in the \$25,000 to \$50,000 salary class, a 20 per cent cut still means a big enough reduction, even after taxes, to hurt. The union could still feel sure that for selfish reasons alone this man will do everything he can to restore "take home" pay. On the other hand, managers should be aware of the consequences for their position in the economic structure if this country, with natural resources, productive facilities, and manpower available, fails to make a success of reconversion. They should be willing to affirm leadership by voluntary sacrifices.

*[Mr. Solmssen has shown his proposal to friends in the ranks of both labor and management. For their comments, see Personal and Otherwise.]*



# The Easy Chair

*Bernard DeVoto*

THIS is an appropriate time to talk about the Civil War, since Lincoln's birthday comes this month and since there is a new biography of him, Professor J. G. Randall's *Lincoln the President*. I wish somebody else would do this job, for it is going to be ungracious. I admire Mr. Randall's book, anyone who reads it must admire it, he has supplied me with many of my own historical ideas, and all of us will be appropriating parts of his new book without quotation marks from now on. But I want to discuss some ideas that are part of the book's frame of reference, ideas which have been proliferating among historians for a generation. They seem to me a regression, a deterioration which has reduced the validity of general ideas in American history.

Historians are mortal men. Also some historians tend to be timid about expressing judgments lest their colleagues deride them or prove them wrong, and some others hold themselves aloof from, or as they believe superior to, expressing judgments; these last feel that they are scientists working toward the establishment of fact, dealing passionlessly with inert data, without attitude toward them, outside the area where judgments, especially moral ones, can apply. Nevertheless, even the cagiest and the most detached acquire a body of historical judgment involuntarily. They absorb it from more forthright colleagues who believe that the essence of history is judgment. The intellectual climate of their time affects them. Fashions in thesis and dogma sift under their study doors. Historians who are now mature, the generation to which Mr. Randall belongs, happened to be young and

impressionable at a time when an intellectual fashion was developing the (erroneous) thesis that the United States could and should have stayed out of the First World War and the (false) theorem that we were betrayed into it by propaganda. Furthermore, of that generation many who took up the study of the Civil War happened to be Southerners; that is, men who from their earliest childhood had been nourished on the most active of American social myths. Few if any of them have managed to work all the mythology out of their history.

This generation of historians has built up a body of judgment about the Civil War. Some of it is certainly sound, some certainly unsound. Some parts of it are not reconcilable with other parts, some parts cannot be reconciled with common sense or with experience. Some of its end-products in general idea have been proved untenable by the experience at large of our generation. No historian, I suppose, accepts all of it, but every historian has incorporated a large or a small part of it into his thinking and assumes some of it as judgment on the way to forming further judgments. Let me call the body of judgment about the Civil War as a whole "revisionism." Well, revisionism, this historical generation's conclusions about the Civil War, contains much solid truth but it also contains some grave fallacies, some of which suggest an apt and accurate designation out of history, "doughface." My point is that, as a result of those fallacies, general ideas about the Civil War are less trustworthy today than they were a generation ago. There has been a regression in history.



I can state here only a few theorems from this body of judgment. The basic one holds that the Civil War was avoidable: that the moral, economic, social, political, and constitutional crisis could have been resolved short of war and within the framework of our institutions. Corollaries follow: that it should have been resolved and that therefore someone was to blame for the failure to resolve it. Who were the villains? A fundamental thesis of revisionism is that they were extremists, radicals, hot-heads, agitators, manufacturers of inflammatory propaganda. It turns out that the decisive ones, so to speak the operative ones, were Northerners: abolitionists, free-soilers, the Republican Party, more radical reformers, in short, everyone who thought that the slavery issue was in some degree a moral issue. One of the most influential statements of this thesis is Professor Avery Craven's book, *The Coming of the Civil War*. I have been told that its title in manuscript was *The North's Mistake*, and that puts the idea into three words. An accessory theorem makes Stephen A. Douglas the tragic hero of the revisionists. His ideas ought to have prevailed: that they did not, which is the heart of our national tragedy, was due to the Republican or abolitionist agitation, which led the American people down a fatal path in pursuit of an unreal, a falsely represented, issue. In sequence, another theorem holds that, after Douglas had been repudiated, further Northern mistakes (procured by the radical Republican conspiracy) prevented a compromise which would have brought about a peaceful solution. *A posteriori*, it was the duty of the constitutionally elected (Republican) government of 1861 to abandon the constitutional structure and extemporize a new one which would contain the crisis—incidentally containing secession.

This is by no means all the revisionist body of judgment and, as I have said, probably no historian accepts all these theses, even as a system. But they have warped a lot of thinking, including some of Mr. Randall's. Now the Civil War is the crux of our history. You cannot set out to understand any part of our past, from the convening of the Constitutional Convention down to this morning, without even-

tually arriving at the Civil War. A few of the innumerable matters it involved were these: the successful functioning of constitutional government, the basic paradox and conflict in our social system, the basic conflict in our economy, the basic conflict and evasion in our political system. Whether or not the war was inevitable, the crisis was: these conflicts and paradoxes created problems which had to be solved. That they were not solved short of war is our greatest national tragedy. Our failure to solve them short of war is our greatest failure. The inescapable duty of historians is to explain that failure. But revisionist dogmas are carrying them farther from an explanation year by year.

ALREADY those dogmas have made all but impossible the necessary first step, an accurate definition of the crisis. Take one which Mr. Randall accepts. The political conflict between the slave states and the free states entered a critical phase as soon as the invasion of Mexico made it clear that the United States was going to acquire an enormous new area by conquest. This area, which would be a national possession, would have to be organized as territories on the way to statehood. The prospect of so organizing it posed the question whether slavery should be legalized in it. This in turn forced consideration of a question which had been compromised, or settled, or evaded (depending on the point of view): whether slavery should be legalized in certain territories which were about to be organized in an area that was not part of the conquest. From that point on our central political, social, economic, and constitutional conflicts, all of which pivoted on slavery, were fought out on the question so posed, the status of slavery in the territories. So far as slavery was a cause of the Civil War or an issue of the conflict that ended in the war, it was nationally faced during the fifteen years before the war not primarily as slavery but as the question of slavery in the territories.

And that is a tragic fact. For it is clear to us today, and may have been half as clear to Americans North and South then as the revisionists say it was, that the



economy of slavery could not possibly be adapted to or survive in the lands conquered from Mexico. And it is almost certain that slavery could not have been maintained in the territory of Nebraska and only a little less than certain that it could not have been maintained in the territory of Kansas, and these territories came to be the very vortex of strife. Therefore, according to revisionist dogma, the question of the legality of slavery in the territories was tangential, unreal, abstract, hypothetical, and almost immaterial. The pivotal strife in the fifteen tragic years that led to war resulted from the forcing of an unreal issue. Since the issue was forced by those who insisted on making the territories free soil (though why more by them than by those who insisted on making them slave is one of the more opaque portions of the revisionist gospel), the responsibility, after several lateral passes, must be charged to the Republican Party. Here, adopting the pure doughface doctrine, Mr. Randall looks on the men who stood by the central Republican demand, that slavery be forbidden in the territories, with a wild impatience. They were agitators; the best of them were bigoted or blind or misled, the worst of them corruptionists and disunionists. The principle on which they stood refusing to be moved was unreal, it had no existence. It was mere wind. They sowed it and the United States reaped the whirlwind.

But this is to miss the very essence of the national tragedy, and when history leads us off on this tangent it monstrously fails to explain our past. It is true that the question of slavery in the territories was a peripheral issue. But for historians and for those of us who try to learn from them *that is the point which must be explained*. It cannot be impatiently shrugged away or dismissed with a denunciation of some agitators whose blindness or wilfulness or bigotry is supposed to have dropped it in the path of men of good will and so switched them into the maelstrom.

**H**OLD it to the light at a different angle. Slavery was at the very heart of our disequilibrium. It was the core of the social, the economic, the political, and the constitutional conflicts. But in the fifteen

years left to the United States in which to face and solve the problem of slavery, the final decade and a half which ended in civil war, it did not face that problem but faced only a peripheral and even unreal issue that was ancillary to it. The federal powers and the state rights in regard to slavery, the future of slavery, the limitations of and on slavery, the constitutional questions of slavery, the relation of all these to the structure and functioning of our society—were fought out not in regard to themselves, the only way in which there was a possibility that they might be solved peacefully, but in regard to the status of slavery in the territories, where slavery could not exist. There, if you will, is a fact of illimitable importance. There is a fact which, if we are to understand ourselves, historians must explain.

To pass this off as an irresponsible mischief of politicians on the make is to go so far astray that history is forced entirely out of orientation and nothing less than a new beginning is required. What was there in the nature of the American people, in their institutions, in their development and way of life, or in the sum of all these and more, that prevented them from facing their inescapable problem squarely, in the nakedest light, with the soberest realism? What was there in the sum of American life that forbade us to go to fundamentals and forced us to escape through subterfuges into war? That is the question which historians must answer—the more necessarily, I submit, because in an answer to it there may be light or forecast, some judgment whether we are capable of squarely meeting the fundamentals of inescapable questions hereafter, perhaps even some wisdom that would help us to prepare to do so. But, because of the evolution of historical ideas which I have called revisionism, historians are farther from answering that question than their predecessors were a generation ago.

I do not venture to say why this regression has occurred. A friend of mine, whose hobby is the history of history, believes that in democracies historians have a tendency to romanticize defeated aristocracies. He points out that the English people, at the behest of their historians,



especially the historians of this generation, are in a fair way to forget that they had a democratic revolution in the seventeenth century, that it settled basic problems for good and settled them in line with the development of the modern world, and that just because it did settle them Great Britain was able to maintain the domestic peace and exercise the world leadership that were hers during the two and a half centuries following it. It is certainly true that in English historiography today the picture of the roundheads who gave representative government to the English people has a striking likeness to that of the Republican malcontents and opportunists which our revisionists have been sketching. "In song and story," Mr. Randall remarks, "it is the South that has won the decision at Appomattox." Check. And one wonders if the South may not be winning the historiographic decision too—by evasion.

FOR the process of revisionism has developed a habit of understating certain things and passing quickly over others. That habit signalizes something to the inquiring mind; it looks like a repetition in the minds of historians of the evasion described above as a tragic failing of the American people, a repetition of fighting out the subterfuge instead of facing the fundamental reality. Thus the inquiring mind notes the agility with which revisionism dodges the question of minority dictation. A generation ago history clearly recognized that first the maintenance and then the loss of control of the national government by the slaveholding states, a minority, were important in the oncoming of the war. These facts have now been retired to the shadowy fringe. But there is a more central slurring-over which repeats the tragic evasion itself. In its concern to show that the Civil War was a product of hotheads, radical agitators, and their propaganda, an almost incidental result which could have been avoided if some extremists could have been induced to

hold their tongues, history is in imminent danger of forgetting that slavery had anything whatever to do with the war. The revisionist gospel finds little time, and seems to have little inclination, to discuss whether in trying to understand the war we should take account of slavery as a social anachronism in the nineteenth century and as an obsolescent or even obsolete economy. It evades raising the question whether the Civil War had any of the quality that made the Glorious Revolution a struggle between the past and the future, whether it involved issues that were part of the movement of world society. As for considering even theoretically that the problem of slavery may have involved moral questions, God forbid. History will not put itself in the position of saying that any thesis may have been wrong, any cause evil, or any group of men heretical. A thesis may have been insufficient and a cause may have been defeated but, even at the end of the World War, history will not deal with moral values, though of course the Republican radicals were, well, culpable.

So, standing on this bulk of judgment, revisionism and Mr. Randall's book with it come to a crux of disorientation, a distorted perspective on what precipitated the war, secession. But if history cannot get secession into perspective, then it fails its job with the Civil War.

We have lately seen some younger historians whose specialty is the American Revolution come back forthrightly to the little red schoolhouse with a finding that, after all, the Revolution did have something to do with representative government, taxation without representation, and some of the things which the Declaration of Independence calls abuses of power. It is time to take a singularly radical, or reactionary, step and find some relation between slavery and secession on the one hand and the Civil War on the other. Next month I will recall certain currently slighted theses about both.



# THE SIEGE

## A Story

NICCOLÒ TUCCI

Illustrations by Corrado Cagli

FOR three full years, from 1915 to 1918, at nine o'clock every morning, we had waited for the postman, right before breakfast; or, if he was late, during breakfast. At times, my sister Sonia, my brother Vieri, and I went all the way to the gate to look for him on the big road, but then, if he was not in sight, we preferred to wait in the garden for him to "ripen" from around the corner of the gardener's house. This idea of his ripening was our invention; we had coined the word and it described the situation very well. He brought news of the war, or rather of our brother Kostia, who was in it.

When the newspaper he delivered was spread open, we glanced rapidly, all of us, and in secret, and sideways, at the casualty list. There was no reason why Kostia's name should have appeared there before the next of kin had been informed, but that casualty list was like a precipice into which all our hopes might fall in one, two, three or God knows how many days. We hoped that his life would continue after that precipice was closed, that there would be peace and him again with us after that peace. But nine o'clock was an hour from another life: in fact, one could be seen idling around the house at that hour, which in itself was a crime, and even doing such terrible things as scratching one's head or putting one's finger in his nose,

and rarely a word of reproach would be spoken. If then there was a letter from Kostia we had another half-hour of joy and vacation before going up to the library, but if nothing arrived, then all the irregular things one had done right before nine were remembered and loudly criticized, often with sanctions, too.

One day in November 1918, almost together with the news of the armistice, came a short letter which said: "Any day from Tuesday week you may begin to wait for me. Should my plans change, I shall get in touch with you again." Just dry and short like that. No mention of the great event, the hard-won victory, none of the vivid tales of what had happened to him; it was almost a letter from a stranger. But of course this meant that the written word was abandoned for good as a means of conveyance. Words were now free again to go where they were needed: we had no use for them; we would soon see him, touch him, know that he was there. The postman too was no longer the sovereign of the day. This letter was his abdication.

And that was how we graduated from the calendar to the clock. Two weeks, just waiting for the right to wait. The big clock in the dark corner of the dining room, hidden by the heavy curtains between the two windows, would have a lot of work to do now, mincing away slices of time until



two weeks were filled. But what is it for a strong clock to do a little extra work when it has remained idle for three years, marking fictitious hours that no one filled?

Our father was the first one to break up the joyful meeting. He had nodded to his good luck, smiled, touched his little white beard with two nervous fingers, and that seemed enough to him. "No sense in waiting now," he said. "This is just another day of work. Go to the library and do your lessons, all of you." He put on his shapeless old hat and we saw him walking angrily as usual down the main path of the park, to go and find out how much damage had been done him by the peasants, the administrator, and the wind.

When his staggering form, his hat, and his white hair had disappeared behind the last tree, mother smiled at us, we smiled at her, we did not leave, she did not tell us to leave, and we knew it was all right. She wanted to talk to someone, and for that reason we were made grown-ups by her royal decree, just as a chair is "made" an airplane by a child. And we knew that we would hear the secret story of what had happened to us these three years.

"You know," she said, "the only thing one must be careful to avoid is dreams. There are little devils, microbes of dreams, around us all the time. They know our hopes and feed on them. They always come and offer us the things we want, and we are always fooled by them. We say, for instance, this is a dream, but *he* is not, because I *see* him. Kostia is here. So then we start leaving the dream with him, and then . . . (she smiled) I have a word for it. I call it landing on the deserted shores of the morning." She was crying now. Adrian, our younger brother, who was six, wanted to tell his own ideas about dreams, sensing that this was a moment for great revelations, but he was stopped by Clorinda, the white-haired maid who had exercised spanking powers on our father when he was a child, and now retained, nominally at least, the same privileges on us. She was carrying the *scaldino*, a clay fire-basket which mother held in her hands all day.

"All of you: out of here," she said. "And you," she said to mother, "don't sit there and cry like that. Do something

instead. You are a fine lady who knows so many things: read, keep busy, fill this time with something else but your impatience."

"I promise," said mother, who in normal times would not have allowed Clorinda to address her that way.

We went upstairs, and of course did not do our lessons at all, and we could hear that mother was not doing anything either. We knew it from the noise of her rings on the clay handle of the fire-basket.

LUNCH was unpleasant that day. Father sat with his head bent over his dish as if he were reading. His bald head, surrounded by white hair, looked like a wooden model for a face as it protruded against us. And when Vieri began to talk about dreams again, he said, "Don't you have anything more intelligent to talk about? Dreams are dreams and reality is reality. It has always been that way." This seemed very stupid to us, but his voice had the right of way, no matter what he said. He had taken his option in the conversation and now he did not know what to do with it. So, without lifting his head, he fixed his small blue eyes on us through the white curtain of his eyelashes and coughed his ill-humor into the napkin until he became red as a lobster. Then he ate his soup until he saw the blue pattern of the arms in the middle of the dish, cleaned it carefully with bread and gave the dish to the maid, saying: "Away. The bread is for the cat. Don't forget."

The slow, heavy afternoon was again working its way up the naked hills of Spazzavento, and dragging the old house with the peasant houses around it toward another night. At Spazzavento the sun went down at two-thirty in November, but even in June it never stayed on the horizon later than four, because the villa was built on the north slope of the stony Calvana, facing the Bisenzio valley and the northwester that always came down that way. Only from the big window on top of the stairs one had a glimpse of the distant hills around Florence and of the railroad some three miles away and the wide, dusty new road that had been built quite recently, only forty-five years before, to link the station with the village.



Mother had not yet inaugurated her watch but she gave orders that very day to have a chair placed near the window on top of the stairs. For the next few days the maids were forever stumbling into that chair when they came down from their quarters at five o'clock in the morning, but they did not seem to mind. That chair had a meaning, like the wooden platforms they used to build in the village square a week before the procession of the patron saint. And the maids knew that the chair would stay there until after Kostia had had a chance to see it and to understand how much his mother loved him.

The house was always silent in the afternoon, or rather, the family quarters were silent. Nobody raised his voice in the corridors, in the bedrooms, in the library, or anywhere else. If father was at home, he either snored for an hour in some dark corner, under a portrait of someone who had snored there before him (I still see his white beard defiantly facing the opposite wall); or he was in the small office near the oil-mill down in the basement, where his administrator used to receive the peasants and tell them day in day out that they were thieves.

The silence of the big house, which we called the Main Silence or the Master Silence, was cut out of the eternal silence of death to which it belonged, and lifted on a pedestal made up of the various sounds that came from the kitchen, the pantry, or the fields. The sad linear song of a maid surged from the cellar and went all around that silence; out in the fields, the scissors of the peasants binding and cutting the vines for the winter broke the air like distant gunshots, and often this noise too was underlined by stripes of shapeless chanting. But when the wind moaned through the valley (indeed the name "Windswept" was appropriate for the place), then the Main Silence became so high, so monumental, that it scared everyone in the house.

**T**ODAY the wind had suddenly awakened from the air and was in one of its moods. We all felt depressed. Little Adrian, who took orders from everybody and passed them on to his toys or to chairs or imaginary people, had finished his daily

battle against the Germans in the living room, and probably had found nobody in the kitchen to talk to (dreary place that kitchen, with the huge smoky pot hanging from a black chain in the fireplace and simmering all day). So he must have decided to go and see whether his beloved hero and brother, Kostia, was coming home, as he had heard in the morning, because he climbed all the stairs, stood in front of the rattling window and looked and looked. And as he saw a carriage, without thinking what he was doing, he shouted joyfully: "Kostia is coming . . ."

Doors were flung open, the maids appeared from nowhere, we came from the library, and mother advanced on the stairs, pale, and with wide open eyes. He saw us all come toward him and began to cry: "It wasn't Kostia, no, no, it wasn't."

"To scare me like that," shouted mother, trembling.

"You have no business standing here," shouted Clorinda, shaking him with anger. "Go downstairs and do some work, you idle child, you."

We all gave him our part of the general indignation, and mother ordered that no one should start waiting like that until two full weeks had passed. But another wall had been broken down: the fact that someone had begun to look at the street had a strange effect on her. She went downstairs, "to prepare everything." Then twice she climbed a few steps and compelled herself to go back to the dining room. But the third time she had another reason. She wanted to see whether the servant quarters were in good order; a thing she had not done for years because she knew that Clorinda would have resented this lack of confidence in her. As she reached the window, accompanied by Sonia, she said that after all it was unnecessary because Clorinda knew better than anyone else, and besides, three flights of stairs were already too much for her; she was no longer young. "Let me test this chair," she said. "What does one see from here?" She sat down and she looked. Just for one second. And the siege of the road began.

Sonia tried to protest, but she said, "What difference does it make, whether I wait here or downstairs? Bring me my



needlework and the green book from the mantelpiece in my room."

When Clorinda called to her not to be unwise, she answered that she was not used to carrying on a conversation from one floor to the next. It was sheer good luck that she was able to restrain herself and not add "especially with a maid." She would have been sorry, because Clorinda came right upstairs and took her kindly by the arm like a child, saying, "Now you come with me." Mother answered that she was used to doing as she pleased in her own house, but could not help laughing because she felt weak in front of this determined old woman. Finally she broke into tears and said she

would go downstairs in a little while.

But the next day she was again seated up there, this time with all her ancient pride burning in her eyes, and Clorinda must have understood from the rhythm of her rings on the handle of the *scaldino* that this was not the day to speak a word. Sonia began to pay her long visits up there, but she did not want us boys near her because we startled her with tactless questions, such as: "Do you see that man coming down from there? Who could it be?" Or we said: "There, a carriage slows down on the curve. It will certainly stop here." "Barbarians," she used to tell us in an angry voice, just as she did when she was playing the piano and someone



*The wheel passed through the table, through all of us.*



dared talk aloud in the room. But Sonia knew how to behave; she let mother do the waiting, the guessing, everything. She saw, of course, trains and carriages and people on foot, but she went on with what she was saying, and after they had passed and nobody had accepted to bring him or to be him, she found something interesting to say, so that mother would not have to feel ashamed of the "defeat." Then also Clorinda began to accept the siege. At times she stopped near mother for a second and threw a glance into the street as one throws a glance at a canvas, trying not to disturb the painter at his work.

WE SPENT our mornings in the library as usual, then, every other day, we went to the nearby town of Prato with the carriage for our Latin and arithmetic lessons, and every time we crossed the hall we walked on tiptoes and tried to hear whether any carriages were rolling on the road. That dark figure against the glaring light of the window up there made us feel better. It was the only sign that a new era would begin. It was an assertion of our right to hope, a right that everything in that old house seemed to deny. Also the absurd idea that the road was being walked upon, that people were in the habit of coming along that road, seemed a hopeful sign: they were all part of *his* return; they kept the stream running.

Thus at the end of the two weeks, when the real expectation began, we were already a little too impatient, all of us. The first disappointment was that he did not appear in the first hour of light the first morning, a Tuesday it was, I remember so well. And then the second hour and then the third, and fourth, and then a whole morning full of hours, and then lunch-time too. The conversation stopped, as if by common understanding, every time the noise of a wheel was heard. It no longer passed on the road, it passed through the dining room, through the table, through all of us, and we resumed our talk in a state of weakness, as if we had been tramped upon by a real carriage.

How the entire third week managed to pass that way I can hardly recall. The

fixity of our anguish, geared to such a high note, was the only true thing; the house, the people in it, our own actions and bodies, were all way behind. The only thing that took place in *our* world was mother walking up the stairs, determinedly, stepping on each step as if *that* obstacle had been subdued, and then sitting majestically on her throne, fixing both eyes on the top of the horizon from where the road flowed down to her like a dry stream. The road was hers, she was besieging it; it must produce her son.

Nothing could happen in that empty space that did not fall into her eyes. When people crossed the road, it bothered her, and if they stood on it for any length of time, she made impatient gestures with her hand. Because *he* was to appear from there like a small point and ripen slowly into the dear figure we knew. And once he had adopted every form we had guarded so jealously in our hearts, as a last thing he would receive his voice, and we would all be free. No more stopping to ask ourselves: What is he really like? How does he act? Have we forgotten him? Oh, to be able to say: "These lines, this voice you take back now, for they are yours, and see whether we kept them well." We knew we must have kept them much too well, for time brings change, and time was dead in us. Our time flew all around that point: his face, as we remembered it; that was our watch. For us it was just then and always then, and it continued to be then all day. On the night he had left, three years before, mother had put a photograph of him into the wooden frame of her small desk-watch. Now that the clock downstairs had done its work, this was the new impediment: nothing had really happened since that image had been put there. But he would come and set us free, we knew.

OH, BUT too few of those small points came down the road in the afternoon. They always seemed to accept the gifts at first: Kostia's stature and way of walking; then, half-way or so, they would begin to shake them off and show that they had nothing about them even to start pretending they were Kostia: such people as old men, even women, all sorts



of trespassers. Every single time we felt like shouting at them, "We are going to extract him from the unknown, even without your help!"

After eight more days of this mother began to feel that we were all abandoning her. She was alone now on the rampart. All the doors were closed, all the hearts were closed, too: the old Nothing (another of our familiar images to describe the atmosphere of the house) was taking hold of us again like a bad winter. Now it was as if *she* were trying to conjure a dream in the midst of reality and plant it there. She had unfurled the canvas of her lively imagination with a new world painted on it, which was to cover everything—the stony countryside, the trees, the people. If there could only be a conspiracy of hope, if people helped, if they began to hold the canvas down with their feet, it would perhaps stick to the ground. If they could only fasten it under the houses, she could finish her work. If only the postman would bring that decree, empowering her with the exercise of rights she had already taken days ago, she might manage to win, but this way, all alone, it was too difficult.

We continued to work as usual in the library, and although we were too oppressed by the silence to open our hearts to any hope again, we felt defended by her faith. God, or Whoever or Whatever there was, that stood behind the curtains of the world, would find his, its, their match in the aspect of this mother who had the dignity of a queen and could want things like a queen. However, we did not communicate with one another during those days. It was all right to be crushed inside, but the air should not vibrate with dangerous words of doubt, or really the happiness it was so hard to evoke would feel offended and not come at all. Saying anything sad was like opening the doors to the old Nothing. So we all waited in *her* shadow and somewhat also in the shadow of the house door. Every time the big hand-bell rang, there was such a sinking of hearts, and the familiar faces that appeared were so disliked! We felt like saying: "Did you *have* to come? Only one person has the right to come these days and you are not that one."

THEN an incident occurred which, although we understood that it meant nothing, made it even harder for us to interrupt our anguish. One day I saw my father come home with a face that was not only angrier than usual, but which said clearly: stay away, everybody. I was so afraid that I ran to the library and waited there to be called downstairs for tea. I heard him go through all the rooms. He was obviously looking for something and I knew what: something wrong, something on which to hook his anger. He found it. A chair had been displaced. He called Clorinda three times in a voice that was almost desperate with anger, and in the silence that followed, Sonia asked me stupidly: "Is there any news?" (Why oblige people to answer "No," when they would give anything in the world to answer "Yes"? There is a code of mutual respect in such situations.) "You fool," I said, "if there were any news, do you think I would wait to tell it until you asked me?"

Again father called Clorinda, and again his steps were heard, and they changed from the heavy hammering of stairs being mounted to the lighter scuffling on the same surface. He must be in the hall now. Why didn't he say "Good evening" to mother up there? And then, to call Clorinda that way, Clorinda, who had brought him up, spanked him, used strong words with him until he was fifteen! The fourth time he called, one note pierced the volume of his voice, and came out in a falsetto tone. Finally she arrived; and it was as if she had been guilty of everything that had ever happened in the world, when he asked: "Have *you* pushed this big chair against the frame of that picture again? Can't you see that it has left a mark? . . . I . . . this precious painting . . . my orders disobeyed . . ." etc.

It was so awful that Clorinda cried, and they both went downstairs together and way to the end of the corridor, and then a door was banged and their voices died down like thunder in the hills.

And mother continued to sit there at the window, away from all this, indifferent to the loudest expressions of reality, as if these were the threatening waters in





which she did not want to drown.

Then, for three days, father was ill, and Clorinda was ill, too, and mother hardly asked about Clorinda or why she was staying at the house of her brother, the gardener, instead of in her own room upstairs. And we hardly asked about our father's health, and everybody was alone in his anguish, like a dog. Then father recovered, that is, he got up and looked so old, so terribly old, that Sonia cried one day for hours on her books, while my brother and I insulted her by way of consolation.

**T**HEN another incident, meaningless of course, utterly meaningless, but there are moments in which everything creates

an atmosphere of tragedy, even though there is no reason for it. Father went up to mother's ramparts, and at first it seemed as if he, too, were interested in the road. He dragged a newspaper behind him as a child would drag a piece of cloth or a toy; and he said:

"I see here in the paper that there is going to be a League of Nations to keep the world at peace. The President of the United States of America is coming to Europe." Strange for him, with his cynicism, to make such a remark. Mother nodded without looking at him, then he said (his voice was very quivery after his illness): "Peace. Yes, peace for a great many years to come. At least our sacrifices will be rewarded, all of them."



And this must have seemed strange to mother, because she screamed: "What do you mean?" And then she was out of breath and screamed again: "What sacrifices? *We* are beyond that and we have forgotten. *Our* sacrifices *are* being rewarded."

He was pale and trembling and said nothing.

"But what is it?" she said. "Why do you look so disturbed?" He did not answer, and mother rose from her chair, and asked in a terrible tone: "Tell me, tell me right away! Why do you tremble so?"

And he said: "Why . . . I only thought I saw someone there, on the road."

And she sank back in the chair, crying: "Oh, I know. I know that. It happens to me all the time."

That evening I spoke to Sonia at length. Especially now that Clorinda was ill and no one dared scold our parents, it was necessary that we do something, because it was no longer human. Waiting had become a malady, a family epidemic, a strange fever. And we talked and talked and reached no conclusion, and the next morning she told me that she had had a dream: the wind had been so strong against the house all night that in her dream she had seen the house sailing toward non-existent shores; and it was mother's fault, because her eyes had melted down the mountains and the road, and everything had been made into a sea, and we were drifting away on it. She was trembling as she told me that dream. She said: "You see? Even I am all upset by these silly ideas now. Kostia will laugh at this when he comes."

"I think that he will not have the time to laugh," I said, "because in this state of affairs they will start quarreling with him because he did not get here on time."

"You are right," she said. "And it's so silly. Let's do something. This spell must be broken."

And I said, "Yes, it must be broken."

The trouble was, however, that the house held our anguish so well, just as it held the silence, and then (it was about three o'clock in the afternoon), while I was having another conversation with Sonia about it, one of the maids came and said, gasping: "The Signora is talking."

We couldn't help smiling at such a silly statement. "What do you mean?" we asked.

"She is talking," she said at last, "alone, by herself."

Sonia began to tremble; she was afraid for mother's health, and I felt my heart bang against my bones so that I almost resounded from it; but Sonia, who was always courageous, said: "That's nothing," and began to go upstairs. She found Adrian who was climbing step by step, slowly, in the hope that nobody would notice him, and she had a quarrel with him. He called mother to his defense: "Mamma, may I come upstairs?"

And mother shouted with a voice full of hate: "Quiet there. Go away."

We all left. Doors were closed again, one in the face of the other, all along the hall, and there was silence, a high silence, the highest silence that ever was in Spazzavento: silence mounted on a monument of roars, moans, and cries that the wind brought from somewhere with it. Then, suddenly, we heard the voice of mother and we slowly opened the door to the library, and she was saying, as if she had a fever:

"Go away, go away. It is not true." And then she said: "If you are true, then I must be your dream. You reflect my desire. . . ." And then she said: "Thank you. You are offering it back to me, for it must ache up in the air alone, detached and naked; it must suffer up there as it does here."

And we all walked to the middle of the hall and I had to lean against the wall so as not to faint. Then we began to walk downstairs, away from her, and stepped along the stairs and saw in the middle of the hall father with his red bald head, standing, as one stands at Mass during Elevation. And then mother again spoke: "Who makes this wind of light?" (This was one of her expressions to describe the beginning of dreams.) "Who detaches the paper from the faces, the mountains, and the houses?"

"O, my God," murmured Sonia, "she is ill."

"Who puts that cup there, on a hill?" said mother again. "Go away!" she shouted. "Go away. I know you, devils of dream. *These* things don't happen



here. . . . I know I am waiting. You don't have to tell me." Then, in a tired tone: "I know I have waited much too long." And she cried quietly, like a sick child.

Sonia walked up the stairs, knelt beside her, and said: "You are right, mother." She said it so gently, so well, sneaking into the unreality of the situation, feigning herself unreal too; and mother looked at her and said:

"The dreams were coming again. But don't be afraid. Let me alone."

Sonia came downstairs, and this time it was as if all of a sudden mother had lost her battle, because she greeted him with so much strength in her voice:

"Oh, here you are," she said. "And tell me now: how are you?" Then she whispered: "Did you come from downstairs? Tell me," she repeated, "did you? Through the garden? . . . Did you batter the ground with your own feet? You are expected to do that, you know. . . . And did you see the maid? She must have let you in." After a silence, she said, a little louder: "No, go downstairs first and ring the bell before we sit and talk."

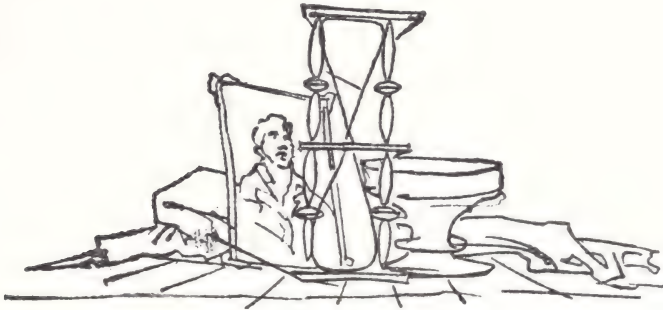
Then she seemed scared by something and asked with great anguish: "Oh, but you have forgotten! How could you just be here, without a trip behind you? Kostia,"

she said, "my darling! How did you manage to avoid that? The trainman must have seen you! You must have waited, sitting in the train, to get here slowly, with permission from them all."

Here she laughed, and then spoke again, in a weak voice: "That's right; you are coming to see your mother. But we mothers are the last ones to see you. First must your soldiers see you leave for home, then many other people . . . oh, so many, so many, you can never count them all."

At this point, luckily, the dream seemed to be over, for she coughed a little, then spoke cheerfully although still in a dreamy voice: "Because you see, my dear," she said, "between you and us there is this road. Yes, this road. Then that mountain. O yes, a high mountain. Your mountain. Then . . . other mountains." She stopped to listen, as we were all crying aloud. But she went on. "Then," she said, "then . . . the plain of Bologna. Then, Venice. . . . And then . . . mountains again. That's right. Mountains again. And then . . . and then . . . ?" (We could hear her breathe with difficulty.)

And then she screamed, oh, how she screamed: "I know! I know! . . ." and ran downstairs ranting so terribly that we all fled as if a wild, wounded beast were after us.





# THE TROUBLE ISN'T OVER IN IRAN

W. H. HINDLE

**A**PPROACH as near as possible to Constantinople and India. Whoever governs there will be the true sovereign of the world. Consequently, excite continual wars, not only in Turkey but in Persia . . . and in the decadence of Persia, penetrate as far as the Persian Gulf, re-establish if it be possible the ancient commerce with the Levant, advance as far as India, which is the depot of the world. . . ."

— *From the Testament of Peter the Great*

Whether this document, which purports to set forth Peter's political advice to the future rulers of Russia, is authentic is a matter of considerable doubt. In any case, it has proved a remarkably accurate forecast. For more than two hundred years the massive weight of Russia has been pushing like a glacier toward the Persian Gulf—while England, as best she could, has resisted that pressure. The current uproar in Persia—or Iran, as its people call it—might seem then to be simply another chapter in the traditional tug-of-war between the two great empires, with the unhappy Persians in the middle as usual.

In part, this is true. Certainly it is the ancient, troublesome facts of geography which lie behind much of the present conflict, rather than any sudden new maneuver of the inscrutable Soviets. But this

time there are two new hands on the tug-rope—the United States and the Persian people themselves. The struggle is not likely to be settled by a mere conference of foreign ministers and an ingenious treaty; even with the best will in the world among the Great Powers, Iran is likely to remain seething and unstable for a long while.

**W**HAT Russia wants in Iran is clear enough:

1. The outlet to the seas, through an ice-free port, which has been one of the prime goals of Russian foreign policy for centuries.

2. A protecting bulwark for the great Soviet industrial region which lies to the north—something which, perhaps, bulks unduly large in the suspicious, war-shocked mind of the Kremlin.

3. Oil, the very bloodstream of any modern state, in which Iran is fantastically rich.

In addition—as we shall see—the Russians may calculate that a flanking position in northern Iran might be useful in their efforts to persuade Turkey to grant them virtual control over the Dardanelles and to return certain territories ceded by Russia years ago.

What England wants is also clear. Iran lies squarely across the only feasible land route to India, and therefore is a key to

*W. H. Hindle, veteran journalist and student of the Middle East, spent two years in Iran as a member of the British Legation during the war.*



the defense of Britain's whole Eastern empire. Moreover, any foreign navy based on the ports of the Persian Gulf might threaten the indispensable British sea routes to the East. And there is, of course, that oil. Consequently, England has always considered it essential to "maintain Iran's territorial integrity"—or, as it has been more cynically put, to prevent any other nation from gaining a foothold there.

Under these conflicting pressures, Iran traditionally has lain helplessly passive, or almost so. In 1907, for example, she was unable to prevent the division of the country into Russian and British "spheres of influence" with a precarious neutral zone in the center. This arrangement was followed by the rapid development of a huge oil concession in the southern British zone by the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company, in which the British government is the majority shareholder. (It is perhaps the most profitable corporate investment any government ever had.)

Today, however, the Iranians are no longer so conveniently passive. They have changed under two impulses. The first was the late Riza Shah, the cantankerous, violent old despot who kicked his nation into a sense of self-respect. The second was the Anglo-American policy—or lack of policy—during the war.

## II

IN THE sober light of history, the reign of Riza Shah probably will be reckoned one of the greatest in Iranian history. An obscure, hard-faced army officer, he intrigued and fought his way to the throne during the chaotic years just after World War I. In two decades he gave Iran the administrative and technical apparatus of a modern state. He built a Trans-Iranian Railroad, through formidable deserts and mountain ranges, carefully making sure that at no point should its eight hundred miles of track join any other railway system and thereby offer a route for invading armies. Under his guidance new industries were developed and factories built. Roads were driven through the mountains; the Chalus road from Teheran across the Elburz mountains to the Caspian was a marvel of engineering skill.

Foreign technicians of many nationalities—Americans, Czechs, Poles, Hungarians, Scandinavians—were brought in to assist the work of modernization. Many among them were refugees from Hitlerite regimes who found in Iran an asylum which no other country would offer. As a by-product of their presence, Teheran had as good a symphony orchestra as many Western cities.

Socially, Iran was dragged forcibly out of a slough of medieval despond. The reactionary power of the Moslem clergy was broken, probably forever. Education was extended, not to the same extent as in Western democracies, but far more widely than ever before. Women, whom Riza Shah compelled to abandon the veil, benefited by it as well as men. One of the pleasantest sights of Teheran is the young girls in trim gray dresses hurrying happily down the Avenue Pahlevi to school.

There was a ridiculous side to this rapid modernization. Camels, most useful beasts of burden in all Iran, were not a sign of progress. Therefore camels were not permitted along the main streets of Teheran, and tourists were forbidden to photograph them. (Curiously, donkeys, although scarcely more progressive animals, were not subject to these restrictions.) If a one-horse glue shop were opened in some remote village, the Teheran radio would hail it as another sign of the "magnificent progress of modern Iran." If any foreigner so much as dared to smile at Iran or anything Iranian, retribution was swift and automatic. A French comic newspaper once referred to the Shah, whose official title is Shah-in-Shah, or King of Kings, as *Le Chat des Chats*. He at once ordered diplomatic relations with France to be broken off.

THERE was also one important gap in Riza Shah's reforms. This was his failure to do anything to raise the level of the wretched Iranian peasantry. In Iran, as in most countries in the Middle East, the agricultural order is founded on large estates. Small landholders do not own more than one per cent of the land. The rest is the property of big landlords, who more often than not spend their income in the cities. Their peasants are little more



than serfs, who live in a state of perpetual indebtedness to their master and doff their caps when he approaches.

In spite of this one great failure, Riza Shah's reign was a great regime. It was not, however, a popular regime. Riza Shah was too brutal to his enemies, too capricious with his friends, too tyrannical to everyone, too grasping in everything. His passion for amassing wealth and land was a by-word. At the time of his abdication he was said to own most of the vast province of Mazanderan.

His caprice was notorious. Ministers in favor one day would lose their heads the next. Such was the case with Timurtash, his Minister of the Court. After the abdication, Timurtash's daughter, who had been in retirement, appeared again in Teheran society. At one party she met Riza Shah's daughter, wearing a print dress with a red-flowered pattern. "I suppose," she said evenly, "that is my father's blood on your dress."

Other Ministers kept their heads and lost their self-respect. When Riza Shah was so inclined, he would abuse them physically as well as verbally. Since he was a big, powerfully built man, the abuse was painfully felt.

For these reasons, the noble and official classes had little love for Riza Shah. Other classes actively hated him for other reasons—the intelligentsia because he denied them all freedom of opinion; the merchants because he subjected them to strict government controls; the nomadic tribesmen because he tried to compel them to settle down, give up their arms, "number their camels, even count their wives"; the people because the officers of the army, which was his pet, behaved abominably. Iranian Army officers used to swagger down the streets of Teheran, the shoulders of their light brown uniforms padded to make them look more formidable, shoving mere civilians off the sidewalks. If they wished to ride, the more offensive ones would stop the first carriage that came along, turn out its occupants, and take over.

**A**LL these various resentments made it easy for the Allies to push Riza Shah off the throne soon after the outbreak of

World War II. British and Russian troops marched into Iran simultaneously with the ostensible purpose of protecting the country from German domination, either through a Nazi invasion or through the many German technicians within the country. (The number of these technicians was estimated by the Allies in thousands, by the Iran government in hundreds.) The Shah didn't give up without a fight. The first (and last) communiqué from his general staff read: "British and Russian forces yesterday violated our frontiers. Our troops resisted and advanced as far as possible." What actually happened was that some of the Iranian soldiers fought valiantly, while their officers ran off as fast as possible.

Thus the army—chief prop of the regime—not only was beaten but also was discredited with all the people. Riza Shah had no choice but to "abdicate" in favor of his son, Mohammed Riza Pahlevi, the present ruler. There was never any question of his staying on as a puppet of the occupying powers; such a stubborn, iron-tempered old character obviously was unsuitable puppet material. In the end he was shipped off to die in lonely exile in Johannesburg.

Immediately after the invasion, another and hitherto undeclared aim of the Allies became apparent. British and Russian railroad and highway engineers set about the opening of a new gateway through which supplies were soon pouring to the hard-pressed Soviet armies. As a first step they commandeered virtually all trucks and railway cars; and as a result internal communications began to break down. Grain piled up in some areas, while famine spread unchecked in others. Men died by the wayside, as the Allied munition convoys rumbled past.

From then on the economic, political, and moral degeneration of Iran went fast. It had, indeed, got its start even before the Allies moved in. Early in the war the British government introduced into Iran the same system of preclusive buying it had used successfully in other neutral countries supplying goods to Germany. Representatives of the United Kingdom Commercial Corporation, a government agency, bought up wool, hides, and other commodities at high prices, simply to keep



them out of German hands. Inevitably they bid up prices, thus helping to start the spiral of inflation which is still unchecked. Moreover, the U.K.C.C. contributed, unintentionally, to the low esteem in which Western democracy is now held in Iran. Some of its underlings there (and elsewhere in the Middle East) used their official positions for private ends. One of them in Teheran boasted openly that he had made a small fortune out of a private deal on the edge of his official business. He was frequently cited by Iranians in reply to European complaints of corruption among their own people. Nor was he the only Westerner who might have been so cited.

In rebuilding the roads and ports and extending the railroads, the British and Russians, and later the Americans, poured vast sums of money into Iran. Much of it found its way down old familiar Iranian channels into contractors' pockets. Some went to Iranian workmen, in the form of wages fantastically higher than any they had known. As a result, the amount of paper money in circulation increased sevenfold. At the same time, commodities got scarcer. The German attack on Russia had cut off most imports from Germany (though some still came through Turkey). Importation by sea was virtually impossible, since all available shipping was being used for war purposes. Iranian factories, which had begun to supply some of Iran's needs under Riza Shah, closed for lack of raw materials. In these circumstances, both wages and prices kept climbing, until by the end of 1944 the cost of living in Iran was more than ten times as high as it had been in 1939.

THERE were auxiliary causes of this inflation and famine, of course. Iranian merchants hoarded and profiteered. When Iranian officials came almost on bended knees to beg the Allies for trucks to transport grain, as they did on many occasions, it was not always certain that they would not divert the trucks to the use of themselves and their relatives. Political insecurity throughout the country made communications insecure, as the old profession of banditry revived.

Moreover, the Russians played a game

not easily understandable to their Allies. While Teheran starved, they put obstacles in the way of transport of grain from Azerbaijan, an area which produced a considerable surplus above its own needs. (Because Azerbaijan at that time suffered comparatively little, it is the more difficult to understand how a "spontaneous" popular rebellion happened to break out there in 1945, while other Iranian provinces, which suffered more, remained quiescent.)

Unfortunately, even these contributory causes of famine can be laid on the Allied doorstep, too. Continuance of corruption was inevitable while the Allies played along, as they did, with "the old gang" of Iranian politicians. Political insecurity was a direct consequence of the removal of Riza Shah by the Allies. To the Iranian peasant and workman, it was all one anyway. All he knew was the fact of starvation in some areas, of semi-starvation in many others. He bore it patiently for a long time. When his patience gave way, riots broke out, first in provincial towns, then in the capital. In Teheran the rioting lasted three days; shops were looted; many people were killed. When it was all over, some saw the Red Hand of Moscow on the walls, others the Black Hand of Berlin. Both may have been there. As in Azerbaijan today, neither could have accomplished much if intolerable living conditions had not made the Iranian people as clay in any foreign hand.

It would be unjust to British officials and American advisers in Iran to leave this black picture all black. Some remedial measures were taken on the spot and greater measures were urged on their distant governments. But these correctives were applied piecemeal, and they never were enough to shore up the country's crumbling economy.

### III

THE political consequences of Allied intervention were just as unfortunate as the economic results. Immediately after Riza Shah's abdication, there was a surge of new hope, especially among the country's intelligentsia. With the old tyrant gone and his henchmen discredited, they looked forward to freedom of thought,



freedom of opinion, freedom of action, freedom of everything. These hopes did not bloom for long; instead of freedom, Iran simply got disorder.

The reason lies partly in Allied policy, partly in the nature of the country itself. Iran is a vast land, of more than six hundred thousand square miles, with a comparatively small population and poor communications between the few cities. What good roads there are in most cases were built by the British and Russians during World War I or by the Americans, British, and Russians during World War II. No accurate census of the population has ever been taken. It is estimated at fifteen millions, and of this total wandering tribesmen probably make up one-fourth.

These tribesmen have many fine qualities, but they are not amenable to the kind of discipline which Riza Shah tried to impose. They objected to being conscripted. They objected to being settled in one place. They objected to being taxed. Above all, they objected to being disarmed. Disarmament interfered with their pastime of raiding on the main roads.

Riza Shah solved the problem by military expeditions, by bringing tribal leaders as hostages to Teheran, and in extreme cases by lopping off heads. When he was overthrown the tribal hostages left Teheran and went home. (One of them, Nasr Khan Qashgai, came to the British to offer his help in the war. He was rebuffed and helped the Germans instead.) They found their men again partly armed. Some had picked up rifles thrown away in the rout of the Iranian Army. It is possible that others were armed by the Germans.

With guns once more in their hands, the tribesmen took to their old pastime. The roads again became infested with what my Arab-Negro driver used to call "the steal-people." In the West there was a tribal rising. An Iranian Army tank unit, sent to quell the rebellion, was ambushed and its tanks toppled into a gorge. The unit commander walked home. In the south, an American agricultural adviser was waylaid by tribesmen. They took everything he possessed, but, on his urgent plea, returned his underpants. He too walked home. In the north the wife of an American correspondent was murdered by

tribesmen. Her murderers were never discovered. Near Isfahan, a British vice-consul was similarly murdered. Such insecurity, of which these are but a few instances, reacted in turn on the Iranian economy. With communications disorganized, and the forces of order weakened, taxes could not be collected nor crops moved from one area to another.

FACED with this situation, the Allies took the obvious course of playing along with the old regime. It was apparently the safe course; the intelligentsia, eager as they were to take a hand in the government, had no experience in administration. It was also, at any rate for the British, a course taken on principle. The principle was that of non-intervention in the internal political affairs of other countries—and a fine principle, too, although somewhat difficult to reconcile with military intervention. It was, finally, a natural course for both England and Russia, each of which had its hands full elsewhere. Nevertheless, it had some odd results.

One immediate result was that the British authorities dealt day-by-day with Iranian authorities whom they knew to be entirely out of sympathy with democratic ideals; while the Soviet authorities dealt day-by-day with some of the worst specimens of Iranian corruption and absentee landlordism. Another consequence was that the old army was maintained almost intact. An army of some kind was essential, of course. But there were some honest and progressive officers who could have created a new and entirely modern army, which might have better served to keep order over Iran's vast empty spaces; but they did not get the chance. There were, however, certain exceptions to the rule of Allied non-interference with the army. On one occasion, for example, a filibustering expedition of a dozen Scottish soldiers was sent into the provinces to kidnap an Iranian general suspected of pro-Axis sympathies. Such rare incidents were largely due to the pressure of the security authorities, who were concerned with security, not principles. The general rule was to maintain the *status quo*; and the effect among liberal Iranians was a deep disillusionment with Western democracy.



Many liberal Iranians, especially the younger ones, had brooded for a long time on the ill-balanced social order of their country under Riza Shah. Under Allied occupation, they had seen the balance tilted still further in favor of the rich. They had seen that the Allies—the Soviet Union included—would or could do nothing to right these social wrongs.

If Soviet officials were not their friends, however, Soviet ideas were; and Soviet ideas had penetrated far into the Middle East during World War II. Rumors began to be heard in Teheran of the formation of entirely new political parties, with vaguely radical ideas; it is characteristic of Moslem movements that they do not generally appear with full-fledged programs, but acquire them as they go along.

Among these rumored new parties was a Tudeh (or People's) Party. Its leaders were said to include men who had taken part in the formation of the short-lived Soviet Republic of Gilan in northern Iran twenty years before. Otherwise, it was a semi-secret society about which nobody knew much. The Iranian government made membership in it illegal, and for three years it remained underground. Then, in the late summer of 1944, the People's Party appeared in the open, demonstrating in favor of the grant of an oil concession to the Soviet Union.

That demonstration was curious. It was odd that any Iranian party should demand exploitation of its country's mineral wealth by another country. It was even stranger that any Iranian should risk such a demonstration. Iran under Mohammed Shah is as extensively policed as it was under his father, even if not so efficiently.

In 1945 the People's Party, now renamed the Democratic Party, appeared again in public. This time it was demonstrating in favor of the autonomy of Azerbaijan. Which again was curious. Well-informed foreigners do not believe that even five per cent of the population of Azerbaijan cares two hoots about autonomy.

#### IV

THE natural presumption was that the People's Party was a cat's-paw of the Soviet Union. Yet in 1942, when Russian

representatives in Teheran were asked officially about the People's Party, they categorically denied any connection with it. They may have been sincere. Soviet Russia's policy often shows symptoms of a dual character, under which her official representatives maintain the most scrupulously aloof and correct attitude while entirely separate and unofficial Communist influences may be busily at work in the background.

This kind of dual policy first became evident in Iran as long ago as 1921, when the Soviets negotiated a treaty under which they forgave all Iranian debts owed to the old czarist government, renounced all claims to special privileges, and promised not to interfere in Iran's internal affairs. In addition, they handed back all the Russian concessions, private and governmental, on condition that these concessions should not be given to any other power. But at the very time when these negotiations were under way, the Soviet Republic of Gilan was trying to establish itself on Iranian soil; and four months after the treaty was signed, a local Soviet force began to march on Teheran, and only with considerable difficulty was persuaded by Moscow to desist.

From that time until the outbreak of World War II, Soviet official policy toward Iran was generally correct. There was no overt intervention. Incidents were few. Nevertheless, Soviet example and Soviet ideas continued to travel across the border. There were many natural carriers. Iran is a country of many racial, religious, and linguistic minorities, numbering in all about one-sixth of the total population. Of these minorities the Armenians are perhaps the most notable. There are some 80,000 of them in Iran today, of whom about half live in Azerbaijan. In the past the Armenians were ill-treated by the Iranians because of their persistent Christianity. They are also by nature an argumentative people who invite opposition: in the fourteenth century Pope Benedict XII accused them of maintaining no fewer than one hundred and seventeen errors of doctrine. The Armenians in Iran today are in no sense ill-treated. But they are heartily disliked by the Iranians, partly because of their religion, and still more



because of their industry, intelligence, and business acumen.

Now just across the border from Azerbaijan is a Soviet Armenian Republic, whose citizens have the dignity of their own national administration, and (to judge by the names of some Union commissars) a place in the USSR government considerably out of proportion to their numbers. Moreover, in the Russian Caucasus, as in Iran, there are Kurds, an ornery people of whom an Arabic proverb says: "There are only three plagues in the world—the Kurd, the rat, and the locust." Like the Armenians, the Kurds are not entirely happy under Iranian rule. Like the Armenians, they have means of communication which do not take strict account of national frontiers.

During the 1941 occupation, the Soviet government employed Red Army units of the same persuasion as some of the minorities in Iran. Armenian units were sent into Azerbaijan; units with Kurdish-speaking officers into Kurdish country. Further east, in Khorasan, there were Tajik units which had much in common with the local inhabitants.

There can be little doubt that these military units, as well as the civilian officials who followed, have proved good missionaries during the last four and a half years. There was little in Iran to corrupt their Communist faith; it is probably the only country into which the Red Army went during World War II where the standard of living was as low as that of the Soviet Union. On the other hand, they could tell much, and with truth, about the liberality of Soviet policy towards Asiatic minorities. For the Soviet Union is the only major country in the world which has attempted to solve such racial problems on the basis of complete equality between Asiatics and Europeans.

Then, too, these minority missionaries belonged to the Red Army, which in itself was the best of all missionaries. In 1917–1921 the Russian armies in Iran, demoralized by revolution, behaved badly; and in 1941 the general Iranian expectation was that the Russians would behave badly again. Whatever it may have done elsewhere, however, the Red Army in Iran conducted itself in exemplary fashion.

The contrast between this actual behavior and the fearful expectations only enhanced Russian prestige.

In all these circumstances—of famine, corruption, and disillusionment with Western ideas in Anglo-American-occupied southern Iran; of comparative plenty and a new gospel, tailored to fit the Asiatic, in Russian-occupied northern Iran—it is not surprising that a party of apparently pro-Soviet sympathies should be making its voice heard. It would have made itself heard even if the Red Army had left Iran, even if no Soviet "tourists" had come in. It could have made itself heard even if the Red Army had not been in Iran at all.

**W**HAT is surprising is that the voice should be so strident at this particular moment. If it is a purely Iranian voice, the shouting seems dangerously premature; the "old gang" are still in office and they are politicians too skillful to be maneuvered out of Teheran by any party which lacks forceful support. If it is an Iranian voice with Russian overtones, it seems at first hearing equally inexplicable. It has been suggested that the Soviet Union is anxious to grab some part of Iran before Red Army troops leave the country on March 2. There are estimated to be 30,000 of these troops in Azerbaijan, as against 3,000 Iranian troops, and such overwhelming force is obviously a powerful persuasive. Yet, even supposing that the Soviet Union considers itself the heir of Peter the Great in one aspect of its dual policy, there would seem to be no sense in such breakneck speed. A policy which has already taken some two hundred and fifty years to implement does not have to be fulfilled overnight, especially when modern propagandist techniques allow of slower but surer methods of fulfillment.

Some other explanation seems necessary. It may, perhaps, be found in another aspect of Soviet foreign policy. Peter the Great's alleged testament, it will be recalled, exhorted his descendants to "excite continual wars" in Turkey as well as in Iran. They did. After the Bolshevik Revolution, however, a new day seemed to have dawned in Turkish-Russian relations. The Soviet Union ceded some territory to Turkey, and the two countries entered



into trade pacts which were carried out on the most cordial terms.

With World War II this new day in Russian-Turkish relations came to an abrupt close. Turkey was abused by the Soviet press and radio for her neutrality, and since the end of the war, demands have been made for both restitution of the territory and virtual control of the Dardanelles. Coincidentally with these demands, the Soviet press last year waged a fierce campaign of propaganda against the "fascist" Turkish Government. The campaign began suddenly and ended suddenly.

With the development of the so-called autonomist movement in Azerbaijan, the campaign was as suddenly renewed. The coincidence is significant. Azerbaijan outflanks Turkey strategically. Across the Turkish border from Azerbaijan there is an Armenian minority, which has much better reason than the Armenians of Iran to be dissatisfied with its rulers. The Soviet Union, having pressed its point as far as possible from one direction, now is obviously pressing the same point from another quarter.

ONCE again, however, Russian expansion—in whatever direction—is not alone a sufficient explanation of recent events in Iran. The United States and Britain are also in part responsible.

In its official policy toward Iran, the United States has always been the most correct of all countries. It has not interfered in Iran's internal or external affairs. Its citizens have given valuable service as advisers to the Iranian Ministries of Finance and Health and to other government departments. Nevertheless, even the United States has been suspected of imperialist motives by some Iranians (and much more so by Russians). In 1911 Mr. Morgan Shuster's American financial mission was described in Russia as an abortive attempt by Wall Street to take advantage of Iran's difficult economic situation. In 1944 another American mission was suspected of similar motives. This was a mission representing big American oil companies, which negotiated for a large concession in Iran. At the same time, representatives of the Shell Company, a Dutch-British concern, were also nego-

tiating for a concession. The Soviets saw—or thought they saw—Iran's resources being divided between Britain and the United States, while Russia was left out in the cold. This was an intolerable situation for the Russians, in view of the fact that they had renounced all their concessions back in 1921, *on condition that they should not be given to any other power.*

It was undoubtedly these British-Dutch and American oil negotiations which prompted the Soviet Union to send an envoy to Teheran in 1944 to demand an oil concession for herself. If the envoy's manner was abrupt, a reason might be found in the suspicions aroused by an apparent attempt of the Iranian government, coupled with British and American private interests, to circumvent the spirit of the Soviet-Iranian Treaty.

These suspicions were not lessened by the presence of American technical advisers in Teheran and by concurrent British pressure for the inclusion of more pro-British members in the Iranian Cabinet. Nor was the foundation in 1944 of a National Will Party in opposition to the People's Party reassuring to the Russians. Among the leaders of the National Will Party is one Saiyid Zia ed Din Taquizadeh, who is commonly believed by many Russians (and by more Iranians) to be a British stooge. Saiyid Zia ed Din is not that. His whole career marks him rather as an honest and patriotic Iranian. But he was in exile in British-controlled Palestine during Riza Shah's reign; and in 1941 the British seriously considered inviting him to return in the hope that he might head an honest government. Probably against his own will, and against ultimate justice, he is tarred with a British brush, just as the People's Party is tarred with a Russian brush.

IT is, therefore, just within the bounds of possibility that the immediate aim of the Soviet Union is to secure an oil concession in northern Iran for itself. The exact extent of oil resources in this area is unknown, except possibly to Soviet oil engineers. Neither is there any certain knowledge of industrial and economic progress in northern Iran during the past five years, for under Soviet occupation the



area was virtually sealed to friend and foe alike. There have, however, been unconfirmed reports of exploratory Soviet oil drilling in Khorasan. It is, incidentally, a commentary on the outside influences which have long afflicted Iran that the area of the drilling is one in which the Soviet government, an Iranian company, a French company, a British company, an American company, and a Caucasian middleman all have some shadow of legal claim to a concession.

If the Soviet government should achieve its immediate aim, then another aspect of Soviet foreign policy might appear in Iran. This is the willingness of the Soviet government to play along—temporarily—with the most unlikely playfellows when that suits its immediate end. Soviet support of the monarchy in Rumania is an example. A Soviet-supported monarchical dictatorship is not an impossibility in Iran, provided such a regime served Russia's economic ends. (Indeed, Soviet officials prom-

ised Shah Mohammed their support in the very recent past when there were rumors of an impending military *coup d'état*.) In that event, the People's Party might find itself disillusioned, as the Iranian intelligentsia has been disillusioned so often in the past.

But the disillusionment could only be temporary. Sooner or later, a real social revolution is inevitable in Iran. Allied policy, Soviet example, and the steadily worsening condition of the people have made it inevitable. When it is achieved, it may be found to have fulfilled Peter the Great's testament by an unexpected route. The Iranian people are close enough to the Soviet Union to know the disadvantages of Soviet Communism. But Western democracy, as presented to them, has shown disadvantages too; and a hundred and fifty million Communists on the border may exercise a greater attraction for them than many millions more of democrats across the seas.

## *To the One Who Spoke Her Love Exulting*

SELDEN RODMAN

THIS was the miracle that simply happened,  
This was what neither brain nor body sought,  
This was the selfless and the undemanding  
Treasure, for lack of which all wars are fought.

This was the State without police; the Business  
Nothing could buy; the incendiary Art;  
This was the Revolution that never faltered  
And in self-pity tore its sons apart.

This was the Heaven without a future,  
The Faith without a priesthood, church, or soul;  
This was enough of human federation  
To build a world on, and to keep it whole.



# SMALL BUSINESS, I LOVE YOU

C. HARTLEY GRATTAN

WE ARE hearing a good deal about the virtues of small business, much of it predicated on the notion that the desirable qualities arise from its diminutive size. This is peculiar doctrine no matter how you look at it. Equally fascinating is the obverse of the idea: that Big Business is *per se* evil. This is especially odd because many of those who state or imply the idea are incensed if it is hinted that maybe big government is evil too. They don't think so—often violently don't think so. But why is big business evil while big government is not? It is extremely difficult to say. Nobody really knows. Yet many people think that if evil big business could be put into the hands of big government, virtue would triumph. Strange.

Obviously, mere size is not the real basis of judgment. Nevertheless the virtues of smallness continue to be celebrated and the evils of bigness excoriated. Justice Brandeis's phrase about "the curse of bigness" echoes in the land.

The tangle becomes all the more absurd when it is realized that very few people argue that small business should continue to be small in order to remain virtuous. Almost universally they hope it will grow. To become evil? Of course not! They hope it will grow so that it may become strong, powerful, able to ride the economic tides successfully. It is the principle of growth that is the truly basic idea. And the desirable end-product of growth is efficiency.

What we want from a business of any size is maximum efficiency in the production of goods and services. We demand, also, that the efficiency be measurable in terms of advantage to the customer as well as the producer. We do not want any holdups, either from big business or small. We have had them from both. We still have them from both. Complaints will continue to be made. It should be a fixed principle of judgment that the consumer pay no premium either to big or small business simply because it has maneuvered itself into a strategic position in the economy or, if it is small, because someone thinks smallness is nice. Business has a weakness for exacting unearned premiums. The actions of big business in this regard are more widely publicized, but those of small business are just as onerous. The owner-operated country store strategically located can exact inflated prices for goods as exasperatingly as big business operating over the entire country. Both are ready to abuse economic power, but their respective sizes should not lead us to assault one and defend the other. Both should be rebuked.

In general, the public accepts this line of reasoning when it is actually spending its money. Most people at least try to get the goods and services they want, quality being equal, where they are cheapest. The businessman who can make them cheaper still gets the trade. This is true regardless of the size of the competing

*Mr. Grattan, our contributing editor, whose latest Harper's subjects were the TVA and the difficulties of planning for full employment, here deals with a subject too seldom discussed without violent bias.*



businesses. One of the headaches of the partisans of small business is that while millions will genuflect to the principle of smallness, practically nobody will buy from a small business just because it is small, if the same thing can be had cheaper elsewhere. I think this is both inevitable and sound. As consumers, we do not want to support a lot of small economic cripples. If small business is to serve its true purpose in the economy, it must be active and efficient, not an economic pensioner.

THE conclusion is obvious that what we need most is not small business that will remain small, but *new* businesses, or old small businesses rehabilitated, which starting small *will thereafter grow*. It is growth that is all-important. By the same token we want the economic conditions that will make growth possible. If those conditions exist, the problem of small business will, within limits, take care of itself. If they do not exist, no amount of fiddling around will create successful new, small, growing businesses in significant numbers. They cannot be created by fiat. This is so elementary that one almost blushes to state it, but in an era of economic gadgeteering, the obvious is often overlooked and all attention concentrated on the gadgets.

The correlation between general economic growth and the increase in the number of commercial and industrial enterprises is easy to establish. Here I shall use some figures compiled by Roy A. Foulke of Dun & Bradstreet, Inc., and printed for distribution by the Senate Small Business Committee. In 1870 there were 427,000 commercial and industrial enterprises in this country; in 1929 the number rose to a peak of 2,213,000; in 1941, after the depression had pretty much been absorbed and before the war got in its licks, the number was not quite so large: it was 2,172,000. Depression and war have always been the great enemies of business enterprise if it is small and weak or new and insecure. Between 1870 and 1941 the total number of concerns operating declined only in 1877, 1894, 1896, 1897, 1918, 1930, 1931, 1932, and 1933. The most severe disturbances were in the years 1894-1897, when there was a decline of

11 per cent, and 1930-33, when it was 11.3 per cent. But despite these temporary declines, the fact remains that total numbers increased after 1870 faster than the population increased. In 1870 there was one concern for every 91 persons; in 1940, one for every 61. The total upward swing plainly reflects economic growth in general; the proportionate increase presumably reflects higher spendable incomes in the hands of consumers.

It was during those years since 1870 that big business put in its appearance on the American scene. And yet, as Mr. Foulke has shown, 90.3 per cent of the 2,152,000 concerns in existence in 1942 were so small as to have a tangible net worth of \$20,000 or less, and 41.5 per cent of them had a tangible net worth of less than \$1,000—which is tiny business indeed. What were these concerns doing? Of all those in existence at any given moment, seven out of ten are retail stores; only one out of ten is a manufacturing plant. And almost half are one-man or family affairs.

Among these small concerns the casualties are terrific. Roy Foulke says that about 10 per cent of all businesses are discontinued each year, 5.4 per cent change hands completely, and 2.3 per cent reorganize without changing ownership. The discontinuances come mostly in the first year of life. It is hard to generalize the spot studies of this phase of the story, but Foulke gives figures which may be read to mean that perhaps one-fifth of all businesses are a year old or less at any given moment and that only about a third are over ten years old! Anywhere from 30 to 40 per cent of new retail stores fail to last out the first year. From half to three-fifths disappear during the first three years.

This does not mean that they all go bankrupt. Most of them are liquidated without loss to creditors, often without loss to investors. But the figures do show that the turnover is spectacular and that it takes a good many business ventures to find one that will put down roots and grow. The element of risk is extremely high.

Since most of this turnover, or wastage, occurs, one may presume, on the outer frontiers of business (to use an analogy that suggests growth), it naturally follows



that anything which upsets the business world, like a depression, has its most devastating impact on the frontiers. The most likely victim is the new and small business, though ill-prepared oldtimers will also fall. Skillfully managed big concerns are naturally better prepared to weather an economic catastrophe; and old small concerns are often well prepared to keep going. But a new small concern does not have as good a chance.

On the other hand, a small concern can often carry the ball farther and faster when opportunity offers. A Department of Commerce study showed that in 1932, a very bad depression year, only the very largest corporations eked out a small profit, while the losses among the businesses with small assets consistently increased proportionally as the size decreased. But on the other hand, the profit rates of small business in 1941 were larger than those of the very big concerns and had risen far more sharply since the depression. The same information appears in a WPB study of small industrial concerns for the 1939-1944 period. The importance of a high level of economic activity to small and new businesses thus becomes doubly clear.

All this is reasonably well known. But what is not so well known is that even in the best of times a high proportion of all business concerns fail to make profits. It is not profitability, or its opposite, that is the whole story. If all the concerns that fail to make money in any given year were to liquidate, the cumulative result would probably be well-nigh-fatal to business as a whole. It is the weak, managerially inefficient, and financially ill-prepared concerns that are lopped off when the economy is sick. But it takes a devastating depression to reduce the total number of concerns by as much as 10 per cent. Even in the worst years new businesses are started to compensate for those that fade away. In the years 1937 and 1938, when the economy was running on low gear, the net gains were 47,000 and 45,000 concerns respectively.

World War II appears to have had a peculiar effect on the number of concerns operating. It has been said that 500,000 small businesses were closed by war. But

it is also stated that "the number of operating concerns in manufacturing and mining reached a peak in 1943; and though this was followed by a slight decline, the number of firms was still 6 per cent greater in 1944 than in 1931." The casualties—closed down does not necessarily mean failed—were mostly, it seems, in retailing and the service industries. It is logical to suppose that there will be a quick revival here. In my neighborhood there were for many months six empty stores. Within the past six months all have been occupied by independent enterprises. If this is repeated across the country, the total number of concerns will quickly recover to prewar levels. Studies show that ex-servicemen with the intention of entering business are chiefly interested in retail trade and the services—electrical supply, sporting goods, novelty, candy, and tobacco stores, barber shops, laundries, shoe repair, radio repair, and plumbing shops.

## II

WE COME NOW to the most difficult and controversial aspect of the whole question: the issue of small business vs. big business. In his eighteenth bi-monthly report on the operations of the Smaller War Plants Corporation, Maury Maverick declared:

... everybody knows that most of war production came from big business. According to a recent war production report, 100 large corporations received 73 per cent of the value of all prime contracts awarded by the Army between June 1940 and September 1944. In the case of the Navy, the same percentage was held by its 100 largest contractors. Small business got a part of the balance of prime contracts and whatever subcontracting it could get from the bigs.

(This clearly suggests that the rise of militarism will decisively favor big business.) In his sixteenth report Maverick had already pointed out that "Small businesses are being gobbled up by big business." He produced evidence to show that the gobbling-up was most marked in the food industry—groceries, dairies, yeast, cereals—and was present also in wineries, distilleries, soft drink plants, drugs, pharmaceuticals, and toiletries. These are the fields where "corporate encroachment"



now has the most room to operate. There is little room left in banking, railroads, public utilities, and manufacturing. It is rather more than probable—it is inevitable—that this will go on after the war, perhaps at a very rapid pace.

Moreover, it is generally understood that many ostensibly independent retail distributors, long dependent to a degree on big business manufacturers, have now become even more dependent in order to survive the war. And in manufacturing, small concerns, dependent on subcontracting for war, have become deeply and perhaps often permanently involved with the big business prime contractors. Thus not only are small concerns still being gobbled up—a process that has been going on for years, even while the number of new ones was growing—but many of the “independent” survivors are now more or less fixed within the orbits of particular big businesses to which they are logically related, and which are strategically so placed as to have a decisive influence upon them. Finally, it cannot be overlooked that small business suffers from the malpractices of big business—from monopolies, control of raw materials, patents, and even credit. In the situation currently existing, the policies and practices of big business play a decisive role in the economy of the nation. And the topography of business constantly changes.

The question which is ineluctably posed is this: do the changes now going on promise to harm or benefit the economy? It is the general opinion that small business, as we have hitherto understood the term, is seriously disadvantaged in proportion as the power of big business waxes. It has unquestionably waxed during the war. All signs point to further increments of power. Is this a good or a bad thing? I think we can return a dogmatic answer. It is a bad thing. As I have repeatedly said in these pages, too much power in the hands of either business or government can menace the welfare of the wayfaring citizen. Increasing the already great power concentrated in the hands of big business is a trend in the wrong direction.

That is why our economy must be relentlessly policed, why the anti-trust laws and other measures designed to hold the

big boys in check must be steadily enforced. Not because big businesses are wicked. Not because small businesses are virtuous. But simply because big businesses have more potential power to stifle their neighbors, if only by sheer glacial encroachment, and because it is essential to our general economic health that the man with the new idea shall have as free a field for operation as possible. A dynamic economy must have healthy frontiers of development.

RECALLING that only in a period of expansion and prosperity will new businesses really get a chance, what special measures can be taken—aside from police work to keep the economic highways open—to assure that they get every reasonable advantage? These fall under three broad headings: finance, taxation, and management.

The distribution of active commercial and industrial concerns by tangible net worth shows that the financing of nine out of ten is a relatively trivial matter. But even the smallest concerns will probably need outside money if they propose to expand. And that is where serious trouble may begin. It is quite universally agreed—there are reams of testimony on the subject—that a sound business can get short-term loans without too much difficulty from banks and other commercial lending institutions. But when it comes to long-term loans (also called intermediate credit or loans for periods up to 10 years), not only is it hard for small concerns to obtain accommodation but there is a marked tendency to charge even those who do get money higher interest rates than the bigger companies, thus placing them at a sharp disadvantage. When you are hiring money, even a small difference in the interest rate can be of crucial significance.

And if a new or established small concern wants equity capital—i.e., capital in the form of shares—the difficulties are greater still. This is risk capital. It is no longer freely available and becomes less and less available as more and more investors are overtaken by the current passion for security, and as legal obstacles designed to protect the investor stand in the way of publicly soliciting such capital.



The local rich man is all too often—if he exists at all—not a speculative investor but a man looking for security for his money; and so it goes into big “sure things.” Risk capital is usually most needed by concerns with a net worth of from \$20,000 up to half a million. Such concerns often have strong potentialities of growth.

It is with regard to intermediate credit and risk capital that those who feel strongly that something must be done for small business propose to take action. Proposals for the future either involve a redefinition of the lending powers of existing governmental authorities like the Federal Reserve System and the RFC, or the establishment of a new authority to be called an Industrial Loan Corporation or a Federal Investment Bank, especially to handle intermediate credit and perhaps facilitate the acquisition of equity capital by a system of government guarantees up to 90 per cent. A third suggestion, advanced by the SWPC, is for a Business Loan Insurance system, on the analogy of the FHA scheme for real estate mortgages. On their part, the private financiers propose to solve the difficulties by schemes of their own. The American Bankers' Association has proposed a credit pooling scheme for intermediate credit; and the Investment Bankers' Association has tackled the problem of equity capital. There has never been a time in recent years where there was so much good will toward small business.

It is vital to recall, however, that even a forthright advocate of a government venture into intermediate business credit candidly declares, “Operations in this field will involve losses, fairly heavy losses over the years compared with operations of commercial banks and trust companies.” *Government money will not diminish the risks in small and new business. Risk is inherent in them.* What government money will do will be to transfer most of the risk from the individual businessman or the bank to the taxpayers. At best a revolving fund of around a billion dollars would be involved.

The direct provision of government money to help untried businesses would be an administrative nightmare, with profuse

opportunities for favoritism and graft, because in the nature of things new businesses are difficult to investigate and assess by any strict rules; loans to them are necessarily in large degree character loans, and an administrator with political friends or weak scruples might be tempted to favor the worst characters instead of the best. There might also arise a situation in which private money would tend to finance the sure things, and government money the cats and dogs—a strange perversion indeed of the relations between government and free enterprise. These dangers would be lessened if the government simply insured loans already made by banks, but would not entirely disappear. It would seem safer to leave the judgment of such risks in private hands, and concentrate the government's attention on other measures for economic health.

Taxation, for example. The central idea is to devise incentive taxes. It has been pointed out again and again that our taxation system is a cumbersome mechanism which has grown up by a process of accretion rather than design. If it were rationally redesigned it would, at the present juncture of American affairs, provide every possible “incentive” for the establishment and expansion of new businesses. The present tax system does not provide such encouragement. Rather there is evidence that it acts as a brake, especially in the field of corporate taxes. A recent Harvard study pointed out that “high corporate taxes are typically much more repressive in their effects than are high personal taxes—at least so long as capital gains continue to receive very favorable treatment. High corporate taxes restrict the growth of small companies (a) by greatly reducing the attractiveness of risky expansions to the managements of small companies; (b) by curtailing the amount of capital available from retained earnings to finance such expansions; and (c) by making the acquisition of outside capital on satisfactory terms much more difficult.” These are serious disabilities. The remedying of them requires intelligent action by Congress; and intelligent action means positive planning rather than indiscriminate lifting of tax burdens. A sound and equitable tax system is indeed something



that all citizens would applaud, not only those intending a venture in business.

### III

**B**UT while there is work to be done to improve the financial facilities and tax structure for small business, the bitter fact must be faced that the key to success or failure is not to be found here. No amount of tinkering at this level can solve the problem. In a pamphlet called "Should I Start My Own Business?" Professor P. D. Converse of the University of Illinois candidly states, "By far the greatest number of failures are caused by the personal factor: lack of ability, experience, knowledge, thrift, and industry. These may be summed up in one word, inefficiency. . . . This lack of personal efficiency may be said to cause two-thirds to three-fourths of the failures." It is impossible to see how sheer lack of business ability can be corrected in the prospective businessman, any more than lack of ability in any other variety of man. The only possible solution is to let nature take its course and weed out the incompetents. Nobody yet has proposed a Federal Brains Distributing Authority. But this still leaves open the prospect of correcting faults attributable to lack of knowledge.

Traditionally, lack of knowledge has been corrected the hard way—by the harsh buffetings of experience—but something might be done through instruction. Perhaps the Department of Commerce could take a hand here, as the Department of Agriculture has taken a hand in farm management; there are many ways in which the principles of management and the fruits of industrial research can be made available for all comers, without favoritism. Or private arrangements can be worked out, as proposed by Richard L. Rosenthal of Industrial Counsel, New York, whereby small concerns are enabled to tap expert managerial advice on a part-time but continuing basis.

For management today is a complex affair. There are numerous fields of management, each with its serried ranks of

experts, ranging all the way from production and personnel to marketing. Sooner or later every live business will come up against the problems in one or several of these fields and no single individual can hope to solve all the difficulties. The problems will be more acute in proportion as the business is vigorous and growing. The critical moment in the history of a growing business is when the whole affair seems about to get beyond the powers of the original enterpriser and he must either employ expert assistants or call a halt to further expansion. At that moment he wants to know not only whom to hire, but what kinds of knowledge to hire. Management decisions on the way along and at strategic moments can make or break a business. If it is made simpler to obtain advice, rising businesses may make progress not otherwise possible.

**N**OBODY at all sensitive to the tides in the affairs of men can write about a subject like small business without feeling that he is going around in circles. The literature on the subject is appallingly voluminous. The person proposing to go into business today could easily, I think, be stupefied into total inaction simply by collecting and *weighing* the stuff—let alone reading it. Yet tucked away some place in most of the pamphlets are three basic truths: (1) If times are good, then new businesses will have a good chance. (2) If business prospects look good, then money for a new business will somehow be found. (3) If the promoter is intelligent and knows where to look for sound advice—he will increasingly be freely told where to look—his chances of success are fairly reasonable. (4) Risk is inherent in new business and cannot be exorcised by any magic, governmental or private.

If I were contemplating starting a new business, and had a reasonably full purse, good credit, and a sound mind, I'd pay more attention to the state of the nation than to anything else whatever. If my purse contained trash and my mind something similar, I'd forget the whole thing and look for a job.



# BLACK SNOW AND LEAPING TIGERS

HAROLD H. MARTIN

THERE was the Raid of the Black Snow, and the Raid of the Fire Wind, and the Raid of the Dancing Flames, and the final big one which was the death of Tokyo, the Raid of the Leaping Tigers of Flame.

It is in these terms, which are not terms of terror and destruction, fundamentally, but rather terms of beauty, that the Japanese have spoken of the death of their city to the Jesuit Fathers of Sophia University. This university, which the Japanese call Jochi, is today, though damaged, one of the few islands of order and serenity in a great sea of chaotic ruin.

It may seem strange to the practical American mind that the Japanese can think of their city's annihilation less in terms of catastrophic loss than in terms of the physical aspects which made one raid memorable from the standpoint of pure spectacle, while another, equally destructive, was forgotten. Or that, while their every material possession and every political dream lies in equal ruin, they can laud in their press the joys of "hastening to the lotus ponds before the break of day to see the lotus blossom open its petals like a living hand."

But they can. For, while nobody remembers particularly the great raid of May 23, which had no outstanding trait to mark it except its destructiveness, the

climactic assault of two nights later, due to the fact that a wind was blowing, lives in their memory as the time when "the great flames bounded from roof to roof like leaping tigers, beautiful, beautiful." And the people do gather at the lotus ponds, with ruin about them, to see the opening of the blossoms. "A refined pastime," they explain, "highly regarded by the ancient Chinese. . . ."

THE morning of February 25, 1945, dawned cold under a lowering sky. The people of Tokyo went about their work bundled to the ears, and the charcoal braziers glowed without smoke behind the thin walls of the little, close-packed houses. Early in the morning the carrier planes came. "The little ones" the people called them, simply, though press and radio called them demons and devils. They were loud and angry-sounding, and their presence was an affront, but the people did not fear them with a deep fear. At ten o'clock the sharp cold softened a little and the snow came, the big, soft flakes whispering thickly down to cover all of Tokyo with a blanket of white. And the little ones left the sky for their sea-borne homes, and the people thought, "Ah, now we shall have quiet," and muttered thanks to their gods for the snow.

In the bleak gray light of the little office

*Lieutenant Martin, a former newspaperman, went ashore in Japan with the early Marine forces taking part in the occupation, and is, so far as we know, still there.*



beside the garden of Sophia Monastery, Father Gustav Bruno Maria Bitter, rector of the Jesuit house, huddled by the coal-burning stove that was shaped like a temple and watched the dark pines of the garden, their boughs bending now under the weight of the snow. In Germany long ago he had been a soldier, and old soldiers sometimes feel things in their bones. He knew, somehow, that on this day the snow would not save Tokyo. "Ach," he said to Peter Ito, his secretary, "it is a grand concert we will have soon." Even as he spoke, thinly through the storm came the wail of the *kei kai keiho*, the warning that meant the planes were near. He sighed and stood up, a tall, gaunt man in a rusty black cassock. He took up from the table the Jap steel helmet that is shaped like a basin and placed it upon his head. He stood for a moment at the window, looking out at the pines, and the dark tracery of the leafless maples, stark against the whirling white. His blue eyes, clear and bright as a young man's, shone in the depths of their dark sockets. His face was long and thin and bony, a living skull over which was stretched the luminous, almost transparent skin of those who keep their faces clean while starving. Peter Ito twisted a knob and the radio on the table came on with a squeal. "Enemy planes approaching *keihin*," it jabbered. They were nearing the inner city. It was time to go.

Incongruous in his flapping robe, the helmet bouncing on his bony skull and the gas mask bumping at his side, he went out through the blowing snow in the garden, up the long four flights to the monastery roof to his lookout post. Here he had walked in meditation on many a sunny day of peace, but now he groped in a blind world of white. The moats and walls and forests of the Emperor's estate, the mansions of the Kojimachi-ku where politicians and merchants lived on broad streets dotted by white-marbled embassies and legations, the palaces of the princes, the gray stone tower of the Diet, the dome of the Yasakuni Shrine, Japan's military holy of holies—palaces, temples, parks, houses, buildings today were there only in his memory. The gods of Japan had hidden their proudest city well.

But there are eyes which see through

weather. No sooner had Father Bitter stepped upon the roof than he heard, very near and very low, the deep pulsing beat of the B-29's. It seemed to come from everywhere at once, filling the sky. Then, though there had been no noise of falling bombs, from west to south in a quarter circle light began to glow through the snow as the sun glows palely at the moment before it breaks through watery clouds. There were many of these pale suns shining along the ground, and above each there glowed a pearly radiance which the Japanese later remembered and remarked upon. Then the darkness came, for the fire in the snow burned smokily and the smoke did not rise, but hung low above the rooftops, drifting, so that the falling flakes were blackened as they came down through the smoke, and all the snow upon the ground and upon the roofs that were not yet reached by fire was stained by the smoke. The fires glowed through the ghostly darkness for a long time after the planes had gone, then died, and when Father Bitter went down he walked through the garden in darkness like the darkness of evening, though it was only mid-afternoon.

YOU came many times later," said Father Bitter, "but there is nothing to remember about these raids except there were fires, and the people running in the streets, panting 'huh, huh, huh' as they ran. And then you came and brought the Fire Wind, which the Japanese called *himate*, and that one the people will always remember."

The night of March 10 was a night of blowing, broken clouds and bitter cold. At 9:30 the radio warned of the approach of the bombers and the people hurried from their houses with their sleeping mats and their pots and pans and their slim stores of rice and soya paste to the *bokugo*, the shallow holes they had dug beside their houses where there was room, or in the little strip of earth between street and sidewalk in those sections where the houses were jammed closely together. For the people of Japan, in their fatalism, did not dig holes to shelter themselves. They dug only shallow caches to hide their goods, and roofed them over with tin and sticks and earth.

Then, when the bombers came they



stood in the streets and watched the fall of the bombs, and the direction of the flames, and ran to save themselves, dodging down the narrow streets until they came to a pond or stream, or to an area that was not bombed. At first they did not even dig holes for their goods, but wrapped everything in straw mats and ran with their burdens strapped upon their backs. But blowing sparks which would have gone out on a tile roof fell on these mats and caught them afire and the people ran through the streets like blazing torches, spreading the fire to parts of the city where it otherwise might not have come. So they stopped carrying these burdens when they ran. But even this did not save them sometimes, for the fire would cut them off. Then they would succumb to the spirit of *shikada ga nai*, which means "It is hopeless to try to do more," and kneel in the streets, whole families together, facing toward the palace of the Emperor, and die there as the fire swept over them.

"Many more than ever before, I think, died on this night that you brought the Fire Wind," said Father Bitter, "for you did a new thing. There was first the half circle of fire that you laid, from southwest in a great arc about the city to a little east of north. It was like a silver curtain falling, like the *lametta*, the silver tinsel that we hung from Christmas trees in Germany long ago. And where these silver streamers would touch the earth, red fires would spring up. Then you came to the center of this arc and there you laid a great mass of fire all in one place, and then you crossed over this center of fire and laid down ribs of fire fanning out to the rim of this circle like the ribs of a fan. And the big fire in the center sent up a rising column of air which drew in toward the center the outer circle of flame, and a hot, swift wind began to blow from the rim toward the center, a twisting wind which spread the flames between all the ribs of the fan, very quickly. Thus, everywhere the people ran there was fire, in front of them and back of them, and closing in on them from the sides. So that there were only a very few who escaped."

That night Father Bitter watched the B-29's crossing over and back, again and again, the red and yellow flames reflecting

from below on their silvery undersides so that they were like giant dragon flies with jeweled wings against the upper darkness. When they were gone he stayed on the roof a long time, reading his breviary by the light of the flames, his pale face reddened by the hot breath of the wind.

## II

THE most devilishly beautiful of all the raids that Tokyo will remember was the raid of April 15—the Raid of the Dancing Flames. That night Father Bitter had gone to trade on the black market—as all men had to do who would survive in wartime Tokyo—for food for his starving priests, and for gasoline with which to fuel a truck which could carry the nuns of the Convent of the Sacred Heart from their ruined cloister to a place of refuge outside the city.

He was tapping through the dark streets with his cherrywood cane, returning to the monastery, when the *kei kai keiho* blew, and he heard from the radio in a house he was passing the words that brought a chill to the hearts of all Japanese—*su hentai*, "many squadrons."

"Ach, Gott, those words," said Father Bitter, remembering. "They put blood into the veins of the people. Even the dead get up and walk when the radio says those words." They put blood into the veins of Father Bitter, too, and he went through the streets in a rush. Inside the monastery walls at last he heard the final warning and, groping in the dark for the rope, he sounded the alarm on the angelus bell, a quick, imperative clang, clang, clang, far different from the sweet slow tolling of the call to prayer. On the stair as he rushed for his post on the roof he met the monks hurrying down. Their steel hats clanked as they bumped into each other in their haste and their voices were an excited murmur of German and Polish, French and Italian, for men of many tongues go back to their mother language in moments of excitement. They remembered old words of the days before their priesthood, too, for as they scrambled upon the stair Father Bitter heard what to his multi-lingual ear was unmistakably mild, exasperated cursing.



Already, as he came out upon the roof, the people in the streets below were shouting: "*Bikko, Bikko*," their name for the B-29.

"They came in majesty, like kings of the earth," said Father Bitter. "The flak from the ground poured up toward them, but they held their course, proud and regal and haughty, as if they said 'I am too great for any man to do me harm.' I watched them as if I were in a trance." He pointed with the stem of his pipe to a scalloped disc of steel which lay in the corner. "That brought me to my senses again. I heard the huzzle-huzzle of something falling and I ducked and crouched in a corner. It struck beside me, with a noise like a house falling, and I leaped a fine leap into the air. I must have shut my eyes, for when I opened them again I was in a world of fairyland. On every tree in the garden below, and on every tree so far as the eyes could see some sort of blazing oil had fallen, and it was dancing on the twigs and branches with a million little red and yellow candle-flames. On the ground between the trees and in all the open spaces, white balls of fire had fallen, and these were bouncing like tennis balls, high in the air to the treetops, and down and up again."

They were dancing on the roof of the chapel, and the Old School building, and the guest house. Bellowing like a drill-sergeant "*Die Kapelle brennt*"—the chapel is burning—Father Bitter plunged down the stairs. Up from the cellar where they had been huddling among the faint good smell of wines and cheeses long since gone, the monks came pouring.

First they saved the holy things, the blessed sacrament, the cloths of the six altars and the altar stones with their relics of the martyrs, the chalices and the candle-sticks. And from then, which was midnight, until dawn, they fought the fire in the buildings, manning the red Japanese hand-pumps that work like railroad hand-cars, until priests fell in their tracks, and Father Bitter dashed water in their faces and stood them up to the pumps again. There was a firehouse nearby, but the firemen, with an ocean of flame all around them, had given up completely, sitting beside their pump-trucks moaning help-

lessly, "*Shikada ga nai*," "It is hopeless." It was only at the last moment, when it seemed that all would burn, that Father Bitter begged in plaintive Japanese and threatened in harsh German until finally they came to help. And, though the Old School building was destroyed, and the New School building, which housed the priceless library, was damaged, the chapel was saved and the monastery itself was untouched by fire.

But what Father Bitter remembers most clearly now is not the fight against the flames, but the scene that awed the Japanese, the incredible beauty of the trees with their million glowing candles and the white balls in their wild dance beneath the trees, and the silver planes with jeweled wings, majestic against the sky.

### III

IT WAS May 25. All day there had been a feeling of oppression in the air, a mugginess, a stillness, a sense of waiting. Smoke from the great raid of two nights before still hung in a thin haze over the city. No breeze stirred the tiny new leaves of the maples, no bigger than a squirrel's ear, and the massed blooms of the rhododendrons were still. Then, just at dusk, as the monks sat down to their meager supper of soybean bread and thin, unnourishing soup, they heard the wind. It blew warm and damp from the southwest, gently at first, and then with strength, breaking into gusts that twisted the trees and rattled like a strong hand on the thin walls of the people's houses. Huddled on their mats in the dark, the people knew what these signs meant, this hot, oppressive stillness followed by a quick rising wind. Out there somewhere the eye of a typhoon was moving across the flattened face of the sea, and here was the whip-lash outer whirling, reaching for them, shaking their houses angrily. And in the minds of the people there was the brooding fear that was worse than the fear of the storm alone—the fear of what fire with storm would do.

Ten o'clock passed, and still the planes did not come. Babies stirred fretfully in their sleep, and old folk muttered ancient prayers. The minutes crawled toward midnight. The wind howled and the clatter of



breaking tiles could be heard in the streets.

On his rooftop Father Bitter, clinging to the low stone coping against the push of the gale, saw the white beams of the searchlights flash on, wander questingly across the sky, waver and stop, holding a plane at the heart of their net. The big ships came in single file, holding the same course, and the cluster of searchlights broke into many beams as each picked up its plane. The red tracers from the AA guns began to spray the sky. This time no silver streamers fell, but something new and huge and round. And where each shining cylinder fell there rose up from the earth a fountain of fire, a shaft of flame that reared up above the rooftops and then broke at the top into a rose of flame. In a sweeping arc to the north, over the Palace and the Ginza beyond, they swung, planting these fiery trees that towered for a second and then broke into whipping banners of flame which "bounded across the rooftops like leaping tigers," the Japanese said afterward.

"They seemed only to touch the roofs so lightly," said Father Bitter. "When they moved on, they left the dark houses untouched, it seemed. Then the windows began to shine with a light from within and you saw the fire glowing at the heart of the house. Then the house grows a little round, like a ball, and then . . . 'fuuff'

. . . arms of fire thrust out from the windows and from beneath the eaves and enwrap the house and it crumbles in upon itself, slowly, and is gone."

From the streets below came triumphant shouting: "*Banzai! Banzai!*"

Father Bitter looked up. "Ach, Gott," he says. "It was Lucifer himself running across the heavens. It was a *Bikko*, a B-29 all in flames from wing-tip to wing-tip, from nose to tail. But even in dying it flies with majesty. It sweeps in a circle over the city, a circle that seems ten minutes it takes to complete. And I think 'What courage!'"

(North of the city, in his internment camp, Father Van Overmeeren, Belgian priest, watched the burning plane circling slowly to its death and gave absolution to the souls of the men aboard her. "Under condition that it is valid," he pronounced, qualifying his words to preserve the dignity of the sacrament, "I absolve you of all your sins in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.")

Then the planes were gone, leaving behind them an ocean of fire rolling in waves beneath the storming wind. The next day Father Bitter and Father Roggendorff rode through the city for miles on their bicycles. North and south, east and west, they found nothing but ruin. There were other raids afterward, but they belabored a corpse. Tokyo was dead.

*Note:* Sophia University was founded in 1913 after the late Cardinal O'Connell, in 1908, had persuaded the Emperor Meiji that Tokyo should have a Catholic university. In recent years the school has had difficulties with both the Nazi embassy in Tokyo and with the Japanese government. The Nazis insisted that it poison its textbooks with the Hitlerian ideology, which it refused to do, and the Japs insisted that its students bow at the Yasakuni Shrine, which Father Bitter also forbade.

Father Bitter, the rector, is an ex-soldier of the Kaiser who still wears the round brass Wilhelm II belt. Member of an élite regiment during the last war, he remembers killing Frenchmen with a sharpened spade, a weapon he found more deadly than a bayonet, and capturing them on night patrols by lying in wait for them beside their latrines and seizing them when they lowered their trousers. He decided to enter the priesthood during two years of meditation as a prisoner of war in England.

Despite the fact that he hadn't had a square meal for two years until Colonel Hagenah, Captain McVarish, and other Catholics among the occupation troops sought out the monastery bearing K-rations, he is a remarkably virile and dynamic figure. Without his vigorous leadership, particularly in firefighting, there is not much doubt that the monastery and the gentle, unworldly scholars who make up its priesthood would have perished together in the Tokyo raids.



# VETERANS WANT TO BE CITIZENS

N. A. PELCOVITS

**A**SPECTER is beginning to haunt the American scene—the specter of the little guy with the Golden Eagle badge in his lapel. Showered with fulsome praise by welcoming committees as he staggers down the gangplank under the weight of his “A” bag, wooed by every aspirant to public office, and assured that “nothing is too good for our boys,” the citizen-soldier turned veteran soon discovers that though the country loves him it doesn’t quite know what to do with him.

With five million servicemen now demobilized and an additional five to seven million returning to civilian life by the end of 1946, America is faced with an unprecedented problem of human reconversion for which it has no plan. Conscious of the tremendous political implications of an electorate exercising twelve million Golden Eagle votes, Congress has begun to nibble at the edges of the problem. In an endeavor to still veteran demands flooding Capitol Hill, a grab-bag of benefits under the GI Bill of Rights and other piecemeal measures is being doled out. Promises of future bonuses, naïvely written into the Readjustment Act of 1944, indicate that the men on Capitol Hill have forgotten nothing and learned nothing. The best they have so far offered is a new paint job for the old jalopy, model 1920.

What is fundamentally wrong with our

approach to the veteran problem? It is the false premise that here we have ten million individual. Americans with ten million individual problems of “readjustment.” That each man can be individually treated, cajoled, put off, bribed, and somehow squeezed back into civilian life. This is an assumption vain and full of wind.

The veteran is a displaced person, not an unadjusted one, and that is the essence of the problem. He is a member of a group of displaced persons who must be reintegrated into American social and economic life. The problem of the veteran, it cannot too often be repeated, is not that of treating the disabled, soothing the neurotic, or giving guidance to problem children and doles to deserving but underprivileged paupers. Those are special problems, requiring special consideration. But the general “veteran problem” is that of reestablishing the most vigorous, the most progressive, the most promising section of our population within the body politic.

To assert that the veteran is a displaced person is not a mere turn of phrase but the statement of a simple social and economic fact. It does not require a learned study by the Brookings Institution to establish the fact that more than 15 million young Americans have been totally severed from our economy. Nor does it take a brain truster to realize the profound im-

*Captain Pelcovits, former air combat intelligence officer in North Africa and Italy, gathered ideas about the veterans' problems from the discussion groups which he organized for the officers and men of his squadrons.*



plications of this fact in a period of reconversion. Turning a warrior into a productive citizen is a job far more serious than retooling Willow Run.

There has been, too, a vast social displacement. Social man is the product of a home, family ties, a collection of furniture and a wardrobe, and a job routine. The veteran has lost or given away or become estranged from all these. Remember also that he labors under the psychological hazard of having lost the best three or more years of his life. Make no mistake about that. Challenge any soldier on that point and you will discover that those were "the most valuable years" of his life no matter what ages they covered. That kind of man is displaced but you can't put him off with the type of relief program we provide for the European DP's.

THAT the old-style plan of palliatives, pensions, and promised bonuses will no longer meet veterans' needs is an inescapable conclusion for anyone who has been close to our citizen-soldier during the war years. Ask, for example, Sgt. Junior J. Spurrier, Congressional Medal of Honor winner, now on the staff of the Veterans of Foreign Wars. Reporters who interviewed him last August were impressed by the sincerity of his proclamation that with his buddies he had taken a "foxhole oath" to fight for jobs and opportunities. Among the major grievances he listed were the following: that the veteran sees himself starting civilian life with two strikes against him in the matter of housing, rations, credit in a new community, and debts, and above all in finding a decent job. That's only part of what veterans are thinking.

And the enemies of democracy know it. The revived remnants of America Firsters and would-be *fuehrers* are busy spreading their nets for foxhole graduates. They are well aware that during the next year a struggle for the soul and vote of the ex-GI will ensue. Capitalizing on his uneasiness and resentment, his initial feeling of being an outlander among civilians, they have adopted the familiar technique of "divide and conquer" to win his support. On the fringes there is the sniping of a Westbrook Pegler inciting veterans against union labor. Coming out of hiding and just

getting within artillery range are the newly-formed "nationalist" clubs. The most notorious of these are Gerald L. K. Smith's "Nationalist Veterans of World War II," Father Coughlin's "St. Sebastian's Brigade," Joe McWilliams' "Servicemen's Reconstruction Plan," and Edward James Smythe's "Protestant War Veterans." Their aim is to segregate the veteran, set him against various sections of the civilian community, feed his resentment (whispering campaigns of "you've been played for a sucker again" have come to the ears of this writer), promise exclusive rights to better jobs and bigger bonuses—then use his strength for self-aggrandizement. The pattern is familiar. But, given fertile soil, it is not impossible for these weeds to flourish. It is pertinent to recall that Hitler captured the war veteran in a period of misery.

The struggle for the veteran is now on and will gather in intensity during 1946. The issue is far from decided and the stakes are the highest for which American politics has ever played. It is no exaggeration to say that the future of America will be determined by our decision. Two paths are open: a continuance of the policy of hodgepodge benefits and "veterans' preferences" which will, at best, create a body of pensioners, unproductive and segregated; or, a plan whereby the veteran is first set on his feet, then totally integrated into the American community of civilians.

## II

BUT how about the widespread view (not so widespread among the veterans!) that with the GI Bill we now enjoy the most generous and most balanced program for veterans in the world? It may shake the American public to learn that Canada's mustering out grants are more liberal than ours and that the Servicemen's Readjustment Act (GI Bill) is one of the most lopsided pieces of legislation ever to pass through a Congressional committee. A critical review of the current program for veterans is in order.

Upon separation, the new civilian receives his Golden Eagle discharge badge and a maximum cash grant of three hundred dollars, if he has served overseas, two



hundred if he has seen only domestic service. Contrary to rumor, few GI's were able to save as much as five hundred dollars in three to five years of service. Yet it is deemed fitting and proper to throw the ex-warrior into the civilian market with, at most, \$300 on top of his savings. This to cover the re-establishment of a home, a new wardrobe, furniture, back taxes, the type of vacation advertised in slick paper magazines, and enough of a reserve to cover a period of job-hunting. A veteran is even required to pay taxes on income earned while in combat. Special tax law provisions at present do no more than postpone the day of reckoning. Debt is inevitably the first strike against the veteran.

Item two in the current program is the re-employment provision of the Selective Service Act. It guarantees the returning serviceman his old job for a year with accrued seniority. At least one court decision has interpreted this as meaning "super-seniority" over all other non-veteran employees. Rosy as this sounds and beneficial though it may be in individual cases, it is a policy fraught with menace. It is based on the dangerous proposition of "veteran preference," either forcing an ex-serviceman on an employer who doesn't need or want him or displacing another worker.

The unions naturally fear that this provision will be employed as an instrument of cleavage between worker and veteran. More significant is the fact that this highly-touted benefit covers no more than a quarter of returning GI's. With new skills and a broadened outlook as the result of their war experiences, the majority of our new civilians are looking for more promising opportunities than those they left behind. Of 10,000 discharges screened at Camp Beale last August, less than 22 per cent indicated a desire to return to former jobs. This percentage is probably typical and should be enough to dispel popular illusions about re-employment benefits.

The third major plank in the program includes pensions, hospitalization, and disability allowances. This is the classic stamping ground of the old-line veteran organizations; it is principally as proxy for pensioners that they have justified themselves. But these matters, as the Baruch Report on veterans' administration dem-

onstrated, are not properly part of a veterans' plan at all! The disabled veteran is a special charge on the cost of war. It cannot be too strongly emphasized that medical and disability services should be divorced from the general administration of veterans' affairs.

**S**TRIPPED of its hospitalization provisions, the "GI Bill of Rights" parades three types of benefits which make up its claim to fame: (1) unemployment compensation, called readjustment allowances; (2) loans for homes, farms, and businesses; (3) education aids. Do these add up to a plan for veterans?

Unemployment compensation at the rate of twenty dollars a week for a maximum of 52 weeks is paid a totally unemployed veteran. If he works part-time, everything he earns over three dollars is subtracted from his weekly allowance. In principle some such provision certainly should be made, but it should not be part of a plan for veterans. It is a social security measure in which all Americans should share in a period of reconversion, unemployment, or personal hardship. But, leaving this criticism aside for the moment, its terms are not even generous. Its weekly rate falls below the \$25 standard which President Truman proposed as a minimum for all Americans. Furthermore, no provision is made for dependents.

But how about the loan which the government gives the veteran of World War II? Contrary to popular impression, the GI Bill did not set up a government lending agency for veterans. It merely states that when a veteran, within two years of discharge, negotiates a loan for the purpose of building a home, purchasing a farm, or starting a business, the Veterans Administration will guarantee to the lender up to 50 per cent of the amount borrowed, but in no case will the amount guaranteed exceed \$2,000. An amendment, now pending, would raise the maximum guarantee to \$4,000. Interest on the loan must be no higher than 4 per cent. Simple enough, but in practice the security needed has been so hedged about with severe credit requirements, as interpreted by the VA, that of three million veterans, less than 100,000 had availed themselves of loan assistance



by last November. The ironic fact is that a veteran with good credit standing in his community can negotiate a commercial loan more easily without government guarantee than with it.

The one remaining feature of the GI Bill which goes beyond the handout stage is that which provides for assistance in completing interrupted educations. It exhibits bold, imaginative, and constructive thinking. And therein lies its danger, as Chancellor Hutchins of Chicago University has pointed out. Any veteran whose education was interrupted by military service of at least ninety days is entitled to a period of from one to four years of free schooling. Those under 25 years of age when they donned a uniform are automatically eligible for full benefits, while older servicemen are restricted to one year's training unless they prove bona fide interruption of their education. Up to \$500 in tuition and fees for each academic year is paid to any approved institution chosen by the veteran. In addition, a subsistence allowance of \$50 a month (\$75 for those with dependents) is granted.

Except for suggestions that subsistence allowances be upped, no one has denied that this phase of the veterans' program is achieving excellent results. Too excellent, alas! Veterans educated and uneducated, with or without aptitude, unemployed or fed up with looking for decent jobs, are flocking to education as "the best deal." The cause: the GI Bill offers no alternative benefit of substantial nature. The end result is that the one imaginative, forward-looking, well-administered section of the current program loses its meaning because it is part of an unbalanced whole.

### III

SUCH is the current program. We have so far no integrated plan for welcoming back into civilian society those who should be its most productive and most honored members. Is such a plan possible?

I am firmly convinced that it is. In the most incisive document published on this problem, the much neglected Baruch Report of September 1945, we discover a statement of purpose and two general principles which can serve as the starting

point for such a plan. The statement: "The ultimate goal of any veterans' program must be to restore the returning soldier and sailor to the community—socially, economically, and humanly." Before being permitted to handle veterans' affairs, men in public office should be required to read that sentence as though it were the opening of a love letter to veterans.

The two principles: (1) Guard against the danger of setting the veteran off from the rest of the nation, of segregating him even as a privileged minority. What is good for the whole American people is good for the veteran, for he is an integral part of it. (2) Separate the medical from the non-medical facilities, and improve both. The second principle may be expanded into the general proposition that a program for veterans must be divorced from a program for the disabled. The latter require the continuous, loving care of the nation; the cost can no more be stinted than was the expenditure of their blood to achieve victory.

Given these principles and the goal—"to restore the returning soldier and sailor to the community"—I advance the following nine-point program as the basis for a veterans' plan. The time for its adoption is now. Its cost would not begin to approach that of another year of war.

1. *The Principle of the Clean Slate.* Indebtedness is the first bugaboo of the new civilian. Start the veteran off with a clean financial slate. All taxes on earned income which became due during military service should be wiped out. All debts to the federal government not exceeding \$1,000 should be written off the books upon completion of two years of military service or of any period of service overseas during time of war. Declare a moratorium on all other veteran indebtedness for one year following discharge.

2. *The Start in Life Bonus.* The time for a bonus is when the veteran needs it most—during his period of re-establishment and not as an unemployed civilian of 1956. It should be adequate, reasonable, and final. Let us call it a rehabilitation grant. It would be in addition to the present mustering out pay (adequate for personal clothing and immediate expenses) and would provide funds for furnishing a home



and re-equipping the veteran for a job. The amount: \$10 for each month's domestic service and \$20 for each month's foreign service, but not to exceed \$750. It would be granted on the understanding that no future bonus could be anticipated. In addition, surplus property, consisting of consumers' goods including vehicles, should be transferred to a surplus property section of the Veterans Administration for disposal to veterans. Servicemen feel strongly on this point and it would be a measure of justice as well as wise planning.

3. *The Veteran Period.* Discharge does not make a civilian out of a soldier. It is not until he has a job and a home that his restoration to the community is complete. During the period of re-establishment—which may take from a month to a year—an expanded and streamlined Veterans Administration should continue to be responsible for his welfare and guidance. While undergoing counseling and training or job hunting, the discharged soldier and sailor would sign a veterans' payroll entitling him to \$100 a month (plus \$20 for each dependent) which he would continue to draw so long as he remained in the "veteran period," but not exceeding one year. The stipend would be his in full dignity and would not be regarded as unemployment compensation or a dole.

4. *The Principle of Social Insurance.* Upon becoming a full-fledged civilian the veteran would, of course, be entitled to participate in all phases of the social security program. In addition, he should be allowed to carry hospitalization and life insurance under the Veterans Administration.

*Hospitalization* in veterans' hospitals, now being expanded, should be available to all veterans on payment of a premium not exceeding \$2 a month. No pauper's certification should be required as at present nor should service-incurred disability be a requirement.

*National Service Life Insurance.* At present a veteran may continue his level premium term insurance for eight years or convert to ordinary or 20-30 payment life insurance, on policies of \$1,000 to \$10,000. Conversion to commercial types provides for premiums somewhat lower than for private policies. Yet a million and a half policies have been allowed to lapse, while

only one out of twenty-five eligible for conversion to permanent form takes advantage of the benefit. Officials have been surprised and disturbed by this trend; but the mystery can be easily solved—and remedied. Service insurance allows for only one form of benefit payments and that the most unattractive for the average policy holder. Death benefits are payable monthly in installments ranging from \$4 per thousand for a beneficiary aged 31 to \$8 for one aged 67. It is imperative that this be changed before the mass demobilization of 1946. The system of benefits should be modified to include lump sum and larger term installments, while the possibility of further reducing premiums on conversion should be fully explored.

5. *Veterans' RFC.* America, which can afford to bolster business through the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, cannot afford to risk less on its veterans. The present system of loans for veterans is both inadequate and strangled by red tape. A simplified, broadened system of reconstruction loans should be instituted. Loans up to \$5,000, at a rate of interest not exceeding four per cent, should be made available through commercial banks for the purchase or construction of homes, farms, and business property. Ninety per cent of the loan should be guaranteed (as the California state plan provides) and the period of application extended to five years to level out the impact on the country's credit system.

A word of caution. This plan is intended to stake the veteran in the initial period of hardship and is not meant to substitute for additional forms of public credit which the veteran as citizen would enjoy. Thus the veteran, as farmer, would participate in the benefits of the Bankhead Farm Tenant Bill (S 1507) liberalizing farm and rehabilitation loans under the FSA. As a prospective business man the veteran should consider the counseling and credit services of the Department of Commerce and the Smaller War Plants Corporation. The loan suggested here aims only to cushion the shock of personal reconversion which is the major headache of the green veteran, not to set him up for life.

6. *Education for Veterans.* The present



features of the GI Bill should be maintained. Subsistence allowances, however, should be raised to \$65 monthly (\$90 for married students), in accordance with the GI Bill amendment pending in Congress. Under a balanced veterans' program the danger that men will flock from camp to school would be avoided, especially if stricter counseling were available.

7. *The Principle of Central Administration.* Perhaps the most unsatisfactory aspect of our current set-up is the runaround to which the veteran is subjected, as Charles G. Bolté demonstrated in the pages of *Harper's* last April. While pursuing his benefits and seeking guidance, the veteran shuttles between the Veterans Administration, the Selective Service Board, the USES office and a dozen other agencies. All these services should be integrated and administered under one roof. Already some communities, notably New York City and Bridgeport, Connecticut, have achieved a measure of integration as the result of private initiative in the communities involved. This effort must become country-wide. The Veterans Administration, with 2,000 community offices, should take over all veterans' functions and act as a clearing house for all services. A reduction of red tape is also imperative. A single personnel form should suffice, serving as a central source of information for vocational guidance, insurance, grants, and counseling.

8. *The Principle of No Preference.* Having taken advantage of all services, grants, benefits, and guidance outlined above, the veteran would then be on his own, like any other citizen. Once he had graduated from his "veteran period" there would be no further nonsense about veteran preference. Introduced into civilian life on a sound basis, the veteran will prove himself capable of competing with the best of the rest. In fact, constituting the most vigorous and promising section of the American population, the veteran "minority" will soon capture for itself that position in the community which is its natural level. We must combat the tendency toward organizing veterans into pressure groups lined up against the rest of the population.

9. *The Principle of E Pluribus Unum.* But

how about jobs? So far this plan of ours has left out the most important problem facing the veteran—getting a civilian job. The answer is: advisedly so, for as such it has no part in a strictly veterans' program. Job guidance, yes; job training, yes; but special, preferred jobs for veterans, no. Jobs for veterans as citizens is the only sound basis on which this problem can be solved.

VETERANS' Administrator General Omar N. Bradley has remarked that "the greatest concern of the returning veterans is that of obtaining useful employment." But it is significant to note the context in which that statement was delivered. It was made to the Senate Committee on Banking and Commerce during hearings on the Full Employment bill. Again on this point the Baruch Report speaks wisely: "Jobs for veterans are inseparable from those for the rest of the population." That veterans are conscious of this is evident from the growing popularity of the American Veterans Committee which stands solidly on this thesis. Without regard to the specific merits of the Full Employment Bill currently under discussion, it is inescapable that if America is jobless, the veteran will be jobless.

The task of retraining and vocational guidance, however, is properly an important part of the veteran program. Aimed at re-integrating the serviceman into the American economic scene, the administration of employment guidance and vocational training should be placed under the Veterans Administration. The VA would work closely with the United States Employment Service and other federal and state agencies concerned with the general problem of employment. The appointment of a National Work Director proposed by the Baruch survey to "vitalize the post of retraining and re-employment" is vital. His watchword should be: specialized administration for veterans, but no preferences on the employment market.

Is America ready to accept such a plan? If orderly reconversion is to be achieved, something like it must be adopted. The Golden Eagle can scream louder than the economy boys.



# SUITABLE FOR FRAMING

RUSSELL LYNES

THE ART BOOM is not merely an accident of inflation; neither, I suspect, is it the new Renaissance. At least not yet. But the boom is nonetheless real, and even if the private collectors' funds should be temporarily diverted to washing machines and new roofs, there is a good chance that the seeds have taken firm root in well fertilized soil. The farmers of culture have been hard at work.

Art is making more money for more people (even artists) than it has in a long time, possibly than it ever has. *The Art News* reports that Fifty-seventh Street galleries last season increased their sales an average of thirty-seven per cent over the season before, which was itself a record season. Since the flow of "old masters" from Europe was shut off by the war, by all odds the greatest proportion of canvases bought were by contemporary painters, mostly Americans. Artists on salaries recorded the war as soldiers, sailors, correspondents, and the hired help of business. Union locals have commissioned murals for their halls. In New York, where subway-cards decorated with color prints of the masters have beckoned the city's moles to come up for culture, attendance records at the city's museums are unprecedented. Throughout the country, museums have bitten with fresh enthusiasm into the ripening apple of home-produced art. Diamond merchants, steamship lines, brewers, phonograph manufacturers, and soft

drink bottlers have suddenly become large-scale art collectors and benefactors of the artists.

THE man with the biggest stake in all this is the artist. Suddenly he finds himself (poet, prophet, documentarian, social critic) being taken up by two groups on whose patronage he looked with suspicion a few years ago and whose morality he frequently shocked—business and the middle class.

The new commercial use of the artist affords a clue to a possible shift in the painter's position in society. For this reason it may be worth looking at some of the commercial manifestations through the eyes of the advertising art director who is paid to apply a veneer of taste to industry's façade. His professional interest in art must, after all, be secondary to his interest in the sales chart. To him, as one advertising agency put it, "a sales curve bending upward is one of the world's most beautiful pictures."

Industry's use of the fine artist in advertising is nothing new. Pierce Arrow and Steinway both employed serious painters early in this century. Pears soap made capital out of a painting by Sir John Millais in the 1880's. But commerce began to woo the artist in earnest about seven years ago. The sale of cut and uncut diamonds had dropped during the 'thirties, and the advertising firm of N. W. Ayer &

*Russell Lynes of our editorial staff, having commented from the sidelines on modern domestic architecture, now considers art and the new patronage.*



Son, Inc. was selected by DeBeers Diamonds, Ltd. to see what could be done to give the American market a shot in the arm. The job went to Charles T. Coiner, an Ayer vice-president and a talented Sunday-painter, who with one eye on the market and one on the muse set out to marry the public and the arts with at least one diamond ring to each bride.

This was no romantic notion. It was a cold-blooded *mariage de convenance*. Coiner had tried it before with the French Line account and felt sure it would work.

Since all good advertising campaigns start with a survey (and some healthy skepticism), Coiner undertook to discover why anyone should buy diamonds anyway. He queried the retail diamond markets, and his survey revealed that people buy diamonds because of sentiment, fashion, pride of possession, pride of family, beauty, and of course permanence of value (investment). The parallels with the principal reasons for which people buy works of art were obvious, and Coiner set about picking an imposing list of fairly big (and safe) names and set out to sign them up: Maillol, Derain, Dame Laura Knight, Pierre Roy, Eugene Berman, Marie Laurencin, and others. It is his boast that he has not so far been turned down by a "fine artist" for a commercial job, and he has employed big American as well as big foreign names.

The first advertisements were printed in two colors, using white space lavishly, and the drawings, which carried the by-line "painted for DeBeers," were accompanied by equally delicate copy widely spaced and tastefully modest. It was obviously a snob-appeal or "quality" approach in keeping with a high-priced luxury item.

Coiner was right. Or perhaps lucky enough to have embarked on a rising tide. For within ten months after the first advertisement appeared in March 1939 the importation of cut and uncut diamonds increased from \$24,000,000 to \$35,500,000. DeBeers increased its advertising appropriation, and from drawings Coiner stepped out into four-color reproductions of paintings. The by-line became "Painted especially for the DeBeers collection" and the "collection" began to take on rather august proportions.

IT WAS too good a formula to confine to one account. Coiner, who also handled Dole Pineapple, decided to ship a few painters off to the Hawaiian Islands to paint the beautiful fruit in its native habitat. The so-called surrealist Pierre Roy, who knows advertising and respects the medium, sent back engaging little still-lives featuring a glass of golden juice. Independent Georgia O'Keeffe was not so co-operative. She preferred the Hawaiian mock-bird-of-paradise flower and was bored with pineapples. But Coiner remedied that by illustrating a glass of juice in full color beneath the painting. Later, after she returned, he had a budding pineapple flown from Hawaii to New York and convinced Miss O'Keeffe (who really likes to paint dried cattle skulls) that it was worthy of her talents.

Coiner applied his technique to other products, notably Capehart Phonograph-Radio, with considerable success. Interpretations of musical masterpieces by painters like Tchelitchev, whose now-you-see-it-now-you-don't technique was admirably suited to Stravinsky's *Fire-Bird*, did a job difficult to accomplish in other media. And, curiously, Capehart also began to amass a "collection" like DeBeers.

The idea caught on elsewhere, and soon what had started out as a hard-boiled method of catching the eye of a special public began to take on the proportions of a fad. Art directors fell to competing with one another for new ways to use the fine arts. Lucky Strike undertook to become a "patron" with a series of advertisements captioned "Paintings of the tobacco country by America's foremost artists." More recently the United Brewers Foundation has initiated "a series of typical American scenes and customs painted by America's foremost artists." (These scenes are all occasions for beer drinking.)

The list could be extended almost indefinitely. International Business Machines, Upjohn Pharmaceuticals, Niagara Alkali Company, American Export Lines, and Sharp & Dohme have joined the increasing number of art "patrons" in the field of commerce. Pepsi-Cola (whose program is so elaborate and so curious as to call for special mention later in this article) is using "fine artists" for calendars. Trade



magazines such as Standard Oil of New Jersey's *The Lamp* and Abbott Laboratories' *What's New* are plugging the "fine artist" in a reportorial role. The Container Corporation of America, with a series of handsome abstractions accompanied by a minimum of copy, has made intelligent and successful use of the unique talents of the painter to call attention to their trade name.

It looks as though, from the business point of view, the "fine artist" had arrived.

## II

INDUSTRY has not taken up the artist because of any high-minded notion of its duty to support him or the culture of the nation. It has done so because it has found that the artist can be used to serve a function in merchandising and public relations. But there is more to it than that. Art not only pays off on the sales charts; it also supplies an aura of ostentatious culture that is reminiscent of the kind of patronage in which the financial Lords of Creation indulged. But so far as real appreciation of the artist is concerned, the expenditures of Big Business and those original top-hatted tycoons are about equally valid and equally pretentious.

The artist and the "fine arts" are not being used solely for their integral worth but for some curious sort of cultural snob appeal that is alien to them. It doesn't seem to be the pictures themselves that are so important to the advertiser, but the implications of art as quality goods and the general air of high-mindedness that accrues to the patron of the arts. If this were not so, then why the emphasis on the "collection" that DeBeers, Capehart, and others are evidently amassing, and on "America's foremost artists" of Lucky Strike and the brewers?

Here, we must admit, is a potential source of valid employment for the artist. It has been a long time since there has been any organized patronage for the painter to look to, not only for financial support but also for the sort of intelligent guidance which he finds sympathetic. Certainly the current business "patronage" is organized and has wealth behind it, and in some aspects of it there is even a glim-

mer of that intelligent guidance. Attempts at government patronage in this country have been short-lived, and have been more concerned with quantity of support than with quality of production. In industrial use of the artist quality counts for something, and can conceivably count for a great deal more.

But not so long as the artist is used for the specious glamour that surrounds him; not so long as he is used as a pearl-of-great-price or as an oddity; not so long as the artist, rather than the picture, is considered suitable for framing.

THE myth of the artist as a social oddity has been growing for a long time. It has flowered during the past century, and if the artist is sometimes justly accused of cultivating it, he has done so mainly in self-defense. Painting, as a rule, thrives when there is an atmosphere of mutual respect and understanding between artist and patron, creator and consumer. When the atmosphere grows murky, painting runs to introspective pursuits of technical, formal, and aesthetic problems, and communication between the artist and the public breaks down. We have watched this happen in our generation.

As we look back now, the relations between the artist and the consumer in the Renaissance seem to us in some respects ideal. Painting in those days was generally considered a dignified pursuit. The painter was not only accepted as a practitioner of a "liberal" art, but frequently conducted his business like the talented foreman-owner of a small factory. In his industrious workshop he often drew the designs and his associates or apprentices executed them. He was not averse to painting the same picture over and over if there was a market for it. (El Greco in the sixteenth century did a land-office business in almost identical apostles.) He worked on designs for goblets, wedding chests, and madonnas with equal professional interest and frequently with equal skill. Actually, his subject matter was extremely confined. When he worked for the Church, the richest single patron for hundreds of years, he painted within the limitations of a rigid if elaborate iconography. The contracts he signed not only specified sizes and dates,



but, as in the case of Charonton's *Coronation of the Virgin*, included an itemized list of how many angels there would be and what colors, how many saints, how much burnished gold leaf, and even what kind and quality of blue pigment would be used.

The success of the Renaissance painter was the result not only of his individual genius or of his ability to meet specifications and surpass them, but of the intelligence and imagination of his patrons. Prelates and princes made it their business to know about the arts or to surround themselves with men who did. Artists were painting in an atmosphere of mutual respect, not mutual suspicion.

PATRONAGE of this sort crumbled with the Bastille. The plutocrats who became the art patrons of the Industrial Revolution were hungry for the social prestige and security that came from inherited culture. In their attempt to capture it, they hung their newly contrived palaces and chateaux with the traditional artistic trappings of the decaying and impecunious nobility, and the serious artist got little of their attention. The financially successful painters were the academicians who perpetuated the mannerisms of the past.

It was a scientist's era. The new Holy Grail of culture was the unknown physical world, and the artistic hierarchy, having no live mythology to work on (such as the Church had once provided) and no constructive patronage to keep it together, split up. Traditionally, painters had been good artists and less good artists. Now they became "fine artists" and "commercial artists."

Like the scientists, the serious "fine artists" went in for their own search for truth and for the housecleaning necessary to rid themselves of the cobwebs of a worn out tradition. The furbelows of the eighteenth century and the sterile classicism of the academies were, after all, anachronistic in an industrial and scientifically-minded society. The ensuing struggle of research and invention which carried them through impressionism, pointillism, cubism, and purism ended in an almost complete breakdown of communication between the artist and the public. The

language of the painter (his symbols) had become as special as that of the physicist. The public, suspicious of a vocabulary with which it was unfamiliar, regarded the artist as anti-social, flamboyant, and sensational. An aura of mystery surrounded him. He was thought of as an oracle who spoke in riddles. He was dubbed "modern."

Thereupon his friends came to his defense, and "modern art" became the center of a furious cause. The artist found himself swept triumphantly to the shoulders of crusading supporters and reviled by an equally violent opposition. For the first time there was a torrent of books, pamphlets, and lectures to explain to his contemporaries what the artist, to use the critics' words, "was trying to say." He was taken up by the fashion magazines and the window dressers. Whether or not he liked it, he became chic.

But the crusades and explanations, while they served to publicize the artist and make his work familiar to a wider circle, did little to dispel the myth of his remoteness. Much of the explanation did not clarify his position, but only further confused it. The language of criticism tended to be more obscure than the language of the painter himself, who suffered by becoming fashionable rather than understood. He remained a man apart while the battle raged around him. He went about his business while the myth of his remoteness grew.

And with a few exceptions this is how industry, reflecting the popular myth, still regards him . . . with suspicion, with uncertain reverence, and as someone not quite to be trusted and yet to be pampered.

### III

OF ALL the examples of commercial patronage which reflect this attitude, that of Pepsi-Cola, though not in all respects typical, is the most spectacular.

Pepsi-Cola's adventure in the "patronage" of the arts began as a brainstorm of Emily Genauer, a New York art critic. She had an idea that industry could and should play a leading role in the patronage of the American artist, and she proposed to her friend Walter S. Mack, the



president of the Pepsi-Cola Company, an idea for an artists' competition. She envisaged artists and industry working harmoniously together on a nationwide scale. Pepsi-Cola's part in the competition was principally to put up the funds for prizes, to reap whatever benefits there might be in publicity, and to issue a calendar using a selection of the prize-winning pictures. As we shall see, Pepsi-Cola for a relatively small cost did a job of institutional advertising which must have made its competitors turn green.

In order to elicit the interest of artists, an organization called Artists for Victory, Inc., was approached. This group, which had sprung up in 1942 as the painters', sculptors', print-makers', and landscape architects' attempt to throw their concerted weight behind the war effort, had just completed a large exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York with record-breaking attendance. Artists for Victory was a logical avenue to the artists. It looked upon the Pepsi-Cola scheme as indicating a new means of support for painters, and apparently saw in it also a possible way to perpetuate its organization as a sort of artists' bloc, pressure group, and clearinghouse.

The co-operation of museums was also required, since nothing lends prestige to an exhibition as does museum sponsorship. Museum directors, as custodians of public funds, are inclined to look askance on purely commercial ventures. The sponsorship of Artists for Victory, however, was authentic. When the Metropolitan Museum (pursuing a policy that "it would continue to show exhibitions of art societies on their merits, regardless of the source of revenue and provided the Museum retain control of the show under its auspices") gave the green light to Artists for Victory and Pepsi-Cola, seven other prominent museums fell into line.

Artists for Victory sent out invitations. The theme was to be *Portrait of America*—"The people, the cities, the farms, factories, woods and rivers, the flora and fauna of the land shown in any season of the year." Five thousand pictures were submitted by 3,216 painters "from every state in the Union (except Wyoming)" and from Alaska, Canal Zone, and Puerto Rico.

At this stage in the program Pepsi-Cola intentionally took a back seat. This competition (and this kind of commercial patronage) was to be different. As Mr. Mack later wrote in the *Magazine of Art*, "The Pepsi-Cola Company permitted the recent competition to be developed by, for, and among the artists themselves. Our company did not—as is the customary arrangement—participate in any way whatsoever in either the preliminary or final selections. We did not ask to sit in on the judging of the 150 paintings selected from the five thousand that poured in. This was done by a jury of artists themselves, sitting in judgment on their fellows. Nor did we have a voice in deciding to which final twelve paintings the awards would be given, in spite of the fact that they were to be used on our calendars, and that the first four became the property of the company as a nucleus of the collection ultimately to be presented to the American public. This was done by another jury of artists, museum directors, and critics. . . . Our part of the program was simply to award the prizes, pay the expenses, agree to reproduce the pictures, and to distribute at least 500,000 free calendars to the public, as well as pay for the resulting exhibitions at the Metropolitan Museum of Art and eight other leading museums around the country."

As competition prizes go, Pepsi-Cola's were large, far larger in fact than those offered either by the Carnegie Annual in Pittsburgh or the Art Institute Annual in Chicago. The 1944 competition offered \$2,000 for first prize; there were twelve prizes in all, totaling \$11,000, with an opportunity for the artist to sell his picture as well.

THE 1945 competition was on a larger scale. The prize money went up to \$15,250, with cash awards for twenty painters. Artists for Victory in sending out the announcement said:

Feeling more convinced than ever that Industry can be one of the foremost patrons of living American Art, Artists for Victory, Inc., welcomes the decision of Pepsi-Cola Company to make the *Portrait of America* Competition an outstanding annual event. . . . Both Artists for Victory, Inc., and Pepsi-Cola Company hope that in broadening the scope of prizes and conditions of the com-



petition, the welfare of art will be more fully served and the artists will be more fully benefited.

Perhaps because the critical reviews of the first exhibition were uncomplimentary, or because its sponsors felt that the show lacked breadth, something had happened to the jury system when the second competition was announced. Instead of one jury of painters there were now two. Artists could submit pictures to a "traditional" jury or to a "modern" jury, thereby attempting to please everybody: artists and patron and public alike.

When the second *Portrait of America* exhibition opened last November in the International Building of Rockefeller Center (this time the Metropolitan was not involved), the following legend appeared in large letters just inside the entrance:

A PROJECT CREATED AND ENDOWED BY  
PEPSI-COLA COMPANY FOR THE GREATER  
RECOGNITION OF CONTEMPORARY ART  
IN AMERICA AND CONDUCTED UNDER THE  
AUSPICES OF ARTISTS FOR VICTORY

BY ENCOURAGING THE CREATIVE WORK OF  
ARTISTS THROUGH DEMOCRATIC COMPE-  
TITION JUDGED BY ARTISTS THEMSELVES

BY STRENGTHENING THE RELATIONSHIP  
BETWEEN ART AND INDUSTRY

BY PRESENTING FOR THE ENJOYMENT OF  
THE AMERICAN PEOPLE ARTISTS' OWN  
SELECTIONS OF THE BEST CONTEMPORARY  
ART IN AMERICA

The narrow galleries were packed with 4,300 invited guests on the opening day, and the line for the bar where free drinks (hard as well as soft) were being dispensed was nearly as long as the line waiting to get into the exhibition. The paintings were exhibited by a new technique described as "revolutionary"—putting them behind a waist-high barricade and reclining them on their backs in a lounging position. It was called a "Panoramp." While the winning artists waited none too patiently to be given their checks by Mayor LaGuardia (who was late), Mr. Mack presided like a rather harassed but benevolent headmaster on Prize Day.

NO ONE can accuse Pepsi-Cola of being naïve as a patron. Like the banking family of the Medicis, they have brought

fame to their institution by basking in the reflected glory of the arts. They have not only given artists prize money and bought their pictures, but they have given them opportunity for public recognition as well. They have been benefactors of the artist, and they promise, like Mr. Widener and Mr. Frick, to become benefactors of the people as well when they present their collection "to the American public."

The total investment in prize money (only slightly more than the cost of a single page of color advertising in *one* issue of *Life* magazine), installation costs, printing, and publicity must have been a modest one for the returns. By its own count Pepsi-Cola has had three thousand artists working for it. It has got the museums to herald its trade name, the newspapers and magazines to give it generous coverage, and the grudging art critics to take it seriously.

Apparently, however, there has been something missing. This year the artists were less anxious to play than last year. Fewer distinguished names were represented. Those who did participate seemed to have sent their second-rate canvases. Miss Genauer blames this on Artists for Victory for muddling the jury system and on the artists for not recognizing their responsibility and opportunity. But the artists (many of whom are no more naïve than Pepsi-Cola) evidently spied a joker. It looked to them more like a publicity gag than like serious interest in the arts. They were unwilling to be party to such shenanigans.

Patronage of the artist which is predicated on the assumption that the patron doesn't know what he wants leads nowhere except to confusion. It is doubtful whether, if Mr. Mack wanted to buy a suit, he would call in a jury (or *two* juries) of tailors to pick it out for him. And if he did, it seems unlikely that he would call this democratic patronage. Rather than being a contribution to intelligent support and use of the arts and a service to the public and the artist, such a contest merely confirms the artist's suspicion that his reputation is considered more valuable than his product. Furthermore, such a contest makes the patron look as though he had no mind of his own, no taste, no convic-



tion. It broadens, rather than closes, the gap between the artist and the consumer.

#### IV

**W**HAT then is the answer? Has industry a role to play in the patronage of the artist?

There have been successes, such as the Container Corporation series, in which the appeal depended solely on the special qualities of the individual artist. There have been miserable failures, such as the Lucky Strike glorification of the golden leaf, in which all the pictures looked as though they were painted by the same artist, and a bad one at that. There have been howlers such as Upjohn Pharmaceutical's use of a somber portrait of a girl by Fletcher Martin with the caption "Anemia?" There have been the somewhat pretentious but on the whole handsome DeBeers and Capehart and Dole Pineapple series planned by Charles T. Coiner, who deserves credit for his efforts to use and work with the artist intelligently. And Pepsi-Cola, in spite of its failure to convince the artist of its sincerity, has made at least a gesture which indicates a willingness on the part of industry to employ the artist.

The danger from the artist's point of view is that the fad of the fine artist in advertising will run its course before either artist or industry has discovered a sound formula on which they can work together. (The end may be hastened by decreased excess profits taxes and curtailment of indiscriminate institutional advertising.) The artist who had shown some willingness to use this new medium will decide that industry never was serious about the arts. Or, on the other hand, it may be possible that the artist will recognize in art for commerce a new medium to be explored and exploited. Similarly, industry has a chance to increase the impact of advertising through the special qualities of originality and sensitiveness that are peculiar to the serious artist. He is, after all, a sort of social radar. But it is going to take some doing on both sides.

Artists may be suspicious of industry (many are and for sincere reasons), but a commission for commerce is no less honor-

able than painting a tycoon's portrait. If the artist looks with disdain on commerce, he gains nothing by giving it half his talents by way of protest, and he harms himself most of all. As long as the artist looks down his nose at advertisements, he will paint them badly. Advertising is a medium as exacting in its requirements as murals in true fresco and as different from easel painting. It is, what's more, one of the few mass media of communication open to the plastic artist, though that, of course, is not necessarily a reason for him to like it. The artist, I believe, is primarily concerned with doing what he considers an honest job, which to him is an intensely personal job. He cannot subject himself entirely to commercialism and continue to be an artist. Art like science stultifies without pure research. But it does not demean itself any more than science does by its application to utility.

Industry will get the best out of artists if it treats them less like glamorous recording angels and more like the serious observers and craftsmen that the best of them are. And just as some far-sighted industrialists are growing aware of the increasing importance to them of pure scientific research, so they can benefit from supporting what is comparable to pure research in the arts.

**B**UT before we can consider any such utopian understanding between the artist and the consumer of the arts, we have some baggage to dispose of.

First, let's drop the word patronage and its patronizing implications. The artist is not nearly so unlike other professional workers as we have been led by the romanticism of the last century to believe.

Second, let's drop the notion that the world owes the artist a living just because he is an artist. The world has always supported the artist, not because he was something special, but because he created a product enough people wanted and needed. Industry acting like Lady Bountiful is not the answer.

Third, let's give up the cultural snob-appeal approach to the artist, and see if we want his product for the satisfaction and enjoyment it gives us, not for what we wistfully suspect may be its prestige and social values.



This means putting the arts for commerce on a footing of honest supply and demand, as something that industry understands, appreciates, and needs. It means, moreover, a step toward getting rid of the stigma which nineteenth-century tradition has attached to any artist who works for commerce, and so toward closing the breach in the artistic hierarchy. It will give the artist a chance to explore, unembarrassed, new visual media which he may find are alive with possibilities. And if industry can employ his talent, originality, and skill to solve professional problems, it need not mean the stifling of his individuality or the elimination of his opportunities for personal creation.

In a way it makes no more sense to say,

as industry now does, *this advertisement has been painted especially for our collection by a fine artist* than it would if advertisers, assuming literary as well as artistic pretensions, said *this copy has been written especially for our anthology by a Pulitzer prize poet*. The artist's product, if it is any good, can stand on its own merits. When industry recognizes this fact, the painter will be more interested in achieving those merits; and industry will have taken to its bosom and its bank account a source of talent that it has at present barely tapped.

Then business can drop the pretense of being a patron of the arts. It will be something better, something that makes a lot more sense in our society: a good employer and a discriminating consumer.

## Pierre

IT is hard now for Sgt. McLean to remember the exact day he met Pierre. The armies were moving too fast, and one town came up after another out of the countryside until in his memory all the streets of all the villages and cities are merged with the hedged roads into one unending thoroughfare across the face of France. Time, in the calendar sense, has little meaning for the infantryman during a great retreat or a great advance. Places also lose their identity, and so, generally, do people. But McLean remembers Pierre.

At first he was only one of several children bunched in the hot sunlight on a street corner in Reims. He had a narrow, pinched little face, and with the thick glasses he wore, even in his outlandish clothes, there was a serious air about him.

They were all outlandish, though. It must have been one of those festival days that children know how to appropriate for their own uses, and the fact that a routed enemy had been pouring through the streets for days before and that a liberating army was entering the city had not sufficed to alter their observance of it. But for a moment, when McLean entered the same block, they seemed to huddle a little closer in their scraps of adult trumpery, eyeing him through the holes of their false faces or turning their rouged or blackened cheeks to watch him. It was a curious, still moment while they took each other in.

Then, suddenly, without a word or gesture on either side to change them, the children charged down on Sgt. McLean, surrounded him, and shrilly begged for money as children here are entitled to do on Hallowe'en or Thanksgiving Day. There were fifteen of them, as McLean discovered, when he had distributed fifteen pieces of Vichy



silver among them with exact American justice, one piece in each eager, grubby palm. The fingers closed on the money and the hands reached down to hike up outsized petticoats or fathers' castoff pants as they shuffled back towards their corner. McLean thought that was the end of the episode, for all over France the children came after American soldiers begging for *sous* or sticks of gum.

But it was only the start. They had only shuffled a little way back up the street when this solemn little boy, Pierre, halted them and started what appeared to be a harangue. There was a great air of solemnity upon all of them when he finished, and then he went around among them, collecting the money piece by piece until he had it all. It was an unusual performance, and to McLean it seemed that they must be pooling their money for some sort of black market purchase, and he stayed on a moment to see what would happen next.

It was not what he expected. For when he had completed the collection, Pierre came slowly back down the street towards the American sergeant, holding out the money in his hands and asking him, with the slow, careful speech one uses to address a foreigner, to accept this gift from his companions and himself, and to take it round the corner to a handy bistro where with the money he could buy a beer. It was the wish of his friends and Pierre that the American sergeant would drink the beer, as he put it, "to the betterment of French and American relations."

McLean said there was a kind of twinkle in the solemn eyes behind the thick glasses as Pierre explained that because of one of those tiresome rules that adults feel they must create for children, it was impossible for him to buy the American a drink in person. But, he went on, there was a good glass window, and if the sergeant were to drink the beer near to it, he and his friends would look on while he made the toast to the betterment of French and American relations. So, if the American were agreeable, they would now escort him to the bistro.

By this time the others had come shuffling back, and so surrounded, McLean was shepherded round the corner and into a small café. Here, in solitude, he ordered the beer at a table close to the window; but when it came, he drank it standing.

The faces were close to the window pane—a nose or two left prints on the glass, and the eyes, even through the eyeholes of the masks, watched with a kind of rapt intensity while McLean lifted the glass. He drank it slowly, drawing it out to the last thin lacelike trickle from the bottom of the glass, and then when it was done, he held it upside down for them to see.

They stayed there for perhaps half a minute, savoring the magnificent tableau. Then Pierre caught his eye and nodded to him once, as man to man. The next instant he had called his group shrilly together; and by the time McLean had reached the sidewalk, they were gone.

*Sgt. M. W. McLean, as described to Walter D. Edmonds.*



# WESTERN HALF-ACRE

THOMAS HORNSBY FERRIL

I HATE Thursday. On Thursday I get mean, even to myself. I don't want to have myself around. I'm uncivil to my sugar company associates at the office. I sulk through lunch. I ask impossible questions nobody knows any answer to. I come home at night without the horse meat.

"Did you bring the horse meat for Loper, dear?"

"No I didn't bring the damned horse meat . . . and I don't intend to . . . and he's your dog anyhow . . . and leave me alone . . . and if the telephone rings we're not going to waltz night . . . and we're not going to the Budapest Quartet . . . and we don't even live here . . . and where the hell is that clipping on Dumbarton Oaks I left under the shirts to go to the Chinaman?"

I go to the library and feel sorry for myself. I put a piece of paper into the typewriter.

"Did you read the mail, darling?"

"ME, ME, ME! It's always me that has to read the mail in this family! Throw the damned stuff out!" But I add meekly, "Who were the letters from? Anything interesting?"

Nothing happens to the paper in my typewriter. I go to the window and stare at the tranquil city. Thoughtful people are tucked into bed reading detective stories and learning about tomorrow from Drew Pearson. Out there somewhere in the blackness one of my friends is in his basement making Hepplewhite chairs. Why can't I make Hepplewhite chairs? Why have I no artistic hobbies? Out there somewhere Thursday's domestics are at the movies and

their masters and mistresses are drinking beer in pleasant cheeseburger stands, discussing nylons and Attlee. Why can't I? I return to the typewriter, I oil it, I wind the ribbon back and forth. In the upper left hand corner I put

RMH

1-col 10 pt.

That means *Rocky Mountain Herald* and tells the printer how to set it up. Then my first sentence begins to take form. I have picked up three new expressions in the past ten days and they all want to get in on the first sentence—"foreseeable future," "central fact," and "telegony." I rule out telegony because it can't possibly do me or anybody else any good. It means "hypothetical influence of a sire on subsequent offspring by a different sire." But the other two are all right, so here goes:

"In the foreseeable future of India one central fact is clear . . ."

Very, very clear!

The foreseeable future? The day before the San Francisco earthquake? The day before the crash of '29? The day of Pearl Harbor when all the brass hats were at Griffith Stadium cheering the Washington Redskins to foreseeable touchdowns?

And what is this central fact that's so clear about India? The one central fact I'm sure of is that when we were diagramming sentences in room 27 in the eighth grade at Whittier school I didn't do too well with "In India it is a sin to kill a spider." I angrily jerk the paper from the typewriter and throw it to the wolves.



This Thursday business gets me down because we have a one-horse weekly newspaper in the family that I think I ought to write for, and I don't have to at all. It goes to press on Friday, the *Rocky Mountain Herald*, a sort of step-dog heirloom established in Denver eighty-five years ago. The *Herald* has eight pages of which up to seven are filled with legal notices. Its front page we call "the pearls"—pearls of wisdom, pearls of great price, pearls before swine. My father ran the paper for ages and, as his eyesight failed, my wife Helen would go down to read proof on legals, make out bills and paste up affidavits that looked like valentines. In 1939, on his death, she took over and has become, alas, expert in the legal business. The *Herald* rides her like an incubus; no vacations, no fun, no nothing. We call it the *Rocky Mountain Albatross*.

Nothing makes you madder than feeling incompetent to undertake something you don't have to do at all. That's me. I don't have to write for the *Herald*. Nobody has to write for weekly papers because nobody does anything else. A weekly is the most written-for thing in the world, thanks to what we call boiler-plate, the syndicated material you buy by the yard, all set up ready to go. Boiler-plate is like the wreck in *Swiss Family Robinson*, everything you could dream of is there for the asking. "Do you, Ernest, swim out to the wreck and fetch me what Walter Lippmann is muttering about Bretton Woods." Presto! It's done.

Boiler-plate is the digest of digests, the tomb and resurrection of the printed word. Boiler-plate tells you about baby opossums and how to take out ink-stains, it gives you Washington-merry-go-rounds galore, Walter Winchells a dime a dozen, Baukhages, Dorothy Thompsons; it flashes spot news about normal precipitation in Patagonia and what Harry Emerson Fosdick thinks about the atomic bomb. It's the battle royal of semantics with Darwinian victories. Think of a quotation from Homer proving its fitness to survive against a 1945 smear of pectin, just the right amount of pectin, milady, to keep your jelly from collapsing. And intersmeared with Homer and pectin will be a

doleful reminder that a crumb of bread, thrown in jest, made Prescott, the historian, blind for life. You'll never throw another crumb of bread as long as you live! Whatever the world forgets the boiler-plate remembers, it is the corruption and regeneration of all truth: it points with pride, it views with alarm, it relieves the stresses of life with comical jokes and assuages life's transitoriness with poetry that tugs at the heart-strings.

Why anyone should try to compete with boiler-plate I do not know, myself of all people, for it trails clouds of glory far above my poor powers to add or detract. When I try to figure out why I feel I have to write for the *Herald*, it comes down to admitting that I like to run off at the mouth and am gloomy when I'm not trying to. But before you heave the first stone, may I suggest that you also ought to have a weekly paper in your family—a one-horse, one-wife paper, an anchor, a millstone, an albatross to impose discipline and humility, but, more than that, a temptation to put into print what you most approve in your own conversation and furtive dreams. Know what it's like to feel your own inadequacy in a world of words, of half-truths, of propaganda, of plausibility. They say you don't know a thing unless you can write it down. Your weekly is a garden with no forbidden fruit and a gallows to hang your stupidity on.

There are, I hasten to add, Thursday compensations, but they irk me worse than the boiler-plate. For some strange reason a weekly paper is a lodestone to people who can't help writing any more than I can. Take the pitiful case of H. L. Davis of Oregon who, in my opinion, stands head and shoulders above other Western writing men. Davis won the Harper \$10,000 prize and the Pulitzer prize for his novel *Honey in the Horn*. Why does he write year in, year out, anonymously for the *Rocky Mountain Herald*? I look at those big welcome Manila envelopes he sends in and cuss him from hell to breakfast for knowing enough to say what I can't say at all and doing it all for nothing. And there's Richard E. Peete, peerless yarn-spinner of the Western bar. Dick has written nearly four hundred consecutive anecdotes about lawyers. Davis and Peete remind me of



Irvin Cobb's story about the girl who gave away thousands of dollars' worth of a reasonably valuable commodity before she found she could sell it. The *Herald* could run a year on its stockpile of free contributions from kind friends who don't know any better.

Clearly, Thursday shouldn't throw me into a dither, but I think I know why it does. Every waking hour of every day affects me more or less the same way. I am constantly reminded of how little I know about the world I live in. Putting paper into a typewriter simply emphasizes the predicament. What ought to be a statement of truth turns into verbal manipulation of ignorance. Not that I'm against verbal manipulation. I love puns, limericks, double-croistics. Life would be poor without word games. But the trouble is that we are living in a world of word games, most of them so seriously contrived that we don't take them for games at all. We can't tell a White Paper from a charade. We read something about India or Russia without realizing that the man who wrote it didn't know what he was talking about. He was just a monkey with the typewriter keys falling his way. He keeps up with the fashions in words, inexorable as fashions in lipsticks—the central fact, the foreseeable future.

**B**UT when I finally pin myself down to why I loathe and abhor my Thursday complexes, I'm happy to confess and proud to boast that I am a perfectionist. Being such, I've worked up a condoning martyrdom. I tolerate all the wretched stuff I write as the Son of Heaven has to tolerate the imperial privy, or must have before Douglas Mikado demoted him to mortality. Only the perfectionist can be careless, like Robert Frost saying "I ain't" or "it don't." I have no difficulty in bringing myself around to saying: "At least I understand what I'm up to and thoroughly disapprove of it, but I'm big, I'm under pressure, I embrace multitudes, I forgive myself. My friends will understand, the rest don't matter." Let every writer, I continue, be judged by his best moments, and let his careless moments be patently careless, for no literary sin is more abominable than to polish a bad fact or a no-fact-

at-all into beautiful plausible prose. They told me in school that Walter Pater would write prose on paper ruled in groups of three lines and that he'd go through an essay first on the top line, then the second, then to ultimate perfection on the third. If so, how wicked! All stylists are embezzlers.

Two kinds of writing, since I am a perfectionist, seem eminently eloquent to me and, the older I grow, the more viciously intolerant I become of anything else. I refer to the best writing of knowledge and the best writing of feeling, in a word, pure science and pure poetry. I find science and poetry antipodal and complementary, never competitive. Competition occurs only in the scrambled middle ground between the two poles where we feel much and know little about very complex subjects and finally achieve neither good fact, good fiction, good history, good nonsense or good poetry. Mass word production and the impact of literacy on deadlines has a good deal to do with it, but I don't blame the newspapers and radio alone. I blame the general frenzy to be timely which destroys all sense of time. This new book on China or on 60,000,000 jobs must be done while the subject is hot.

**F**ORGET China or 60,000,000 jobs and apply my principles of perfection to something that is never spot news or controversial, say, a falcon. Let the falcon test the writing of fact and feeling. On the first score, fact, I envy and salute the writer who can tell what kind of falcon it is, describe its habits, its habitat, its life behavior, its biological composition. If the lights and liver of the bird lead him into atomic bio-chemistry, the mystery of life itself, let him end as we all must end in some final faith in manifestation, but let him stop where he has to stop: "I know this much this far and I can't go further." However stumbling the syntax, that kind of writing is, to me, downright magnificent. Would that we might write with the same integrity about India or the sterling bloc!

The other kind of magnificent writing begins with immediate faith in manifestation, the writing of perfect feeling, poetry. Our falcon is now flying over the prairie. Knowledge doesn't help though it may



qualify the experience, for the wonder in the heart of an ornithologist may differ from the wonder in the heart of a child. But deep feeling is common to both. You summon words. What's the falcon like, no, not like, what *is* it? How can you realize this experience, more than realize it, make it *realer* than it is? You want to hold it, keep it forever, communicate it to someone else. Wonder, desire, memory, innumerable impacts, as unmistakable as they are undefinable, grope for the concrete ecstatic statement and, if achieved, it is poetry of the purest character.

There are other ways to write about the falcon and you can have them. Planned Falconhood! Marxist Falcons! Baptist Falcons! The Falcon Looks at Democracy! This is a free country and you can write about the falcon just as you do about India or the sterling bloc. But it's not for me. I'll curl up in my chair and read the geodetic survey or "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," which I don't have to put through any filters of how much fact, how much feeling? I'll take my emotion

straight; Ring Lardner or Shakespeare, and let the wisdom trickle through without resistance or effort on my part.

They tell you not to be a perfectionist, that it's impractical. After all, they say, life is just a bowl of Munichs. Give-and-take must solve our problems. Our old colored washerwoman Josephine used to say, "You don't have to throw razors and chairs, there's always a nice way." Maybe so, but we spend too much time looking for it. Being forever driven to compromise, we woo and glorify it. We let adoration of compromise front for the stupidities that make compromise necessary. So behaving, we bow and scrape to stupidity itself. We say "Let's make the best of it" but we mean the easiest. The best is perfection. Perfectionists created the atomic bomb and a perfectionist created the "Ode on a Grecian Urn." If we must put up with less, let it growl and hiss in our acid gizzards as something we hate very much every day in the week. I give you my horrible Thursdays. May they make you wretched too! Many unhappy returns!

## *Old Florist*

THEODORE ROETHKE

THAT hump of a man bunching chrysanthemums  
 Or pinching-back asters, or planting azaleas,  
 Tamping and stamping dirt into pots—  
 How he could flick and pick  
 Rotten leaves or yellowing petals,  
 Or scoop out a weed close to flourishing roots,  
 Or make the dust buzz with a light spray,  
 Or drown a bug in one spit of tobacco juice,  
 Or fan life into wilted sweet-peas with his hat,  
 Or stand all night watering roses, his feet blue in rubber boots.



# THE ARMY DOCTOR COMES HOME

## *And Looks at Civilian Practice*

JOHN H. GIBBON, JR.

**F**ORTY thousand of us are taking off our uniforms, our brass, and our Medical Corps insignia. No longer will anyone be able to tell at a glance whether we are chemists, engineers, doctors, lawyers, or aviators. We shall discard the shackles of Army discipline and red tape, and also our regular paychecks. We are on our way back to private practice, midnight calls, and the right to charge for our services what we think they are worth or what the traffic will bear.

Have we come back wiser? Many of us have begun to compare, consciously or not, the differences between medical practice in the Army and in civilian life. Unlike most soldiers, we have engaged during the war in the job which we held as civilians. The professional life we led in the Army differed in many ways from that to which we were accustomed—but not in the standard methods of treating patients. The differences were in the economic and organizational aspects of medicine. Our soldiers unquestionably received the best medical care of any in the world. In achieving this certain methods were employed which many of us believe would benefit both civilian patients and doctors.

I shall discuss first those which affected

us directly and our patients indirectly, and then those which concerned us both equally.

**D**URING the early part of the war, discrepancies between rank and ability in the Medical Corps were all too frequent. But no organization can operate efficiently unless men are put in jobs commensurate with their ability and given the authority to perform their duties. Correlation of rank and ability took time, and the talents of some doctors were wasted. The situation gradually improved as the war progressed and doctors were increasingly assigned positions which were appropriate to their civilian training. This was accomplished partly by the elaborate machinery of classification and assignment, but it was the consultant system of the Surgeon General's Office that made it work.

The system of consultants in the Army Medical Corps was an innovation of World War I that was greatly enlarged and strengthened in this war. The consultants, whose job it was to supervise the professional medical care of soldiers, were all men of recognized professional attainments. They were stationed in every theater of operations as well as in the zone of

*Dr. Gibbon, a practicing and teaching surgeon, served for two and a half years with the Army as a lieutenant colonel in the Southwest Pacific.*



the interior to make sure that properly qualified men were doing the work for which they were best fitted. Surgeons\* of theaters, bases, armies, etc. (they were usually regular Army personnel) had their hands full with administrative responsibilities, and could not be expected to evaluate the professional abilities of all the medical officers under their command. The consultants were the professional advisers to these surgeons. It was the consultants' job to see that doctors were placed in positions appropriate to their ability or training.

For the first fourteen months of the war, I happened to be in a theater where the consultant system was not in operation and I can speak with knowledge of the harm that resulted from its absence. As soon as they got into uniform many doctors considered themselves free to undertake any therapeutic procedure. Some began to perform operations for which they had not been properly trained. These doctors were not entirely to blame. They were merely practicing the old Army philosophy that a medical officer is qualified in all phases of his profession. The consultant system soon put a stop to this.

No comparable system exists in civilian medicine. A state license to practice medicine allows a doctor to engage in any specialty, regardless of his qualifications. He may call himself a gynecologist, an obstetrician, neurosurgeon, ophthalmologist, psychiatrist, or any other specialist of medicine. The only effective deterrent is that sooner or later bad results will reveal incompetence. In large, closely-knit institutions such as medical schools, hospitals, and clinics, there is no need for a consultant system. Doctors eminent in their fields are in authority and they assume responsibility for the quality of medical care. But there is no professional supervision of the vast majority of physicians who are not members of such institutions.

All too frequently incompetence is concealed by the doctors' "code of professional ethics," which prohibits public adverse criticism of one doctor by another.

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\* The word *surgeon* is the official army term for the officer in charge of medical operations in a particular command. It does not imply that he has special knowledge of surgery.

It exists in part to maintain public confidence in the profession. A doctor called in consultation by another who has mishandled a case does not criticize his colleague before the patient or the patient's family. Of course public criticism of that sort is neither fruitful nor desirable. But it is desirable—from the point of view of the profession as well as of the community—that incompetent doctors should not be allowed to practice under circumstances in which they may do harm to a patient.

During the past fifteen years examining boards in medical specialties have raised the standards of professional practice. Before a doctor is permitted to take the board's examinations he must meet minimum standards of training and demonstrate competence in his specialty. These boards are obviously a step in the right direction, but no state has yet demanded a certificate from one of them as a requirement for specialty practice. Such a move by the states would be an improvement, but would still not provide in civilian medicine anything comparable to the continuous active supervision practiced by the army's consultants. Here is a system which has proved invaluable in the conduct of medical affairs in an army of eight million people. Where is its counterpart in civilian practice?

## II

ONLY 20,000 of the 160,000 licensed physicians in this country are certified specialists. The number is inadequate and yet their critically needed skills are wasted by inefficient use of their time. It is obvious that a specialist who has to spend his time driving from one hospital to another and back to his office, and then off to the medical school, cannot treat as many patients in the course of a day as the doctor who works in one place, like a businessman. Civilian medical specialists are almost constant travelers. But in the Army a specialist is assigned to an installation where his services are most needed. Patients who require the type of care which he can give are sent to the hospital where he has his office. His energies are conserved for his work; his time is saved for his patients.

A similar trend was beginning to appear



in civilian practice prior to the war. Many medical schools provide members of their staffs with offices and require them to confine their work to the hospital associated with the medical school. Most large private clinics make similar provisions. In one large city a suburban hospital guarantees specialists a fixed income if they agree to work at only one other institution. But these examples are relatively rare. Such efficient use of a specialist's time is still sporadic in civilian life. In the Army it is universal. It is one of the principles that many doctors are going to want to apply when they get out of uniform.

PROFESSIONAL publications are the principal means by which physicians keep themselves abreast of modern developments in medicine. The Army publishes medical bulletins periodically (*Training Bulletins Medical*). They are issued frequently to all medical officers, and each bulletin deals with a particular medical subject, its diagnosis and treatment. Their range is wide. A few recent ones have discussed malaria, kala azar, compound fractures, war wounds in general, and plastic artificial eyes. They are anonymous, but while they usually are written by an eminent authority in the special field under discussion, they do not represent his opinion alone but the opinions of the best available workers in the field. The nearest counterpart in civilian practice are the comprehensive reviews of medical subjects which appear in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*. The purpose of these articles is similar to that of the Army bulletins. But they are not anonymous, and while the author is generally a man of some eminence, they do not necessarily represent the collective opinion of a group.

The instructions for treatment in the Army bulletins might be regarded as a deterrent to the progress of medical science because they appear to prohibit controlled experimentation in the field of therapy. Some inhibitory influence in the case of the average medical officer is probably all to the good. Clinical investigation in the Army is assigned to hospitals and to individual specialists who have demonstrated their competence. The results from a num-

ber of different sources are correlated, usually in the Consultants' Branch of the Surgeon General's Office, and the conclusions are incorporated in Army bulletins for general application throughout the Army. This method was used in investigating penicillin and is now being used with streptomycin, one of the newer antibacterial molds.

Scientific investigation should not, of course, be hamstrung. The qualified investigator should have all the freedom he needs. Most investigations are expensive, and foundations and medical schools see to it that their funds are granted to competent men. Some kinds of clinical research, however, can be performed at very little cost and yet be of great value. Unfortunately, this kind of research is often performed by unqualified men who draw conclusions from inadequately controlled investigation. Many of these studies are published and hence gain the air of authority that attaches to the printed word. Physicians may attempt to apply the conclusions reached in these articles with results which, if not disastrous, certainly are of no benefit to the patient. Such useless, uninformative, and sometimes misinformative articles clutter up the literature and do not advance the science of medicine. Too often they are written merely for the purpose of enhancing the reputation of the author among uncritical members of the profession.

This cannot happen in the Army. Every medical officer who wants to publish an article must submit a copy in advance to a board of review in the Surgeon General's Office. Many and bitter have been the complaints of medical officers who have had articles turned down by this board. Yet I doubt whether any important contribution to medical science has failed to see the light of day because of the board's action. This is not censorship; it is editorial integrity and discretion.

The boards of editors of civilian medical journals are comparable to the Army's board of review. In one of the best specialty journals every article that is published must be approved independently by three members of the board of editors. If such a practice were more widespread the long suffering, medical reading public



would be spared a great many worthless articles. In fact, the progress of medical science might well gain and not lose if the medical journals that exercise little or no discrimination in the selection of articles would simply shut up shop.

### III

ECONOMICALLY our lives were different too. We got regular paychecks. The "fee-for-service" principle does not exist in the Army, and to most of us it was a radical departure from the hit-or-miss income of civilian practice. The majority did not welcome it and there are many doctors who will go back joyfully to the free-for-all. But others, especially the younger ones, despite their preconceived ideas of the sacredness of private practice, learned to appreciate the security which came from a regular salary.

Whether we were sick or well, busy or idle, we knew that checks were going regularly to our families. When we were on leave our incomes continued, whereas the average busy practitioner in civilian life has to save and plan for a well earned vacation, and even then he often postpones it for fear of losing both patients and income. A few already knew something of this security from salaried "full-time" positions in clinics and medical schools, but most of us had never encountered anything of the sort.

We learned too about regular hours of work. In times of stress, of course, a medical officer would work continuously as long as he was able, regardless of hours. Normally, however, we worked from eight to five, with no night duties except for a periodic twenty-four-hour tour of duty as "officer of the day."

In civilian life the average practitioner is driven by the necessity to fill his pocket-book. He knows that he faces intense competition. He hesitates to turn a night call over to another doctor because he loses the fee and may lose the patient. Therefore his hours are irregular and uncertain. He may be called out at any time of the day or night. I have heard doctors in the Army vow that when they return to civilian life they will keep more regular hours and not drive themselves ceaselessly

for a few extra dollars. But I am afraid that if they go back to the type of practice they had before the war they will have to scramble as they used to. One solution, which many of us have been considering seriously, is group practice, such as that carried on by the Mayo Clinic and other smaller organizations throughout the country. In such groups the doctor has security, regular hours, and the stimulus of criticism from his colleagues, while the patient receives the benefit of qualified specialists working in co-operation.

WHILE the Army has been giving us ideas it has also shown our patients a different type of medical service. Twelve million men and women in the armed forces have been given medical care without direct cost to them, and the great majority have had better medical, surgical, and dental care than they had ever known before. In the long run, to be sure, they pay for the medical care indirectly through taxes.

In civilian life a man often keeps on working, even though ill, because his income stops as soon as he quits his job. Unless he has subscribed to a prepayment medical plan, a sort of insurance that is still very rare, he not only loses his paycheck but has to pay doctors' fees and hospital bills as well. Not so in the Army. No one hesitates to report in at sick call for minor ailments, thus averting serious complications. There are no doctors' fees, no hospitalization costs, and no interruption of income.

Self medication in the Army is virtually non-existent. Economic factors do not operate to encourage an individual to attempt self-treatment with patent medicines. If the same kind of medical and hospital care could be made available overnight to everyone in the nation, the million-dollar patent medicine business would undoubtedly be in for hard times.

Still more important, no chances are taken with any potentially serious illness. If a patient reports in with abdominal pain and has vomited, he is promptly admitted to the hospital; if a diagnosis of appendicitis is established, his appendix is removed. This same man out of the Army might hesitate, because of the expense, to



call a doctor until his symptoms had become severe. The doctor, too, might delay recommending hospitalization until he was sure that the patient needed an operation—again to avoid expense to the patient. Thus purely medical aspects of treating disease are inevitably influenced by economic factors in the fee-for-service type of medical care.

Proper diagnosis and treatment are sometimes expensive. In the Army cost is no consideration. Consultation with a specialist is easily arranged. A gastrointestinal x-ray can be ordered without having to wonder if Mrs. Jones can afford a \$75 fee. The fact that the cost is not a consideration does not lead to useless diagnostic procedures, but it does mean that if any possible benefit to the patient would result from the examination, it is made. This freedom from consideration of the cost of diagnosis or treatment exists in civilian life primarily in the hospitals attached to the wealthier and more heavily endowed medical schools. It exists to a lesser degree in all endowed institutions, and in the large group-practice clinics, where the cost of diagnosis and treatment of the patient who is unable to pay is borne by wealthy patients who are charged large sums.

#### IV

THE Army, of course, does not give its patients free choice of doctors. But in spite of the familiar arguments, the situation isn't very different in civilian life. How can the farmer in an isolated community with only one doctor in the neighborhood, exercise free choice of a physician? How can the manual laborer in a big city pick his doctor? He may choose a hospital, but he doesn't know a doctor, and if he did, how could he judge his abilities? If he is taken to a hospital on Monday he will be treated by a different doctor than if he goes on Tuesday. The average person with a comfortable income isn't much better off. He goes to the physician his friends or family recommend, or to one who lives in the neighborhood. Only the very wealthy have a theoretical free choice of physicians. I say theoretical advisedly. Only a trained doctor is qualified to judge of another's professional ability.

Not once in my four years of Army life did I hear a patient complain because he could not choose his own doctor. Where medical care is well organized and supervised, as in the Army, the cry for free choice of doctors is empty and meaningless. Only where medical practice is largely uncontrolled, as it is today in civilian life, is there any basis for arguing the benefits of being able to choose your own physician.

Every medical officer in the Army of the United States is a licensed practitioner of medicine with an M.D. degree. Quacks are not allowed to practice in the Army. There are no pseudo-doctors, improperly educated, preying on a gullible public. In civilian life the free-lance doctor has no professional supervision. But once doctors become organized into clinics, medical schools, hospitals, and other reliable institutions, then it becomes increasingly likely that competent men will be found in charge and that medical care will be properly supervised. Standards of professional competence are bound to rise when doctors work in groups. The helpless layman in his search for good medical care is more likely to find it in a group than by making a necessarily haphazard choice of an individual physician.

A FRIEND of mine once said that all the civilians who entered our armed forces would come out with certain hungers: for good food, good clothing, and good shelter. I believe they will have another hunger, for good medical care. I think they will demand that good medical care be available to everyone, regardless of economic position. How are we of the medical profession going to satisfy this hunger? It is my belief, and that of a lot of other doctors who have served in the Army, that this can be done best through an enormous growth of group practice, and these groups in most instances should be associated with prepaid medical and hospital insurance plans.

Americans annually spend millions of dollars for life insurance. Serious illness, like death, is often followed by disastrous economic consequences. Why not budget as carefully for this contingency? The recent rapid growth of hospitalization plans shows the eagerness of the public to pro-



tect itself against some of the costs of illness and accident. A demand for more complete protection certainly exists, and if it is not made available by private enterprise, public demand will probably see to it that it is supplied by the government.

Does this mean socialized medicine? The answer depends upon the definition of this much abused and loosely used phrase. If it be defined as a type of medical care under which physicians are employed by the federal government, then forty thousand doctors for the past four years have engaged in a form of socialized medi-

cine. In this respect the war has provided the nation with an experiment that has many implications for millions of patients and thousands of doctors.

And now we doctors are regaining our individual freedom. There will be no more saluting, no longer the necessity for unthinking obedience to orders and regulations. But we are leaving the security of steady incomes with good hours and working conditions and the opportunity to practice medicine for medicine's sake unhampered by economic factors. And these are freedoms too.

## *Blood Bank*

HORTENSE FLEXNER

TO BEGIN like science with the invisible,  
To come backward at the problem  
Is blindman's wisdom,  
The passage through the garden of wonder  
With fingertips mind.

But the limitation is wilful,  
The loss creative.

Not to ask how the waterfall,  
Its tulle veils rising from thunder  
Chanced to be liquid,  
Nor to gaze dreaming on the cells in the blood,  
Bright torrent in the veins of man—  
Is hard humility.

For the lens is the passion of seeing,  
And the trained eye  
That stops in the circle of light,  
Finds a new magnitude  
In restraint.

Only to probe, to watch  
The ornate mechanics of life  
Is worship—  
But to slice from miracle  
Its earthy part,  
To feed fires old as Genesis  
Out of a test-tube,  
And teach drained flesh to heal itself  
After the thrust of steel—  
Is to share the Creator's toil.



# LOVE MY DOG

## A Story

EMILY HAHN

MRS. FLYNN was at the phone. "I thought it would be so nice for her, a dog to play with all day and sleep with at night," she said, "but it doesn't seem to be fair to the dog, now I've got him. Children manhandle animals so, don't they? And it's so hard to explain to them."

Her friend's reply was lost in an outcry from the inner bedroom, a thump and a bump and a wail. "Oh God," said Mrs. Flynn, "there it goes again, probably fatal this time. I'll ring you later." She rose quickly from the telephone bench, but before there was time to cross the room her bedroom door flew open and her three-year-old daughter Barbara appeared on the threshold, clutching in her arms the upper end of a wildly kicking dachshund puppy. His back feet alternately jerked and trailed, almost but not quite finding the floor. Barbara's small face was dappled with dirt and tears, and she howled dismally.

"Did he bite you?" asked her anxious mother, reaching out for the choking dog and swallowing in sympathy. Barbara retreated with her recalcitrant armful, sobbing, "No, he didn't."

"Let me hold him, dear, don't do that to him. . . ." Mrs. Flynn moved closer, her gaze on the puppy's popping eyes. "Then what's the matter with you if he didn't bite you? What is there to cry about?"

Again Barbara retreated, with an agile

twist escaping capture. The struggling dog clawed at her dress. Her grasp tightened around his windpipe and he coughed. "No!" she said. "He didn't bite me, but he won't play. Tell him to play with me, Mommy."

Mrs. Flynn could bear no longer the strangling feeling in her throat. With a sudden leap she succeeded in grabbing the slippery child, and wresting the dachshund from her. "Don't *hold* him like that," she snapped. "I keep telling you, you must hold him in the middle; if you won't do that then don't pick him up at all. There, there, puppy, *was* a baby." She cuddled the trembling little beast tenderly, but also with difficulty because his long body kept slipping, one section or another, out of her arms. "No wonder he won't play," she told her daughter severely, "when you choke him every time you get hold of him. He's afraid of you, the poor little thing."

Noisily, Barbara produced fresh tears and ground them into her face with her fists. "He's not. He's my dog. He likes me."

"He'll like you if you're good to him and don't handle him so roughly all the time. Dogs like to run around like you, darling. Would you like it if Mommy carried you everywhere?"

"Yes," said Barbara, "I would love it." She stretched out her arms. "Give him to me, Mommy. He's *my* dog."

"Will you be good?"

Absently the child nodded, but Mrs.



Flynn was not satisfied. On the baby's face was that expression which had been troubling her mother more and more, the last few days. It was a brooding, wary, alien look. It was the look of a foreigner on guard, or of a creature from some other element, some lost animal which had strayed quite by mischance into the Flynn's neat little apartment in the east fifties. It was the look of an animal which keenly resented the entire setup, but couldn't get out of it. . . .

"If she would only just cry or be plain naughty," reflected Mrs. Flynn uneasily. Aloud she said, "Let him run, for pity's sake. Let him run for a few minutes." She set the dog down on the floor and he scampered after Barbara, like a little black-and-tan cockroach, into the bedroom. Mrs. Flynn sighed, looked at her housekeeping list, and phoned the grocer. . . .

From the bedroom came a thump and a bump and a wail.

This time it was Mrs. Flynn who got there first. She stormed into the bedroom, a tornado of fury. In phony tones Barbara was crying upside down, almost standing on her head in the effort to stretch all the way to the wall, under the bed. She looked up piteously, without changing position: "Make him play with me, Mommy," she demanded. "Make him come out and play."

Mrs. Flynn steeled her heart against those tears; she concentrated all her imagination on the trembling puppy whose shadow she could just make out, cowering against the wall. "Stand up, Barbara," she said.

There was no reply, no change of attitude. Barbara remained where she was, small lace-edged drawers much in evidence. Mrs. Flynn reached out, seized her child, turned her right side up and tried to set her square on her feet. But Barbara seemed to have lost the use of her legs. She slumped to the floor and began to cry in earnest, with practiced ease. It was obviously one of those crises, a subtle struggle for prestige, and Mrs. Flynn fell into the trap.

"I'll have to spank you," she said, "if you don't stop being so naughty. Stand up and stop that crying at once."

There was an almost imperceptible

pause in the weeping while Barbara totted up the chances of holding on to her advantage. They must have looked good, for she cried afresh with renewed vigor. Mrs. Flynn in a last burst of righteous anger proceeded to spank her quickly, before being forced to administer justice in cold blood. Familiar howls and shrieks rang through the apartment, but then something happened which was not routine. The dachshund puppy wriggled out from under the bed and butted his nose against Mrs. Flynn's leg, whining furiously. He tried to join Barbara in the maternal lap. He ran round and round the two of them, adding sympathetic doggish howls to Barbara's clamor. One would have said that the suffering child had never in her life been cruel to him, her devoted slave, her best pal.

Hand in mid-air, Mrs. Flynn stopped spanking and peered at the pup, suddenly reminded of the cause of all this racket. "Well, did you ever!" she said indignantly.

Barbara squirmed to her feet and shook out her dress, while the dog gave her rapturous greeting.

"I told you," she said triumphantly. "I told you he likes me. He's my dog."

They frisked together, puppy and child, merry and innocently charming as a picture on a Christmas calendar. The dachshund wagged his ratty tail, sat down on his chest while standing up on his back legs, leaped to lick the baby's face, and gave other evidence of wholehearted trust and affection.

"See?" said Barbara, rubbing it in. In chastened tones Mrs. Flynn said that she saw. Which in a way was true, but in another way wasn't.

**D**ON'T you think she's too young for the circus?" Mrs. Flynn's phoning friend had asked. "Aren't you afraid she'll be all stirred up afterward, and have bad dreams about bears and lions and all that? I heard of a little boy—"

And Mrs. Flynn said confidently, "Not Barbara, my dear. She has no nerves. She's a city-bred child who can sit through any ballet performance like a mouse or an angel. Why, you should have seen her at the Ice Show."

They had good seats at the circus, front



row in a box, and it all started out under the best possible auspices. Happy in a new pink party-dress, Barbara was full of plans. "I want to see Little Red Riding Hood and the big bad wolf," she said. "Will there be Little Red Riding Hood? And the woodman to chop up the wolf? I want to see the woodman."

"I don't think they have that, dear; this year they're doing Alice in Wonderland, I think."

"I want Little Red Riding Hood," said Barbara. "I want that, Mommy."

"Shhhh, you can't have everything you want."

"Why? Why can't I?"

"Here come the clowns," said Mrs. Flynn.

The ancient, traditional show proceeded. For a long time Barbara was held in blissful silence. In the center ring the performing sea lions did their balancing acts, and rolled on the sawdust, and clapped their fins. Mrs. Flynn clapped too, in spite of the misgivings that always assailed her at the circus, memories of some book she had read a long time back, about the training of performing animals. Jack London had written it, she was almost sure, and it had been horrid. . . . But maybe conditions were better now for the animals, and the circus program book was certainly reassuring. She read it by the glaring Garden lights. Sea lions, said the program, are born hams. They love the smell of greasepaint and the applause of the audience. Besides, they aren't such gentle souls as they seem, or as one would suppose from their innocent faces. They can bite hard and they often do.

This item somehow rendered the whole question of sea lion training more agreeable to Mrs. Flynn. If that trainer out there in the ring had really suffered as he prepared the performance, getting all scratched and lacerated, well . . .

The familiar high point of the act had arrived. The star sea lion was blowing into a set of horns, "My Country 'Tis of Thee." Time after time when he reached that point he bogged down—it was all old stuff to Mrs. Flynn—and the crowd clapped wildly and laughed as much as ever. The trainer, with wide pantomimic gestures of exasperation, tried to coax him back to his

music, following him across the ring; in the meantime the little clown sea lion slipped up to the instrument, gave a quick hoot, and slithered away at top speed. The trainer registered wrath and made threatening gestures at the clown seal.

It went down very well with the audience; there were affectionate bursts of laughter and sporadic clapping. Suddenly Barbara screamed.

"No," she yelled, "I don't want that, I don't want him to do it, I don't want it."

"Shhh, Barbara," said Mrs. Flynn, "don't be naughty. Be quiet, darling. Wait a minute; they'll be finished in just a minute."

The star sea lion was finally persuaded to continue with his act, and after a little more interference from the clown he blew the whole first line, breathlessly fast and without punctuation, through the horns: "My country 'tis of thee sweet land of liberty of thee I sing." One really half-expected him to go on and perform the entire song, but at that point he started bowing and so did the trainer. All the other sea lions clapped, all of them bowed, the trainer bowed three times over, and the big lights went off. In the intermission the clowns rollicked out for another appearance.

"Look, Barbara." Mrs. Flynn pointed. "Look over there, the funny man with his duck on a leash."

"Ha, ha," cried Barbara happily, one in spirit with all the other children in the Garden.

"And look, just look at that sweet little dog. There with the other clown," said Mrs. Flynn, warming up. "Look, the dog is doing somersaults."

This suggestion, as it turned out, was a mistake in strategy. Barbara transferred her attention to the little dog just as he walked past their box with his clown, doing a back flip at regular intervals. The trick was admirable in style and performance, but the fox-terrier all too obviously cared more about the clown's approval than he did about his public. He kept one eye anxiously fixed on his master, all the time. He duly turned his somersault just about two yards away from the Flynn box. Mrs. Flynn was just beginning to feel those qualms again when her



daughter set up a good clear howl that rang through Madison Square Garden and rivaled the exotic racket of the side show.

"No!" she was screaming. "No! Stop that clown, I don't want that clown to do that, I don't want him to. I don't want him, Mommy. Stop him!"

"Keep quiet, Barbara!" Only a louder scream than Barbara's would have had any effect on the child, and Mrs. Flynn was incapable of producing it. She could feel in her backbone the startled gaze of the hundreds of people behind her, and she turned a bright red. Would the ushers, she wondered wildly, swoop down in a body to throw the Flynns out? She dared not turn around to see what was happening, so she kept on trying, without success, to penetrate Barbara's consciousness.

"Barbara! Mommy can't make them stop, don't be ridiculous. . . . Well then, don't look at the dog if you don't like him, do you hear me? Stop that noise immediately! Stop watching that dog!"

The howls abated at last.

"Here," said Mrs. Flynn, whose brow was wet, "sit on my lap the other way round and look at Mommy's program. You don't have to watch. Nobody is going to make you watch the circus if you don't want to."

"Well, I *don't* want to," sobbed Barbara. But after she had settled down and turned her back to the sawdust she still craned her neck and stared after the clown in fascinated horror. Fortunately he vanished, dog and all, and the other clowns vanished with him, while Mrs. Flynn attempted a little belated reasoning.

"Mommy can't make the circus stop, darling. What on earth do you think Mommy is? If you hate it all so, hadn't we better go home? Mommy will take you home now if you want. You don't have to stay, darling."

"Go home?" Barbara spoke with incredulous amazement. "Me? But I like the circus, Mommy." She climbed down from her mother's lap and settled into her chair. Calmly, as though there had never been any excitement at all, she proceeded to concentrate her attention on the acrobats. Mrs. Flynn watched her daughter un- easily, uncertainly, but everything seemed

perfectly all right. Barbara ecstatically contemplated the lady in pink spangles who hung from a dizzy height by her teeth.

To be sure there was a little trouble soon after that, about the man who balances on tables. Barbara suffered in the knowledge that she and she alone in the entire audience was aware of his danger. "He'll fall," she explained to her obtuse mother, over and over again; "look, he's going to fall."

"I know, darling, but he wants to fall. He likes to fall, do you see? It doesn't hurt him at all; he wants us to laugh."

The worst, thought Mrs. Flynn, was evidently over now. The child was getting used to things and with a little luck she might even fall asleep. Out in the center ring, a cage was being erected. One of those big closed vans drove up to the grilled gate.

"Using only one cage this year, it looks like," said a man sitting behind Mrs. Flynn. "They lost most of the big cats in the fire. Pity."

"But it's the best circus I ever saw," said the woman next to him. "I like it much better streamlined; it's not so nerve-racking."

"They used to have three cages at once."

"Who wants three cages at once? Makes you cross-eyed."

Leopards, black pumas, and ocelots trotted out into the cage and the trainer began his routine, cracking the whip fiercely. One by one they slunk around noiselessly, in a rather phony manner, and climbed each his own pedestal without much argument. It took Barbara a little while to get started. Mrs. Flynn almost thought she would remain quiet, but she didn't. Her scream when she let go outdid any circus lion's roar. She jumped out of her seat and leaped into the air. She leaned over the rail and shouted at the trainer in her high small voice, "No! No! No!"

"Barbara, for heaven's sake—"

"He's hitting them, Mommy!" She was severely hampered by the limitations of nursery vocabulary; she could only say again and again, "He's naughty." One small, almost invisible, atom in the vast audience, she struck out at the trainer at



long distance with her clenched fist. She panted.

"Darling, he's not hitting them, honestly he's not. You must stop a minute; listen to Mommy. Stop that screaming at once, Barbara. Listen to me. He's only pretending to hit them. He's cracking the whip. That means he's making a noise with it but he isn't hitting anything. He really isn't. The cats don't mind it, Barbara."

"They do, they do. I don't like it, Mommy, I don't *like* it."

Mrs. Flynn suddenly capitulated. "I don't like it myself," she admitted. "Let's read a book and stop watching."

Barbara grew calmer with her back to the ring, but as the whip cracked with special resonance she whirled about and looked again. Impressively, her eyes fixed on her mother's face, she said, "It—makes—me—*sick*."

"Let's go home, shall we?" asked Mrs. Flynn.

"Yes, let's."

But by the time her bonnet ribbons were tied in a bow, the act was over and the cats had been carried away in their van.

"I wanna see the circus," whined Barbara. Wearily, Mrs. Flynn untied the bonnet. . . .

No, we've had no nightmares," said Mrs. Flynn at the phone, "and since we've gone so long without them I think we won't have any trouble like that. I was worried for a while. We might as well face it in the future; Barbara doesn't like circuses."

Unexpectedly came a voice from behind her. "I do too."

"Oh, I didn't know you were indoors," said Mrs. Flynn. "You ought to be outside. Helena, I'll call you back in a minute." She hung up the receiver and turned to face the accusing child.

"I *do* like the circus," Barbara repeated; "you said I didn't, but I like it. Can I go to the circus?"

"Next year, darling . . ." Mrs. Flynn's voice trailed off as she looked beyond her

daughter's head at the floor. "Look at that spot," she said abruptly, "on the rug. Where's the dog, Barbara? Is that another mess he's made?"

"Oh yes, he made a mess on the floor."

Wrathfully Mrs. Flynn walked over and investigated. "Come here, puppy," she said, "look at that. Just look at that. Didn't I just take you out five minutes ago?"

The dachshund crept up with his tail dragging on the floor and his ears flat to his head. Mrs. Flynn seized him and pushed him close to the spot, scolding steadily. "See that? See that? Don't you know better than that? You're supposed to do that outside. Look at it, look at it."

Pushing his nose at the moist spot, she spanked him with two or three smart taps on the flank. "Bad dog," she said, "bad dog."

Barbara's head caught Mrs. Flynn square in the diaphragm. Barbara's fists and feet beat a passionate tattoo on whatever part of Mrs. Flynn they happened to land. Barbara's hands grabbed the puppy. Scooping him to her small breast, she fled to the furthest corner of the room. She stood there in the half-dark, silent and sinister, at bay.

In the shocked pause, Mrs. Flynn commanded herself to be lucid, reasonable, and firm. With her shin smarting from a chance kick it was difficult to be any of those things except firm, but she managed. She spoke slowly.

"We've got to train the dog, you know," she said. "Mommy told you all about that, darling. Every little dog has got to learn—"

She stopped, unable to push further against her own panic. She was lonely in the room, and helpless: she was alone. Only two animals crouched in the corner. Two pairs of eyes glittered out of the shadow. Something was there that didn't belong in the east fifties.

"Come along, Barbara," said Mrs. Flynn a little too loud. "Let's take the dog out and get some ice cream."

Gloved hand in gloved hand, they set out for a walk.



# *Aside to Posterity*

JAMES RORTY

PEASANT or goat-skinned scholar, you who come  
Long after, to stir and sift the cold  
Rubble of our lives, forgive us our thick tongues,  
Our numbed and fumbling thought. Can what  
Was frozen then, glow now to your hand? This year  
I scarcely heard the cicadas proclaim  
October's coming. Life was so dear, so dear  
We lost it cycling to the farms for food;  
So dear we could not feed our hearts with pride,  
Honor, or love; so dear our chilled vicarious rut,  
Moaning implausibly upon the air,  
Seeded no future. Fearing tomorrow, today  
Caught in our throats and we died . . .

Because we feared tomorrow's high smoke towers,  
Because we feared the great and global light,  
Loosing all bonds of love, of matter, and of mind—  
Therefore the business of life  
Dawdled and dazed in office and in shop—  
The building having recently come down, or was it  
About to come down? No matter, the sheriff would come  
Yesterday or tomorrow, and meanwhile  
Shoddy would serve us as shoddy will . . .

Therefore the wheels grew larger, and the men  
Smaller, until the flooding stream of force  
Dissolved them utterly, and why not?—Nobody  
Being the bookkeeper of our accounting, Nothing  
Its product, the directive Nowhere. Having  
No currency, how have a deficit? Still  
We honored our bankers, funded our debts, and so  
Prospered marvelously to the end; indeed,  
Arriving suddenly in limbo, we felt  
Almost no sense of change or arrival . . .

Let me advise you, scholar, the platinum  
Truth you found, mangled in Detroit,  
The Swede's master gauge that steered  
The last atomic robot on its flight—  
That was the core of the onion; to all else  
Faithless, that was our glory and our faith.

O scholar, guard it well, it can beget  
Precise infinitudes of power, it can  
Redeem once more your goat-skinned innocence and make you great  
As we were great . . .



# THE GERMAN GENERALS

## *II. Kluge, Model, and Rundstedt*

B. H. LIDDELL HART

WHEN the German forces in Normandy began to show signs of cracking in the summer of 1944, Hitler put the command in the West in charge of Guenther von Kluge. Kluge was a very competent soldier with an uncompetitive disposition. Before the war he had been for a long time Brauchitsch's chief staff officer. His qualities resembled Brauchitsch's. Relatively free from personal ambition and with a strong sense of duty, he had sufficient moral courage to express his views frankly even to Hitler, yet he also had so much loyalty that he did not press his views to the point of being troublesome. That balance of qualities helped his rise, after a slow start up the ladder. In the Polish and French campaigns he commanded the Fourth Army in Bock's Army Group, and again in the 1941 Russian campaign. It was testimony to his forbearing temperament that he endured Bock so long, while he helped to gain Bock a better reputation than he deserved. Subsequently, Kluge became more widely known as a pioneer in developing the "hedgehog" system of defense which baffled the Russians in their winter offensive of 1941, and again in that of 1942. When the higher commands were reshuffled prior to the 1942 summer offensive that ended in disaster at Stalingrad, Kluge was pro-

moted to command the central Army Group. There he created such a well woven defense that when the tide turned against the Germans, his front resisted successive Russian offensives during 1943 and far into 1944.

His defensive successes, together with his temperament and loyalty, naturally recommended him to Hitler as a suitable man to take charge in the West when the creaking combination of Rundstedt's and Rommel's methods began to weaken. But by the time he took over, the Allies had poured such a volume of force into their enlarged Normandy bridgehead that the sheer weight of it was soon bound to burst the too extensive dam with which the Germans were trying to contain it. Three weeks later it collapsed at the western end under the fresh impact of General Patton's American Third Army, extra powerful in armor. By then most of the German panzer divisions were reduced to about twenty to thirty tanks apiece—hardly more than a tenth of the number in the attacking divisions—so that there was little chance of countering the thrust by a riposte. The only real hope lay in a very elastic defense—a general withdrawal by stages back to Germany's own fortified frontier, which offered a shorter and more defensible front than any that could be

*Captain Liddell Hart, British military expert and author of The Defense of Britain, here concludes his study of the German generals of World War II.*



found in France. But Hitler forbade any such backward move, and insisted that even a short withdrawal by any particular division must not be sanctioned without reference to him.

Kluge was too obedient to disregard such definite instructions. One effect was seen in his attempted counter-stroke on August 6th against the bottleneck at Avranches through which Patton's forces had poured out. Shrewdly aimed, this stroke could have been deadly if the six panzer divisions there employed had been strong in tanks; but in their diminished state its chances were desperately small, even before it was broken up by the mass intervention from the air of the British rocket-firing Typhoons. Worse still, the German forces were not permitted to break away from the clinch when this forlorn hope miscarried. Although retreat was now inevitable, every withdrawal was fatally late and short. In consequence, the battle ended in a general collapse of the German armies in France. When this developed, Hitler sacked Kluge and appointed Field Marshal Model to replace him. Kluge took his dismissal with apparent calm, spent a day and a half explaining the situation to his successor, then quietly went away and shot himself.

**W**ALTER MODEL was fifty-four, a decade younger than most of the German higher commanders—whose average age had remained much higher than in the opposing armies. Nor did he come from the same social level. In this as in other respects he had many similarities to Rommel, though he had profited by a more thorough professional grounding. When the big expansion of the Army began, with the Hitler regime, Model worked under Brauchitsch in the training department of the War Ministry, and there established close touch with the Nazi leaders. He made a strong impression on Goebbels, who introduced him to Hitler. Later, he was put in charge of the inventions department. His technical knowledge was scanty, but he made up for it by imagination and energy, so that although his enthusiasm was apt to mislead him as to the practicability of various ideas, he did a lot toward developing new forms of equipment.

In the Polish, French, and 1941 Russian campaigns he commanded a panzer division, distinguishing himself by the terrific momentum of his thrusts. His extreme energy and ruthlessness carried him far, and not only in the field. By the autumn of 1942 he had risen to be an army commander, although too late to have any chance to show his offensive capacity in such high command; for his task was now defensive. The way he adapted himself to a role so different from his apparent characteristics was proof of his versatility. But as an armored divisional commander he had been particularly skilful in exploiting the "sword and shield" combination in tactics, and had been among the first to demonstrate the value of tanks in defense, even to the point of digging them in as miniature movable "hedgehogs." When the Russian offensive of July 1944 broke through the German front, the new commander of the central army group, Busch, broke down under the shock—and Model was promoted to replace him. Model had just succeeded in bringing the Russian offensive to a halt along the Vistula line, when he was dispatched to the West. Field Marshal von Manstein, who commanded the next army group further south, stood higher still in professional estimation, but it was difficult to deprive the precarious Eastern Front of its outstanding general, while he was felt to be less politically sound than Model from a Nazi point of view.

After the failure of the July 20th attempt on Hitler's life, Model had taken a lead in re-proclaiming his faith in the Fuehrer, and had sent the first telegram of loyalty received from the Eastern Front. That assurance reinforced Hitler's confidence in his military gifts. But Model was also one of the few who ever dared to argue with Hitler and to put a check on Hitler's interference. He frequently disregarded the instructions received, and acted on his own judgment. It was mainly owing to his efforts and his extraordinary capacity for scraping up reserves, from an almost bare cupboard, that the shattered German forces succeeded in achieving their astonishing rally on the German frontier, and frustrating the Allies' expectation of complete victory in the autumn of 1944. He also played the principal executive part in



checking the Allies' later offensives, and in the Germans' Ardennes counter-offensive of December—although the supreme direction of these final operations in the "Battle for Germany" was in the hands of Rundstedt. For Hitler had called back the "Old Guard" at the moment when Germany seemed about to fall.

## II

THE wheel had come full circle. In the frantic effort to restore public confidence, Hitler had been driven to put back in the chief military place the man who, above all, represented the Prussian military tradition—with its political conservatism, professional exclusiveness, and contempt for all men who were not soldiers by breeding, but especially for those who dabbled in strategy. Moreover, Gerd von Rundstedt was essentially an aristocrat, in spirit as well as in heredity, and thus had a profound antipathy to the flamboyance and hysteria of Nazism.

Close on his seventieth year, Rundstedt was almost the same age as Hindenburg had been on attaining supreme command in the last war. Age and achievement had similarly combined to make him a national idol on something approaching the same scale. But he was a far abler soldier than Hindenburg—abler even than the combination of Hindenburg and Ludendorff—while his achievements were intrinsically finer. That was symbolized in the contrast that his face and figure presented to theirs. As forceful as they had been, in a more refined style, he was tall, lean, ascetic, and thoughtful in appearance—though his thought was confined to his profession, except in so far as politics were related to it. Here was the root of an inner conflict that revealed itself in his career, and even in the torn countenance of this military priest. He despised politics but he was drawn to dabble in them for the furtherance of his military aims.

During the last stage of the last war he had been Seeckt's assistant in the reorganization of the Turkish General Staff—which came too late to avert Turkey's collapse from confusion, corruption, and exhaustion. His close association with Seeckt continued after the war in the organization

of the Reichswehr, where he was given the special job of analyzing the causes of Germany's defeat. He reached the conclusion that Britain's economic power had been the fundamental factor. Then in 1923 he was made Chief of Staff of the 3rd Cavalry Division, and seized the chance presented by a Communist outbreak in Thuringia as a pretext, first, for the ruthless suppression of workers' demonstrations, and then for arranging an election under such stringent military control that an extremely conservative government was placed in power. The next year he was moved to Pomerania, and there tried to initiate a movement for the revival of nationalism and of military youth training, as a counter to what he described in speeches as "Socialist devilry." His activities were so flagrantly militaristic and undemocratic as to attract undesirable attention, so in 1925 it was considered wise, not least by his friends in the Reichswehr, that he should go back to ordinary training as commander of an infantry regiment.

Two years later Rundstedt emerged as Chief of Staff of the important 2nd Army Group Command, whose headquarters were at Cassel, and there set out to persuade the industrialists of the Ruhr to collaborate in developing plans for secret rearmament. When his superior, General Reinhardt, became nervous about the effect of these activities, Rundstedt took steps to have him removed and a more suitable commander appointed in his place. By 1932, after successive promotions, he himself became commander of the 1st Army Group Command, covering Berlin. Here he kept in close touch with the moves which led to Bruening's dismissal by President Hindenburg and his replacement as chancellor of Germany by Papen. Rundstedt then carried out the forcible measures that were required to turn out the Social Democratic government of Prussia. This accomplished, he backed the moves by which his friend, General von Schleicher, the arch-wire-puller, was made chancellor in the place of Papen. All seemed set for a program of carefully calculated military expansion under military control, and the resurrection of German power on the old lines. But Schleicher could not gain sufficient political support to maintain his



position, and thus the way was opened for Hitler to become chancellor and to abolish all parties other than the Nazi.

Rundstedt did not like the way things had turned out, and he definitely disliked both the social aims and the manners of the Nazi leaders. But he found satisfaction in the vehement campaign of the Nazis for military expansion, and was even better content when the purge of June 30, 1934, curbed the power of the storm-troopers. Although Schleicher was also one of the victims, there was a big compensation in having so many military pretenders wiped off the slate, and the professional Army freed from the menace of such "brown dirt," as he described them.

RUNDSTEDT was now able to devote his attention mainly to the development of the Army—and remembering Schleicher's fate, he perhaps thought it better for his health to do so. In the military sphere he was mainly concerned to revive the power of the infantry, and their confidence in themselves, by modernizing their equipment as well as their training. For while he was receptive to the new ideas of mechanized warfare, and followed with keen interest the British theories and experiments, he was not one of those who fervently embraced them. Rather, he was one of the more progressive leaders of the school that regarded tanks as useful servants, not as the future masters of the battlefield.

He believed that there was more value in motorization and multiplied fire-power to improve the capacity of the existing arms, than in producing completely mechanized forces. In addition to his practical steps to overcome the "machine-gun paralysis" that the infantry had suffered in the last war, he initiated a propaganda campaign to cure their inferiority complex. But he was too nearly a scientific soldier to go so far as the British generals who in 1934 contrived that the big exercise of the season would show that an infantry division could paralyze an armored division—and thereby helped to postpone the formation of Britain's first armored division for three years more. Rundstedt fostered the creation of armored divisions in the German Army, provided that the proportion

was not unduly high, and did not hinder the re-equipment of the infantry mass. In sum, the extent of his vision and that of his school accounts for the superiority which the German Army enjoyed against France in 1940, while the limitations of their vision explain why it fell short of the technical superiority that was needed for victory over Russia in 1941.

Before the war came, he took a hand once again in the struggle between the Junker professionals and the Nazi amateurs for the control of military policy. He supported Fritsch in the internal crisis that arose in February 1938, and, although he stayed on for a short time after success of the Nazi maneuver, he took the opportunity of retiring in November on the score of age. But he did not stay long on the shelf. The following year he accepted the offer to return as commander of an army group when war with Poland, and thus with England, looked likely—though he had always insisted that the primary principle of German policy must be to avoid another conflict with England. True patriotism hardly required him to take a leading part in the kind of war which he had predicted as almost certain to prove fatal to Germany in the end, but he had been brought up in a very strait view of soldierly duty. Moreover, keen soldiers are easily inclined to confuse professional fulfillment with patriotism.

His military ambition was certainly fulfilled, for it was the army group he directed which brilliantly carried out the decisive moves in the conquest, first of Poland, and then of France. Yet there were signs that the glory and the pleasure were spoiled for him by an underlying disquietude. In the Russian campaign of 1941, he again proved the outstanding figure by his direction of the sweeping operations that overturned the Russian armies in the south and gave Germany possession of the mineral and agricultural riches of the Ukraine. But this time even the victories fell short of being a complete success, through blunders on the part of his subordinates and of his neighbor, Bock. With the German campaign falling short in the East, he became more uneasy about the position in the West, especially when Germany declared war on the United States, bringing the prospect



that American armies might eventually jump off from Britain to invade the Continent. As Rundstedt's doubts and warnings were getting on Hitler's nerves, the latter was not sorry to find a reason for moving him from the East, to take charge of the West.

**D**URING the next two years Rundstedt spent his time in preparation for the danger he feared, as well as in wrestling with the civil problems arising out of the German occupation of France and the Low Countries. In June 1944 the danger matured. That part of the story I have already told (mainly in the account of Rommel in last month's article).

As Germany's situation became graver, the Army began to feel that Hitler's overthrow offered the only possible way out, and Rundstedt certainly shared that feeling. Because of his great reputation and powers, the other generals looked to him as the man to carry it out. The difficulties were certainly greater, under the Nazi regime, than when he had turned out the democratic government of Prussia. For the generals, who had started by thinking they could bend the Nazis into useful tools, had been doomed to see their authority undermined by a widespread infiltration of Himmler's agents—of whom the unofficial ones were the more deadly. But that did not wholly account for Rundstedt's failure to attempt a revolt. The will was lacking—though not the will in the sense of desire. Those who knew Rundstedt well had long suspected that there was a weakness under his stern exterior. As with so many men of consuming ambition, that flame had gradually burnt away his moral courage, and old age increased the deficiency. So he remained passive, except in the military field, while Germany became a burnt-out shell.

All he could do was to produce a final spurt of martial energy—in the Ardennes counter-offensive of December 1944. The moment and place were gauged as skilfully as ever. The plan was an able repetition, with suitable variation, of the 1940 masterpiece. It comprised a double-pronged thrust by two panzer armies—totaling 26 panzer and panzer-grenadier divisions—which were to penetrate the American

front in the Ardennes and swing north to reach Antwerp, thus forming a defensive barricade behind Montgomery's 21st Army Group, isolating it from its supplies and its allies. Britain was now out of reach, but her armies were not—and Hitler's aim was to annihilate them.

Rundstedt did not believe in the possibility of succeeding in such a far-reaching stroke, and tried to persuade Hitler to change it for a more limited attack to pinch off the Allied salient around Aachen. But when his alternative plan was rejected, he obediently attempted to make the best of the other.

But the offensive was a gamble. A gamble is the mark of desperation, not of true moral courage. All the higher executives realized that Germany was playing her last trump, and that she had not the resources to provide more than a slender chance of success—unless the offensive was accompanied by extraordinary luck or the Allied commanders were extraordinarily inept. That realization was not a good foundation for an offensive. In the event, the stroke threw the Allies off their balance sufficiently to put them in serious difficulties and undue danger. Model's performance was dazzling. But in the diminished state of the German forces, they could not afford anything like the normal proportion of checks and slips that occur in the run of any offensive. And when the offensive fell short of its aims it had fatally impoverished Germany's reserves, and left her no chance of long-continued defense.

All that Rundstedt had done was to show that the "Old Guard never retreats"—but chooses to collapse instead, as at Waterloo. That repetition of history had an application wider than the battlefield. In retrospect, Rundstedt may have wondered whether he was right when, in bitter disappointment, he had deplored his son's decision to choose philosophy instead of the army as a vocation.

### III

**S**URVEYING the record of German leadership in the war, and the course of operations, what are the conclusions that emerge? An utter failure on the plane of war policy, or grand strategy, is seen to





have been accompanied by a remarkable, though uneven, run of performance in strategy and tactics. The explanation is also of a dual nature. The professional leaders trained under the General Staff system tended to prove highly efficient, but lacking in genius save in the sense of "an infinite capacity for taking pains." Their ability carried its own limitation. They tended to conduct war more in the manner of chess than as an art. Most of them, also, were limited in understanding of anything outside the military field.

In contrast to them, Hitler and Rommel, on their different planes, show the flair that is characteristic of genius, though accompanied by an infinitely greater tendency to make elementary mistakes, both of calculation and of action. Such men had an instinct for the unexpected, and a greater sense of its incalculable value in paralyzing opponents. They brought back into warfare, in a new guise, the classical ruses and stratagems which the established military teachers of the past half century had declared out of date and impossible

to apply in modern operations. By their success in demonstrating the fallacy of orthodoxy, they gained an advantage over the military hierarchy which they were quicker to exploit than to consolidate.

Sometimes the intuitive amateurs were justified by events; sometimes the mathematically calculating professionals—the latter more, naturally, in the long run. But the jealousy between them, and the way it aggravated inevitable clashes of opinion, proved more fatal to Germany than the actual errors of either side. For that, the primary responsibility lay with the established hierarchy, as it always does. This result may have been inevitable, for the sphere of war is not one that teaches wisdom to its priests, or the quality of reconciling contrary views.

The German generals of this war were the best finished product of their profession—anywhere. They could have been better if their outlook had been wider and their understanding deeper. But if they had become philosophers they would have ceased to be soldiers.



# Harper's

## MAGAZINE



### WAR, LIMITED

B. H. LIDDELL HART

**T**ODAY there is a vast tide of sentiment, the world over, in favor of preventing war. But there is very little awareness of the practical necessity, if that hope fails, of *limiting* war. Nearly everybody now seems to assume that war must be "total"—that it cannot be limited, no matter how vast the slaughter, and that even the atomic bomb inevitably will be used the moment two major powers find themselves in a diplomatic deadlock.

But this dismal assumption—as I shall attempt to show—may turn out to be quite wrong. Even if we fail to abolish war, there is at least a reasonable chance that we can learn to limit it, so that its results need not be completely disastrous. After all, such limitation has been achieved before, and has endured through long periods. And today, for the first time in a hundred years, there is some prospect that these boundary-walls can be built up once again.

It is easy to forget that up to the end of the eighteenth century there was an almost continuous effort to limit the extent and destructiveness of warfare. During that century the improvement in the customs of war, and the progress in abating its evils, was one of the great achievements of civilization. Since then the revolution in the character of war has brought catastrophe to all concerned, winners and losers alike.

There is no space within the brief compass of a magazine article to trace the steps taken to limit warfare before the eighteenth century, such as the *pax ecclesiae* introduced nearly a thousand years ago to protect non-combatants and their property; the *truga Dei*, introduced early in the twelfth century to prohibit private warfare during the week-end; the prohibition of all private wars by royal laws; the feudal system's limitation of the period of

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military service expected of vassals, usually to about forty days; and the growing recognition, after mercenaries came to be employed, that there was a mutual advantage in putting a check to pillage and devastation in view of the uncertainties of war and its frequent changes of fortune. During the Wars of Religion—and especially the Thirty Years' War—these limitations were forgotten, for the mixture of religious passion with the new spirit of nationalism formed a highly explosive compound. Consequently, by the end of the Thirty Years' War more than half the population of the German states had perished, and their conditions of life had been so degraded as, in the judgment of historians, to put back their civilized development the equivalent of two centuries' normal growth. But in the century and a half that followed, once again the tacit limitation of warfare became more and more evident. And it was in the eighteenth century that the impulse toward moderation reached its greatest strength.

THE eighteenth century view of war was well expressed in Vattel's famous work of 1758, *Le droit des gens, ou principes de la loi naturelle*. War is an evil, argued Vattel, but an inevitable one in a world composed of independent sovereign states. For when two such states disagree, and each believes its cause is just, there is no superior law or judge to decide the issue. But as wars are an evil they should be limited as far as possible. They should decide the questions at issue without ruining the adversaries, and without leaving such legacies of hatred and vengefulness as to wreck the subsequent chances of peace.

This principle of restraint should apply, in the first place, to the weapons used in war. If, for example, you employ poisoned weapons "your enemy will do the same, and the contest will become more cruel, more disastrous in its effects, and more difficult of termination." And they should also apply to the peace settlement itself. Moderation in its terms is the best assurance of its fulfillment. If the conqueror forces a nation "to accept hard, disgraceful, and unendurable terms of peace, necessity may constrain the nation to submit to them," wrote Vattel. "But this ap-

pearance of peace is not real peace; it is oppression, which the nation endures only so long as it lacks the means to free itself; it is a yoke which men of spirit will throw off upon the first favorable opportunity." (This was certainly a prophetic anticipation of the result of the peace terms that were imposed on Prussia in 1807 by Napoleon, and of those that, with better cause but no better sense, were imposed on Germany in 1919.)

The practice of war in the eighteenth century sometimes fell short of Vattel's principles, but its essential moderation is apparent in his own remark that war had come to be confined to the regular armies, and that the people, both peasantry and townsfolk, had "nothing to fear from the sword of the enemy," while "their property rights are even held sacred." Pillage had been gradually replaced by the more regulated practice of levying contributions; in due course such demands became much milder or were further restricted to the local requisitioning of supplies for the invading forces; in many cases payment was made for such requisitions. The most remarkable example, perhaps, was when units of the Prussian army, retreating after its defeat by Napoleon at Jena, endured bitter cold when bivouacking at night rather than lay hands on nearby piles of wood, having been accustomed to regard any seizure of private property as "robbery" contrary to their military code. Another feature of eighteenth century warfare was the mutual respect paid to military hospitals and their inmates. By custom or agreement, hospital staffs were usually treated as non-belligerents, while the sick and wounded left behind in territory overrun by the other side were allowed to go home when they had recovered sufficiently to travel.

In the making of peace, as in the waging of war, eighteenth century war approached closely to the principles defined by Vattel. One result, as he pointed out, was that nations were encouraged to sue for peace before they were "reduced to the last extremity," thus curtailing the devastation and loss for both sides. A further result was that such a negotiated peace tended to have more binding force than a peace dictated by the victor.



In short, the improvement between 1648 and 1788 in the customs of war, and in reducing its evils, was so remarkable as to open up a prospect that the progressive limitation of war, by formalizing it, might pave the way for eliminating it.

## II

THIS code of limitations was broken down in the wars of the French Revolution. Yet that fatal sabotage, though wilful, was fundamentally unwitting—due not to bad intentions, but to shallow understanding. The decisive agents were new men, and young men. As almost always in history, the realistic reformers among the French Revolutionary leaders were ousted by idealistic extremists, and these in turn by ambitious exploiters of revolutionary crises; and the war that was begun partly in self-defense and partly as a missionary enterprise for the spread of “liberty” developed into a war of ever-expanding aggression for the subjection of all nations to French imperialism.

A decisive step in the fateful process was the decree of July 1792, whereby every able-bodied Frenchman was made liable for military service. This decree, issued under the threat of invasion, at first applied only to men of whom the local communes wished to be rid; and when it was extended by Carnot's scheme for making all Frenchmen between eighteen and twenty-five liable to conscription, they had to be enticed by the prospect of booty. That was one of the reasons why the crusade for liberty changed rapidly into a pursuit of plunder. The result was the systematic looting of Italy in Napoleon's campaign of 1796-7; and, as the wars continued, a widespread epidemic of outrages.

The freedom from major wars which Europe enjoyed for a long period after Napoleon's overthrow brought a prospect of resuming the reasonable trend of the eighteenth century. Indeed, this period produced one of the most remarkable examples of humane limitations in warfare. In 1832, when a French army under Marshal Gerard arrived on the outskirts of Antwerp, the commander of the Dutch forces that were holding the city offered to

confine his artillery fire to the open stretches of the approach if the French commander would agree to keep his attacks within these limits. The offer was accepted and the conditions were strictly observed on both sides. In the outcome, the military issue was decided at least as clearly and quickly as would have been probable in a more indiscriminate struggle, and yet without any damage to civilians or houses. A more general, though less striking, advance of humane conceptions was registered in the Geneva Conventions of 1874 and 1906, which dealt mainly with the protection of the wounded, and the Hague Conventions of 1889 and 1907, which covered a wider field.

THIS current of progress, however, was countered by a series of factors which cumulatively influenced the prospect for the worse. One of these was the growth of a new theory of war which embodied all the features of Revolutionary-Napoleonic practice which were most dangerous to civilization. This theory was originally formulated by Carl von Clausewitz, a Prussian of Polish origin who became director of the Prussian War School soon after Waterloo. Upon his death in 1830 his writings were found in sealed packets, with a warning note that they comprised “a mass of conceptions not brought into form . . . and open to endless misconceptions.” The prophecy was fulfilled; for Clausewitz's writings were too profound for most of his military readers, who were apt to catch hold of the sharply pointed phrases that appeared on the surface, without regard to his more abstrusely worded qualifications, and without going deep enough to grasp the real trend of his thought—which often moved round in a direction counter to the surface current.

Thus it came about that in subsequent generations, soldiers and statesmen blindly followed the unlimited principle suggested in Clausewitz's striking premise: “to introduce into the philosophy of war any principle of moderation would be absurd. War is an act of violence pursued to the utmost.” But they skipped his explanation that “reasoning in the abstract, the mind cannot stop short of the extreme,” and failed to note his warning: “But everything



takes a different shape when we pass from abstractions to reality." Worse still, they disregarded his conclusion that, if war were pursued to the logical extreme, "the means would lose all relation to the end, and in most cases this aim at an extreme effort would be wrecked by the opposing weight of forces within itself."

Similarly, Clausewitz's disciples were led astray by his argument in favor of absolute victory: his statement that "in theory, the complete disarming or overthrow of the enemy must always be the aim of warfare." Struck by its logical simplicity, they converted a theoretical point into a dogma. They failed to note his qualifying comment that such absolute victory "is rarely attained in practice and is not a condition necessary for peace." Because of their unquestioning acceptance of this dogma, and their reckless use of all possible resources, absolute victory has been attained in practice more frequently since Clausewitz's day than before—but with complete disregard for the consequences, especially the destructive effect on the subsequent state of peace.

The spread of Clausewitz's vogue owed much to the fact that one of his pupils, Moltke, became the director of Prussia's triumphant campaigns of 1866 and 1870—wherein victory was quickly gained and peace made not too difficult by Bismarck's combination of cunning and moderation in policy. Both Bismarck and Moltke had appreciated Clausewitz's qualifying remarks. But the military world as a whole, noting that the Prussian army had been nourished on Clausewitz, jumped to a simpler conclusion, and accepted the main points of his doctrine—in their more obvious meaning. The soldiers of all countries were quick to swallow the new gospel. Few were capable of digesting it. That gospel, accepted without understanding, largely influenced the causation and character of the First World War, and thereby led on, all too logically, to the Second World War—which, as can now be seen, was the natural sequel to the economic and psychological conditions produced by the first.

Another fateful factor, closely linked with Clausewitz's work, was the perpetuation of conscription—which, while

it appeared democratic, partly because it had originally been associated in people's minds with the ideals of the French Revolution, nevertheless provided autocrats, hereditary or revolutionary, with more effective and comprehensive means of imposing their will, both in peace and war. Once the rule of compulsory service in arms was established for the young men of a nation, it was an obvious and easy transition to the servitude of the whole population. Totalitarian tyranny is the twin of total warfare—which might aptly be termed a reversion to tribal warfare on a larger scale.

The transition was achieved partly in the course of the First World War, and partly as a consequence of it. The machinery of mobilizing the conscript masses proved a fatal factor in precipitating that war, since the dramatic calling up of the nations' men from their civil jobs produced a state of excitement and disturbance which prejudiced the diplomatic efforts to avert a conflict. As the German Chancellor emphasized, with wider and deeper truth than he realized, "Mobilization inevitably means war." Once the war broke out, it developed the characteristics foreshadowed by the trend of ideas in the previous century, and produced a degeneration of civilized standards of behavior worse in many ways than that which had marked the Revolutionary-Napoleonic wars.

### III

**B**EFORE the First World War broke out, there had been several landmarks in the great decline of civilized standards. In the American Civil War, the devastation of Georgia by Sherman, and of the Shenandoah Valley by Sheridan, were decisive in producing the collapse of the Confederacy, but left a legacy of bitterness remembered to this day. The Franco-German war of 1870–71 was marked by several land bombardments *of cities*, not merely of the forts defending them. A third landmark was provided by the South African War, in which Kitchener, after unsuccessfully trying for some months to deal with the Boer guerrillas in customary ways, adopted the plan of laying waste the countryside, burning the Boers' farms,



and removing their women and children to concentration camps—where, it is estimated, some 25,000 died.

But the decline of civilized behavior became steeper during the war of 1914–18. There was an appalling growth of brutality toward wounded men and prisoners; inflated “atrocities” stories in turn produced a tendency to give no quarter; looting became rampant; and the rules of warfare designed to protect the civil population were callously violated in many directions. “Hate” propaganda multiplied all these evils. Further influence for ill was created by the advent of new weapons which did not fit into the old code of warfare, and thus tended to cause fresh cracks in it.

Thus, submarine warfare naturally developed into a savagely unlimited form of guerrilla warfare at sea, when exploited by a state which put logic before wisdom. As a result, Germany eventually brought the strongest neutral nation into the scales against itself. Likewise, Germany introduced gas warfare—not reckoning with the fact that the prevailing drift of the wind in the Western theater of war would assist her opponents’ retaliatory use of gas more than it helped her own employment of it. A third new weapon was provided by the development of aircraft; and with this weapon, too, Germany incurred odium without deriving profit, by trying it in a primitive and haphazard way as a means of bombarding cities at long range. In sum, her too narrow outlook on war led her to indulge in manifold breaches of the civilized code, only one of which brought her any serious advantage, and all of which worked out to her ultimate disadvantage.

Further damage to civilization, and to the prospects for the future, was produced by the way in which Germany’s opponents accepted and practiced the theory of unlimited warfare which had led her astray—by giving the practice of blockade an unlimited extension, and by proclaiming the utter destruction of Germany’s power as their war aim. The unlimited “starvation blockade” worked to undermine the resistance of the opposing armies by inflicting misery on their families, but poisoned the soil in which peace had to be replanted. And the peace which was made

after complete victory proved a bad peace not only for the losers, but for the victors as well.

History should have taught the statesmen of 1919 that there is no practical half-way house between a peace of complete subjugation and a peace of true moderation. It should have taught them, too, that a peace of complete subjugation is likely to involve the victor in endless difficulties, unless it is carried so far as to amount to extermination, which is not practicable. The settlement with Germany in 1919 flew in the face of all experience. Any people whose spirit was not permanently broken would have striven, first to evade, and then to reverse such crippling terms. Those who imposed them showed no understanding either of history or of human nature. The silliest feature of all was that the new republican government of Germany was compelled to be the agent of their acceptance, though made to sign the treaty when utterly helpless to alter it. Almost inevitably the result was to discredit the new regime from the outset, make it a scapegoat, and lead to its downfall. The prospects were made much worse by the state of exhaustion to which Europe had been reduced by the time that peace was made, and by the general degeneration of standards produced by the years of violence. The soil of Europe had been well fertilized to bear a crop of revolutions ripening into tyrannies. They soon sprouted. In Germany, National Socialism, after a slow start, grew rapidly and became dominant in 1933.

THE nature of the Nazi revolution—as of the French Revolution—was inherently prejudicial to civilized standards of behavior, and brought about such a degree of national organization in peacetime as to ensure that any future war would be more nearly total. The result was seen in the Second World War, in which the treatment of conquered populations reached a depth of inhumanity unapproached since the Wars of Religion, and was the more demoralizing in that it was elaborately organized. Scientific ruthlessness can be more deadly to civilization than savagery. What took place after this war broke out was, however, simply the external ap-



plication and intensification of a mode of ideas and manner of behavior that had already been established in the Nazi revolution. The abominations practiced on conquered peoples by the Germans *were essentially a civil as opposed to a military development*—executed primarily by forces organized for the role of “political police.”

On the military side, in contrast, the balance of evidence seems to show that the level of behavior was better in a number of respects in the war of 1939–45 than in the war of 1914–18, at any rate in the struggle between Germany and her Western enemies. Here the armies in general observed many of the rules contained in the old code of war, both as between themselves and in dealing with the civil population of areas they overran. In the Western theater, allegation of military atrocities were much fewer in the Second World War than in the first, and so were authenticated cases. This is a significant phenomenon, and the most hopeful one for the future that emerged from the recent war. It might be turned to good account.

Such a gain for civilization was, however, overwhelmingly counterbalanced by the terrific growth of air warfare, and the sweeping disregard for all humane limitations on bombardment from the air. This produced a devastation, and in some areas a degradation of living conditions, that has not been approached since the end of the Thirty Years' War. If civilization recovers sufficiently in the years ahead for us to recover a civilized sense, it is likely that we shall be horrified by what we have been led to do. To later civilized ages, it may become a byword superseding that of “Vandals and Goths,” or be charitably regarded as a case of “mass homicide and suicide while temporarily insane.” Yet it has a simpler explanation. For it developed from the recklessly logical pursuit on a new plane of a theory of unlimited war that had been thought out only to a limited extent.

THE original theory arose, as we have seen, from a Prussian military philosopher's formulation of French Revolutionary practice. But it was essentially a *military* theory, and being conceived in terms of land warfare, was concentrated on the

idea of battle—the decisive overthrow of the opposing army *on the battlefield*. But the invention of the airplane produced an enlargement of the military picture, by offering new scope for striking at the will of the opposing people without having to overthrow the opposing army. It provided a new extension to the traditional naval strategy which Britain had followed in her wars—of countering her enemies' natural superiority of land force by cutting off their oversea supplies, and striking at their economic system. Britain's real power had lain in her capacity, through command of the seas, to make any continental opponent sick of the war and anxious to make peace. It was natural that this strategy should be continued in the British method of using airpower.

The trend became pronounced when, in 1918, the British took the lead in creating a separate air force. Looking for a suitable theory on which to develop a field of action wider than that to which they had been accustomed (as a mere supporting arm), the directing minds of the air force found it in a logical adaptation of the “economic” aim of Britain's characteristic way of warfare. Instead of being limited to narrowly military objectives, the new-born air force would be used to strike at the sources of the enemy's war effort. In the peacetime theory of the air staff, as it was evolved, this aim was to be achieved by precision bombing, and it was argued that this would minimize the danger to the civil population; but it was easy to see that an attempt at humane limitation on these lines would be subject to a wide margin of error, thus provoking reprisals, and that even the attempt might be abandoned as the war mood became more bitter.

German air theory took a different course. This was not—needless to say—due to humanitarianism, but to a different line of military reasoning. Although some of the *Luftwaffe* chiefs favored the British air theory, the General Staff predominated, and their view prevailed. Hence in German theory the bombing force was to be used primarily to aid the operations of the army, rather than independently against the interior and industry of the opposing country. The trend of German



ideas was seen in Hitler's proposal of 1935, repeated in 1936, for a universal agreement that bombing should be confined to the zone of military operations in the narrower sense, i.e. the fighting zone. The probability that this proposal was genuinely intended is recognized by such an authority as J. M. Spaight, a former principal assistant secretary of the Air Ministry, in his 1944 book, *Bombing Vindicated*.

The proposal did not meet with much response in England. On the one hand, it conflicted with the British theory of air warfare, and appeared better suited to Continental powers that had strong armies—especially, of course, Germany herself. And on the other hand, it ran counter to the instinctive assumption that all rules were impracticable—a view which was mated with the extremely optimistic belief that any return of war could be prevented. That idea was epitomized by Lord Thomson, Air Minister in both the Labor governments between the wars, when he said that efforts to formulate rules for war, “to limit its scope, to prevent its worst atrocities, to civilize it, and bring it up to date,” merely “helped to perpetuate an international crime.”

**D**URING the earlier stages of the war itself, when the Germans had a greatly superior bombing force, it must be recognized that their practice kept close to the conditions of their theory and of their prewar proposal. Though the bombings of Warsaw and Rotterdam horrified a world not yet acclimated to such air-massacres, these did not take place till the German troops were fighting their way into these cities; and thus conformed to the old rules of siege bombardment, as well as to the 1935–36 definition. The Germans' departure from this code during the war can hardly be dated before September 1940, when the night bombing of London was launched, following upon six successive attacks on Berlin by the RAF during the previous fortnight. The Germans were thus strictly justified in describing this as a reprisal. Moreover, it must also be admitted that, notwithstanding their overwhelming bombing superiority, they took the initiative a few weeks later in proposing a mutual agreement that would put a

limitation on such city bombing; and several times they discontinued their attacks when there was a pause in the much lighter British raids, thereby showing their desire for a truce in the inter-city bombing competition.

The significance of this lies in the evidence it offers, not of any humanitarian scruples on the part of the Germans, but of their long-term realism in this matter. This accords with other evidence from history that a calculatingly aggressive power is more apt to measure the consequences of disregarding limitations than are the nations which have to meet aggression. This tendency accords with the proverb that “a burglar doesn't commit murder unless cornered.” It might be turned to good account by cool-headed opponents of aggression.

In the recent war, by contrast, great pressure of authoritative and public opinion developed in Britain toward breaking away from the tacit limitation on bombing which was observed on both sides during the opening months of the war. There was an eager desire to try out the British air theory of destroying the enemy's sources of war production. The effort was initiated almost immediately after the German army's offensive in the West opened in May 1940, and it was continued and extended after the collapse of France, although in view of the limited British bombing force it was like throwing pebbles to provoke the enemy into throwing boulders in return. Its main result was to precipitate the “blitz” on Britain's own cities, with proportionately greater damage to her own war production. In the circumstances of the time, it could amount to nothing better than a form of slow suicide—from which Britain was lucky enough to be saved by Hitler's decision to invade Russia. That change of direction provided Britain with the respite she needed to expand her own bombing force. Even so, predictions of its decisive effect in crippling Germany's war production were again and again disproved by events—although the tonnage of bombs was multiplied year after year, and precision-bombing was abandoned in favor of the wholesale plastering of cities with high explosives and incendiaries.



While the strategy of devastation from the air was in the natural line of descent from Britain's traditional strategy of sea warfare, it brought a much greater danger to the civilization she was fighting to preserve. For it was in a sense more directly aimed at the civil community; and it was not accompanied by the willingness to accept a negotiated peace which had usually characterized her in previous wars. It is the combination of an *unlimited aim* with an *unlimited method*—the adoption of a demand for unconditional surrender, together with a strategy of total blockade and bombing devastation—which in the war which so recently ended has inevitably produced an increasing danger to the relatively shallow foundations of civilized life. The bitter fruits are already being reaped in the countries which have undergone the process of liberation by devastation. The results, for Europe, of reducing Germany to an even worse state—comparable to that produced by the Thirty Years' War—have yet to be seen.

#### IV

THE flying bomb, introduced in June 1944, began to tear away the veil of illusion that had so long obscured the reality of the revolutionary change in warfare—from a fight to a process of mutual destruction. The advent of the atomic bomb in August 1945 drove the conclusion home.

The German-produced V-1 and V-2 did not perhaps go far enough in their *actual* effect to convince the world that the problem of security had undergone a fundamental change. V-1 and V-2 did not succeed in their strategic aim. Traditional military minds could thus find ground for disputing the *potential* effect of these new weapons. But the use of the atomic bomb was followed by such a dramatically quick collapse of Japan's resistance that its decisive effect can hardly be disputed.

Those who are by profession concerned with war, and who have a normal disinclination to see their profession disappear, have now been driven back on a second line of argument: the claim that every new weapon has its antidote. But while an antidote has been found for every new of-

fensive development hitherto, there has always been a time-lag; and the time-lag inevitably favors aggression. As offensive developments become more powerful, even a short time-lag becomes more dangerous.

It is conceivable that an antidote to the atomic bomb may be found through some new defensive development of radar, but it is hard to see how such an antidote could be brought into operation until after hostilities actually began. The initial attack by atomic bombs might be made by civil aircraft, or more likely by rockets, prior to any declaration of war. It is well to remember that Port Arthur in 1904 was followed by Pearl Harbor in 1941, and we should not overlook the possibility that there might be a third trick in the series. Taking account of all these possibilities, it would seem that the rest of the lives of all peoples now living will be spent under the chilly shadow of "atomization" without warning, unless the danger is lessened by international agreement—and a system of adequate supervision—or by the revival of a habit of mutual restraint.

UNLIMITED warfare as we have known it during the past thirty years is not compatible with the atomic age. That message should be clear, though it has a two-sided bearing as well as a double-edged meaning.

If one side possesses atomic power and the other does not, embattled resistance is nonsense. That spells the disappearance of warfare in such cases. Resistance must be transferred into subtler channels, of non-violent or guerrilla type. Even in the era of mechanized warfare, embattled resistance had become no more than a heroic gesture for small countries that did not possess mechanized power. All the sacrifice of time and money that their people had made for their armed forces, and in conscript service, was sheer waste of effort, unless they could be effectively embraced in the defense scheme of a greater power. Their own effective kind of resistance began only after their armies had been overthrown. The gesture of keeping forces to offer battle was a superfluous extravagance.

Where *both* sides possess atomic power,



total warfare is nonsense. Total warfare implies that the aim, the effort, and the degree of violence are unlimited. Victory is pursued without regard to the consequences. An unlimited war waged with atomic power would be mutually suicidal.

That conclusion does not necessarily mean that warfare will completely disappear. But unless the belligerent leaders are crazy, it is likely that any future warfare will be less unrestrained and more subject to mutually agreed rules. Within such limits it may develop new forms.

An important lesson from the experience of warfare, as we have noted, is that aggressors—unless they are merely barbaric hordes—tend to avoid widespread destruction, simply because they are calculating, because they plan to achieve their gains with the least possible damage, both to themselves and to their acquisitions. This suggests that any future aggressor who is aiming at profitable expansion may hesitate to employ atomic bombing, unless it becomes much more controllable and its effects can be more surely localized. Even though he possesses a superiority in such means, he may be led to hold it in reserve, except in so far as he can induce his opponents to bow to his demands by the mere threat of using it. For he will have to reckon with the likelihood that they—or their supporting powers—will have no hesitation in retaliating with atomic force. Hence an aggressive-minded power in the future must be able to rely on achieving a very quick paralysis of the resistance—quicker than ever before. That consideration would seem to rule out the idea of any return to the use of armed masses, inevitably slow-moving; and to favor, instead, a further expansion and acceleration of the modern tendency to rely on highly specialized and mobile forces.

Aggression is likely to pursue an improved technique designed to exploit weaknesses in the opposition without offering such a direct menace, on an obviously vital issue, as to precipitate an all-out struggle. The lines of such a technique were indicated in the strategy of indirect approach that the Japanese at first pursued in China, and the Nazis at first pursued in Europe. But it could be further developed. It would seek to gain its ends

as far as possible by "camouflaged war," carried out by power-policy maneuvers in the diplomatic field, and then if necessary might go on to strategic operations against subsidiary states or outlying colonies.

"Infiltration" would be the basic method, extended much further than it has yet been, and employed in subtler ways. The deeper and more widespread the infiltration, the more it would tend to check the employment of atomic bombing in retort. The aggressor could increase his prospects of immunity if he could lure his prospective opponents into giving "hostages" of some kind, or could intertwine his bases with theirs so that the entanglement became a check on their power of retaliation. And even if he could not do this, another circumstance might favor him. If both sides possessed the atomic bomb, a competition in atomic devastation would be so obviously suicidal for all parties that his victims might hesitate to unloose this catastrophic means of turning the tide—while aggressive infiltration progressed too far to resist.

THE military policy of a peaceful-minded nation, aiming at self-preservation but not at expansion, should therefore concentrate on the most suitable means of checking any aggression which proceeds on such calculations. This implies a planned rearrangement of forces and resources in a more specialized way, *with an eye primarily to defense.*

In default of a world-control of atomic power, any nation will be helpless unless it can produce this weapon—as a *potential* check on its own victimization. But the weapon can hardly be brought into actual use without suicidal risk. Hence the innately defensive nation cannot rely as in the past on a counter-offensive. It must in future seek to prevent an aggressor from attaining any serious initial success, by a fuller and more specific development of defense.

It must rely first upon a corps of scientists. Just as armed masses became subsidiary to technicians in the era of mechanized warfare, so the technicians will in turn become subsidiary to the body of civilian scientists engaged on defense problems. But to meet the danger of aggression



where atomic power is held in leash—in what one may term “sub-atomic warfare”—the nation will need armed forces. These, however, will be different from those with which we are familiar, and the relative importance of the three services will be changed.

An army is the only kind of force that can deal with aggressive infiltration. But conscription—that much favored panacea for national security—will not meet the problem. A conscript army that became available only after mobilization would hardly be effective to check camouflaged penetration or surprise invasion. The keynote of the future army must be *mobility*—armored divisions, airborne divisions, with cross-country and amphibious transport supply, airborne supply, and perhaps rocket-borne supply.

For Britain, the peacetime scale of such an army would have to be bigger than during the 1919–39 interval, and the same is true of the United States Army. Meanwhile, however, money might be saved on the other services. The biggest part of the British air budget has gone to the maintenance of a heavy-bomber force. This becomes a superfluity in the rocket and atomic age. The air force that Britain will need will be composed mainly of fighters for defense in general, and of fighter-bombers for co-operation with the Army; and eventually both these needs may be superseded by rocket development. The biggest item in the naval budget, in Britain and also in America, has been due, directly or indirectly, to the maintenance of battleships. The diminished role of these monsters had become apparent long before the advent of the atomic bomb. Thus we in Britain should be able to maintain our necessary strength in lighter craft, on a scale more adequate than before the war, with some measure of saving on overall naval costs; and the same kind of saving may be possible in America too.

The problem of security is conditioned both by the inherent limits of a nation's resources and by its relationship to other powers. The most common cause of disaster is the tendency to treat the problem in compartments. The attempt to be strong everywhere is apt to result in not being strong enough anywhere. The best

corrective is to plan defense as a whole, and for this purpose to develop minds that not only are both scientific and military, but also possess imagination. Military education hitherto has not been designed to teach a scientific approach to problems. Rather it has been designed to develop executive skill and to foster the spirit of loyalty. That system has made much progress in the production of commanders and staff officers. But to tackle the defense problems of the future the greatest of our needs is to produce “military scientists” for the higher planning.

**B**UT while it is important to think out the ways and means of defense under the new conditions, it is even more important to realize that these can offer us only partial insurance. So we return to the problem with which the revolutionary degeneration of warfare into a process of mutual destruction has confronted us.

The problem, like a coin, has two sides—the “head” is the prevention of war; the “tail” is the limitation of war. If experience has taught us anything, we should now be capable of realizing *the danger of concentrating exclusively on the perfectionist policy of preventing war, while neglecting the practical necessity, if this cannot be achieved, of limiting war*—so that it does not destroy the prospects of subsequent peace.

For the prevention of war, the obvious solution is a world federation, to which all nations would agree to surrender their absolute sovereignty—their present claim to be final judges of their own policy in all respects, and in any disagreement that affects their own interests. It is painfully clear, however, that the idea of world federation has no practical chance of acceptance in the near future.

Is there any way of diminishing the dangers of fresh rivalry in a league that falls short of becoming a federation? At the Disarmament Conference of 1932 the nations accepted the principle of *qualitative disarmament*—i.e. the universal abolition of the types of weapon that attack requires to overcome defense. The translation of the principle into practice was delayed by vested interests and political issues; before these were settled the Nazi regime gained power in Germany, the Conference broke



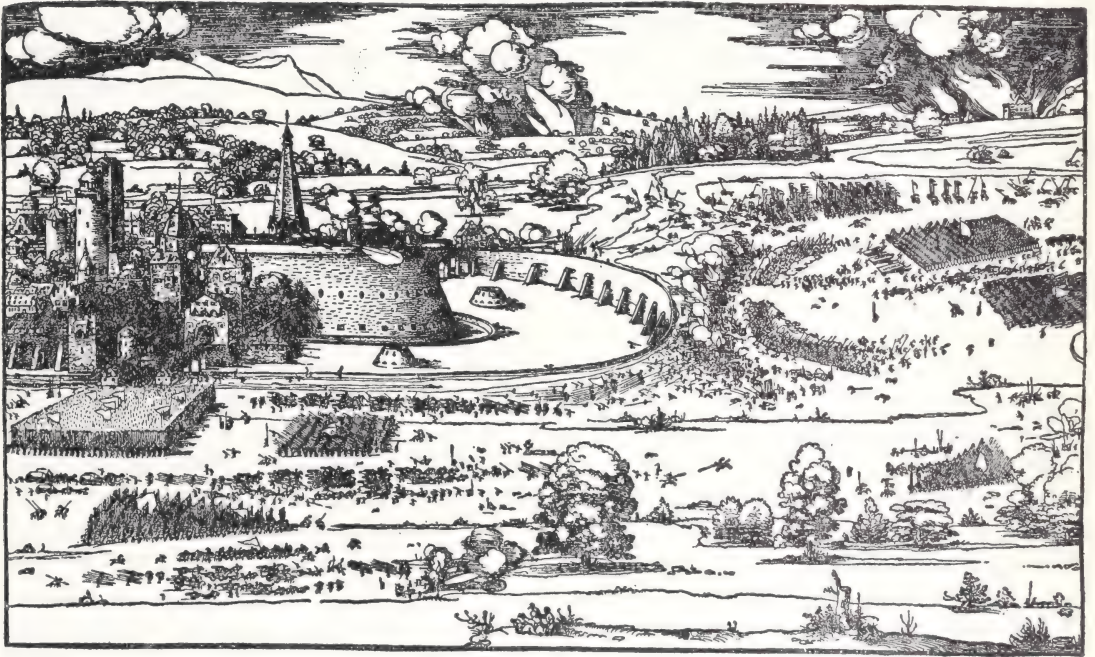
down, and the Germans were allowed to re-equip themselves with weapons such as the other powers retained. They took greater advantage of the opportunity.

Looking back, we can see that all the initial successes which aggression subsequently achieved were due to the use of the particular weapons that would have been abolished under the scheme framed in 1932—such as tanks, artillery, bombers. In the light of this experience, coupled with a scientific forecast of new trends, it should be possible to devise a new and comprehensive disarmament that would deprive armed aggression of any prospect of success—while nations would keep the security conferred by the truly defensive kinds of armament. Such a plan would be a working substitute, at this stage, for political federation as an antidote for war. The real question is whether the present United Nations will agree to accept it, together with the necessary system of technical supervision.

Failing that, the best chance may lie in

trying to revive a code of limiting rules for warfare—based on the realistic view that wars are likely to occur again, and that the limitation of their destructiveness is to everybody's interest.

When we survey the present state of the world, it is difficult to see any hope of checking the destructiveness of warfare. Yet an historical sense provides a foundation for hope. When we recall that sanity could be recovered, and common sense reassert itself, after such a prolonged orgy of violence as the Thirty Years' War in the seventeenth century, it is not impossible that a reaction from the disorders of the past thirty years might see a twentieth-century revival of reason sufficient to produce self-control in war, if not its abolition. Such a revival of reason would have to be based on the realization that only mutual restraint, for mutual security, can control the danger that, in the atomic age, outbursts of temper over political and social issues may lead to mutual annihilation.



*Sixteenth Century Warfare — Albrecht Dürer*



# *The Bomb and the Opportunity*

HENRY L. STIMSON

*When he was Secretary of War, Mr. Stimson was given special responsibility by Presidents Roosevelt and Truman for the development, production, and use of the atomic bomb. His record as Secretary of State and as an elder statesman of the Republican Party lends added significance to his statement.*—The Editors

THE advent of the atomic bomb has created a profound impression in all quarters of the globe. Bidden or unbidden, the atomic bomb sits in on all the councils of nations; in its light all other problems of international relations are dwarfed. This is so not because these other problems are no longer important in themselves, but because the question of the control of the atomic bomb towers above all else. No other problem has been so constantly in my thoughts as this one.

If the atomic bomb were merely another—though more devastating—military weapon, which could be assimilated into the customary pattern of international relations, conceivably we could then follow the old pattern of secrecy and sole reliance upon national military superiority, and depend upon international caution to stay the future use of the weapon. But, to my view, the recent unlocking of atomic energy constitutes a first step—and only a first step—in a new control by man over the primal forces of nature too revolutionary and dangerous to fit into the old patterns. The military application of this discovery underscores most sharply the divergence between man's growing technical power for destructiveness and his psychological power of self-control and group control—his moral power. If this is so, how this problem is approached in the sphere of the relations among the nations is a question of the most vital importance in the evolution of human progress.

The chief lesson I have learned in a long life is that the only way to make a man trustworthy is to trust him; and the surest way to make him untrustworthy is to distrust him and show your distrust. And it is from this lesson that I draw the conviction that only a direct and open

dealing with other nations on this, the most pressing problem of our time, can bring us enduring co-operation and an effective community of purpose among the nations of the earth. It is the first step on the path of unreserved co-operation among nations which is the most important. Once the course of national conviction and action is set in this direction by the example of the major powers of the world, petty differences will be recognized for what they are, and the way toward a real fraternity of nations will be open.

We must not delay. The poisons of the past are persistent and cannot be purged by timid treatment. By its sole possession of the bomb, at least for the present, the United States finds itself in a position of world leadership. But this solitary possession is most certainly very transient. It must recognize this and act swiftly. It must take the lead by holding out an open hand to other nations in a spirit of genuine trust and with a real desire for a thoroughgoing co-operative effort in meeting and solving this problem. Truly this is a time for greatness of heart and of purpose, and unless we demonstrate these qualities now other nations cannot be expected to do so.

The development of atomic energy holds great, but as yet unexploited, promise for the well-being of civilization. Whether this promise will be realized depends on whether the danger of swift and unprecedented destruction can be removed from the earth. Whether it is removed depends on whether we and other nations move firmly, quickly, and with frank transparency of purpose toward the goal of uniting all men of good will against the appalling threat to man's very existence. The focus of the problem does not lie in the atom; it resides in the hearts of men.



# THE INNOCENT BYSTANDER

## A Story

MARGARET SHEDD

GET out, Appolonio, I've already told you I won't leave the house nor go near that pier until I've finished this lobster."

"Yes, sir, but the *Sarah K* she have docked, sir, and waiting urgent for you to sign her papers."

"So, let her wait." This man at the dinner table had two speech mannerisms. One was a faint lisp marring his otherwise precise diction. The other was that often, as now, he talked to himself rather than the listener. "A wait'll do them good. The only schedule that damn schooner keeps is to dock at my mealtimes. They expect me to go running out to clear her no matter when she puffs over the horizon."

"Yes, sir."

"Well, go on, get out, you black idiot. Don't fidget there in the doorway."

"Yes, doctor sir, but them fighting terrible bad at the pier. Some American having anger about his dog him."

"Dog?" And for the first time the white man looked up from the food, his bored, fastidious expression changing to wariness.

"Yes, dog!" This was a young man, evidently the American and evidently still in high anger. He pushed Appolonio out of the way. "My dog! A Doberman bitch. And my name's Appleby, geologist for the oil people. Maybe I shouldn't burst into your house, but they say you're in charge here. Your customs man or whatever he is in the commodore hat tells me I can't land my dog. I had to shove him into the sea,

hat and all, to get off the *Sarah K* myself."

The vigilance in the other man's face hardened into anger, but he finished cracking a lobster claw before he spoke.

"How do you do, Mr. Appleby." He did not extend a hand. "I'm Forsyth," and the lisp sat funnily on that word. "Medical Officer here, and in the absence of the District Commissioner, acting in that capacity too. So you're flouting my jurisdiction, is that it?" The voice was nothing but a lisping whisper.

The young man flushed. "I'm sorry, Dr. Forsyth, but that official of yours was pretty abusive about Sabina. She's been with me all along the coast and this is the first trouble I've had. I'm only going to be here a few weeks, inland on survey." It seemed to him his words floundered around for lack of a listener.

The doctor did answer, but to himself, contemplatively: "Sabina . . ." and then, "and has Sabina had her rabies shots?"

"You don't think I'd bring her down to Central America without them, do you? Say, what's got into you people around here? Can't you leave a fellow alone to do his work? I tell you I've had Sabina with me all along the coast on my survey."

"Yes?" Finally the doctor looked straight into the young man's face. "Have you ever gone dog hunting, Mr. Appleby?"

The words were bad enough, but the doctor brought them out so carefully, molded his lips around them so explicitly, that it was evident he wanted the other



man to see what was in his mind: the howling, underfed, hunting whelps of that country, but on the wrong end of hunting this time, scattering frantic through the village streets, their speed only just less than the bullets that pursued them; or turning at bay, wolfish and snarling, their mouths open, ready to receive death meted out at close range. Appleby got something like that, all right, and his first reaction was to remember Sabina left at the mercy of the officious customs officer. Like master, like servant, he thought anxiously.

"Say, those brash black boys of yours won't molest my dog, will they? She's in my cabin."

"Your dog's all right aboard the *Sarah*, but bring him ashore without my permission and I'll shoot him."

Him, thought the young man; he knows her name is Sabina, he said it twice. This seemed more than carelessness; it seemed to be part of the fellow's distorted insensibility, and it made Appleby very angry. He watched the disciplined face of the doctor, so intent on his meal; with contempt Appleby measured the clean lines of profile and of back which should have indicated civilized decency instead of brutality. And what kind of brutality was it anyhow?

"Dr. Forsyth, do you do a good deal of dog hunting?" He could not conceal his scorn.

"I'm no dog fancier at the best of times." The doctor spoke evenly, his eyes and hands busy with the lobster carcass. "And right now I don't mind telling you I'd prefer shooting every dog in the district to having my hospital cluttered up with rabies cases."

"You mean you've had human rabies?"

"I had four last month."

"They died?"

"I got one in time. The others came in too late."

"I see."

"So I'm not going to have any more of them, Mr. Appleby." The doctor took stock of the young man carefully—perfectly average height, color, stance, features.

And the average voice went up a note or two: "You mean, doctor, you've already shot every dog in the district!" Be-

cause Appleby remembered now that, in fact, there had been no dogs rolling in the dust or fighting over fish heads at the pier.

"No, we drowned the smaller ones." This would have sounded like a bad joke or mockery at the other's ingenuous excitement, except that the doctor spoke seriously, meanwhile folding his napkin and putting it neatly into a silver filigree ring. "If you're interested, every two years there's been an epidemic in this area. We've been a rabies reservoir. As you know, there's no access by land to the villages above; the jungle's too thick. So it comes in at this port, or it lies dormant in the dog population. In either case, there simply won't be any dogs here from now on."

"And you've really done that, killed them all, even in the Indian villages?" Now he saw the man in another light, not merely a brute. He had observed the trim elegance of the house, a far cry from the usual habitations of bachelor officials along a tropical coast. He knew that only fanatic discipline could maintain cleanliness, much less luxury, in this wilting port.

Then he said, "And did you get the people to co-operate in this crusade?"

"No, they did not. But does one expect co-operation from natives? Does one expect them to understand one's efforts in their behalf?" His rhetorical questions were addressed to himself, and the eloquent diction marred by those lisped s's nevertheless conveyed the opinion he obviously held of himself, that he should not be judged by the standards of the vulgar. His voice was not cruel; simply there was no crack of a doubt in it. He was sure of his own uprightness.

Here was a godlike creature, the beautiful profile, the well-kept hands. He must have been top man in sports and studies. How had he ever filtered down to this obscure post, a port so small that the airfield runways for the chicle planes nudged alongside the one block of stores and customs house and hospital, and the stubby finger of the pier, with the town latrine a wart on one side of it, pointed dispiritedly out at the hot blue Caribbean, from which nothing ever emerged to stop off except the moldy *Sarah K* and a few banana barges. Maybe this was the only place



where Forsyth could still play God. Anyway, for Appleby that was beside the point; what really mattered was what to do about Sabina.

HE APPROACHED the matter cautiously from another angle; he tried to be pleasant. "I can see your point, doctor, but now that you've eliminated the carriers, can't you start out again, with inoculated dogs?"

"What are you trying to say, Appleby?"

"Well, my bitch has had her rabies shots, you know that. And I'll go straight into the bush. I can pull out in thirty minutes."

"You missed the point, sir. True, I despise these natives, but I make every effort to be eminently just. If you think that I would permit a white man to take a dog, vaccinated or not, up country for mere companionship, after destroying dogs used there for hunting, for a livelihood however mean, you have a mistaken idea of my position here."

The pomposity enraged Appleby. "I guess I don't understand your position here, doctor. Are there no limits to your authority?" Instantly he was sorry he had said it; no use to antagonize him. Then watching Forsyth's face he saw that the man was incapable of understanding either an insult or a joke; he simply took everything at face value. His soft, even voice answered in that vein.

"Few limitations, Mr. Appleby, and I've not countenanced the slightest insubordination."

There was a silence. Appleby decided to say nothing more, although he was thinking to himself, does the fellow look for words with *s* in them?

Apparently Forsyth took the silence to mean that the young man approved his autocracy, because he suddenly changed his manner altogether.

"Forgive me for not asking you to sit down, Appleby. One never knows who is going to walk through the door in a place like this, but now that we understand each other, have some lunch? Hot tea and a bit of lobster? Quite good hollandaise my cook manages, although it's lime instead of lemon of course. Gives it a different touch."

The young man did sit down, more from fatigue than for any other reason.

"And if you'll excuse me," said the doctor, "I'll get out to the boat. They can't start unloading until I clear her. They don't like it much. Order is the thing hardest to get into these people."

Appleby thought absently that he had never found it so; he had been able to get remarkably good native assistants. But then he knew them only as men whose help he needed, not as subjects to rule. He pricked up his ears; the doctor was saying: "Tell you what I can do for you about your dog. In a few days the *Sarah* will be back on her way to Guatemala. You could have her sent over there until you get out of the bush."

"In the meantime?"

"That's just it. I was going to suggest that you can put her under my house. There's an observation cage." He pointed through the floor as if the cage were directly beneath them. "I used it for a while before I decided the other was the only way. Not luxurious but Appolonio will keep it clean. And feed her. You understand," and now this astonishing man seemed to be carrying his conciliation to the point of apology, "I couldn't possibly let her out, but in this case, good dog and so on . . ."

"Very kind of you," said Appleby awkwardly, "I really don't want to accept such a favor from you," which was perfectly true. He mistrusted this man wholeheartedly. Yet why should he? He is morbidly scrupulous, thought Appleby; eminently just, to use his own words. And what else could he do with Sabina? He himself was due in Rio de Dios immediately. He was on a heavy schedule. If the observation cage was operated half as efficiently as the house Sabina would be all right. His friends in Guatemala would take care of her when she got there. Meantime, a few days' rest wouldn't hurt her. "The truth is, Dr. Forsyth, I haven't much choice. Not that I don't appreciate your kindness."

"Quite all right."

"She may not be the pleasantest of guests," Appleby continued. "I'm afraid she'll howl being shut up. You mention hunting. She's a hunter herself. I got her



from a policeman. She's a Doberman."

"So you told me."

"Oh, did I? Well, her trainer found her too high-strung for police work, but he'd already given her the rudiments of man chase."

The doctor smiled, rather nicely Appleby thought, and he wondered if he had misjudged him. This pleasant thought warmed Appleby further to the subject of Sabina: "She's a really great dog, doctor, and all the family I've got." He unfolded one of the doctor's fine damask napkins, having decided he might as well have the tea.

THE doctor started to answer, some casual, gentlemanly thing, and then stopped abruptly midway, and fell into a taut, listening silence. They looked at each other, their eyes mutually questioning.

"What's that?" Appleby's voice was almost as hysterical as the canine cries, repeated, frantic, which had interrupted them.

"Sabina," whispered the doctor. He had already moved swiftly over to the stiff-backed desk, pulled down the writing shelf and was reaching inside. As Appleby ran past he saw papers finically pigeonholed, and he saw a revolver.

"No," he shouted from the door, "that's not Sabina. It's a smaller dog." But he was in a panic, because he had not for an instant doubted that Forsyth had killed every dog in the district; so this must be his Doberman terrified into these strangled, high yelps by some inhuman abuse. And now nothing stood between her and the fury of destruction, or order, whichever it was that beset this man.

They got to the porch railing together. And there was a dog, tearing past the house and down the street, a yellow and brown mongrel not full grown, catapulting possessed through mire and puddles, each pair of legs in muscular spasm moving as one leg. And behind him ran a little negro boy.

"Look out, you'll kill the child," yelled Appleby, snatching at the arm which aimed the revolver so expertly.

"Damn it, man, think I can't hit what I sight? Now it's too late. We'll have to plow out after them."

"What do you mean, them? The boy's not mad, is he?" Appleby's relief made him flippant.

"It's no joke. That dog can muck up the whole show."

"Yes, I suppose he can." And Appleby laughed; it was funny, if you wanted to look at it that way, the doctor's perfect planning gone awry. "But how can you be sure he's mad?"

"Impossible to mistake the gait. Here, you take this gun. I'll get another."

Down the muddy wheel ruts Appleby saw what the doctor meant by the dog's gait: terror of flight and of pursuit were fused into that small figure, the bound muscles impeding flow of movement but not impeding speed. The pitiability of puppydom was there, masked by this spastic grimace, a shuddering paroxysm rather than a gait.

Everyone down the block had gone indoors on one wave ahead of the mad dog; this matter was left to the doctor. So Appleby and he were alone together.

"They'll head for the bush beyond the flying field," shouted Forsyth as he cut from his own driveway across the hospital yard and then behind the general store and through a marshy dump ground used by the storekeeper. The footprints of the little boy oozed up here. There was a pile of rotting bananas and some tins from which seeped gaseous tomatoes. Running in the heat, even that little way, had tired Appleby and he stopped there a minute.

WITH the blood pounding in his head he thought, what are we chasing, dog or boy? Because he could see that the boy ran not as one pursuing the dog but as one pursued by them. It's because he's afraid, thought Appleby; nothing else could push those match-stick legs to such violent effort. I suppose this wretched little creature figures he'll get the works from the doctor for having hidden his puppy. Well then, we are chasing the boy. Why the hell don't I get out of this? The doctor can take care of himself, that's sure. So why do I go along with this gun in my hand?

But a little way ahead, in the flying field, the doctor was pointing dramatically and yelling, hardly winded, "See that stream?



You cut them off at the log ford. I'll make for the bridge. They won't go into the water, sure of that . . ." And although the doctor's grandiose manner seemed off key to Appleby, too epic for the little boy and the little dog and the little stage, still the young man found himself obeying those imperious commands. He started to run again. And it was the log ford they made for. So both dog and boy were his quarry! If they got across the brook and into the bush they might escape. But he was gaining on them, and now his heart was beating hard again, and with excitement, not merely exertion.

That miserable mad thing in the lead, muscles of neck pulled back and legs jerking up and down, up and down, in one final spasm of ricocheting speed reached the ford, and crossed, and then began to zigzag. And the little boy, barefoot, gained distance over Appleby on the lichened, slippery logs of the crossing; so that by the time the man's shod feet got him over, the chase was at an end, or almost.

The dog had stopped in mid-flight; feet still in motion he had fallen and rolled over onto his back under a wild fig tree. The boy was above him with a rock in his hand; behind the child came the white man, absolute law, absolute force. So whether it was a split second of pity for the dying thing at his feet, or whether the sound of Appleby approaching paralyzed his arm, the boy was just too slow, and the clicking jaws of the puppy caught him on the leg.

The doctor, running up too, released him by putting a bullet through the dog. And the child said nothing. When the dog's jaws unclamped he fell backward, holding his leg by the knee and moving both legs as if he imagined he was still running. He looked out toward the jungle; evidently he had had no intention of stopping here. Now he was stopped and the fear was as great as the pain.

But the doctor had spent his wrath in the chase. He knelt down by the child and then he picked him up, not unkindly.

"We'll have to get him to the hospital at once. The only thing I can do is to cauterize."

"But you'll give him serum."

"There is none."

"What! You haven't serum? But . . . but you . . ." There were no words to meet the occasion. Appleby had simply not met a man as sure of himself: there were no more dogs, therefore no more serum was needed.

The doctor was saying, "Why certainly, I sent the last batch up to the capital a week ago. There's a standing order from the Chief M.O.'s office to concentrate all excess drugs in the capital."

"You had the serum and you sent it away?"

"Look here . . ."

But Appleby interrupted brusquely, "What will you do?"

Forsyth glanced at the young man, evidently put out by his violent tone. "Well, there's a plane today. I'll send up and have some serum sent back, of course. What else is there to do? It'll be back in two weeks."

"Two weeks?" Appleby couldn't help looking at the child's agonized face.

"Not as good, but it'll serve."

Nothing will ever shake his assurance, thought Appleby; he'll always be right. And he felt tired to death. Everything that had happened in this port of perfect justice, including the hunt, seemed now in retrospect terribly fatiguing, more than he could stand. He only wanted to get away, out into the bush where there was nothing more fearsome to encounter than tapirs and tigers. Even the idea of leaving Sabina was not as formidable as before; she at least would be meeting the doctor on a physical, not metaphysical, level. Anything to get away.

And it was quickly done, hiring mules, loading, settling the Doberman in her cage. With a deep sigh of joy and clean anticipation of the hard work ahead, Appleby woke up next morning beside one of those wonderful little bush rivers with which he was familiar, whose recon-dite beauty deep in the jungle's heart suggested that in the human heart as well there must be these winding rills of peace if only they could be discovered.

IT WAS four weeks exactly when Appleby got back to the port. He was ready to leave, refreshed in mind from having done a job well, and confidently expected to get



a ride out on a chicle plane that very day. So he could hardly believe that the usual infirmity of circumstance was going to keep him from leaving—and that Sabina was still in the cage.

All air service, even freight, had been discontinued because of an accident and a government inquiry into maintenance and equipment. And the wheezy old *Sarah K* had simply got swamped in the ensuing congestion of goods and passengers; Appleby had to accept the doctor's statement that he had not been able to get Sabina aboard.

But it was not until that evening, having a drink on the doctor's porch, that he realized the full implications. It meant that airmail had been diverted to regular mail and that some of the regular mail had been sent along the coast by mule, that the rabies serum due two weeks before was even then plodding by animal along the valley of the Coxcombs. It meant that the little boy who had been bitten was going to die, because the bite had been a bad one. He was going to die soon, maybe that night.

The doctor had just told him these things, lispingly, softly, without emphasis or excuse or vindication.

Up to then the young man had been able to isolate himself from the doctor's world. Even with Sabina whining restlessly and steadily under their feet, Appleby had been able to deflect, against the armor of his own hard, sensible work just completed, the renewed impact of this man and his exquisite house and his exquisite blend of gin and bitters and his exquisite inhumanity; but in the silence that followed the doctor's words, Appleby saw that he was vulnerable again. He set his glass down on the floor beside his chair, quietly, carefully, not a drop spilled, and he told himself that he should have known better than accept this man's hospitality, for himself or for Sabina, that he should have gone away that first day, fled on the *Sarah K*. He began to see that flight into the jungle and into his work had not been enough.

The doctor was saying in his near-whisper, "You know, I am really too tired to get through this night."

"You're tired? What on earth has that

got to do with it? The child's your responsibility, isn't he?"

"Yes, I suppose he is. But those damned lazy black nurses won't watch him. They're afraid of him. I should go over at once."

"You'd better go then. Don't you have to administer sedatives? Or are you all out of them too?" He stood up. "If you'll excuse me, I'm going to put Sabina on her leash and give her a run on the beach. Where is the leash?"

He waited for the doctor to make his martinet objections to taking Sabina out, and he was ready to shove them back down his throat, choke him with the imbecile falsity of his whole position.

But the doctor only said, half stupidly, as if he might really have reached hopeless exhaustion, "Sabina? Oh yes, her leash is just by the door on a nail."

And Appleby had turned to go, was feeling refreshed already in the nice prospect of a walk with his dog; he had taken down the leash and was calling to Sabina from the steps, "All right, girl, quiet, you'll have your run at last," when that first sound came from the hospital across the street.

APPLEBY stopped exactly where he was, did not even bring both feet onto one step. And he said to himself softly, but speaking out loud, "Yes, you might as well call it what it is, a child yelping. There's an explanation. His throat muscles constrict and he's trying to get air. But it sounds like a bark. It's a child barking. You're here and you have to hear it and it's too late to run away and you have to stand on these steps and listen."

Immediately they came again, those rasping intakes of convulsive breath, too monstrous to have emerged from anything human, cast out into the muggy night, and hovering over the huts and over the viscous tepid waves and over the doctor's house. The sound itself constricted, strangled, as if it, not the throat that made it, was bound round with closing muscles.

The doctor had not moved either; although unlike Appleby he must have heard something like this before, have known what to expect, because he was saying, "I told you I was too tired. And



there it is again, there it is." For the first time he looked confused.

There it was, indeed, again and again, until Appleby knew that if the doctor was going to stand there, he could not; he had to go to the hospital and see if there was anything he could do. But at the gate Forsyth caught up with him and they began to run together as once before they had run down the road.

And in that same moment the nightmare shadow of that first hunt took flesh; a figure dashed out of the hospital compound ahead of them. This creature had the dog's same obsessed run, and as it turned on to the road a gate light showed up the same strained neck muscles, and the teeth snapping and opening to emit the barks. They were in pursuit again, that much was certain.

It was not until he felt the squash of earth in the dump lot behind the general store and smelled the garbage pile there that Appleby stopped.

"I won't. I won't do this."

The doctor stopped too, and the fatigue that had ridden his face a few minutes before was gone. He spoke persuasively.

"Look, Appleby, they've all gone in. The cowardly beggars won't turn a hand to help us. We've got to do it." It was perfectly true that every house was shut and dark behind them, even the hospital.

"No, we can't. Let the child alone. He'll die but we can't chase him. We can't hunt him."

"If he meets someone? A mahogany cutter coming in late . . ."

"Well, we can't."

And the doctor answered lightly, always reasonably, "Very well, then it's your dog."

"What?"

"Let her out of the cage."

Appleby looked at the slender, strong chain he still held in his hand.

"Without her leash," said the doctor gently.

"Sabina?"

"Of course. Sabina. It'll be over in a few seconds. Can't you see? You said she

was a man hunter." His lisp was stronger than it ever had been.

"No!" Appleby was shouting.

"What else is there to do? Hurry."

"No, I tell you."

But Appleby's hoarse protest was feeble against the other's whispered, "Yes."

And the doctor turned and ran, swiftly as a young athlete, back to the house. Sabina will never obey him, thought Appleby. And then he thought, maybe she will, he's been feeding her. I have to prevent him, thought Appleby. How? Call Sabina to you, of course, and put her on her leash and hold her.

While he was thinking this, while he drew the chain up into his hand to find the catch, while he opened his mouth to call, "Here, Sabina, here girl," that other voice out beyond the airfield gave its terrible death rattle, and Sabina knew which voice she had to answer. She passed Appleby as if he were a dead tree rooted in the muck behind the general store. Sabina, the hunter, was gone.

The doctor stood beside him again. He had a gun in his hand. He was listening. But they heard nothing, not a sound. Whatever was happening among the wild fig trees was at least shrouded in silence.

Appleby spoke heavily. "Just tell me one thing, Forsyth, did you keep her here on purpose?"

The doctor's answer was sharp. "Get hold of yourself, Appleby. Don't say things like that. We're civilized men. And now listen to me. You won't want your dog around now after this. . . . You better let me go and . . ."

But Appleby interrupted him. He had got hold of himself and he did not want to hear the doctor's words. The picture in his mind's eye was far too clear already, one figure with its throat freed of choking muscles, and Sabina triumphant, waiting.

"No, you listen to me. I didn't know it but I guess I was in this thing from the start. So give me your gun. All right, now go on back and drink your gin and bitters. And you'd better go quick before I decide to shoot you instead."



# FOOTNOTE ON SEX

JOHN McPARTLAND

DALLAS COUNTY, Texas, which includes the city of the same name and is thereby the home of fancy Neiman-Marcus and of Southern Methodist University, and is also very self-consciously The New South, celebrated a record 8,012 marriages in 1945. Also in 1945, and presumably with some celebration, there were 7,980 divorces in Dallas County. This is just about saturation point for the sociologists, and a hell of a note generally.

Sure you know the causes. The big wages at North American Aircraft that led to drinking and carrying-on by previously sober and God-fearing, small-patch cotton-farmers. Wartime marriages conceived in juke joints and consummated in tourist camps. Husbands in the ETO while Joe from the welding department was in front with a car and a fifth. Add in the usual few that just don't get along together, and you have the 8,000 divorces of Dallas County last year.

Of course there is a certain amount of personal tragedy involved, but frequently there is a certain amount of personal tragedy in staying married. The trouble is that the game and the rules of the game seem to have veered away from each other. Even the players seem to be aware of discrepancies. Possibly the principal fault is that in the past three generations we have changed our ways of living, and the attendant mores, more than any peo-

ple have ever done before. At the same time, however, we have maintained a highly fictitious set of rules that are used to instruct the young, and for Sunday and parlor use in our newspapers, magazines, and motion pictures.

Just about everybody accepts, in varying degrees, the idea that we're all kidding each other. This acceptance can range from the coy *double-entendre* that the *Reader's Digest* finds so popular, to the behavior of groups of people, generally in the bigger money, that have revised the ethical code into a more practical instrument. One of the funnier things about social intercourse in the United States is the cautious sniffing to discover each other's degree of acceptance when adult males and females are introduced.

This double-level system of mores and ethics seems to serve no useful purpose, but it persists, and in fact becomes stronger as church and business conspire to protect it. The process today is much like the ritual dances of savages. The fetishes and the symbols are woven into our entertainment, our advertisements, and our vulgate—at one level of our social existence we are the most sensual and profligate of peoples, worshippers of breast and thigh, separating the fun and frolic of sex from any bindings of family and child. At the other level of our social existence we are the prissiest of prudes, a monogamous and chaste people to whom

*John McPartland, a new contributor who has been observing the decline of morals from a vantage point in Texas, is a Chicagoan who has just had three years in the Army.*



virginity is so sacred that it cannot be mentioned on our radios.

As a folkway this oddly contradictory set of mores is similar to tribal taboos. But there is this difference: that in a healthy tribal culture the people know where the ritual dance and the taboos begin and end, and beyond that they have a fairly healthy and satisfactory life. Our people are never quite sure which way is up in these matters, and our existence is complicated by a maze of inconsistencies. The *Saturday Evening Post* will print a cartoon of the secretary on her boss's lap, but would not permit such stuff in a story, unless, of course, it all came out all right in the end. The importance of the breast in the movies can be exaggerated only by the movies, but those same movies set up the rules whereby "breast" is a taboo word, and sweaters cannot be tight.

WE RAISE our young in this never-never land where sex is bright and gay but doesn't exist. They feel the stirrings of puberty in the midst of a caravanserai of Powers models and the Hit Parade, of Varga girls and a magic place called the Stork Club. This caravanserai is a gaudy background to growing up. Its lilt is suitably restrained on the radio, it glows in technicolor, it parades the billboards and the bleed pages of the magazines. It is sex and fun, love and laughter, as carefully spelled out by Young and Rubicam, illustrated by Sarra, filmed by MGM, and sung by Sinatra. Boy, is it ever fun—but not for you, according to the dean of girls, the family, the Rock Hill Baptist Church, the *American Magazine*, and the *Daily Argus*.

We walk astraddle the same two levels as adults. The joke that had the girls in hysterics at the beauty parlor may be told, suitably toned down, to the fond husband—or maybe he's too strait-laced, and it must be saved for Gus the butcher. The wife finds herself in a constant, and losing, competition with a series of long-legged girls who apparently have just filched a brace of grapefruit from the grocery, and whose lips have the redness, the moistness, and the willingness of a fresh piece of liver.

The net result of our churches, schools, and high level of literacy is a near-perfect

score in Dallas County for 1945. I haven't seen the divorce-marriage figures for the nation, but it is probable that Dallas County is not so very far from being typical. A one to one relation between marriages and divorces, if long continued, means that you, too, will have the fun of going to divorce court. Either the churches, schools, and attendant moral codes are failing, or the definitions and rules they have set up are wrong. If the failure of marriage is an indication of an unhealthy and degenerating culture, then that's us. If it isn't, we are causing ourselves and our children a great deal of frustration, bewilderment, and personal tragedy by outlining one set of rules, and then encouraging them to play the game some other way.

Actually, we are adhering to the social rules and customs set up by a rural village culture in the British Isles and northwestern Europe, as modified by a church-dominated, industrial, small-town culture of the United States some generations back. An understandable social lag has kept our ministers, for the most part, as well as our schools and mass entertainment media responding to the old code. It wasn't a bad code: it provided a framework of emotional happiness and security, and combined sentiment with dignity. It was a chaste code, set up in one of the periods when the idea of the sanctity of women was dominant. Had our industrial expansion followed the Restoration, or more particularly the Guild period, we Americans would have inherited a set of mores that might have worked a little better in Dallas in 1945.

THE regrettable parts of this business are the tragedies of the youngster who doesn't realize we're only kidding and the youngster who thinks it really is all in fun. Sometimes a person can get along all right without suspecting that the published code is an artificial contrivance. There are sections of society in which generation after generation matures, breeds, prospers, and dies pretty much within the accepted code. The erosion of those sections of society has been terrific recently, especially where demands of the war badly disturbed the sexual balances.



Contenance was the book answer. After a few months the book answer often seemed wrong. The published code is quite clear on this point: there is the business of guilt and of reproach, "forgiveness" or divorce. That's where the tragedy of taking it all very seriously comes in. Read about the Eskimos, and their solution to this kind of a situation. If it doesn't make sense, at least it makes for contented Eskimos.

We have a lot of vicious little traps for the youngster who thinks our battered old set of Sunday morals is really all in fun. At any surprising moment he, or she, finds that we really meant all the rules all the time. Associated with such surprises are activities by control agencies which in turn are totaled in summaries labeled "Rising Curve of Juvenile Delinquency" or "Increase in Sex Crimes." Both the young adult who was misled into thinking our orthodox moral code was just a joke, and the young adult who really believes in it were much involved in Dallas County's 8,000 divorces.

If we want to have a happier people—and that would seem to be the main drive of our hedonistic culture—it would be

good to work up a moral code that represented the needs of our kind of life. It might even be well if churches generally tried to meet the moral needs of our people. There is probably no place on earth where drinking, gambling, and not going to church on Sunday are lambasted more than in Dallas County. The churches in Dallas County are also very strong on Scripture, even though there isn't much in Scripture against either drinking or gambling. Still, the churches seem to be missing the main part of their job, which would be giving their people a faith that could be used in building strong families.

The fact that in this one county, population about 450,000, marriages have more than a 99 per cent chance of ending in divorce indicates that the existing rules aren't working. A number of authorities have been making suggestions as to new rules, or better enforcement of the old ones. My own belief on the subject is that the saturnalia theory was sound, and I am in favor of reviving it. At least for one month we would know what we should be doing. Or have you a better suggestion?



Charles E. Martin



# WHO SHOULD GET A RAISE, AND WHEN?

PETER F. DRUCKER

THE wage issue was the catalyst rather than the cause of the strikes which engulfed this country in the past six months. The real grounds for the industrial unrest are to be found in the accumulated nervous strain of the war years and in the struggle for power within the unions as well as between managements and unions. Yet the strikes have made it abundantly clear that a workable labor policy and decent labor relations are impossible as long as the wage issue poisons the air.

There is greater hostility today between labor and management than there has been at any time since the sit-down strikes of 1937; and the voices of the last-ditch fighters who threaten each other with "panzer divisions" and "goon squads" have drowned out the moderates—a great majority—on either side. It is therefore all the more important to realize that, as a result of a decade's wrestling with each other, a good many industrialists, labor leaders, and government officials have not only come to agree that wage disputes should be settled without strikes and name calling; they also have developed strikingly similar ideas of *how* wage disputes could be settled. This does not mean that we have a national wage policy within our grasp. The two factions in industry are so far apart *emotionally* that they do not even know how close they are intel-

lectually. Only the most determined and courageous leadership could bring them together. Also, great difficulties, both political and technical, would have to be overcome before these ideas could become concrete policy. Most important, one part of the proposed wage policy—the guarantee of a minimum annual income—would be both applicable to most industries and beneficial to society at large. But the other part—settling wage-rate disputes on the basis of industrial efficiency—would apply only in the large-scale manufacturing industries and would raise very serious questions of public policy. Nevertheless, the fact remains that labor and industry are closer to agreement on the fundamentals of a national wage policy than ever before.

## II

NEARLY all recent wage disputes have been fought over the rate to be paid per hour or per piece produced. What really matters to the worker, however, is not his wage per unit but his *total* income. For management which has to sell the worker's product, and for the consumer who wants to buy it, *wage rates*—that is the labor cost for each unit of production—are alone important. But the worker and his family do not live and eat per unit of production; they are not machines that

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can be switched off at will, but people who live all the year around and who need food, housing, and clothes all the year around. Their interest is less in the wage rates than in the *take-home pay*. The difference between management's view of wages as a part of unit costs and the worker's approach to wages as family income is so great that the two hardly mean the same thing when they talk about "wages." This double talk largely accounts for the bitterness in the automobile and steel industries. A solution which would satisfy both the worker's legitimate demand for a predictable minimum income and industry's legitimate demand for flexible labor costs would therefore be a major contribution to industrial peace. Such a solution might be the annual wage.

Only a few years ago, the "practical" people in management and unions considered an annual wage a daydream of long-haired professors. Indeed, the few annual wage schemes then operating had to be put through against union opposition. Even today a good many labor leaders are somewhat less than enthusiastic about the idea; for economic security might weaken the members' allegiance to their union. But the pressure for an annual wage from the rank and file has finally forced the leaders to make this demand their own. And most executives now admit that the workers' demand is legitimate and can be satisfied. There is still a tendency, however, for both managements and union leaders to talk about the annual wage as something that had better be worked out first in some other industry. Yet it would not be surprising if the present labor troubles led to the enactment of annual wage plans in several of our large corporations. For leading companies in such industries as steel, automobiles, electrical goods, and rayon have been studying annual wage plans carefully (though without publicity) for several years.

"Annual wage" is actually a misleading term. It seems to imply that all workers would be guaranteed their full normal wage for fifty-two weeks in the year. This would be neither possible nor desirable. No manufacturing enterprise, not even in a totally planned economy like Russia's, could guarantee the entire wage bill in

advance. What the worker needs is not a guarantee of his whole earnings but a minimum budget. A practical plan should aim at guaranteeing not a hundred per cent of the annual wage bill but something like sixty per cent. The precise figure would, of course, vary from industry to industry; it might be higher in consumer goods industries, for example, and lower in steel. The basis should be the average rate of operations in a "normally bad" year. Also, a practical annual wage plan would have to be restricted to the workers with some seniority.

In a specific example—a plan now being studied by one large chemical company—the annual wage guarantee would be limited to workers with two years' seniority, who normally make up about eighty per cent of the labor force; and the guarantee would be for forty weeks' normal wages. Assuming the average income of the worker to be \$1,800 a year, or \$35 a week (rather a low estimate today), the workers eligible under this plan would be guaranteed an average of \$1,400 a year, which they would receive in 52 weekly installments averaging \$27 a week. For the company this would mean a commitment for sixty per cent of the total wage bill. But each of the workers covered could be sure of getting at least three-quarters of his full annual income. And for each week beyond forty, he would get not only the \$27 but also an extra \$35, or \$62 in all.

There are many possible variants. Workers with greater seniority or with large families might be guaranteed the full normal amount, or they might be given a guarantee for two or three years rather than for one. Younger or newer men might be given less. And the plan might easily be coupled to some profit-sharing arrangement. But the principle would always be the same—a regular weekly payment of a guaranteed minimum each week in the year, with an adjustment for all work beyond the guarantee.

THE annual wage is not applicable to all industry. It could not be adapted to purely seasonal jobs, such as vegetable canning, though it has been tried in the building industry with fair results, particularly in the South and Far West.



There are also considerable accounting difficulties to overcome; and some problems remain to be solved, such as what to do about a man who quits in the middle of the year. The annual wage will certainly limit the right of an employer to fire a man without cause during the year, though probably not more than this right is already limited in most union contracts. Above all, the annual wage is no guarantee against unemployment in a depression. Indeed, to make it workable, all annual wage contracts must contain an escape clause allowing the management to cancel the contract if orders fall to depression levels—say, below fifty per cent of normal.

But the one major difficulty is to make the annual wage plan fit the large corporations owning similar plants in several places. The Chevrolet Division of General Motors, for instance, has assembly plants all over the country, and the United States Steel Corporation runs sheet mills in a dozen areas. The most economical procedure in hard times is for such a company to close down its least efficient plants, and concentrate production in the most efficient ones. Under an annual wage plan such a procedure would become impossible. Hence the annual wage puts a definite premium on industrial centralization. It is no accident that Ford, probably the most centralized of our large industrial producers, is known to be the most willing to give an annual wage guarantee. But for less centralized companies an annual wage presents great difficulties; though, of course, even these companies have a good many plants which are kept going when business is very bad. In General Motors there would be the engine and accessories plants, employing maybe one-third of the total; in U. S. Steel the fabricating plants. But in the plants which normally employ the bulk of the workers, the large, decentralized companies could apply an annual wage plan only on the basis of very careful regional planning. Incidentally, such regional planning would be altogether desirable, since the policy of shutting down plants entirely in bad times greatly aggravates economic crises, particularly in small one-factory towns.

The advantages to the worker of a guaranteed minimum income are obvious.

The employer also stands to gain through better labor relations and lower labor turnover, since an annual wage would be a strong inducement for the worker to stay on his job. And as far as society in general is concerned, the annual wage would mean fewer and less violent economic ups-and-downs and a higher over-all business level. The contention of the purchasing-power school of economics that all slumps are primarily caused by underconsumption is very debatable, and the related argument that increased consumer purchasing power is an infallible remedy for unemployment is hardly tenable. But there can be no doubt that sudden, sharp fluctuations in consumer spending are not conducive to economic stability; and unless the worker is given a predictable minimum income on which to base his budget, such fluctuations are unavoidable.

Yet the annual wage is not a panacea. It is a gadget of social engineering rather than a principle of social science. It should greatly decrease industrial friction, and greatly increase the willingness to settle disputes without resort to industrial warfare. But it would neither prevent wage disputes nor settle them. For that we need a policy on wage rates.

### III

IN ORDER to settle wage rate disputes in an orderly fashion, we must have an objective yardstick for wages. Failure to understand this was the basic mistake of the New Deal's labor policy and one of the main causes of our present troubles. The New Deal tried to solve the labor problem by equalizing the strength of the two groups by what is known misleadingly as "genuine collective bargaining." But a contest between equal forces produces not a decision but a deadlock. Consequently, the government has had to intervene, directly or indirectly, in every major wage dispute since 1937, without any compass to guide it except political pressures or expediency. President Truman's "fact-finding" boards are not much better. The facts themselves are rarely in dispute, but there is always loud disagreement as to what facts are relevant; to decide that, however, is more than any fact-finding



board can do successfully. An objective principle for the settlement of wage demands is the only means for deciding what is relevant and a "fact." It alone can overcome a deadlock by deciding the conflict on its merits. Such a yardstick is the only tool which can convert wage disputes from near-civil wars into undramatic, routine settlements which do justice to both sides.

During the war years we had such a yardstick: the Little Steel Formula. This formula was vague, inconsistent, and confused. It was purely arbitrary. Judged by any criterion of economic rationality, it was absurd in the extreme. Moreover, it was never fully accepted by labor and was supported only in the most lukewarm fashion by the Administration. But it was amazingly successful in spite of all its shortcomings. The War Labor Board was helpless until it got the presidential directive which established the Little Steel Formula; it became impotent again when the formula was repealed after V-J day. The Board never enjoyed an authority to match its responsibility. Nevertheless, while it had the Little Steel Formula it settled most wage disputes without bitterness—and that in one of the most difficult periods of our labor history.

A permanent yardstick would have to make a great deal more sense than the wartime stopgap of the Little Steel Formula. It would also have to be considerably more specific in laying down in advance what facts are to be considered relevant in a wage dispute. Can such a yardstick be found?

**W**HY not base the decision in wage disputes on profits? Obviously, wages are paid out of industry's income; hence ability to pay would seem to be an eminently fair criterion. But actually, there is no clear and direct relation between the worker's contribution and profits, which depend on a great many other factors. The yardstick of profits would also be grossly unfair both to labor and to management. Its adoption might have very dangerous consequences for the consumer. And above all, it is totally unacceptable to labor.

If we made profits the yardstick for fixing wages, we would penalize every worker in a badly-managed business, and

penalize the shareholders and the management of every efficient business. A really sensible wage settlement should not let the worker suffer for managerial inefficiency, and should reward efficient management. Wage rates for the same kind of work clearly must be the same throughout a given industry or a given region. But there is no such thing as "average industrial profit." In actual practice, wage rates based on profits would thus be determined according to the profits of the strongest company in the industry. Smaller and weaker firms might be forced out of business by high wage costs, or would lose their best men. Also, there would be a real danger that management and labor might gang up on the consumer to keep both prices and profit margins high; even today monopolistic collusion of this sort is not unknown in the building and contracting industries. Consequently, a profit basis for wages is definitely not in the public interest.

Finally, if higher profits entitled the worker to a higher wage, he would have to accept a lower wage when profits fell. And no union is willing or able to accept this conclusion. A union might consent to a wage cut in bad times without losing its hold on its members, but it could never accept such a cut as justified. It is for this reason, incidentally, that older and more experienced union leaders such as William Green, Sidney Hillman, and John L. Lewis—and apparently also Philip Murray—were deeply perturbed by Walter Reuther's tactics in the General Motors strike. Lewis and Green even disregarded the most elementary union etiquette so far as to come out openly against the policy of the United Automobile Workers while that union was actively engaged in a dispute—behavior which can only be explained by their fear that Reuther's demands to base wages on General Motors' "ability to pay" would establish a precedent that would be incompatible with basic principles of unionism.

This does not mean that profit-sharing agreements are bad, or that labor leaders must oppose them—though they will never grow very fond of them. Indeed, profit-sharing agreements should be encouraged, if only to counteract the increasing rigidity of



our wage structure. Better still would be a system of turnover-bonuses under which the worker receives additional compensation if production exceeds a certain rate. After having been discussed in industry for years, such a scheme was actually offered to the United Automobile Workers last December by the Ford Motor Company and written into the contract of the new Kaiser-Frazer Automobile Company. But such bonuses, whether based on profit or on turnover, would have to be *in addition* to a normal wage rate; the rate itself would have to be established on some other basis.

**A**LL disputes over wages raise the question: How much of the total cost of each unit of production is the worker entitled to? There can be only one yardstick which will give a satisfactory answer: the productive efficiency of the worker. The more the worker produces per hour, the more he is obviously entitled to. Conversely, without an increase in the worker's output, wage rates generally could be increased only as prices were increased; that is, only nominal, not real wages could become higher.

The argument that higher productive efficiency is the only sound basis for higher wages is, of course, nothing new; it has been an axiom of economic thought for almost 200 years. It is also an old story that the steady rise of output per man hour has been the basis for the economic expansion of the modern world. Indeed, "increased efficiency per man-hour worked" would be a good definition of the vague term "economic progress." That, contrary to Marx's prediction, the worker (particularly in the United States) has been the chief beneficiary of the process—partly through higher wages, partly through lower prices for the goods he buys—is also well known. What is new is only the idea of making productive efficiency the acknowledged yardstick for the settlement of wage disputes.

During the past few years this idea has become increasingly popular with both management and union leaders. In the mass production industries at least—steel, automotive, electrical goods, rubber, rayon, chemicals, building materials, ce-

ment, etc.—productive efficiency would today be accepted as a satisfactory basis by a considerable number on both sides. It is taken particularly seriously by the group around Philip Murray. Indeed, the best discussion of the principle can be found in the *Dynamics of Industrial Democracy* published in 1942 by Clinton Golden and Harold Ruttenberg, both of the Steel Workers Union. On the management side, the automobile industry with its extreme cost-consciousness is the most active advocate.

**T**HE strongest argument in favor of productive efficiency as the objective yardstick for wage decisions is that it allows a fair distribution of economic gains between worker and employer ("employer," in this connection, including both shareholder and management). Increased efficiency is rarely due to greater efforts or greater skill on the part of the worker; it is almost always the result of capital investment or of managerial skill and inventiveness. According to the most authoritative study of the subject, Solomon Fabricant's *Employment in Manufacturing*, eighty per cent of the almost threefold increase of industrial productivity per man-hour in the United States between 1899 and 1939 was directly caused by the increase in mechanical power alone; that is, by capital investment. The employer is not only entitled to some reward for the increased efficiency which is produced by his ingenuity or capital; it is in the public interest that there should be sufficient incentive for him to raise efficiency. At the same time, increased efficiency enables the business to pay a higher wage, and it is to the benefit of society at large that the increased purchasing power which results should be widely spread. Hence, both employer and worker have a claim to the rewards of higher efficiency.

These claims can be resolved fairly by taking the average efficiency of an entire industry as the basis for the settlement of wage demands. The average *profit* of an industry is a meaningless concept, but average *efficiency* is both meaningful and ascertainable. If the average for the whole industry goes up, the worker should have a claim to a higher wage rate, but the ef-



iciency of a specific company or plant should never determine its wages. Thus in a company working at better than average efficiency, the employer would be entitled to the higher profits, but in a below-average company the worker would be entitled to the higher wage that is justified by the efficiency prevailing in the better-managed companies in the industry. To give a concrete example: it is an open secret in Detroit that General Motors, before the war, was able to operate at a higher profit margin than its competitors. Since it sold its cars at the same price and paid the same for labor and raw materials, this higher profit margin was clearly the result of greater efficiency. Hence, under a system of efficiency wage rates, the General Motors worker would not have been entitled to higher wages than the Chrysler or Ford worker. Conversely, an automobile company working at below-average efficiency would not be allowed to plead its lower efficiency against a demand for higher wages based on increased average efficiency throughout the industry. Thus, management would have a strong incentive to work for higher efficiency—and so would the worker.

#### IV

**B**UT there are also very serious difficulties in using the yardstick of productive efficiency.

1. It could be applied only to the large-scale manufacturing and extracting industries such as steel, automobiles, coal mining, electrical machinery, chemicals, cotton textile, and rayon which employ largely unskilled or semi-skilled labor. It would hardly fit the great bulk of processing industries, such as the garment industry. It would be totally inapplicable to the service industries: transportation, communication, shipping, trucking, printing, public utilities, selling, etc., which together employ more labor than any other group. For only in the mass production industries, where the workers turn out large quantities of identical products, can efficiency be measured accurately.

Another reason why the principle could not be applied outside of the mass-production industries is that it is acceptable only

to the industrial unions. These unions—such as the Automobile Workers or John L. Lewis' coal miners—have always settled wages on the basis of a company-wide or industry-wide average rate. The wage rate paid to individual workers for individual operations is then worked out between union and management around this average. Craft unions, on the other hand—such as the railway brotherhoods or most AF of L unions—always start with wage-rates for specific skills.

We have fairly reliable efficiency figures for whole industries worked out over the years by the Bureau of Labor Statistics and by Solomon Fabricant of the National Bureau of Economic Research. The big corporations and the large unions have also worked out usable figures and methods. But by and large these figures refer only to the over-all efficiency of an entire plant or of an entire industry, not to the different operations within the plant. We can easily get the total of the labor costs that go into an automobile; we can even subdivide those labor costs for the body, the engine, the frame, and the assembly. But the share of the mechanic's helper in aisle 7 of the engine plant cannot be determined with any pretension to accuracy. And it would be hopeless to try to work out efficiency ratings for workers outside of the manufacturing process proper, such as railway men or telephone operators. Hence, at best, the application of the productive-efficiency principle would be limited to the mass-production industries—a very serious limitation, even though its importance is lessened somewhat by the fact that the mass-production industries have the worst labor relations, and thus are most in need of an objective principle of wage determination.

2. To put the productive-efficiency principle into effect, management and unions would have to agree on a "base year" in which efficiency would be regarded as "normal." Practically, it would make little difference what base we take—the average of the years 1936–41 or that of the first three postwar years would serve equally well. But whatever the base, some groups of workers would do worse than others and would feel cheated.

More important, the acceptance of such a



base would be equivalent to an admission by the labor leaders that in that period the worker received his due share; and that is a difficult thing for a union leader to admit publicly. One way out might be the large-scale use of turnover bonuses. But "face saving" is so vital for any union leader, and his hold on his job is usually so tenuous, as to make this a ticklish problem of political maneuvering.

3. Finally, the productive-efficiency principle could not be accepted by labor unless it were coupled with a guaranteed annual wage. Without such a guarantee of employment for himself and his fellow workers, the worker would have the same objections against basing wage rates on the productive efficiency of an industry that he has always had against basing wage rates on the productive efficiency of an individual—that is, against incentive and piece-work wages. Such wages encourage the worker to produce more in less time; hence they seem to encourage the worker to work himself or his fellow workers out of a job.

Theoretically, all labor leaders agree that higher productive efficiency is a good thing. Most of them would also agree that *in the long run* higher productive efficiency leads to more goods and more jobs for all. But their practical policies are necessarily dictated by the *short-run* considerations—including the fear of technological unemployment. And the union leaders only reflect the attitude of the man in the plant.

This opposition to increased efficiency explains both the resistance to most incentive-wage plans and their ineffectiveness. It explains why the "suggestion plans," under which workers are rewarded for proposing improvements in efficiency, have on the whole not been any too successful in peacetime—though they worked very well during the war when there was no fear of unemployment. But, as shown by the experience of the few successful incentive-wage and suggestion plans, this opposition disappears as soon as the worker is given a guarantee that his higher efficiency will not deprive him, or the men working with him, of their jobs. Hence, any wage policy based on productive efficiency must be complemented by a

policy of guaranteed minimum employment—that is, by an annual wage plan.

ALTHOUGH these are serious technical obstacles to successful application of the productive-efficiency principle, they are negligible compared to the objections that have to be raised against it on grounds of public welfare.

In the first place, it probably could not be applied except by a government agency. If we want government arbitration of wage disputes—and many responsible people feel that there may be no alternative—the productive-efficiency principle would indeed be the most satisfactory (if not the only satisfactory) basis of our wage policy. For any such system of compulsory arbitration must base its decisions on a quasi-judicial, that is an objective, principle. A government agency with wage-making powers would have to be bound by a rule of law, lest it become an arbitrary and tyrannical body; and, without such a principle, wage problems would become major political issues instead of being eliminated as a source of social friction. Above all, no government agency could operate in so new and so difficult a field without a clearly defined basis for its decisions. And the only basis available is the principle of productive efficiency.

But do we want compulsory arbitration? The protests of unions and managements against government interference in wages may be shrugged off as based on selfish motives rather than on a genuine concern for the public good. But one does not have to be an uncritical admirer of *The Road to Serfdom* to see real dangers in such an extension of governmental power. At best it would be a lesser evil than industrial strife or government intervention without principle and without compulsory powers such as we have now.

Another major objection to the policy is that it would increase the rigidity of our wage structure and would prevent any downward adjustment of the wage scale in bad times. This may be neutralized by a greater use of turnover bonuses. But even so, the worker in the unionized mass-production industries would enjoy a more privileged position than any other large group of the population.



IT is popular today to dismiss this argument with a reference to the benefits society reaps from the higher purchasing power of the worker. But this higher purchasing power of the employed organized worker is not only offset by more unemployment; it is offset by a lower income for the politically weak labor groups—the unorganized workers in small plants and shops, in the service industries, the professions, and wholesale and retail trade. This was shown very graphically in the decade before the war. Wage rates in the mass-production industries rose sharply, but total national wage payments remained the same. In other words, the increase in wages in big industry was balanced by a decrease in wages in the small businesses which were under constant pressure. The same phenomenon is reported today by U. S. Employment Service field officers; while the workers in one mass-production industry after another have obtained sharp increases, wages in the small businesses are sagging—if only because the big concern reacts to its higher wage bill by putting pressure on its suppliers and distributors.

Ten years ago the CIO was founded to counteract the pressure on the wages of unskilled labor in the mass-production industries that resulted from the privileged position of the skilled workers in the AF of L unions. Today, the CIO worker holds a privileged position at the expense of the worker in small business. This privilege has much more justification than the former position of the AF of L member, for the productive efficiency even of the unskilled man in the mass-production industries is undoubtedly very much higher than that of the average small-town soda-jerker or of the cleaning woman. It may very well be advisable, however, in the interest of the economy as a whole, to raise the incomes of unorganized labor—often shockingly low—even at the expense of the mass-production worker. After all, the average income of the worker in the unionized mass production industries (provided he is employed at least forty weeks in the year) is above the American average income. But if we accept the principle of productive efficiency, we will not only perpetuate this

differential, we shall be committed to widening it.

HOWEVER, the most serious objection against the productive-efficiency principle is its effect on the consumer. Traditionally, every rise in productive efficiency has meant not only higher wage rates, but also lower prices, more demand, and more employment. To cut out the benefits to the consumer altogether would simply establish a monopoly of labor which would be just as harmful as any other monopoly. But how should the benefits be divided between the worker and the community? Unless this, too, can be done on an objective basis, we would be just where we are now, and wages would again become a matter of pressure and counter-pressure.

The extreme purchasing-power economists deny the importance of this objection. According to them, the essential thing is for incomes to rise. Speaking for them, Professor Alvin Hansen in a brilliant article in the *New York Times Magazine* (January 6, 1946) demanded an efficiency basis for wages under which, on the whole, all benefits from an increase in productivity would be divided between employer and worker, with prices remaining stable. According to this argument, "rising money incomes (as output rises) benefit the *active* group (entrepreneurs and workers) in the community. This stimulates progress. Debt burdens decline as income rises. The *active* elements gain while the passive elements (mortgage and bond holders) merely hold their own. Thus effort and enterprise are rewarded." The rub is, of course, that there is more to the economy than the workers and employers of the large organized industries—where alone the principle of productive efficiency could be applied—on the one hand and the *rentiers* on the other. There are the millions of other "active elements": farmers, clerks, government employees, retailers, bus drivers, doctors—even Harvard professors like Alvin Hansen—whose efforts cannot be measured by productive efficiency. They far outnumber industrial labor. And unless they share as consumers in the rewards of increased efficiency, the economy



would soon collapse of serious underconsumption, not to mention the social effects of such a policy. In its way, the argument of the purchasing-power theorists is as naïve a fallacy as that of the French Physiocrats two hundred years ago, who divided society into farmers and parasites and claimed all economic benefits for the farmers as alone productive. But it shows how easily a productive-efficiency principle of wages could become the basis for a conspiracy of labor and management in the big industries against the general public. It is no accident that, in the wage discussion of the last six months, nobody has dared suggest that some of the higher profit supposedly to be made by industry in the next years should be used to cut prices rather than to raise wages.

THE only serious attempt so far to find an answer to this objection has been made by Harold Ruttenberg. He suggests a division of the efficiency gains between consumer and worker according to the economic effects of lower prices on consumption and employment. We know fairly well how the public will respond to changes in the price of most commodities. A lower bread price, for instance, will not lead to any appreciable increase in bread consumption but a cut in the price of milk will immediately boost sales disproportionately. Before the war, when the automobile market was primarily a replacement market, changes in the price of new cars had practically no effect on demand; but a change in the "spread" between new car price and used-car allowance, or a change in the cost of insurance and installment financing, did influence car demand. It should therefore be possible, according to this argument, to divide the benefits of increased efficiency between worker and consumer so as to obtain the optimum employment and the optimum wage rate. A rise in the efficiency of bread-making, for example, should be passed on entirely to the workers in the form of higher wage rates, since a price cut would not lead to larger sales and more employment. On the other hand, a greater efficiency in dairying or milk distribution—the real bottleneck—should be passed on largely to the consumer, with the workers' reward com-

ing in the form of increased employment.

This is not a final solution. It would be difficult to work out in most cases—though it would not be more complicated than other principles used today, such as the "rate of fair return" on which public utilities and railway rates are based. Also, while the consumer will not buy more bread as the price goes down, he may use the money saved on bread to buy something else and thus create employment in some other industry. And we would have to know a great deal more about the economic future at any moment than even the most expert board of mathematical economists could divine in order to make the proper decisions. The relationship between consumer and worker under a productive-efficiency wage policy thus remains the biggest problem that would have to be solved before the policy could be successfully used. But at any rate, Ruttenberg's suggestion gives a starting point for the division of economic benefits.

AGAINST these serious defects of the productive-efficiency principle must be held its advantages. It would take the wage issue in the basic industries out of the area of raw conflict and give us a judicial and objective principle for settling disputes. It would eliminate the deep emotional bitterness which has grown up around the wage issue, and which makes any serious advance toward better labor relations doubly difficult. It would go a long way toward counteracting the strong class-war tendencies in such industrial centers as Detroit, Pittsburgh, and Chicago, which are a real threat to national unity. And if we were forced to resort to government arbitration of wage issues, because of the inability of labor and management to settle their disputes without strikes, the principle of productive efficiency alone would give us the objective yardstick without which government control would be both tyrannical and chaotic. The only thing needed to make the balance turn definitely in favor of the principle is a more secure safeguarding of the public and consumer interests—a more effective rule for the division of the benefits between lower prices and higher wages—than has yet been worked out.



# STAMFORD TAKES A LONG LUNCH HOUR

CHARD POWERS SMITH

SINCE the war it has been the congenial duty of the press to keep us in a state of shock with daily, streamer-headlined reports of nation-wide strikes. These reports usually have been highlighted with accounts and pictures of sluggings and arrests; or, if there were no facts on which to base such accounts, their place was supplied with rumors, angry statements, and frightening predictions. For sensational, and sometimes for propagandist reasons, the newspapers have created a riotous, guerrilla pattern of industrial strife to which any controversy, to be worth notice, must conform. We have been led to assume that any strike worth its salt has something to do with The Revolution, that the stage properties are necessarily bricks, clubs, and concealed weapons on one side, and on the other the police siren, tear gas, the militia, machine-guns, the jail, the hospital, and the morgue.

A recent tour of inspection of some of these bloody battlefields has led me to suspect that this old-fashioned stereotype no longer necessarily has much relation to the facts. Particularly in small towns I found a new technique emerging, a new set of rules respected by all parties. And, at the bottom of this change, I found a new relationship between labor and the community, as well as finding within labor itself new forms of organization, new

leadership, new tactics, and new objectives.

In point was the so-called general strike of January 3 at Stamford, Connecticut. In Stamford you speak of "the demonstration," just as in San Francisco you mention "the fire" instead of the earthquake. "The demonstration" was staged in sympathy with the local Yale and Towne strike, an unusually bitter reconversion struggle around the usual issues of a 30 per cent pay raise and the closed shop. On the seventh of November, 2,700 members of two locals of the International Association of Machinists, AF of L, had walked out of Yale and Towne. As a result, 600 members of the non-striking office workers' and polishers' unions, both also AF of L, and 300 non-union workers had likewise become strike-bound. Total, 3,600 out, in the biggest industry in a small city of 65,000. On the great day of January 3, the struggle was already over eight weeks old; had cost local business a million dollars in payrolls; had caused the intervention of the Governor and the State Police, wounding the pride of the public-spirited town; was costing fifty-odd locals, both AF of L and CIO, considerable amounts in voluntary contributions to piece out the inadequate union benefits of the Yale and Towne strikers; was swelling the number of second-hand cars on the local market and lengthening the queues of strikers

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cashing war bonds at the banks. Everyone in Stamford had passionate convictions about the strike. The *res publica* was in a promising state of tension.

Meanwhile, expert reporting had been able to blow up three or four unimportant incidents into faintly melodramatic balloons. There had been arrests and implied rough stuff on the picket line. There had been something about tear gas containers. Fourteen Yale and Towne executives had been marooned inside the plant and had made two or three meals out of canned food in the cafeteria. But Thursday, January 3, was expected to be something quite valid, a real St. Bartholomew's Eve. For a joint committee of the AF of L and the CIO, calling itself the Stamford Combined Labor Organization, had announced that the city's 10,000 organized workers would walk out at noon on that day for an "extended lunch hour" to last until two.

A GENERAL strike! On the morning of January 3, out-of-town newspapers were already prophesying the end of Stamford. The New York *Journal-American* gave it the main streamer. Stamford was going to be a "ghost town" by night. Another edition announced that "the industrial life of this . . . and of several adjacent towns was threatened with paralysis today by the first general strike in Connecticut's history. . . . With the zero hour fixed at noon for the far-flung walk-out . . ." (More significant, but generally unnoted in the press, was the fact that it was to be America's first *small town* general strike.) The staid New York *Herald Tribune* gave Stamford second prominence on the front page: "The stoppage . . . is expected . . . to paralyze the bulk of industrial as well as other community activities." All papers told of the police preparations, which actually were approximately those that would have been made for any large mass meeting or circus parade.

At noon the demonstration began, and the reporters swooped down on the battlefield. The representative of one of the great news services was making an effort to telephone in factual reports, but his office kept demanding details as to the

number of dead, the number in hospitals. A lady reporter for a conservative paper dashed up to a local newspaperwoman with the startling intelligence that the city was not entirely dead, for she had been able to buy a loaf of bread! Timid citizens avoided the embattled town that day. In the afternoon the New York *Sun's* streamer proclaimed, STAMFORD INDUSTRY AT STANDSTILL—ALL FACTORY WORK HALTED, and its news story said that the "huge demonstration" stopped all traffic "for an area of twenty blocks in the center of the city." The Don Cossacks, who were scheduled to give a concert in Stamford that evening, phoned in to ask whether it would be safe to keep their engagement. The next day a labor leader somewhere else threatened to "stamfordize" his community if his demands were not met.

Generally, though, on that morning after, the press withheld news of the holocaust. Only the dogged *Herald Tribune* stuck to its stereotyped guns. It gave the strike its main streamer: STAMFORD IS AT STANDSTILL DURING GENERAL STRIKE; and its story began, "Stamford reeled today under the impact of a general strike stoppage . . . which hit the city at noon, obstructing virtually all community activity for three hours and leaving the industrial plants idle."

After that, the news from Stamford shriveled into brief press association reports. *Time*, *The Nation*, and other weeklies came along with accurate accounts, and even the daily press seemed to be surrendering to facts. Then on January 11 columnist Westbrook Pegler turned the spotlight of angry virtue on the tortured town. As he saw it, company executives, desiring to enter the Yale and Towne plant through the picket lines, "were threatened with injury or death by a blockade of organized thugs. . . . A number of Communists had been busy in the background." Workers who wanted to go back to their jobs might be "slugged with iron bars or steel chains or clubs and paralyzed or killed. . . . Small merchants . . . not interested in the issues . . . were given their first real experience of the brown shirt or Ku Klux terror. They were asked to display placards in their windows sympathizing with the riotous forces. If they



refused they would be blacklisted . . . the mass demonstration . . . was a protest organized against law and government and in favor of rioting, assault, and anarchy."

Being familiar with Connecticut communities and under the impression that they kept their Yankee quality, even among citizens of quite recent foreign extraction, I was astonished by this sanguinary news. There must indeed be something unique about Stamford if its people were trafficking in thugs, Communists, iron bars, steel chains, brown shirts, blacklisting, rioting, assault, and anarchy. It happened to be easy for me to stop there for a night. So I did. I stayed four days.

## II

THERE are controversial points about the Yale and Towne strike which it would take weeks and the power of subpoena to clarify. But I did get a sufficiently convincing impression of the strike in its relation to Pegler's stereotyped picture, and of the sympathetic general strike, which ultimately is of more significance. The general picture of violence and criminality which Pegler attempted to create behind a screen of qualified statements was mischievous and false. The few unqualified assertions he made were exaggerated beyond recognition. Up to this writing, the truth as to the "rioting, assault, and anarchy" in Stamford was stated precisely by Mayor Moore: "There has been not a touch of violence, not a cent of property damage."

Perhaps the shortest way to dispose of Pegler's charges is to detail what illegal and subversive activities did actually occur:

There are said to be five or six Communists in Stamford among the white-collar unions. I heard of none among the local labor leadership, either AF of L or CIO. I was not able to learn of any in the rank and file of the production unions that took part in the general strike. While it was in process, literature of some radical (but not Communist) political party was distributed by unknown persons from out of town.

According to the Chamber of Commerce, when the labor leaders sent out

sympathetic placards which stores were to be asked to display, they told the bearers to make no threats of boycott. Nevertheless, such threats were made by a few individuals. There were similar, irresponsible, individual threats by anti-labor citizens to stop dealing with the stores that did display the placards. On neither side was there any organized blacklisting or threat of it.

During the first month of the Yale and Towne strike, the strikers were guilty of varying degrees of illegal mass picketing at the main gate—that is, ganging up in depth and holding their ground so that those wishing to enter could not do so without committing violence. The chief bone of contention was whether foremen should be admitted. The explanation of the city authorities for their tolerance of this illegal state of affairs—hardly a general condition of anarchy—was that on the occasions when the police set out to break the picket line the foremen themselves said to lay off and forget it. However that may be, when on December sixth the audacity of the strikers had reached the point of excluding managers, Governor Baldwin stepped in. Thereafter, there was no more mass picketing until December twenty-seventh when, at a climax of angry tension, the line refused to open on the orders of the State Police, resulting in seven of the eight arrests they made. (The Stamford police made none.) The eighth arrest occurred at the same time and was for assault. A lady picket—a Miss Clarke—charged that a foreman, for whom the picket line was opening, had pushed her. At the arraignment evidence was offered that she had suffered a black and blue spot. By local report, the foreman in question, a Mr. Horne, is the mildest of men. At this writing only he has not yet come to trial. Two of the other defendants were discharged without trial and five were found not guilty. The judge in his opinion said that because of conflicting evidence he was unable to get a clear picture of just what had happened at the time of the arrests. Nevertheless, he concluded, "From the very blurred picture which I have endeavored to construct in my mind, I could not see any fighting or anything to provoke a fight, nor do I see any unlawful



assembly, nor riotous assembly, nor do I see anything which in any way would disturb the peace and quiet of the community. . . ."

The picket line was at all times in charge of an international representative who, following the usual practice, arrived early to take over. He is Mr. Richard Thurer, an ex-prize fighter with the voice of a dove and the body of a bull. It was he who on December twenty-seventh ordered the line to stand fast against the orders of the State Police, and so caused himself and six others to be arrested and finger-printed—all in the old martyr tradition of union tactics.

This was the sum of illegal action in the Yale and Towne strike up to the time of my visit. Mr. Thurer was Pegler's "organized thugs"—the actual picket line in the critical period had a high percentage of women. The "Communists" were from out of town and beat it before they could be caught. The "blacklisting" and "Ku Klux terror" consisted of irresponsible threats of boycott by a few individuals on both sides. The only "assault" was that of Mr. Horne upon Miss Clarke, providing the comic relief, and Mr. Horne, the alleged assailant, was on the side of the company anyway. The "anarchy" consisted of the illegal picketing described above. Pegler's references to threats of death, iron bars, and steel chains are unrelated to reality.

IN THE sympathetic demonstration or general strike of January third there was not a single arrest, even for drunkenness, not a fist-fight, not a broken window, not a thrown stone. Atlantic Square—the scene of the demonstration—is the old village green of Stamford, the center of town where Main and Atlantic Streets cross. At one corner of it stands the Town Hall, with a fine wide terrace in front for a rostrum. Thither at noon on the big day converged from the four intersecting streets the personnel of all but five of the fifty-odd local unions, all of them bent on the "extended lunch hour" of two hours. Most of them had their bosses' permission to take the time off. A few stores closed and the owners stood nervously in front of their show windows. The five locals not marching were those of the chief utilities

—power, light, telephone, bus transport, and milk. They were specifically asked by the joint AF of L-CIO committee to stay on the job. Delegations from their off shifts, however, did take part in the demonstration.

Down Main Street came the big local of the Norma Hoffman plant, 1,200 strong, behind a band supplied by the musicians' union and exhibiting more enthusiasm than unanimity. The Atlas Powder local marched up Atlantic Street behind a kilted piper. Besides the industrial unions, there were the barbers, the bartenders, the musicians, the movie operators, several token delegations from out of town, a few from non-union shops. The hundreds of windows in buildings opening on Atlantic Square filled with fluff and squeals. Many clerks ran out of the stores to join the fun, but mostly the merchants continued business as usual. About a quarter of Stamford's 13,700 industrial workers are unorganized, and their shops—along with power, light, telephone, and milk deliveries—likewise continued business as usual; also city transportation, except as much of it as was peacefully blocked by the crowd in Atlantic Square.

All estimates put the crowd at 10,000. An average guess would be that 7,500 were demonstrators who filled, not "twenty blocks in the heart of the city," but a part of Atlantic Square, with about 2,500 on-lookers standing around on the sidewalk, their sympathies unknown. It was an impressive turn-out by organized labor; but, thanks mostly to labor's own restraint, Stamford was hardly "paralyzed."

The spirit was not bellicose but gala, the rioting and anarchy confined to wine and song. The band banged into the old popular songs and everybody sang. The chief labor leaders came out of a supposed bargaining conference in the Town Hall, addressed the crowd, and were duly cheered. A resolution was read and adopted by acclamation, asking Secretary Schwellenbach to compel Yale and Towne to bargain in good faith. The clock reached 1:50, ten minutes before the announced end of the "extended lunch hour." The crowd began to drift away. When two struck, most of the delegations were already out of the Square, bound



back to work. A few played hooky for the rest of the afternoon. All the stores and the movie houses opened. By 2:30 the Square had simmered down to normal traffic. No blood, no hits, no errors. But another item had been added to the cost of the Yale and Towne strike: Stamford had lost over \$10,000 worth of production time.

### III

THERE was no question that this was a strike. There was no question that it was general, both in the high percentage of local labor taking part and in the fact that the various unions were acting in a common cause—sympathy with the Yale and Towne strikers—while none of them (except those of Yale and Towne) was striking against its own employer. It is important to emphasize the demonstration's basic similarities to big-town general strikes, in order to throw into relief its equally basic differences—the features of it that could have occurred only in a small town.

Stamford, with 65,000 population, is near the upper limit of what I mean by a small town: a community in which all people of prominence in all sections of society have at least a recognizing acquaintance and a gossiped knowledge of each other. The central feature of such a community, as distinguished from a big city, is the power of public opinion: on the surface, the swift storms of rumor and emotion; in the middle depths, the slow currents of clashing, though respectable and mutually respected, alignments—Republican vs. Democrat, Protestant vs. Catholic; in the deeper abysses the prejudices that are the same for all, and which change only through generations and centuries. There is none of the irresponsible anonymity of the metropolis. Every local resident knows the provisions of the unwritten ground rules. He knows that if he is to have any part in the life of the community he must conform. And, with negligible exceptions, a deep desire of every born resident is to be a respected member of the community.

In a big city, even a very large general strike may make a great noise and inconvenience vast numbers of people, but

it remains a contest between two impersonal forces, and the community as a whole is only the long-suffering audience. In a small town, however, any act of self-assertion is quickly passed upon by public opinion, in terms of the local ground rules. "You see," said David Abrams, president of the Stamford Combined Labor Organization that staged the general strike, "I have to live with people three hundred and sixty-five days a year." It was this realization, dominant in the emotions of every one of those 7,500 strikers, that made the Stamford affair unique.

ITS most obvious feature was the consideration shown the community, the outward peacefulness that so disappointed the press. Without difficulty the eight-man Combined Labor Organization could have cut off power, light, and transport, could really have paralyzed the community as the newspapers seemed to expect. But they decided against any such nonsense. They would demonstrate their power but would not use it all, even legally. They would show that they were civilized people, and locally responsible. This policy, pursued without a flaw, gratified one of the deepest prejudices of the Yankee community. Organized labor had behaved itself, and thereby increased its popular support. Conversely, everybody knew that much of the support would be lost if they tried any rough stuff later.

Aside from its peacefulness, the mere occurrence of such a demonstration in a small town was evidence of widespread sympathy, or at least tolerance, for the strikers. Apparently there were two basic reasons for this. The first was that the Yale and Towne Company, which was in the seventy-ninth year of its predominance in Stamford industry, had acquired during the past twenty or thirty years a local reputation for having a consistently repressive and inhumane labor policy. Even when I took into consideration the universal aversion of little puddles for their big frogs, the dislike of the Stamford people for Yale and Towne seemed to me abnormal and excessive.

It boiled out of the first local citizen I encountered, the taxi driver who took me up to the hotel from the station. "Ah,



everybody's for the strikers," he said. "Everybody that's lived in Stamford any time has worked for Yale and Towne or has relatives who have worked there. We all know they never got decent pay. Till fifteen or twenty years ago they were the only factory in the city, so they paid what they wanted to. They figure they can still get away with it."

A liquor dealer told me of sweatshop methods in the old days when children could work. Yale and Towne, he said, had paid a scant living. The only way for a man to save five cents was to have a big family and make them all work there. If the family was big enough, maybe the brightest child could be let off to go to high school. When the work day was cut from twelve to ten hours, according to the liquor dealer's story, the then president of Yale and Towne had asked publicly, "What will the working man do with the two hours?"

From everybody I approached in a preliminary hit-or-miss canvass I got the same sort of reports: the service people in the hotel, garage workers, several policemen, a fireman, dozens of miscellaneous citizens approached on the street, dozens of small merchants. Seldom was there any real understanding of the immediate issues of the present strike, just a chronic anger at the company and an assumption that it must be wrong. It happened that none of these first witnesses were Yale and Towne strikers. Yet most of them would embellish their prejudices with accounts of alleged injustices, large or petty, committed by Yale and Towne upon relatives or friends who had worked there.

FROM this rough canvass I gathered that the bulk of the 13,700 industrial workers—representing, with their families, about 42,000 people—were for the strikers. I also inferred that about 800 small merchants, with their average of about two clerks apiece, were on the side of labor, representing with their families perhaps 9,000 people (116 of these small merchants—three or four of them not so small—signed a resolution of sympathy with the strikers, pledging them weekly contributions). Since among the people I interrogated in these two groups I never

found a reservation in favor of the company, I concluded that among these 51,000 there existed a heavy numerical majority of the city's population favoring the strikers.

The groups of independent artisans—including garage workers, city employees, and stenographers—I did not canvass sufficiently to justify any conclusion. Those that I did question were for the strikers.

This left the economic power and the intellectual leadership of the town to account for. This group represents a population of perhaps 8,000, of whom about 5,000 are identified with commuters to New York who take little part in the local life. Of the remaining 3,000, more or less, the larger merchants and bankers, with their clerks, account for about 2,500. These deal with both the rich and the poor. Since I failed to get a candid statement from any of them, I presumed that their hearts, especially those of the employers, were on the side of the company.

The remaining figure of 500 includes most of the real leaders of the city. In contrast with the tradesmen and their evasiveness, I found the manufacturers—who have the biggest stake in the strike, next to Yale and Towne—to be candid, intelligent, sensitive to their responsibility, generally troubled, and divergent in their opinions. All the lawyers I visited were conveniently able to disqualify themselves as acting in some kind of a judicial capacity, or as having some indirect connection either with Yale and Towne or with some facet of labor. The majority of the ministers, Protestant, Catholic, and Jewish, were for the strikers—though a prominent Protestant divine hastened to remind me that his personal attitude did not necessarily reflect that of his congregation. The only local paper, the excellent *Advocate*, whose specially assigned reporter, Bernice Tandet, did a fine job of steering a factual course through monsoons of angry disagreement, had at last leaned editorially toward the strikers. The mayor was openly for them, on the ground that Yale and Towne was temporizing and had tried to intimidate him.

As a result of my rough canvass, I concluded that: (1) the top crust of Stamford was divided on the Yale and Towne strike, the bigger business interests gener-



ally favoring the company, the intellectual interests generally favoring the strikers; (2) that beneath this upper crust the great majority of the public was for the striking unions without reservation; (3) that on the whole the demonstration expressed the dominant opinion of the town.

In passing, it is worthy of note that much of the grim hatred of Yale and Towne in Stamford crystallizes in a kind of personal dislike for the president, W. Gibson Carey, who lives in Greenwich, does business in the company's central offices in New York, is not often seen in Stamford, and is known personally to almost none of his detractors. Rightly or wrongly, the most severe anti-labor declarations and policies—including the planting of labor spies to break an early attempt to unionize—are attributed to Carey, and his name figured prominently in the vituperative placards carried in the demonstration. Many of the older residents say that it is not Carey but the traditional labor policy of the company (which operates several other plants elsewhere) that is at fault. The significant thing was that so many people attached their bitterness to Carey, a scapegoat who was not present. On the other hand, William R. Hoyt, the local general manager of the company, who had to present in negotiations the unpopular attitudes of the company, was personally popular. He is a hulking, big-boned, handsome Yankee, a self-made man and every inch the boss.

THE second reason for the community's acquiescence in the demonstration rose from a deeper stratum of its consciousness, and seemed to me to represent one of those shifts that occur only very slowly in the public mind. This was a recognition that, aside from the merits of the immediate issues, organized labor had a right to strike and make its demands felt in the community. Ten years ago, the dominant prejudice of Stamford, even among the industrial workers, would have been against organized labor as something associated with communism and revolution. As late as 1941, David Abrams was called a Red for leading a strike to organize the plant where he worked. Ten years ago, even though there might have been

as widespread sympathy with Yale and Towne's employees and as much distrust of the company, the general strike could not have come off. The very suggestion of it would have been generally regarded as disgraceful and seditious. Those asked to participate, feeling the pulse of the community beating in their own veins, would have declined in fear of being branded traitors and fools. And if a handful had succeeded in putting on a pathetic and negligible performance, the *Advocate* would have had to double its size for days to print the outraged letters from bench, bar, pulpit, schoolteachers, and "Citizens."

Yet in 1946 the general strike not only came off, but what old-fashioned disapproval of it still boiled in the breasts of the pillars of the town was too unsure to become articulate. In 1946 it was the anti-laborites who felt the deep opinion of the community against them. There was not a single good old-fashioned blast of righteous indignation published in the *Advocate*, and almost all of the communications complimented the management of the general strike. A conservative, traditionally Republican Yankee city within a short generation had come to acknowledge that labor was not synonymous with violent revolution; that organized workers were human beings and Americans, who conceivably might have right on their side; that they were capable of behaving themselves and, therefore, entitled to parade as freely as Republicans or Democrats or the Knights of Columbus. Organized labor has moved in as one of the recognized sections of life in Stamford. And in return for this enfranchisement, Stamford will insist that it assume appropriate obligations.

#### IV

THE other unique aspects of the demonstration have to do with the internal affairs of labor. First, there was the unusual composition of the Stamford Combined Labor Organization that staged the general strike, the easy local marriage of those national enemies, the AF of L and the CIO. Practical, local interests turned out to be more important than the theories of national leaders a long way off. Although the Yale and Towne unions are



AF of L, the proposal for a general strike came first from CIO sources. Abrams, president of the Stamford Industrial Union Council and head of the local Political Action Committee, was elected president; and Howard Johnson, financial secretary of the AF of L local in Schick, Inc., was chosen secretary. Abrams appointed a preparations committee and a publicity committee of three men each, dividing the six jobs equally between the AF of L and the CIO. These eight men ran the general strike. There was no remote control by mammoth international labor organizations. This is said to be the first case of a strike managed by a joint organization, superseding both the AF of L and CIO.

From the beginning, the pressure was strong to make the central organization permanent, to work for all local labor in industrial peace as well as in war. Abrams was for it without qualification. "Local autonomy" is his watchword. Johnson is for the fusion of the AF of L and the CIO locally, but he is opposed to it nationally because "that would be too much power in one place." The permanent establishment of the Stamford Combined Labor Organization was deferred until after the Yale and Towne strike. At this writing its constitution is being prepared. I am told that it will undoubtedly be adopted. This would probably make the organization the first permanent fusion, locally or on any other level, of the two great divisions of labor.

SO ORGANIZED upon a purely local plan, the general strike naturally threw emphasis on the local labor leader rather than the salaried international organizer, the amateur instead of the professional. Richard Thurer, the international delegate, is of the old school. He has been through many strikes and knows the classic book of tactics. He is probably not versed in Karl Marx, probably is not a member of the party; but his drill regulations are based on Marxian theories of class war. The moment I entered Mr. Thurer's office, he recognized me as one of the enemy. I could see the curtain drop, and knew that he would tell me nothing. To him, I was just a stooge for the com-

pany. His only interest in me was a faint curiosity as to what I was really up to. He referred me to the union's lawyer in New York, and after I left he telephoned Dave Abrams and Howard Johnson to caution them against my coming. He and Pegler understand each other. They both work with the subtlety of dinosaurs.

Dave Abrams, being duly warned, received me in a different way. He had been sick, and as he opened the door I caught a flicker of boredom at the thought of seeing another of those damned reporters. As I came in, however, the annoyance gave way to a wide smile, while he sized me up. He was interested first to know, not whether I was a stooge for the company or whether I belonged to this class or that, but whether I was on the level as a human being—a question in which the primer of class warfare is of no help. Though he is forty-three and heavily streaked with gray, Abrams looks younger, partly because he is slight of build and has been ill a good deal. He is the perennial small-town kid, the captain of the sand-lot baseball team. His features are at once delicate and strong, the eyes far apart, the nose and chin straight, the whole effect mild and generous in one phase and capable of hardening with fanaticism in another. (Later I saw him get mad. He may know nothing of the tactics of class warfare, but he does know about human injustice, and when he gets on that subject he blazes. He becomes the prophet Jeremiah or Jonathan Edwards calling down the wrath of Jehovah.) By the time I got my coat off, we both knew that we spoke the same language, that we accepted each other. From then on he told me anything I asked, only throwing in occasionally, "You'd better not spill that," or often just trusting me not to spill it.

Dave is immensely popular, and to walk along the street with him is to assist at a reception. He can't help being a politician, because he really likes people. When they put him on the PAC, the local old-timers tried to get rid of him by sending him to the state legislature. But he stayed with the PAC job and swung its support behind four of the six congressmen elected, besides the state senator. I asked him why he didn't go to Congress himself.



He said he was too ignorant, that there are too many half-educated people in Congress now—especially lawyers.

Dave Abrams has never made any secret of his dislike of big, international labor. His local in the Atlas Powder Company, having some metallurgical features in its work, was originally affiliated with Lewis' United Mine Workers. Dave has been president of it always. After a year or so he got fed up with the centralized methods of the UMW, especially the appointment of district officers from on top instead of by election as in the AF of L and the CIO. He proposed to secede from the UMW, and Lewis sent up a couple of trouble-shooters. Dave and his local seceded all the same. Later, the same pair of professionals went out to shoot trouble in Chicago, and were themselves shot, both of them having had guns in their pockets at the time. Dave's local signed up with the CIO, which came close to meeting Dave's demand: "All I want is local autonomy." What he means is that all he wants is to be let alone to try to establish what he believes to be industrial justice in Stamford.

The other top man in labor in Stamford is Howard Johnson, secretary of the Combined Labor Organization and just elected president of the district organization of the International Association of Machinists, which includes the striking Yale and Towne unions. Howard and Dave are opposite types, well chosen to complement each other. Howard plays the adjutant to Dave's commanding officer. He is only twenty-seven, blond, tense, handsome in the poster sense, precise in thought and speech, and militant. Though Howard, like Dave, has had no formal education beyond high school, he has stuffed himself with night courses, and you would take him for a graduate of a business or technical school. He says that the days of pounding the table in labor disputes are over, along with dynamite and battles on the picket line. From now on it's battles of slide rules and close figuring, one expert against another. His technical-minded type is beginning to replace the old-time sluggers and "tacticians" in the executive positions of labor.

Under local leadership of this kind, it

is not surprising that the Stamford general strike exemplified a new type of tactics. Since the town recognizes that labor has grown up and is entitled to a respectful hearing, it need no longer follow the old, infantile practices, calling attention to itself by noisy and bloody behavior, raising the bugaboo of The Revolution, getting itself martyred by the police. There was no illegal act in the Stamford general strike, and in the Yale and Towne strike there remained of the old rowdy days only the mass picketing in the early phase and the cat-calling at the managers when they entered the plant. This grew out of petty haggling between unions and company about prestige. All agreed on what managers and maintenance crews were to be admitted to the plant, and the only question was whether the company or the unions should issue the passes. The tactics of labor in Stamford are no longer those of the class war, but are essentially those of local politics. The object is to capture public opinion, to persuade, not to frighten, the rest of the people. Stamford labor is American labor.

As was appropriate to this essentially local organization, local leadership, and local tactics, I found among the workers I talked with a conception of the objectives of organized labor different from the conventional ones of more pay, more organization, more say in management, more sheer power for its own sake. Fundamental to the small town attitude are the human elements, those involved with public opinion. To the local boy "improved conditions for labor" means more than material power alone. It means higher standing in the community, being respected, being somebody in the town. It is true that these workers already have a higher standard of living than any other laboring class in the world. It is true, too, that many of them recklessly spent their high pay during the war because they thought that was the way the rich behaved. Yet in the long run almost all of these local boys are of the American tradition, whatever their racial background, even if they still speak with European accents. They don't want to stay in the "laboring class." The American dream is



still alive in them. Most of them have to live in circumstances that do not fairly reflect the relation between their intelligence and responsibility and those of the rich. They see above them a world that they cannot enter as things are. Like all the Americans who, down the centuries, left the eastern farms for the West or for the cities, these men want to believe that if they work hard enough their children, at least, will come into that upper light. More money, more material power, yes; but only if it brings with it more social power, more prestige in the community, equality with the people on the other side of the tracks, the removal of the tracks. In Stamford they know that the way to remove the tracks is not with dynamite. Even if it got them material power, that would defeat their dream of better integration with the town. Stamford's problem is how to offer a realization of their dream, where a realization is deserved.

FINALLY, the Stamford small-town strike, with its local leadership, its peaceful tactics, its evidence that organized labor has been accepted as respectable, suggests the desirability of restoring Stamford to local autonomy in management as well. The intense local dislike of Mr. Carey, the absentee president of Yale and Towne, surely is due largely to ignorance—to the fact that these people don't know Mr. Carey, that he is not identified with their city or its local plant but with a remote corporation that has six other plants. If Mr. Carey were present and really running the Stamford plant, they could hardly keep this unhealthy opinion of him. Or if they did, if he were indeed the malevolent creature they now suppose, then he would not long hold his job.

To Stamford it is not Mr. Carey but Mr. Hoyt, the local general manager, who is most closely identified with Yale and Towne. Everybody knows Bill Hoyt and likes him, says he could and would settle the strike any time if he were the real head. And conversely, while Bill Hoyt expresses admiration and respect for some of the international labor leaders with whom he deals, he believes that the strike could

have been settled early if he could have dealt with local labor alone. When I approached Mr. Kingsbury, secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, on this, he fairly exploded: "If from the beginning we had been dealing only with local management and only with local labor, and each had had final authority to act, there would not have been any strike at all."

Stamford is getting fed up with dual remote control; on the one hand the great, traditionally soulless corporation, on the other the younger, equally soulless labor organization. While one exists, the other must in justice exist also. But if some old, Yankee, local self-assertiveness in the collective will of Stamford could break the remote control of both these monsters, and if the town could then prosper on locally owned and managed plants with locally organized labor, then it is possible that fewer millions would be lost in industrial struggles and less inhuman hatred would twist the souls of citizens. If the local business men had their Stamford Association of Manufacturers—or just the Chamber of Commerce—instead of the NAM, and if the Stamford Combined Labor Organization replaced both AF of L and CIO, the two groups probably could resolve their disagreements in most cases without recourse to extreme pressures. But if they should fail to resolve them, there would be sitting over them, not only such board or commission as the mayor might create, but in the end a more effective board, the tribunal of public opinion recognized by all and having within itself the means to enforce its rulings upon every individual involved.

In the long and slow run, this intangible public judgment will have an understanding which no officially constituted board could ever attain. It will understand that what is urging these young men is not mere greed for material power, but also a desire for community recognition, for a better life in true and human terms. The board of local opinion understands the American dream. In its slow way, and if it is still in any wise possible to fulfill the dream, this board will accomplish it better than any other.



# The Easy Chair

*Bernard DeVoto*

AT THE end of the second volume of *Lincoln the President* Mr. J. G. Randall, now half-way through the Civil War, writes a chapter on the Gettysburg Address and its bearing on the problems of government. It is an excellent chapter. But it looks exceedingly odd at the end of two volumes which have been developing the revisionist interpretation of the Civil War. Most of the argument in his two volumes has been trying to show that the Republican position was wrong; that Lincoln was ineffective or in error except as he approached the position of the Douglas wing of the Democratic Party (to whose remnants, Mr. Randall says in three contexts, he was really nearer than he was to the Republicans); and that the "radical Republicans," diabolists and conspirators, were primarily responsible for the origin, continuation, and eventual tragic culmination of our national catastrophe.

Last month I discussed the tendency of modern historians to evade the central problems which the Civil War imposes on their science. This month we may state some theses about the war. They must be seen in relation to the two central facts which revisionism evades, secession and slavery, and in relation to the revisionist state of mind. That is a state of mind which, for example, impels Mr. Randall to explain Preston Brooks' assault on Charles Sumner in the Senate chamber as a duty imposed on him by the integrity of his class and discharged impersonally, "with all the self-control he could muster," though with a natural distaste since Sumner was underbred and *parvenu*. It is a state of mind which reactivates the Democratic presidential campaign of 1864 and

reanimates that motheaten tragic hero, General George B. McClellan. In retrospect, Southern generals used to admire McClellan because the greater general he was, the greater their achievement in intimidating and defeating him; but the revisionists love him because the radicals did not. I lack space for military analysis, but the revisionist theorems leave out of account all we have learned about the conduct of war since 1865—and all that U. S. Grant had learned by the spring of 1862. McClellan is Balder the Beautiful to revisionism precisely because he felt no urgency in the problem of slavery and because he supplies the *as-if's* which are absolutely indispensable to the revisionist view.

Thus Mr. Randall has only five pages for the War Democrats, who did at least as much as the radicals to defeat the Administration programs, but spends half a volume on McClellan and devotes long passages to speculating on what might have happened *if*. If, assuming that he could have taken Richmond in 1862, McClellan had been allowed to. Revisionism supposes that the capture of Richmond would have ended the war and that (here is the payoff) the end of the war in 1862 would have meant the restoration of "the Union as it was." That quoted slogan meant many things in history but to the revisionists it means what it meant to the doughfaces: the Union restored with slavery undisturbed, the slave power unbroken and the South in a position to control the government again.

WHAT this notion leaves out of account is that in 1862 the fall of Richmond (greatly desired by radicals and by Lin-



coln as well as by McClellan) would have meant little more than the fall of Richmond. The North would have had the capital of the Confederacy and the territory between there and the Potomac. Perhaps ten per cent of the Confederate war potential (which was much less centered there in 1862 than it was in 1864) would have been destroyed. Confederate armies in bulk far more powerful than the Army of Northern Virginia would have remained intact. The sources of their supply would have been untouched, the sources of their recruitment undisturbed. The Confederacy as a war-making power would have been little more impaired than the North was by Second Bull Run. No one can say certainly what would have happened to the Confederate will to resist—to crush which was the object of all Northern military operations—but one who supposes that it would have been seriously weakened underrates the Southern people. It was hardly weakened from First Bull Run to the siege of Petersburg and the loss of the capital could hardly have extinguished it in 1862. Wars are not won by the capture of cities.

Even with its *if's* assumed, revisionism has to perform some astonishing operations on McClellan. Mr. Randall lightly waves away the general's megalomania and does not even print the most significant expression of his dictatorship fantasy, explaining that after all most of these things were said in private letters and so are no concern of history, which deals with important evidence. Nor does he bother to make clear just what the radical opposition to McClellan rested on. Other revisionists are more helpful: the theorem is that the radicals wanted the war prolonged so that Northern bitterness would harden and allow them to enforce a vengeful peace. But McClellan was finally removed from command on the explicit and empirical ground that his conduct of the war was prolonging it. Mr. Randall fails to apply to *McClellan's Own Story*, an *ex post facto* polemic, the rigorous analysis to which he subjects Republican documents. He accepts it as a judicious statement of historical fact, which is a mistake.

IN THE last chapter of his second volume Mr. Randall focuses on the Gettysburg Address some remarks in Lincoln's message to the Congress he had summoned in special session in 1861. He quotes several passages from which I repeat two sentences. Lincoln says that the war presents to mankind at large "the question whether discontented individuals . . . can . . . break up their government and thus practically put an end to free government upon the earth." And he says that the war will teach "men that what they cannot take by an election, neither can they take it by a war." This goes to the heart of things, as the revisionist analysis does not. The Republican Administration had been elected by constitutional means, in strict accord with the established and accepted forms, and in complete conformity to the American tradition. It had no constitutional power, nor has anyone shown that any member of it intended any attempt, to interfere with any "Southern right" except the arrogated right of a minority to control the government. Revisionism has steadily refused to weigh that fact in the open where we can watch the scales. That refusal is bad history; it is history by ellipsis. Revisionism then fills the hiatus by offering a nonsensical speculation: the notion that the duty of the Administration was to recognize secession, which had occurred by the time it took over the government, and to call a convention of the states, for which there was neither precedent nor logic nor good sense. That is, the duty of the elected governors of the American people was to appease a revolutionary and anarchic faction by surrendering to its claims. Mr. Randall speaks of "solutions [impossible in 1863] that had been *easy* in 1860." My italics. What were easy solutions, what were any solutions except the ones adopted, that did not recognize secession in law and in constitutional and political theory?

Moral criteria which history cannot ultimately disown could be brought to bear right here—but they need not be. For one need only do what revisionism has consistently neglected to do, what Mr. Randall's book fails to do. One need only scrutinize the government which was established as a result of secession, the Con-



federate States of America. Mr. Randall, as a biographer of Lincoln, could have found analytical scrutiny of it, theoretical and factual, in Lincoln's speeches, letters, and state papers. He could have studied the pivotal point in the Annual Message to Congress, December 1, 1862. It is a point so fundamental that the failure of Mr. Randall and revisionism in general to deal with it must be adjudged a gross error.

The Confederate government was based on contradictions which it failed to resolve, which could not be resolved. Almost as important as military defeat in the collapse of the Confederacy was its inability to reconcile the states-rights theorems, which it had to accept, with the necessities of national existence in regard to which, so far as they concerned the United States, it had tried to turn the clock of history back. It also tried to turn the clock back in other ways and this attempt was even more important than the sum of its inherent contradictions. The fact that financial power was centralized in Northern cities had been economically disadvantageous to the South, but when secession made those cities foreign, putting New York on the same basis as Paris, the Southern economy committed suicide. The South had been paying an unjust operational tax to the Northern industrial system, but the Confederacy made itself a fief of the British imperial system. When it abrogated the Monroe Doctrine it abandoned one of the basic sources of the American power that had gone to produce it. For a continental nation it substituted a system of two small powers (which must have become three, if not more) and invited Europe in, an invitation which France accepted in June 1862. When it armed slaves and went on to promise, and in part effect, emancipation, it demonstrated that its fundamental assumptions were ultimately untenable and it turned its panic nightmares into realities. In sum, the Confederacy was established in disregard of everything that had happened to the American people from the time they crossed the Alleghenies on. In disregard also of the Americans who lived west of the Mississippi. In disregard, finally and disastrously, of the continentalism of the American nation. As a political system the

Confederacy was anachronistic, absurd in logic, and unworkable in fact. It was a monstrosity which could be born but could not live.

This was what Lincoln had been saying, what many others from Jefferson on had said, and what defeated the Confederacy. Behind the idea of union were instincts of the deepest mystical power, sentiments which in defiance of Southern expectation bound Wisconsin to Pennsylvania and Iowa to Vermont, but we may leave them out of account too. For Wisconsin and Pennsylvania and South Carolina, Iowa and Vermont and Mississippi, were united by primary bonds which, if there was any meaning at all in the American experience, were as Lincoln said, indissoluble. The mountain ranges, the rivers, the valleys, the routes of trade and communication had to be enclosed within a single political system—or the United States had always been a paradox as monstrous as the Confederacy was. In terms of American life the Mississippi could not be a Danube and the Potomac could not be a Rhine. Let some Americans withdraw from the American system, make a foreign city of New Orleans, set up at Richmond a regional, rival sovereignty proposing at best a customs union, and war must follow inescapably. The American system must fight out that war to victory or extinction. Which is what happened.

History is supposed to learn from the experience it studies and from those movements which it calls historical processes. Forty-six years into the twentieth century it is supposed to understand the relationship of events in the nineteenth century. Finally, it is supposed to understand that in the nineteenth century some Americans were mistaken, some ideas fallacious, and some actions in error and certain to fail. Perhaps the Confederacy could have survived in the cis-Allegheny, hand-labor, mercantilist, eighteenth-century America from which all its ideas were derived. It was, however, inconceivable, an impossibility, in an America which extended across the Mississippi Valley to the Pacific, the nineteenth-century America which the industrial revolution, the centripetal forces of developing commerce and communication, and the free movement of population



had welded into a single nation occupying a unified geographical system—fifteen years before secession. Asa Whitney, Eli Whitney, Morse, the steamboats, the post roads, the public domain, California gold, and the Oregon emigration had made Calhoun an antique.

THIS is the overwhelming historical reality that revisionism ignores. If I could devote a third Easy Chair to the inquiry I could show, step by step, that it does so by evading the problem of slavery as the American people did in the middle of the nineteenth century. Mr. Randall's position is typical: he perceives no economic obsolescence, no democratic frustration, and no moral urgency in the existence of slavery, and so he is exasperated not only by abolitionists but by everyone who wanted any kind of limitation put on slavery or who opposed minority control by slaveholders. So, since a cardinal fact is the gradual development among a majority of the American people of a determination to take control of the government out of the hands of the slaveholding minority and to fix a limit to the extension and power of slavery, he never even comes close to making the explanation which a historian of the Civil War must make. Revisionism in general has no position but only a vague sentiment: that if the South had been left quite alone, somehow the slaves would eventually have been freed, an equitable system established, and the evils of war and reconstruction prevented. In view of the South's treatment of its free Negroes and in view of a generation of increasingly intransigent threats by slaveholders to make war in uncompromising defense of slavery, threats eventually made good, this is untenable, even if it could be understood. But the point is twofold: revisionism will not explain why the opponents of slavery felt that something had to be done to limit it, and it refuses to face the economic fact that slavery was obsolete as a labor system or the moral fact that it was an evil.

Poets of the neo-Calhoun fantasy assure us that slavery was not abhorrent to the nineteenth century conscience but an estate ordained of God for the mutual

happiness of whites and Negroes, and that if it had been preserved the world economy would not have collapsed in the twentieth century. But that is mythology, not history.

Here too a century is supposed to have taught us something. History is supposed to understand the difference between a decaying economy and an expanding one, between solvency and bankruptcy, between a dying social idea and one coming to world acceptance. It is supposed to differentiate between historical forces that are regressive, of the past, and those that are dynamic, of the developing future. It is even supposed to understand implications of the difference between a man who is legally a slave and one who is legally free. Revisionism will not make such differentiations, which is why Mr. Randall's book is querulous, usually indignant, unsatisfactory, and in the end unrealistic. That is why it fails to explain the mid-nineteenth century to people who are living half-way through the twentieth century.

As I said last month, the most important duty of American historians is to explain the Civil War. It may be that the Civil War was inevitable: people who are not historians have lived to learn that some wars are. But if it was, history has got to show us why. And if it was not, history has got to show us how, why, wherein, and wherefore the American people precipitated their greatest tragedy. As a result of a generation of revisionist concentration on "the North's mistake" we are farther from a usable explanation than we were in 1920.

But the state of the world is such that we have got to focus this crucial part of our past on our present problems—fast. There appears to be no recourse for historians except to go back to the beginning and start over. Underlying the revisionist errors were our generation's fallacies about the origin of the First World War. They have now been corrected at high cost. Historians may begin by accepting those corrections, by acknowledging that we made mistakes, and by promising that some of our ancestors who were not abolitionists may also have been in error.



# THE CHINA LEGEND

C. LESTER WALKER

Now that our soldiers are beginning to trickle home from China, one of America's favorite myths is in danger of collapsing. This is the China Legend—the illusion, cherished by nearly all of us, that China is one of the Great Nations, a country inhabited by uncommonly noble and selfless people, and now standing on the very doorstep of a splendid industrial future.

The legend has been nourished all through the war by a stream of unusually competent propaganda, both Chinese and American, and protected by a screen of political and military censorship. Mme. Chiang Kai-shek herself, whose popularity in this country is well known, was one of the most effective propagandists; and the censorship (Chinese and American) was handled so as to prevent correspondents from writing the whole truth even after they had left China.

The myth can't survive much longer, however, because American troops are bringing back from the Orient too many rough, unpleasant facts. There is, indeed, a real danger that the reaction will swing too far—that many of us may slump into a cynical disillusionment about China which can do no good for either country.

AFTER five months in China the thing that sticks most in my mind is the very dim view, as it was termed, which Americans there took about the country's future.

I ran into this feeling even before I got into China. At the ATC barracks in Calcutta I met a man from the Don Nelson technical mission who was on his way home. As we sat in his room, under the hot straw-mat roofing, he said he was wondering how he would talk when he got back to the United States.

"Americans feel one way in China and go home and talk the opposite. Sometimes I think the Hump flight out affects their minds."

I asked what he meant by "talking the opposite."

"They go home and spread pollyanna reports on China's future," he said. "After moaning for months about the situation's being hopeless there. And calling China the impossible problem and America's great illusion."

I remember how a sort of baffled look came over his face, as he added, "It's been done—even by members of the Nelson mission."

That was my introduction to the way Americans *inside* China felt about our war-time ally. I was to get a lot more of the same.

One of the attachés of the embassy in Chungking told me one night while we sat in the garden of the Press Hostel that Americans at home ought to be presented with a few comparisons between China and the United States and made to learn them by heart.

*Mr. Walker, whose description of Chungking under wartime conditions appeared in Harper's in November 1945, recently returned from China where he was a correspondent for this magazine.*



"They ought to think what America would be like if it were in the same stage of development that China is. The same area. Triple our present population. The railroads the equivalent of two: the New York Central and the Atlantic Coast Line—8,000 miles instead of the present 382,000. We'd be a country without roads. Well, no, not quite. Paved roads a few hundred miles, and a hundred earth roads of the distance from Savannah to Nashville. Everything else would be footpaths."

He made a comparison of power and industrial resources. If America were like China she would have less than enough electricity to light and turn the wheels of one city, Detroit. Everywhere else—kerosene and peanut oil lamps. In the earth no copper for future power lines. And not much oil to come, according to the latest geological surveys. As for industrial plant, there is less of it in all of China than there is in Gary, Indiana.

Eighty-five out of every hundred Americans would be men with a hoe, farming a one- to two-acre plot. Most would be in debt to the money lenders or the landlord, with interest at 80 per cent; and the government would gouge 75 per cent of their crops for taxes.

The "good earth" that they farmed wouldn't be so good. It would be so old and worn out that they would have to collect even human excreta to replenish it.

"Tear down the China illusion like that a little," said the attaché, "and maybe Americans will understand the remark of an American newspaper executive when he passed through here: 'Get out of Shanghai, and the rest of the country is just one big poorhouse, isn't it?'"

## II

DOWN in Kunming I met an American supply services colonel who had what was to me a new explanation for China's dubious future. The Chinese, he said, were "organizationally bankrupt."

"Mind you," he shook a finger at me, "like everybody else I have my pet Chinese. But taken as a whole, they just don't seem able to organize and run things. We show them how. They seem to learn OK. We turn the job over to them. When we

come back they've forgotten, and everything is in one hell of a mess."

In telling me about the ordnance depots and the Chinese supply services, he quoted an old Chinese saying: "It is best to come to disaster by familiar ways, because then we know what to expect and how to meet it."

It explained, he thought, why if a new way of doing things broke down, the Chinese so often didn't try to do *anything*.

He said General Cheves first explained the depot system to the Chinese. They were keen on it and learned it rapidly. It seemed fatally important just then. The Japs were threatening Chungking.

One day, the colonel said, he visited one of the ordnance depots. He found it wrongly located: way off the main road. Then he found that the lead-in road stopped at the village gate. Wheeled traffic from there on was blocked because a stream had been diverted into the road. The stream was there for the use of the village's chief industry, which was clay-brick making.

The colonel walked from there in to the depot. It was eleven in the morning, but the Chinese colonel in charge was in bed. Routed out and asked about the river blocking the road, he said:

"Well, they'll be through making bricks in a few weeks."

The organization of the depot warehouses was not of the best. There was no warehousing plan. So nobody could find anything. Brand new equipment and damaged salvage equipment were mixed. For the machine guns the ammunition in stock was Russian—1931 make, and the wrong caliber anyway. Thousands of unused dry batteries had been kept in dead storage until they were worthless. The rifles were unoiled and starting to rust. The American colonel squinted down the barrels—they were filthy. He had sent a requisition for oil, the Chinese colonel explained, but it had never been honored; so he could do nothing. "I had that same problem once," the American colonel remarked impatiently, "but *I* borrowed oil."

"Wait a minute," he said to me. "How would you like to *see* what I call organizational bankruptcy—at work? All right.



Tomorrow we'll go out to Hai Lun Po and look at a hospital."

THE hospital was in a beautiful location, under a steep green mountain, with a rushing stream coming out at the bottom into a circular pool. Feathery bamboo stood around, and cedars lent a spicy tang to the air.

But when we climbed the long stone steps to the temples which served as the hospital, another smell became noticeable. As we ascended it got worse. I looked at the colonel. "I think it's dysentery cases," he said. And when we reached the top, the courtyard of the hospital, we knew it was, beyond a doubt.

The condition of the courtyard, without rhetoric, was this: the sick soldiers had defecated all over it. It was impossible for us to walk without fouling our shoes. But we did walk, around the building, looking for the main ward. The ground around was saturated with excreta, and along that first building piles of it had been thrown against the walls.

I saw no latrines anywhere. The colonel explained that American medical officers had given instruction in the building and importance of latrines, but that the organization of the Chinese medical corps sometimes broke down a bit and things didn't get done.

I thought it curious that nobody was about. So far we had seen no attendants, doctors, or nurses anywhere.

At the main building we stepped over the foot-high threshold and went in. The stench was overpowering, and the general sanitary conditions worse, if possible, than outside. Forty men lay there on wooden plank beds. They had defecated everywhere—on the dirt floor, against the walls, chairs, the benches that held the beds. A big metal garbage pail stood at one end. While we watched, one man, not yet too weak, got up, tottered down the room and used the pail.

"Look at this poor devil," the colonel said. He lifted up a soldier too weak to move. I saw that the man had soaked through all his clothes and through the straw matting of the bed.

"Where's the doctor today? Where's the orderly?" the colonel asked in Chinese.

The men shook their heads. "None," some said. A man had died. Not noticed for two days. Had they received medicine? No.

"We give the Chinese army plenty of sulfa drugs," growled the colonel, "but somehow in the fantastic disorganization of their medical corps the drugs get lost and damn seldom used."

The pipestem legs. The sunken cheeks. The fever-bright eyes. I suddenly had an awful feeling that these men had been put here to die.

"What'll happen here?" I asked the colonel.

"Oh, the American medics will come out, and raise hell, and use DDT all over the place, and force them to clean up, re-staff, and reorganize the whole business. Then, four months later, you come out, and it'll be in the same appalling state again."

CHUNGKING. *Sat up till 2 A.M. talking with X. He here working with Chinese government. Adviser. Consultant. Obviously disillusioned about the job, and very pessimistic about China's future.*

So reads an entry in my journal for August.

This man surprised me, for he used the Kunming colonel's very phrase, "organizational bankruptcy." He was one of the civilian American cultural relations specialists. About twelve were in Chungking, working on public health, metallurgy, soil erosion, and other problems. Today I remember his saying, shaking his head:

"One of our men is setting up a system of new industrial standards for China. But we haven't much confidence the work will do much good. We're afraid that once we go home the usual disorganization will set in and the system be forgotten."

Why did American efforts to set up some kind of organization, whether in hospitals, ordnance dumps, or factories, I used to wonder, all seem doomed to prompt collapse? One reason, no doubt, lay in the fact that every one of these schemes was so utterly alien to the Chinese. Further, they were established in a hurry, and by "foreigners." The Chinese, being notably agreeable people, always seemed to welcome these new ways of doing things; but,



as soon as the American instructor departed, they were likely to slip back into the old familiar habits.

The whole idea of large-scale organization is, on the face of it, contrary to the Chinese tradition. They are people of many talents, Pearl Buck and Lin Yutang have frequently told us—but organization isn't one of them. Precision, systems, the techniques of scientific logic—all these things simply do not fit into the Chinese thought pattern.

Consider, for example, how China is shackled by its written language. It consists of tens of thousands of ancient ideographs—in origin, highly stylized pictures—which are completely incapable of expressing modern concepts. As a consequence, contemporary Chinese books frequently break into English, just because there is no way to express such words as "carburetor" or "electronics" in the traditional characters. The ideographs are a drag on every function of a modern state. Telegrams have to be sent in numbers, each number representing a word and the total of usable words strictly limited. It is impossible to print a Chinese telephone directory. (Shanghai's is in English.) There can be no typewriters. Moreover, the ideographs compound every error. Where precision is necessary they are worthless. In science they may well keep China behind for centuries.

"The language is a millstone around China's neck," an OWI man once remarked to me. "Suppose *we* spent seven or eight years learning part of the alphabet!"

**W**HY don't you correspondents *say* that we think China will never be a great military power?" an Air Force major growled at me over a vodka and water at the Chinese Combat Command officers' bar one night.

It was another criticism I encountered often. Both the Joes and the "brass" thought of China as a military liability. The suggestion that in the future she would be mighty in arms provoked laughter or anger. The Chinese soldier had been overplayed, I was told, the battles souped-up in the American press. After the fall of Nanning and Liuchow in the Siang corridor we were told by a G-2 briefing officer

that the "raging" battles had cost the Chinese armies a total of twenty-four casualties.

I was offered similar illustrations from personal experiences until I tired of them. Some, however, had an amusing twist. One captain told me he had campaigned with the Chinese army around Myitkyina. They occupied a town, but Jap tanks would come in at night and shoot it up. The American liaison teams tried to get the Chinese officers to fire on the tanks and fight it out with them, but never could.

"Then one day," said the captain, "they announced they had destroyed the nine Jap tanks. We went to see. There were seven—outside the city—lined up and burnt out. But by the Japs themselves, obviously. They stood one behind the other, and one tank's 37-millimeter gun had been fired point blank right through the tank in front of it. For the 'destruction' of these tanks the U. S. gave the Chinese commander the Silver Star."

"Well," I asked, "how did they win the North Burma campaign?"

"They had a superiority of thirty to one in men. And the American Tenth Air Force wiped out the Jap supply lines."

It is true that the Chinese troops who were flown into India for training, feeding, and re-equipment at the American infantry school at Ramghar eventually became much improved soldiers. But it is equally true that the bulk of the Chinese army was starved, barefoot, badly led, robbed by its own officers, and entirely unfit for modern warfare. In spite of her courtesy title as a member of the Big Five, China actually has a military strength about equal to that of Portugal.

"But you correspondents," said a lieutenant from Toledo, "have got America thinking that China is the next great military power in Asia and our invaluable future ally."

Jouncing in to the Red Cross club in a weapons carrier from the Kunming airport I had my ears pinned back one day by a missionary passenger. He was probably seventy years old, and a very tart man. Was he optimistic about China's achieving unity as a nation, I had asked innocently.

"You newspaper men!" he flared.



"China isn't a nation. Its people don't even understand the concept *nation*."

"Well," I countered, "what is it, then?"

"It's 450,000,000 souls whose highest loyalty is still—as for the past thousands of years—the family. It's going to take them a long time to change that, young man."

And why didn't we (correspondents, of course) tell Americans that China's provinces were *not* just like our states? *Not* tied to Chungking as our states are tied to Washington? The governors of the provinces here did just about as they pleased. "Look at Governor Lung Yun of this province. During the war, while the Generalissimo was supposed to be supreme, when Chiang Kai-shek wanted Lung to confer in Chungking, he had to send a hostage down to Kunming—Madame Chiang sometimes, the people said." Yunnan was Lung's private principality. Lots of other provinces were the same.

THE foreign commerce expert was one of several "business authorities" I had seen. He was attached to the embassy, his job being to promote Chinese-American trade. From him I think I half-expected a different view from that the others had given on China's prospects. This man sat in his office and looked out over the hot August roofs of Chungking and said to me bluntly:

"Don't have too much fancy optimism."

If China was to import and be a great customer for America and the rest of the world, she must export. Just A, B, C. What did she have that the other nations wanted especially?

Once she had had tung oil, silk, bristles, hides, and skins.

But nylon came. It was going into more brushes every day. Silk would probably never again be important for hosiery. Oil from a certain Brazilian nut was beginning to compete with tung. As for hides . . . the Japs in China had slaughtered animals wantonly.

After the war American firms were not coming in here with a blank check in hand. There were now too many imponderables. Political stability here was a factor. And the end of extra-territoriality. Foreign firms would now be under Chinese law and Chinese courts. . . .

He looked at me significantly. I remembered how frequently I had heard Chinese courts referred to as totally corrupt.

"But China needs transportation," I said. "Aren't we going to sell her railroads, and road machinery, and cars?"

"Some. But her purchasing power is limited. Which most Americans at home these days don't seem to realize."

When I left he accompanied me to the door. "No," he said, "her future foreign trade isn't going to do any miracle for China—body or soul."

BUT the gloomiest prophets were the Americans of the medical units—most of whom had once been civilian doctors. China's troubles were ethical, they said. She would not go far so long as her leaders—officials, intellectuals, professional men—had no social conscience.

It was a heavy indictment, but I found some of the evidence unanswerable. I sat in a tent at the ATC air base at Chengkung one night and discussed the matter with a surgeon of the 14th Air Force. Had I ever heard of a public official in China thinking of a public office as a public trust, he wanted to know.

"Who runs the gasoline black market in this province, on gas brought in here, over the Hump and through the pipe line, to save China? The governor himself and two of his sons."

I knew that the pipe line in from India had been bled so systematically that for a while the Americans had closed it down.

"Then," he went on, "there is the case of the wife of a high—very high—public official, who brought over the Hump a whole plane load of new furniture at a time when China needed every possible ounce of military and medical supplies. And on another occasion she stripped the U. S. plane that she came in, even to the toilet paper and the linen seat covers, and on landing at her destination ordered the gas drained off into drums, for her private use."

Another American doctor in Kunming talked so that I thought him touched in the head. He had gone through the Salween campaign with the Chinese Combat Command.

"A country's doctors should be first to



volunteer in time of war," he said, "but not the Chinese medical profession. It's a scandal. The government won't even draft them."

He said the army needed at least five thousand doctors. It had, at latest report, 1,686. There were nearly that many American medical personnel in China.

His experiences on the Salween, he told me, had made him lose hope for China. There was the time when he found the wounded of the 115th regiment of the 39th Division, Sixth Army, lying on the river bank dying because the Chinese surgeon had deserted. . . . The day on the Burma road—between Chefang and Wanting—when he had a sit-down strike of the Chinese doctors and nurses of the 200th Division. He had two portable hospitals there, standing side by side. One, the 2d Reserve Division's, was swamped with one hundred and fifty casualties. The other had almost none. He had ordered the wounded transferred to it. The doctors and nurses refused to treat them. Not in their division. . . . He saw the medical officer of the 117th Regiment one day beat the wounded who couldn't walk—with a bamboo cane. To stop it he had had to threaten the man with his .45.

"Here is the monthly requisition list," he said to me, "made by the Chinese surgeon of the 18th Army at Taoyuan."

From his field jacket he drew out tissue papers of the kind the Chinese write on. He went down the list, commenting.

"One portable X-ray machine. There was no one who could operate it. Laryngoscopes. No one could use them, either. Cystoscope. Ditto. Sphygmomanometers. Ordered more of them than they did ordinary stethoscopes. Forty-eight wrist watches. Only thirty medical officers in the 18th Army, most of them *with* wrist watches already. Digitalis. No one would know how to use it. Insulin. Absolutely no use for it . . ." He pushed the list away. "This happened monthly. You can see what was going on."

At Paohsien he had found the shops flooded with U. S. drugs after he issued supplies. At Shanmen the assistant army surgeon claimed that the medical supplies had never arrived. He found that the surgeon had hidden them. Each installation

was always trying to defer treatment: "These malaria cases go to the rear tomorrow. The rear can give them quinine." One time he gave 60,000 atabrine tablets to a division that was down to 4,000 men. Malaria increased. He checked at the front, yellow tablets in hand, asking the soldiers if they had received them. Only one in twenty had. Some malaria victims had been in hospital two weeks without treatment. He recalled the day that he issued blankets to a hospital's wounded. They got put on the general's horses instead.

Although they were not isolated cases by any means, I was leery of accounts like these. So one day I went to the highest American medical officer I could find (he was surgeon-general of one of the chief commands) and asked his opinion of them.

"They are understatements," he said.

### III

AND then there was "squeeze." I suppose I was told a thousand times that there was no hope for a country where a system like "squeeze" could flourish.

"Squeeze," of course, is a kind of graft. But that does not adequately describe it. It is a way of life in China whereby everyone—from the coolie in the street to the highest government official—tries to get his cut (and usually does) out of every transaction in his daily life.

The ricksha-puller makes the shop-keeper pay for bringing a customer. The servant won't let the salesman into the house unless he gets his "squeeze." The friend who buys some wrapping paper and string for you overcharges a certain amount. From every cake he bakes the cook squeezes a little sugar and flour and hoards it away. In jail the prisoner has to pay his cell guard to be allowed to go and relieve nature. A banker expects to pay "squeeze" to the financial executives of every company that banks with him.

When the Chinese Service of Supply was set up in Kunming, Chungking telegraphed a credit of three billion dollars. Within a few hours the American colonel in charge was visited by a leading banker of Kunming. He had a suggestion. If the



American colonel would bank all the money with him, he could arrange things so that the colonel would make ninety-six per cent per annum on it for himself. He explained that it was a regular Chinese custom.

"It's the biggest stumbling block in China, sir," a private of the Army Medical Administration Center at Kweiyang said to me one day. "On account of it makes everything inefficient. It's 'squeeze' what makes the Chinese always snafu up everything and never on time."

He had seen it at Kweiyang, when the outlying medical units had failed to get their supplies. When the American liaison officers checked up, they found that somebody in the Chinese bureaucracy had started one of the periodic (and never effectual) campaigns against pilfering. In this case, the idea was to make an exhaustive inventory at every stage in the movement of supplies. U. S. truck drivers at the pick-up depots were being asked by the Chinese to open every carton and every bottle inside and to count every pill. They refused. The Chinese then set out to do the inventory themselves, breaking the metal straps and glued-down flaps on thousands of cartons. When they had finished, the boxes were connected with gummed paper strips, so they couldn't be moved, and all the cabinet keyholes were pasted over with paper seals—all in an effort to prevent "squeeze." Meanwhile, the sick and wounded went without medicine.

"It drove us nearly crazy," the SOS colonel living at Kunming's Hotel Europa confessed to me. "I'd say 'squeeze' slowed up China's war effort two years. It quadrupled our work."

A division commander, he said, would wire Chungking: "For summer, need ten thousand uniforms." The quartermaster would have to find out how much he was lying—"a long process." He'd allow him seven thousand uniforms. The assistant QM would have to double-check. He'd cut it to five thousand.

"Or a division commander wires us for funds for food for his men in advance, and then puts the money out at interest. Pretty soon we get reports of starvation among those troops. When one asked for

pay for ten thousand men, we'd give it for six thousand. Then we'd discover he had only three thousand anyway. Then he'd wait to pay the men until after a few battles, so he could 'squeeze' the pay of the dead."

The day I called on the U. S. Army Criminal Investigation Department in Kunming, their latest "catch" was sitting all over the upper verandah floor: thirty or forty thieves from the previous night's haul. I was ushered into the bureau chief's office and witnessed a curious scene. A Chinese, in the long silk gown of the well-to-do, stood in front of the desk with hands full of thousand-dollar notes, begging two officers to "take it—please, please." The Americans were phlegmatically shaking their heads.

"We have this every night," the chief said to me. "They beg us to hold their money for them, so the Yunnan Procurator's Court, which we turn them over to, won't take it all in 'squeeze.'"

I said I came to ask about "squeeze." Was it really as bad as the stories? Did the CID have any line on that? The chief was a Brooklyn Irishman, with a twinkle in his eye. Sure—they could give me a little idea.

The army motor pool—Chinese staffed—showed how "squeeze" worked all down the line. A civilian employee hired the drivers. The CID discovered he charged \$50 U. S. or \$40,000 Chinese to every new man he took on. The money was delivered to a shop in Kunming and a receipt given. The driver was now "hired," but he had to pay \$10,000 to the examiner if he didn't want to be failed in the driving test. Then, to get driving assignments, he had to pay the dispatcher \$2,000. (No truck to drive, no chance to steal gas, of course, and sell it at \$2,400 a gallon.) The pool now saved 500 gallons a day, for China's war, because the CID had broken up this particular "squeeze."

Was "squeeze" due to so much poverty, I wondered. Did everybody—rich or poor—squeeze?

"One day in December 1944," the other officer put in, "six trucks loaded with opium belonging to Ma Tsong-heng, the provincial opium king, were coming down the road near Hsiakwan. Each truck had



two extra men in the driver's seat, armed with machine guns. But the trucks were stopped by a Central Government officer and his troops, who had *more* machine guns. They took the trucks away. The Central Government is supposed to be death on opium, as its officers know. But Ma Tsong-heng paid this Central Government officer \$200,000,000 'squeeze' to have the trucks and the opium turned back to him. Moreover, whenever Ma brought in opium, the governor's second and third sons here always knew it and 'bought' a load, for which Ma never collected. That Central Government officer wasn't a pauper, and the governor's sons are not poor."

"Do you think 'squeeze' worse now than before the war?" I asked. The two nodded.

"It's traditional," the chief said, "to say that 'squeeze' takes only 10 per cent. But the supply people here put it at 25 to 75 per cent. An OWI man has experienced cases of 100 per cent. We estimate that only 25 per cent of matériel for the U. S. forces gets to them." The other officer nodded. "As for lend-lease matériel destined for the *Chinese* soldier, we estimate only 10 per cent reaches its destination. 'Squeeze' gets the rest."

Later I came to believe that what disheartened the Americans most about the system was that the Chinese *did* consider it dishonest and reprehensible. The OWI man who saw "squeeze" at 100 per cent remarked to me one day:

"The people of China do *not* think 'squeeze' is OK, or 'legitimate graft,' or 'just old custom.' They are ashamed of it. As witness: no Chinese will squeeze openly. None will admit *he* squeezes, and few that 'squeeze' goes on.

"But damn it," he exclaimed, "nobody ever fights it. It's like a moral infection to which everyone's conscience has been immunized."

THERE is some evidence, however, that China's conscience is not entirely numb. Even before the end of the war, organizations within Nationalist China—such as the Democratic League—were beginning to urge reform. And the reports about Communist China to the north were

becoming increasingly embarrassing to the Kuomintang. According to some American observers, government administration there was more efficient, less graft-ridden.

Finally, with the arrival of General George C. Marshall in Chungking, the great weight of American influence apparently was thrown into the scales. The result of all these pressures was the Generalissimo's pledge, in early January, of a whole series of sweeping reforms—including an end to the one-party dictatorship, early elections, and a general administrative housecleaning.

At this writing the civil war between the Communist and Kuomintang armies has ceased (at least temporarily) and Chiang Kai-shek is endeavoring to form a new government including cabinet ministers drawn from at least three minority parties. Internal press censorship has been lifted and a start has been made toward the release of political prisoners.

The United States has a stake in the success of these measures second only to that of China herself. We are deeply committed there. We are sending China military advisers. We are going to give her a navy (unless Congress balks at the idea) and train it for her. An American general, in a private capacity, probably will take charge of building her air force. We have sent our most venerated military figure to Chungking as ambassador, and given him instructions to assume unprecedented responsibility in helping to end the country's civil war. American experts in finance, industry, agriculture, public health, engineering, and city government are now in China, or will be later on, to help and advise. In sum, we are in a fair way toward becoming involved in another nation's affairs as we have never been before.

Such close ties are not altogether a matter of choice, either for us or the Chinese. They are rather a natural result of the last seventy-five years of American foreign policy. It simply would not be feasible, at this hour, for us to change our relationship, even if we wanted to.

In the long run, however, it will be better both for us and for the Chinese if we don't expect too much of our good ally. We must realize that China is not



a great power and is not likely to become one in the predictable future. Her prospects of developing an efficient industry are, at best, very remote. Her people are no more noble and unselfish than many other peoples, and they have shortcomings which gravely menace their chances for accomplishing, for no one can guess how long,

anything that we would recognize as modernization. They have a stubborn preference for the Chinese way of life, whether in politics, sanitation, or repairing a cracked cylinder-block. And our relations with them will run a good deal more smoothly if we don't try to cram the American way down their throats.

## *Two Identities in Search of Myself*

SIDNEY ALEXANDER

THE EVENT is; therefore is dead . . .  
The corpse is laid on the coroner's table,  
the Presences gather around like hawks—  
reach for the leg, reach for the head,  
grab what they are able . . .

*And two among them struggle most  
and neither am I and both am I.*

One moves as through an arsenal  
tiptoe amidst explosive fact,  
weighing on a borrowed scale  
each unpremeditated act.  
Is ever cold because he knows  
judges are naked beneath their robes,  
Measures with a cynic's rod  
that alters with each measuring,  
So doubts the doubt itself until  
dim infinities recede  
mirrors in mirrors and mirrors still . . .

*And he is not I and I am not he.*

The other capers before this judge,  
and with a quite indecent lust  
clasps each Moment in his arms,  
asks no questions, does as he must—  
All feasting of the senses his:  
the featherless flawless wings of planes,  
the wounded sinking of the sun,  
the wave-song and the wind-song . . .  
So in the very eye of doubt  
he performs his ritual of love,  
believing in light as the lights go out . . .

*And I am not he and he is not I.*



# I CAN'T QUITE HEAR YOU, DOCTOR

JOSEPH A. BRANDT

**F**OR sixteen years I was the publisher of the scholarship of three of our great universities. Frequently, in the books I published, I was called upon to accept without question scientific conclusions which I and millions of my fellow men did not, and could not, understand.

Of course, there are certain areas of pure scientific exploration where it would be ridiculous to try to reduce the terminology to such simple terms that the student of the social sciences or of the humanities, or the ordinary literate man or woman, could understand. But it is equally true that all science is not pure mystery. At some stage, it must coincide with the needs and the comprehension of mankind.

Yet so impenetrable is the language in which most scientists speak that not only does the layman fail to understand it, but other scientists often are puzzled by it. A zoologist once complained to me that he was at a loss to understand the terms used by a colleague of his, a physical scientist. A few days later I had occasion to bring up this question, obliquely, with the physical scientist himself. I was delighted as well as amused to find that he, too, felt that science was becoming so specialized that it was impossible for him to keep abreast of the other disciplines—and the science he mentioned as having the vocabulary most incomprehensible to him was zoology!

It is difficult to tell which controls scholarship today, the scholar or the monstrous terminology which he has created. Terminologitis has swept, like an uncontrollable forest fire, from the pure sciences into the social sciences and even into the humanities. One of the most significant books published thus far in this century is one I had the privilege of publishing a number of years ago. Its field was social science. Its subject concerned every thinking American. My colleagues were as excited as I when the manuscript arrived, and as downcast after we had examined it. Who, we wondered, would be able to read it? Because of my sincere admiration for the content of the manuscript, I suggested to the author that he substitute lucidity for terminology. By return mail the author wrote me a blistering letter accusing me of wanting to commit intellectual mayhem. So the manuscript was published as written and found as its audience mainly the specialists in the man's own field. It was little satisfaction to us to have an acerbic reviewer, who wanted the author's message shouted from the housetops, suggest that the publishers bring out another edition—"in English"!

**W**HY this insistence upon unintelligibility? I think the explanation lies in the fact that the scholar, by the very na-

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ture of his training, is taught to think of his work as something impersonal to everybody but himself, whose future career is at stake. He must be "objective." He must be colorless, lest he prove objectionable to the more conservative of the elder statesmen who will pass ultimately upon the quality of his work and determine whether he can be admitted to the greater glory of doctorhood. Rarely, during his training, is he taught to think of an audience. So, when he turns writer, it is small wonder that he writes for no audience; or, if he is aware of readers, he thinks of them either as members of his own cult, or else as people he must impress—or whom he instinctively fears. And, since his associations are almost exclusively with fellow scholars, he rarely is aware of the painful longing, among people beyond the academic pale, for some insight into the comforting realm of certainty which the scholar rules.

Many have been the long and apparently fruitless sessions that I as a publisher have been compelled to have with physical scientists in particular, as I argued that science, as a social instrument, should be concerned with the ultimate ends to which its discoveries would be used.

Why, I used to ask these men, do the scientists not only leave to the inventor and the business man the task of applying what they discover for the benefit of man, but also maintain an attitude of such studied unconcern as to how it is applied? The great Bell or Du Pont laboratories are truly governed by as impeccable a sense of scientific truth as any university scientific body; but science in the commercial laboratory is shaping the destiny of man, and shaping it consciously. Why, I would ask, does the academician not assume a responsibility to people as well as to learning? The usual reply to this question was that *pure* research should be an end in itself. True scientific triumph lay in pushing a search to its conclusion—in the form of an answer satisfactory to the scientist himself. He was under only one obligation: to satisfy himself intellectually.

The result of this deliberate aloofness has been a curious state of affairs. In our American society the engineer has served as butler at the feast which the inventors supplied from the fertile fields of scientific

research. The scientists, particularly the physical scientists, have been a sterile priesthood in the society served by the butlers. Although their intellectual achievements have been the most brilliant in the history of man, knowledge of these has been confined among the priesthood. No public relations council has explained to the rest of us the ultimate meaning of their discoveries. The scientists have maintained their own societies, published their own magazines; they have been a world apart, regally oblivious to the feudal society below them.

For the truth is that, in the period of the most widespread education in the history of mankind, we have established a twentieth-century feudalism. The difference between it and medieval feudalism is that it is intellectual rather than economic. In the period of medieval feudalism, the gulf between the lord of the manor and the villein or the serf tied to the land was both intellectual and economic; but the principal characteristic of that gulf was economic. It is true, of course, that the serf had no intellectual freedom. But it is equally true today that the average citizen cannot speak intelligently about, or criticize constructively, the scientific age. The gulf between him and those who understand it is too great. And yet, as he has just discovered, he is tied to it inescapably, and the penalty for forgetting that fact is the same as in the Middle Ages—death.

## II

ENVIOUS of the exploits of science, American higher education as a whole has sought to emulate the Brahmins, the physical scientists. It has tried to reduce unpredictable and immeasurable man to a science. Social study becomes social science. The humanities struggle in a maze, ignored, shunned, and even suspected. Economics becomes statistics. Humane history becomes a social science, the science of footnotes. Home economics is elevated to the level of philosophy, is given a curriculum all its own, and becomes domestic science.

There is scarcely any limit to the catalogue of this dangerous academic absurdity. At a certain university, when the



faculty was confronted with a candidate for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy whose entire work for this degree was a statistical operation—adding and subtracting certain classified types of man-hours—it hurriedly instituted the degree of Doctor of Education. But the faculty was not trying to protect society against uneducated educators. It was acting for the less worthy purpose of protecting an academic monopoly.

The Big Three—engineering, law, and medicine—have been less imitative of scientism, but they have basked too long in the respect which the American instinctively pays to the so-called professions, and have paid too little attention to broadening their students as human beings. The engineering curriculum (which for almost all engineering students comprises the complete time they spend in a college or university) seldom contains any subjects having to do with society. Law and medicine have established prerequisite undergraduate training programs, but these in the main do little to prepare the future lawyer or doctor to assume a place of leadership in society except on the simple plane of professionalism. This absence of training in social thinking on the part of doctors is visibly placing the profession more and more in the unenviable position of being at war with the society it serves. The argument of most doctors against “socialized” medicine is not a social argument.

The higher learning in our country, despite brilliant exceptions, seems to have become a form of self-worship, a series of rites performed by a priesthood which has left its congregation to be served, so far as discernible leadership is concerned, solely by the politician. This is unfortunate because the politician, however skillful he may be in the management of human affairs, is as much lost in a world of scientism—thanks to the isolating policy of science—as is the humblest precinct captain.

The people have been long-suffering with their politicians, largely, I suspect, because they speak the people's own language, are their own kind, do things which people can see and experience. Huey Long left good roads and magnificent buildings

for the people he deceived. They could ride along the roads, their children could go to their new state university, and they could look in wonderment at the magnificence of their state capitol. The politician, because he sees people in their homes and knows their wants, realizes how thin is the thread by which democracy clings to the star of destiny. He knows that the children of democracy are still, despite our relatively high standard of living, the children of poverty, and that the average man's abiding fear, even as American democracy enters the atomic age, is still of the breadline.

Despite their imperfections, the politicians have been far more scientific socially than the scientists, however pure they may be. Government somehow has moved along and the citizen has felt some sense and certainty about it. When he votes, he votes with the realization that the parties and candidates have “educated” him to the issues.

The educator, on the other hand, and particularly the scientific educator, has had no such liaison with the people—as he discovered to his dismay after Hiroshima. Not until science had brought about an immediate possibility of the end of the world did it realize that socially it had been going nowhere at all. It was going nowhere because society was as unaware of it in all of its implications as an amoeba is of the niceties of a Tchaikovsky symphony.

Unless people understand, they cannot be led, except it be by the whip of fear. And frequently, when society does not understand, it destroys. How else can one explain the wanton destruction of the priceless Japanese cyclotrons? We ourselves are willing to destroy the science of another country if it frightens us.

DOES this mean anything to the educator, the scientist? Yes. It means that the life of academic quietism is over. The man of learning, however ill-equipped he may be, must learn to become a man of action, a politician, a man of the people, speaking for people, leading people. Certainly, in my brief experience as a university administrator I never found any educator who was at all bashful about becoming an academic politician. The



academician loves politics. The only trouble with him has been that he either fears people outside his academic world or is contemptuous of them.

The atomic bomb destroyed something more than Hiroshima and Nagasaki. It blew up the ivory tower. Ultimately, this may be the greatest gain we made by the conquest of the atom. Even when the physical scientists began their work on the atom bomb, they suddenly realized they had taken in their hands the fate of society, of a society which they had not prepared for the ultimate triumph of their scientism. Leaders among them, like Professor Harold C. Urey of Chicago, have gone to the people, to tell them about the fate which may be in store for us. And they are using simple, everyday language, such as the eloquent statement of Mr. Urey to *The New Yorker*: "I've dropped everything to try to carry the message of the bomb's power to the people, because, if we can't control this thing, there won't be any science worthy of the name in the future. I know the bomb can destroy everything we hold valuable and I get a sense of fear that disturbs me in my work. I feel better if I try to do something about it."

Perhaps the academic eclipse is over, an eclipse which Daniel Coit Gilman never intended when he established the modern American type of university at Johns Hopkins. We cannot expect all scholars to realize that the citadel which protected them from the people is gone. But we know now that the men most responsible for the kind of world in which we live are determined to reunite themselves with the people, and if possible to lead them.

### III

THIS is pleasing to one who spent sixteen years trying to persuade scholars, scientists especially, to translate the translatable things they were doing. In far too many instances the scientist-scholar would reply, "Oh, I couldn't think of doing anything popular. Why, it would ruin me in the profession."

In all fairness, let me say that this attitude is not limited to scientism alone. I found it in all the academic disciplines. There was a fear, an unreasonable fear, of

consequences among colleagues which constituted an unconscious condemnation of the entire academic profession.

Sometimes the youngsters were ready to go ahead but were held back by their older colleagues. I remember one young historian who had written a delightful and almost readable dissertation which, with some concessions to intelligibility, would have reached a large audience. The modifications I suggested to him had nothing to do with erudition or scholarship. They were concerned simply with pruning a too-lush thesis which had been designed to satisfy the vanity of a Ph.D. jury. With these modifications, the university, through its press, could have afforded to publish the dissertation and even pay the author royalties. But if the author, as I explained to him, insisted upon publishing a document designed for no audience, he would have to reimburse the university for the inevitable loss it would sustain.

The young scholar agreed heartily with my suggestions. "There's one thing I want to do, however," he said. "I think I should talk this over with the professor who directed my doctoral work."

"Well," I replied, "I know what the answer will be. I think you should keep in mind, however, that either you have been trained to be an independent thinker or you haven't been. Why should a single professor veto a real service which you can perform for the people?"

Nevertheless, the young man did consult the professor. My memorandum might be all right, the professor said. He didn't quarrel with it as a "commercial" proposition—I had written my memorandum from the point of view of a non-commercial institution, remember—but the young historian had better publish his dissertation just as he had written it. And the reason?

"You may want a job in another university some day," the professor told the young man. "You'll have to show some departmental chairman that you know how to do research. You may not get a job if you don't publish the thesis as you wrote it."

It is on that narrow plane, on that viciously anti-social plane, that we have been conducting the business of higher education. President Gilman's type of new



university has degenerated through the years to become merely a super-employment service in the interest of scholars but not in the interest of society.

A young botanist I know had been doing fundamental research which he was translating for the benefit of the garden clubs of his state. Several magazines of general circulation asked him to write about his work, which he did and most successfully. It occurred to him that perhaps in view of this interest, he ought to write a book for the people. On his vacation, he went back to the university from which his doctorate had been awarded, to talk the matter over with the professor who had directed his work.

"Great heavens, man, why do you want to waste time writing for the layman?" the professor demanded indignantly. "You've got such a fine start with those papers you've been doing for the scientific journals. Keep on with that. Forget about the garden clubs."

ON THE other hand, I well remember the day, during the height of the dust storms in Oklahoma, when Paul B. Sears, then chairman of the Botany Department at the University of Oklahoma, walked into my office and without preliminaries said, "Joe, how would you like to publish a book called *Deserts on the March*?"

Paul Sears had seen what man was doing to nature. As an undergraduate he had been shocked at the frightful waste caused by the Ohio River floods. However, he pursued the normal research which is expected of any faculty man if he is to have pay and promotion. He had brought this research to the point where he knew that he had to do something for society. In Oklahoma we were cowed by the calamity of witnessing millions of tons of precious earth being swept daily into the atmosphere. The only hope that the Chambers of Commerce could hold out was rain. Professor Sears knew that the answer lay not alone with nature but with man, who has to live in harmony with nature or perish, as the physical scientists have themselves since discovered.

So he wrote *Deserts on the March*, one of the most brilliant and beautifully written books in the field of science in our time.

Paul Sears knew the people, he liked them, and he associated with them. And he knew how to write for them. Because the book depended upon an Anglo-Saxon style rather than scientific terminology to carry its message, some of Mr. Sears' colleagues dismissed it with the remark, "It isn't science, it's literature."

Finally, I asked one of these scientific critics the question: "Well, what is literature if it isn't the record of life as we live it? And isn't science a part of life?"

The people read the book and took it to heart. Something was done about the Dust Bowl. Perhaps Mr. Sears had discharged a scholar's obligation to the people by writing so clearly, so forcefully, that they could understand and take action. But he did not stop at this point. He had a total sense of society. Everyone was involved in the destruction of the land—farmers, bankers, utility magnates. So Paul Sears turned politician.

He met with bankers. They had lent money on farms and still carried at full value the amount of their loans. Sears, who had inspected much of the land being devastated, could tell a banker that a loan still valued at \$4,000 was now worth only \$400—and why this was so. He met with farmers and repeated the message which the agricultural experts should have been giving, in language which persuaded them. Even so, there were far too many farmers who said boastfully, "Why, I've worn out three farms already."

The utility people are powerful in the Middle Western states and rather skeptical of scholars. Sears went into the lions' den. He told them what was happening, how it could be stopped, and what would happen if destruction of the land was not halted. Who, he asked, would buy the electricity?

Sears was a one-man crusade. Oklahoma and America are richer today because *one* scholar knew that science, scholarship, and the people must prosper together—or die together.

The lesson is one that all members of the scientific and scholarly priesthood may well take to heart. I suggest that, as they prepare to leave their feudal citadel, they begin by purchasing a dictionary of the English language.





# SOMETHING FOR THE NEWSREELS

JOHN BEECHER

**Y**OUR Poles killed a couple more people out in Zuffenhausen last night," Captain Fields said. He was Public Safety Officer for Stuttgart Stadtkreis and took these things seriously.

"My Poles, hell," Major Jim Boone said. He had been commanding officer of the Displaced Persons Bureau. I was taking over from him as UNRRA director. "They're John's Poles now. Eat him out about them."

"I don't care whose Poles they are," Captain Fields said. "They're killing too damn many people. My murder rate's over 50 a month and G-5 is getting on me about it. These Zuffenhausen Poles are back of most of the murders, and the black market too. I wish you guys would do something."

"We haven't got any place to put the Poles," Jim said. "They're scattered all over Zuffenhausen and we can't control 'em. I wish we could put 'em in the Grenadier camp with the Russians. Those Russians would sure make 'em live right."

"I don't care what you do," Captain Fields said, "so long as you stop them terrorizing all of Stuttgart. When they aren't murdering people they're stealing the farmers' sheep out around Zuffenhausen. All I've got is complaints, complaints, complaints, all day long."

"OK, Junior," Jim said, stretching his

lean arms and yawning hugely. "Me and John here will get fatherly with the Poles. We'll stop them murdering if we have to shoot them all to do it. Relax."

Captain Fields did relax and had a drink of the office schnapps. The bottle went round to Lieutenant Jackson, the DP adjutant, and Sergeant Dave Berschler, who was in charge of the big Russian camp, the Grenadierkaserne. Jackson was only a kid but he was running the office end of the biggest DP program in Germany as if he'd been trained for it instead of for architecture in an Alabama college. And Dave Berschler was the best of our DP camp administrators. A Jewish undertaker in Camden, New Jersey, before the war, Dave threw his Yiddish at the Russians and they came back at him in their pidgin German and everything was *kho-rosho*—OK. No murders, no black-marketing, no sheep-stealing among the Russians in the Grenadierkaserne. Dave had the situation under control. *Bruder*, the Russian officers called Dave, though he wore only sergeant's stripes; and, because they loved and trusted him, kept their people strictly in line.

"What the hell are we going to do with the Poles?" Major Jim Boone asked when Captain Fields had gone.

"Take over the SS village and put 'em in that," Dave Berschler said. "Right

*John Beecher, who directed the UNRRA camps in the Stuttgart area, describes one of the more hilarious actual episodes in the handling of slave laborers liberated in Germany.*



down the hill from the Grenadierkaserne. It's a swell place. One of Hitler's model villages. Boot the Nazis out and put in the Poles."

That's how we came to take over the SS Siedlungen, which Hitler had built for the fair-haired boys of his regime.

JIM and I looked the situation over, driving out there in his Mercedes convertible with Jim's big Doberman pinscher on the back seat. Jim had got the dog as a pup when he first entered Germany with the tank battalion he commanded. Sometimes the dog's name was George but other times it was Zeke. He answered to both with equal alacrity. Jim always took him along in the car to guard it against being liberated. Guys kept liberating cars from each other, especially Mercedes convertibles, repainting them and giving them new "cap" numbers. It was a game. There were no valid titles to anything in Germany, so why not?

The SS village was a fine suburban layout like one of our resettlement projects at home. The houses were singles and duplexes, set back from the curving roads. The lawns had been plowed up to make vegetable gardens but roses were everywhere, all blooming at this season. The SS men were no longer there, being in jail or hiding, but they had left their families behind. It seemed right to Jim and me to kick these Nazis out and put in DP's, their former slaves.

"We'll make this a model village," Jim said. "The best DP camp in Germany, something for the newsreels instead of the hell-holes they've been shooting. These Poles will straighten out and fly right when they've got a place like this to live in."

Usually it was hard to get Military Government to evict Germans from their dwellings to make room for displaced persons, but in this case we managed it, for the Poles had been such a problem that the governor grabbed at any solution. The SS families were given twenty-four hours' notice to get out, taking only their clothes, cooking utensils, and the like. They rent the skies with their clamor and complaints, maintaining that there was no place for them to go in bombed-out Stuttgart, but MG stood firm.

It was a sight to see them streaming down the hill that Saturday morning, the SS families dragging their little wagons and the Polish guards with red and white armbands searching them as they went out, to make sure they weren't getting away with any beds, radios, or sewing machines. A German in black military boots raced in on a bicycle and protested to Cliff Hood and me over the way we were handling the eviction. (Cliff was one of my deputies.) The German said he worked for the railroad, and was therefore an official entitled to make representations to the authorities. This was an outrage, he yelled, and stuck his face within a few inches of Cliff's. But Cliff was not disposed to argue and drew back his fist to let the German have one. This shut him up instantly and he looked around for his bicycle. It was gone. A Pole had just ridden off on it. Then the German official wanted us to get it back for him. That was the attitude.

After the German official had trudged off, sans bicycle, a long-faced woman pedaled solemnly in on another. A small American flag was fluttering from her handlebars. We had never seen her before.

"Howdy, Yanks," she said. "I'm from Philly."

"From Philly since when?" I asked her.

"I came over in 1939 and couldn't get back," she said. Another one of those, I thought. "Americans" like these kept turning up, who had responded to the Fuehrer's call for all good Nazis to come to the aid of the Fatherland in 1939, had ignored the State Department's subsequent appeals to return to the States, had worked for Germany through the whole war, but now claimed the rights and privileges of American citizenship.

"What are you doing out here at the SS Siedlungen?" I asked her. "Do you live here?"

"Oh no," she said. "I live in Stuttgart. These people are friends of mine. They sent for me to help them. This is an outrage, to move these poor people out like this. They are victims."

"Victims of what?" I asked her. "Aren't they the families of SS men?"

"The SS have all gone away," she said. "These are just poor people who were



bombed out of their homes by the terror fliers."

"The terror fliers?" I asked.

"Yes, the terror fliers," she said. "Oh, it was heartless, what they did to the poor people."

"You mean the American Air Force?" I asked her.

That's what the woman from Philly meant.

"Get going, sister," Cliff Hood said, "before some Pole takes your bicycle and you have to walk home."

A GERMAN with eyebrows like Rudolf Hess' staggered by in the shafts of a huge wagon, the kind a horse pulls, piled high with household goods. The Polish guards didn't search his big load of stuff, but motioned him on through.

"Hey!" I said. "Stop that joker." The interpreter came running up, a fellow named Kowaleski. He spoke beautiful English which he said he had learned at Warsaw University. He claimed to have been a member of the underground army until he was captured by the Germans. His German, too, was flawless.

"That man is our friend," Kowaleski said. "He is a good German. He protected us under the Nazis."

So we let him maneuver his big wagon on down the hill, with more stuff on it than any other ten families were permitted to take out. Then the German police, in their white armbands, came tearing up to me. They were on the job to protect the Germans against any undue looting by the Poles.

"Why do they let that fellow through with the horse wagon?" they asked.

"They tell me he's a friend of theirs," I said. "Why do you care? He's a German, isn't he?"

"He's the biggest Nazi out here!" one of the German policemen sputtered. "The worst man in the village! But he's still an inspector of police and shields the Poles in their crimes—their murders and their black-marketing. During the war he was a lieutenant in the Schuetzpolizei and was stationed in Denmark, where he had many patriots hanged, Danish seamen who scuttled their ships to keep the Nazis from using them. Before the war he was a terror

to us anti-Nazis. He denounced hundreds of good anti-Nazis in Stuttgart and had them sent to Belsen and Buchenwald and Dachau, where they were tortured to death. And now these Poles let him take away all his furniture! Most of it was given to his wife by the Gestapo chief who slept with her while he was away in Denmark." But the fellow had disappeared down the hill with his huge wagon, and it was too late to stop him.

THE French members of my UNRRA team—Dr. Boulesteix and the two welfare workers, Renée Gardet and Denise Viandier—were making a regular fête out of moving day at the SS village. Dr. Boulesteix kept photographing a grinning Denise against a background of doleful Germans pulling little wagons. Renée carried on like a Jacobin daughter of the French Revolution, clapping her hands in glee at the sight of the weeping SS hausfraus.

"Now it is their turn," she caroled hoarsely. "In Paris the Boches gave us fifteen minutes to move out of our homes and allowed us to remove exactly five kilograms of our possessions. *Vite!*" she screamed at the Nazi women. "Get going!"

Renée took from her pocketbook a leather folder for snapshots. Opening it, she showed me two pictures facing each other: one of a middle-aged, healthy, jolly-looking woman; the other of a lined, cadaverous old woman. These, she said, were two pictures of the same woman, her own mother; the one taken in 1939, before the German occupation; the other in 1943, during it. Soon after the second picture was taken her mother had died, of heartbreak and hunger, not living to see the liberation.

"*Vite! Vite!*" Renée kept shouting at the German women who were leaving their garden homes, their featherbeds and framed pious mottoes over the mantel, their carefully tended cabbages and roses. "Get going!"

By evening the SS families were all out and the Poles started moving in. I had got the Poles to set up a tenant-selection committee, with Kowaleski in charge, to screen out the gangsters and unruly ele-



ments. Only sound, reliable Poles would be admitted. They were deeply grateful to us for providing them the best housing left in the Stuttgart area and toasted us with schnapps. The widow of a Polish general pinned a red rose on my shirt. Kowaleski stood at attention by my car when I got in and bowed from the waist as I drove off.

"Boy, we've got something in that SS Siedlungen," I said to Cliff Hood as we were returning to our billets. "We can make that a perfect camp. Something for the correspondents to write home about."

"Maybe so," Cliff said. He was kind of slow to get enthusiastic. "We'll watch it a while."

A COUPLE of days later we had to clear out several hundred Poles from the Witzmann Lager, a miserable congeries of wooden shacks in a mud flat near Bad Canstatt. The Witzmann camp was a plague spot and had quite properly been condemned by the Army. Its Polish inmates petitioned to be sent to the SS village, but Kowaleski and his selection committee looked them over and shook their heads.

"Not eligible," they said. "These people are not the type we want in the SS village. They would not fit into a model project."

We loaded the Witzmann Poles into GI trucks and whirled them into the Funkerkaserne before they knew where they were being taken. The Funkerkaserne, our main Polish camp, was at the opposite extreme from the SS village. In its huge, grim array of stone barracks, stables, and garages, the DP's slept on concrete floors instead of featherbeds and looked out of their windows on garbage heaps and wreckage instead of rose gardens. Interned in the Funkerkaserne, the Witzmann Poles were furious. They specifically charged Kowaleski and his selection committee with demanding stiff bribes for admittance into the SS village. They insisted that all the murderers, black-marketeers, and sheep-stealers were piling into the model project by paying cash on the line while they, who really were good people, had been excluded merely because they were poor. We paid no attention. Once you establish a policy, you have to give it a

fair trial, we figured, and nobody could make heads or tails of these Poles anyway.

Next it was the Schlotwiese, a Polish camp on the edge of Zazenhausen. The Schlotwiese was a special problem on account of the swimming pool which adjoined the camp. This was a beautiful pool, all concrete, which the GI's had cleaned out and were using in large numbers. The problem angle entered when the GI's, after their refreshing swims, visited the girls in the adjoining Schlotwiese and turned up on sick call three days later. When the colonel caught on to why the regiment's VD rate was doubling and redoubling week by week, he ordered me to get the Schlotwiese people away from his swimming pool before the whole regiment was on penicillin.

As soon as the Schlotwiese people learned that they had to go, they applied for admittance to the model project, the SS village. Kowaleski lifted his aristocratic eyebrows. "Impossible," he said. "Riff-raff. They would corrupt the morals of our community."

When it was announced to the Schlotwiese Poles that they were not deemed worthy of admittance to the SS village but, instead, were going to be flung into the Funkerkaserne on top of the luckless Witzmann crew, they refused to budge. While the lines of GI trucks waited in the camp streets, they sat stonily inside their wooden barracks.

Major Jim Boone had to come and put on a demonstration, with George and Zeke mounting guard over the Mercedes convertible and Lieutenant Jackson, the Alabama architectural student, for support in the event of action. Jim exhorted the Polish leaders to get their people on the trucks. Silence, the thick mutinous silence which the Poles have developed to such a point of perfection. Jim looked at his wrist-watch and announced that he would give them fifteen minutes to get out of the barracks and onto the trucks. For exactly fifteen minutes he and Jackson paced up and down the deserted camp streets. Still, the people wouldn't budge. The two of them pulled out their 45's and threatened to chase the Poles from their barracks. The Poles were not impressed. Jackson picked out two of the leaders and scientifically



knocked them down, with one blow each. No results. It took gasoline to do the trick. Jim and Jackson took jerry-cans of gas out of the trucks and poured it over the wooden floors of the barracks. As soon as they had it all poured out, they warned, they would light it. The Poles started heaving their baggage out of the windows and tumbling headlong after it. By night-fall they were all in the Funkerkaserne.

## II

THE very next day we had our first murder in the model project, the SS village. Dr. Mel Warhaftig, our chief medical officer, performed the inquest.

"The guy was sitting at the radio," Mel told me. "He had some pretty bad marks on him, around his head, but he could have been monkeying with the radio. We'll call it electrocution."

So electrocution it was, for the record, though we began to doubt whether things were working out as we had planned with the SS village. The next day, another Polish resident required an inquest. He had bullet holes in him, so Mel couldn't blame his radio. The same day a woman in the model project slashed both her wrists and then leaped from a high second-story window into a quarry. She survived both the slashes and the plunge, and was identified as the chief abortionist of the region.

"What the hell is going on, Kowaleski?" I asked my model project boss. "I thought we were going to reserve this place for solid, substantial citizens. Now all this happens—murders, suicides, abortion queens. What's wrong with your selection committee?"

"I do not understand these Poles," Kowaleski said, waving his fine hands ineffectually. "I am a Pole myself but sometimes I despair of my people. Nothing can be done with them. And now they are not satisfied with me. They want you to remove me."

"What have you done?"

"Nothing," Kowaleski said.

This was obvious enough. I went home to think the problem over. That evening I sent out Jean de Brugge and Denise Viandier to see if they could find out

what was really going on in the model village. Denise had been serving as welfare worker for the project while Jean, a Belgian, was my "special operative" on the team. To keep his family alive during the German occupation, Jean had put in four years on the Brussels black market. He preferred to play honest and was doing it on my team but he still knew how to burrow into a situation and come out with the facts. Late that evening, Denise and Jean came back to billets, their eyes big and bright as silver dollars.

"Killers and black market running SS village," Jean told me. "They say they want Kowaleski out. They tell me they allow you till ten o'clock tomorrow morning to take Kowaleski away and give them whole village to run. You not do it and"—Jean made a swooping sound and drew his hand across his throat—"they kill Kowaleski, kill you, kill me, kill Major Jim Boone, kill everybody. They not afraid of American Army either, say American soldiers no good and they kill them too." Jean nodded his head in furious conviction. "I speak with the gangsters, every one. I believe. What you do?"

"I'm going out there to find them now," I said.

"They kill you!" Jean said and Denise shivered in assent.

"I don't think so," I said.

I TOOK the Ford V-8, the most impressive car I had and one of the most impressive in Stuttgart. It towered over the diminutive Opels and DKW's, roaring through traffic with veritably imperial authority. I had liberated it from the French who, in turn, were trying to liberate it back from me, which kept things interesting. Cliff came along, Jean de Brugge and Denise, as well as Scot Robertson, the secretary of my team, who was always ready for any hell with her stenographer's notebook as passport.

In the dead of night we stormed into the model project like a foray of tanks. I gunned the V-8 for all she was worth around the turn at the entrance, slewing the rear wheels with a scream of tires, ran wide open through the village to Kowaleski's house, slammed on the brakes, raced the engine to her topmost zoom,



then cut her and the lights. All was peace in the model project. The murderers were evidently intimidated by the V-8 and lay low.

Kowaleski and a couple of the selection committee were huddled about a table in his living room. Murder lurked all about us, he said, visibly shaking. I pulled out my sheath knife and put it on the table. It was the only weapon in my party. Machine guns, Kowaleski said, had been delivered to the model project that very night. We were in the midst of a veritable arsenal. What could we do except give in to the killers and the black market? Would I accept their ultimatum? Tomorrow, I told him, we would "negotiate" with them. Meanwhile, he'd better get some sleep.

THE early dawn was just breaking when I came back the next morning to the model project, with a full company of American troops as escort. In the darkness, they deployed all around the SS village, covering every means of egress. I went up to the main entrance with Cliff, Scot, and Denise. There we met Captain Fields, the Public Safety Officer, together with an assortment of other American officers, ranging all the way up to the eagle colonel who had ordered the evacuation of the Schlotwiese. Then Leo Schwartz, my other deputy director, arrived in his "Green Hornet," a tottering Opel with shattered glass which had been liberated and repainted so many times that it showed at least six tints of green, but would still run. Leo unwound his six feet two from the tiny car and drew himself up, looking more like a colonel than the real one. Already he had on the dark glasses which he wore instead of a pistol to intimidate people, though the first glimmer of dawn was just making his violent red hair show through the gloom.

"Bring on the murderers," Leo said, striding toward me. But the murderers were asleep. The residents of the model village never roused before ten. This morning, however, the thunderous knocking of GI gun-butts brought them bleary-eyed and quaking to their doors. Kowaleski was the first to be routed out. I directed him to point out the dwellings of

the murderers and black-marketeers. His face as many tints of green as Leo's Opel, he went from house to house with me, putting the finger on the supposed members of the ring that had threatened to do away with all of us, including the American Army. They all appeared to have hangovers and went along sullenly with their GI captors. The raid continued till the sun was high, netting a sizable bag of assorted firearms, hand grenades, elephant-tail whips, and cow-tendon bludgeons, but no machine guns. These, it was rumored, had been buried in somebody's rose garden. For the GI's who were carrying out the raid, the most important find was a huge cache of cigars and English cigarettes which the London Poles had sent to their local agent for distribution. It was remarkable how few of these were found outside the home of the London Polish agent himself. Wherever found, however, the GI's liberated them.

The murderers and black-marketeers, fingered by Kowaleski, were kept under guard at the entrance to the village, while the rest of the model project's populace were herded into a muddy field and searched for arms. The searching of the women was deemed a task improper for the GI's, so it was detailed to Scot and Denise, who patted them all over, seeking hidden pistols and knives.

Captain Fields, the Public Safety Officer, was delighted with the whole procedure. This, at last, would cure the situation in Zuffenhausen and the murder rate would no longer bring G-5 down on his neck. I pointed to the assembled killers and black-marketeers under guard.

"There are your men," I said. "Take 'em away."

Captain Fields was aghast. "Where am I supposed to put them?" he asked.

"In jail," I said.

"But I haven't any room in jail," he said. "The only one I have is full. Can't you lock up these guys yourself?"

"How would I have a jail?" I asked him.

"You ought to have a DP jail," he said, going away. "I'll speak to the military governor about it."

I had to truck the criminals over to the Funkerkaserne, where I herded them all into a big concrete garage, with a guard



posted over them. The next day the guard went off and left them and all the gangsters went to town to see what was going on. But they came back again that night and re-entered their "jail." Where else in Stuttgart could they count on getting fed?

### III

IN A last desperate attempt to salvage my "model project," I pulled Sergeant Dave Berschler out of the Grenadierkaserne and put him in charge of the SS village. Dave's first idea was to have the Russians take away the Polish murderers and black-marketeers. He approached Lieutenant Danilov, the Russian staff chief, about it. Danilov only smiled.

"That would not be correct," Danilov said. "They are not Soviet citizens but Poles. It is unfortunate that the Poles have no discipline amongst themselves, as we have. So they are your problem, and you must take care of them."

"Can't you even loan us a jail to put them in?" Dave asked despairingly.

"No," Danilov said. "We have no jail. We have no need of a jail."

So Dave interviewed the Polish prisoners, with an interpreter, in their garage-jail at the Funkerkaserne. He reported back to me afterward, highly incensed.

"We've got the wrong guys locked up," Dave said.

"What do you mean?" I said.

"These guys in the Funkerkaserne," he said. "They're OK. They're the good guys. Kowaleski and his selection committee are the real criminals. They're the murderers and black-marketeers. Kowaleski fingered all the honest guys, to get them out of his way. I'm going to let them out and lock up Kowaleski and his pals."

"OK," I said. "You're the model project boss from here on out. Lock up Kowaleski if you want to."

Dave went and talked with Kowaleski and came back. I was at lunch. Dave downed several beers from the barrel we kept in the mess before he sat down by me.

"I've got wheels going round in my head," he said. "Round and round."

"So have I," I said. "It's my natural state."

"What do you do about it?" Dave asked.

"Keep them lubricated," I said. "Have another beer and then tell me the newest bad news from the model project."

"These Poles," Dave said after he had downed another beer, "don't make sense to me. With the Russians you know where you are. You can understand them. They're like us. But this bunch of Poles—Kowaleski and his crowd, the guys we've got locked up—I've decided they're all a bunch of bums and thugs, collaborationists, everything. I don't know whether I'm coming or going. I resign."

"No, you don't," I said. "You make a model project out of the SS village, or else."

WE TALKED things over some more and came to the conclusion that, since nothing else had worked, we would try undiluted democracy with the Poles. First, we would turn loose the supposed gangsters in the Funkerkaserne. Dave went out and addressed them, announcing that they would be returned to the SS village if they subscribed to a document which he had prepared, binding them to be good citizens, to abstain from murder while residents of the model project, even from the murder of Kowaleski, to turn their backs on the black market, and perform no more abortions. They all signed and were trucked back to the SS village, where the rejoicing was great upon their arrival.

Dave set up an office in the model project and received the elders of the people. They told him that all they wanted was to know his will and do it. Dave, in his most oracular Yiddish, announced to them that his will was for them to run their own village, but run it right. They would have to elect a mayor and town council, by secret ballot. And they would have to elect a police force, which everybody would back up and respect.

Dave had his elections and Kowaleski was not elected mayor. In fact, Kowaleski and his committee were not elected to anything, nor was the agent of the London Poles who had been revealed to be hoarding the cigarettes given him for distribution. The new mayor and council were a hundred per cent loyal to Dave. First of all, they voted to throw the model village



open to any Pole who wanted to live there, no matter how poor he was, provided he would behave himself.

The newly elected police force seemed a good bunch, but Dave felt they needed uniforms and arms to make themselves respected and keep effective order. Dave went back to his friends the Russians, at the Grenadierkaserne. If you needed anything, the Russians could always find it for you somehow. They came through this time with a supply of German Navy uniforms and Russian rifles. Then Dave marched his Polish police force, in their German Navy uniforms and carrying their Russian rifles, into the Polish Catholic church. There, while they all knelt before the priest, he dictated to them—

in Yiddish—a solemn oath binding them to do their strict duty and uphold both the law and the faith. It was close enough to German for them to understand and the priest made doubly sure, by translating into Polish.

Dave had his problems with the SS village after that, but they kept getting fewer and smaller. The people backed their police force, their council, and their mayor, while these officials backed Dave because they trusted him. So it happened that the SS village, in the end, *did* turn out to be the model project Jim Boone and I had hoped for, and those reputedly anti-Semitic Poles became good citizens of it under the ministrations of an American Jew.

## *Primitive*

SYLVIA STALLINGS

THEY'RE shocked, but I know what I live for  
 And what will you give for  
 My afternoon among crickets  
 Where creeper and honeysuckle thickets  
 Tangle the eye?  
 I'll lie  
 Like a raisin at the bottom of a bowl  
 The whole  
 Day meadow-morphosed like a blown  
 Oat that was never sown  
 By a Massachusetts man, but O!  
 What he missed he'll never know!  
 Nothing's worthwhile, though they won't admit it,  
 Except the exquisite  
 Etching of leaf on sky  
 And afternoons where cowbells cry.  
 Farewell, ladies and gentlemen;  
 I doubt if you see me here again,  
 But knock my door down Piedmont way  
 Any day, any day  
 I'm at home, with creek-bottom mud in my toes  
 And God knows  
 What you'll get for dinner  
 From such a sinner.



# APROPOS OF NOTHING AT ALL

## A Story

ELIZABETH JANEWAY

SINCE Jerry had left her, she had found it increasingly difficult to go to sleep. This was a surprise. She had imagined the empty days ahead and seen herself trying to cheat them by lying late in bed, by getting up at ten, ten-thirty, eleven, so that after making coffee, reading the paper, and tidying the apartment it would almost be time to get dressed for a luncheon appointment. It had been the terrible vacant beginnings of the days that she had dreaded. She had never thought about the nights. She had always slept well, even when she had been consumed with fury against Jerry. She had lain beside him in darkness, hating him, feeling her hate gush up and beat against the shadowy ceiling overhead, to turn and fall like meteors on his solid, immune body. And then, suddenly, she would be asleep. Suddenly she would find that the gray light of morning had appeared in the room. Jerry would roll and groan beside her. She would lie stiff for a moment and then, as he awoke, slide out of bed and begin the sullen day.

But now she could not go to sleep. Dinner and the movies, dinner at a friend's house, dinner with another woman whose husband had dematerialized or never appeared at all—all these ended by eleven o'clock and left her stranded on the beach of night, with the tide still ebbing below her. She would lie stubbornly stretched out in bed with a book and wait, while the words ran through her head, for

weariness to overtake her. It would not. She would turn off the light and relax defenselessly for sleep to take her as its victim, but the beast only sniffed her over and slipped away. The clock struck in the dark, busses stormed up the street under her windows, the el rattled by two blocks away. Time carried her rocking down its river, but never to oblivion.

For even when sleep came, the passions and memories within her precipitated out into dreams. She could not remember ever having dreamed before. But now she slid perceptibly into uneasy sleep, past thoughts she knew and recognized, which changed slowly, slowly, into misshapen figures, not even statues, into stalactites in the cave of night. She ran down echoing corridors with a leaping torch in her hand, and the shadows which it blasted away about her closed in behind and shut the way, lurked in ambush ahead.

She was running to Jerry, running to him, hunting him. Where had he gone? Where had he hidden himself? There were traces of him everywhere. He had just left his room, the curtains there were quivering behind him. She spied him on the rear platforms of trains slowly pulling out of great, open, echoing stations. People showed her snapshots of him. There was a highball, half finished, that he had just put down. How can I dream of him? she thought, snatching herself awake. I hate him! I've always hated him! He's weak as water. He does what I want and then



he slips away, and I'm left with nothing—with the name of what I wanted and nothing inside it, the meaning all gone. Now I'm rid of him at last. Now I am free of the awful load of despair that our marriage has been. There was nothing in it that was good—nothing—nothing at all. It devastated my life for six years like—like the dust-storms. A green and growing place when I married him and now desert, desert, the topsoil blown away and the cattle starving. How can I dream of him? she would think, and slide back into dreaming.

She dreamt then, one night (it was March now, time for winter to break, but there was no spring, it was cold), she dreamt that she had found him. She came face to face with him. He had a drink in his hand and looked surprised. His eyes went past her on either side, and she knew he was looking for escape. He wanted to put down this glass too, pass through the curtains behind her, slip out of this room as he had out of all the others. But the arrangements had somehow gone awry. They had not managed to decoy her into the long empty hall where she should have been wandering now, opening door after door on empty schoolroom after empty room. She had come too soon and found him.

There were people around and she knew they were all watching her obliquely. I have a right to be here! she thought defiantly. And then shamedly, helplessly, she began to cry. Here was her one chance. Here was Jerry before her, unable to get away—even his stolid brown eyes admitted that. And instead of doing what she had intended (what was it anyway? she asked herself. But the memory flicked out of sight), she did nothing but cry. She stood facing him and the tears streamed down her face. She held out her hands to him. Everyone was watching now, openly. They were not hostile, she realized. If she should succeed, they would hand him over to her. They were just. But she was doing the wrong thing. She was doing nothing, nothing, but stand there and cry. And the moment was passing, had passed, she screamed as she tried to hold it back, but it was no good, the room was filled with sighs and Jerry slid back from her,

further and further, the light dimmed and he was gone.

When she woke up she was terrified. She lay huddled in bed, shaking with fear. The light in the room was pale but growing. Soon it would be day. How can I dream it? she asked. I hate him! I wanted him back, I wanted to beg, I held out my hands and cried for him. It was worse than losing him. It isn't true! He's no good to me. I hate him, I hate him.

SO SHE got a job. It was a job in the decorating department of a big store. She knew something about antiques and it was easy enough to pick up the rest of the jargon. The men were fairies and the women were very smart and hated her. She did well because she did not care about them at all. She ran around collecting English chintzes and brasses and talking to clients when the head of the department was away. She was supposed to be his secretary and she rattled off his letters with clinical efficiency, took his phone calls, and ignored him. He thought she was wonderful. So did her friends. They were very proud of her for starting out to make herself a career and a new life. Some of them said they envied her. They asked her to lunch and dinner more now, because she was not dependent on them any longer. She did not meet them often for lunch. She had lunch alone, usually, in tea shops or the department store restaurant and sometimes—not often—in smart places where everyone but herself was accompanied. But her hats were as chic as any. She never saw Jerry there.

After a few months she was no longer the newest in the department. She had a place there and people said Good Morning and Good Night to her. A bewildered boy had taken her place as the novice. The men ran their eyes up and down him like steel shears and the women whispered and called him by his first name and took him out to lunch one by one. He was fresh from a year or two at college, had been rejected by the Army on some vague complaint. He had an allergy of some kind, he thought, but his skin was as pink and clean as a baby's.

She watched him take his place in this role, the role she had refused to fill,



had indeed been unable instinctively to fall into. One after another he had lunch with the other women and she watched him behind her opaque eyes come back unmarked from these expeditions, laughing a little too loudly as they came together, he and the woman (but then he was so young, he always laughed too loudly. All the other women were older, older than Kathie herself. She was only twenty-six). But he went to work at once, putting up the rolls of material left out on a table, moving wallpaper books from one room to another, doing odds and ends of menial labor left for him by the woman who had just bought his lunch. He did them cheerfully. He was quite a nice boy.

ONE Saturday at quarter to one she found that they were the only two left in the office. Her boss had gone to a football game, someone else had called in to say she was sick, another was doing an out-of-town job, and the rest had simply disappeared. She gathered up her pocket-book and gloves (she had her hat on. She had been wearing it at her desk for some time now, to show she was a lady, not really a secretary), and started out to the elevator. Johnnie—inevitably his name was Johnnie—was standing by the door to the reception room thoughtfully wiping his hands with a roll of cotton batting that streamed up out of a waste paper basket. Before Kathie knew what she was doing, she had spoken to him.

"Hi, Johnnie," she said. "I guess we're the last survivors. Going to lunch?"

He brightened immediately. "Sure thing, Mrs. Nichols," he said. "Wait a sec. I've got to scrub my hands clean to eat with you."

She went on indignantly to the elevators. What does he think I am? she asked herself. I didn't ask him to lunch! I'm not old enough to be his mother! I'm not going to take him out and buy him a good lunch just to look at his pretty pink cheeks!

He caught up with her as an elevator stopped. They crammed into it along with the Saturday crowd and Johnnie who was six inches taller than she backed her into a corner and threw an arm protectively across in front of her. He grinned down at her and said, "This gets worse every week,

doesn't it? You'd think you were playing football."

"Did you play football at school?" she responded, smiling up at him.

"Sure," he said. Someone pushed him and he turned and glared over his shoulder. "I was too light," he added absent-mindedly. The elevator reached the main floor and the crowd filtered out.

Through the crowded aisles to the street she scolded herself for playing up to him. I won't buy his lunch, she thought furiously. I won't say a word to him. I'll just get out there and get into a cab and go up to the Ritz. But the swinging doors were heavy. Johnnie's arm reached out ahead of her and caught one and held it open. He piloted her out and around several bewildered ladies who were trying to find out where they were. "Which store is this?" one said to another. The bright sunlight met them. In the street they were suddenly two people together and it did not matter that he crawled on hands and knees around her office for her with bolts of material trailing him.

"Where do you want to go?" he said.

She blinked in the sudden light. "I don't care," she said.

"O.K." He took her arm and walked her straight across the street against the traffic. They went two blocks up and one over and down the steps to a little French restaurant. She remembered suddenly passing it with Jerry. This was the cab drivers' route to her apartment from Penn Station. What difference does it make? she thought. We never went in.

IT WAS fairly crowded but they got a table against the wall and ordered cocktails. Johnnie told her about himself. He was worried about not being in the Army. This was 1944 and anyone his age and not in uniform was constantly explaining why. And he was worried whether merchandising was a man's game. He thought there was something funny about the people in the office. He'd wanted to talk to her often. He was awfully glad to have a chance. She was different. She reminded him a lot of a girl at home. He came from up-state New York. He boarded out in Brooklyn. They wouldn't take him in the Army. He'd tried six times in different



places. His mother wanted him to come home, but there wasn't anybody there. They'd all gone. They had another cocktail and she thought of things to say to him, but she didn't have a chance to. "Go home," she wanted to say, "go on home, Johnnie, right away." I don't know when I've had two cocktails at lunch, she thought giddily, and then the waiter planked the soup down in front of her.

Johnnie ate like a little boy, like a farm boy, chasing bits of food around his plate and wiping up the gravy with a piece of bread. He talked solemnly through it all, including the bread episode. The crowd in the restaurant thinned out and they were left face to face, with Johnnie still asking her advice and she still quite unable to break in and give it.

"Excuse me," he said suddenly, in the middle of a story about a girl who wasn't pretty but was very bright. Johnnie's mother had just written him that she had gone and got married to a sailor. He disappeared into the men's room and the waiter at once produced the check. She waited for several minutes. The waiter hovered. At last he smiled ingratiatingly and said, "I go off now, lady." She paid it and waited a while longer. Johnnie appeared then looking brighter and pinker than ever. She took a long drink of water and got up. They walked back to the store together without speaking. Everyone was there when they got back and watched them come in together.

The drinks died in her slowly. She was very thirsty and had to go out to the water-cooler several times. When she came back from one trip around four o'clock the receptionist said coldly, "There's a call for you. They've been ringing and ringing."

"Thank you," she answered as coldly, and went in to pick up the phone.

It was Hilda. Hilda was having a cocktail party that afternoon. Couldn't she come? She hesitated. If anyone had called her and Jerry so late for a party she should have refused at once. It was an insult to be called for a cocktail party at four the same day. Johnnie went past the door just then and winked at her.

"I'd love to," she said at once. "It will be grand, darling. Thanks a million. I'll see you."

Hilda lived in the Village, and she debated whether or not to go home and change. But if she did she wouldn't get there till six-thirty or quarter of seven. The alliances would be formed by then. The dinner dates—the ones worth anything, made while sober, would all be arranged. It would be cab fare up and then all the way down again. Her dress would do and there was a hat she'd been meaning to buy downstairs. She walked out again, smiling sweetly at the receptionist, and went down and bought it. At five thirty the bells clanged through the store and she went out to the washroom, cold-creamed her face, combed her hair, made herself up meticulously and tried the new hat. It was very becoming. She went back in, borrowed the clothes-brush out of her boss's desk, and saw that her stocking seams were straight. As she went out, Johnnie, lounging on a table, whistled. She walked past without looking at him.

THE noise of Hilda's party came out to meet her on the stairs as she went up. She glanced apprehensively at her watch, but it was just five minutes after six. People must have just got here and be still on their first or second drinks. Hilda was in the hall waiting and screamed down.

"Hello, darling, who is it?"

"Kathie," she called back. "How are you?"

"Fine, darling, I'm so glad you could come," said Hilda. "Come on up." She kissed Kathie quickly and showed her where to leave her coat. Kathie took another look at her hat and went out into the living room.

"This is Kathie Nichols," said Hilda to the room in general.

"Hello, Kathie," said a soldier standing by the table with the drinks on it. "That's quite a hat. What can I give you?"

She glanced at what he was drinking and said, "Scotch and soda, please."

"That's a good girl," he said and fixed her a strong one. He was very good looking and wore wings on his breast. She talked to him for a while. Then Hilda detached him and she talked to somebody's wife. Finally she backed herself into a group discussing the latest play. Fortunately, she remembered the reviews and was getting



along swimmingly, when Jerry came in with some people she didn't know.

It seemed to her that the room fell away into silence around her. He didn't see her for quite a while. She watched him go over and get a drink, talk to some people, and finally come up to Hilda whose face flicked through surprise to cordiality. He looks thinner, Kathie thought. He never eats properly. Hilda's eyes wandered for a moment and lighted on Kathie. She's trying to apologize, thought Kathie, but she can't hide how much she wants to know what I'll do. Then she saw Jerry's head beginning to turn and went at once over to the table for some more Scotch.

The dates she might have had were no good to her now. The soldier smiled at her, but she couldn't concentrate on him. The party was coalescing all around her into little curds, and she was left in the middle all alone and conscious of Jerry watching her or not watching her—and of other eyes too. She was sure they must all be looking. I must go, she thought, it's the only dignified thing to do. But the idea of facing the dust and cold wind of the street alone was more than she could bear. This kept her, kept her walking about the living-room, always on the opposite side from Jerry, as if they were performing some stately and complicated dance ritual which obscured the facts of heartbreak and pursuit and emptiness. I must go, she thought, and went and got another drink.

PEOPLE were beginning to leave when she looked dazedly at her watch. It was seven-thirty. He'll go in a minute, she thought, and I won't have spoken to him. I won't have a dinner date either. Her soldier had gone. She set her empty glass down and went right up to him. He was talking to a woman she didn't know. He saw her coming over the woman's shoulder and his eyes shifted suddenly, going past her to either side, as in the dream. But she was a little drunk now, too drunk to wonder why it seemed familiar.

"Hello," she said. The other woman turned and looked at her. "I'm Mrs. Nichols," and she smiled and held out her hand.

The woman looked bewildered and said at once, "How do you do?" He must have

been asking her to have dinner with him, Kathie thought. "How are you, Jerry?" she said.

"I'm fine. How are you? You look swell."

"Excuse me," said the woman and slid out from between them.

"I just wanted to say hello," Kathie said. "I'll go now." She stood and looked at him.

"You don't have a drink," he said. He wouldn't look at her. "Let me get you one."

"Thanks," she said. Her eyes filled with tears then and she felt her mouth twist. "Don't leave me, Jerry," she said in a whisper. "For Christ's sake don't leave me. I've had a hell of a time. I've had an awful time. Please come back to me. Please." The tears had spilled over now.

"Oh my God," he said, and took her arm and walked her to the bedroom. They had to pass Hilda. She backed out of the way, but Kathie could feel her eyes shiver up and down her spine. Inside Jerry shut the door and leaned against it. His eyes, watching her, were round and blank as brown marbles. They were the wall that he was hiding behind—retreating, retreating—weak as water and no good to her. She didn't look, but went right up and put her arms around him. He held her loosely, not saying anything.

"Come back," she said. "I can't stand it. Come back to me. I'll die if you don't. I'd rather kill myself than live like this. Please, Jerry. Please come back." She couldn't say anything more. She was crying too hard.

Someone rattled the handle of the door. "Just a minute," Jerry called out and looked down at her. She had got over the wall and his face was still bewildered. He looked like a man caught in a rainstorm without an umbrella. "I don't—" he began and stopped.

"Please, please," she said, "I'll do anything. I won't—I won't—I'll love you. I love you, Jerry. Please. It's no use, I can't go on like this. Say you'll come back."

"Ooohoo," Hilda was calling outside. "People want their things. That's a coat-room, not a conference room even if there is a bed in it."

Kathie let him feel her tremble.



"All right," he said with a sudden assumption of decision, and the moment slid out from under their feet. "All right. If you want. I don't think—. All right, Kathie. We'll try it again. I daresay it was my fault. All right, Kathie. Don't cry. Don't cry. Darling," he added loudly as if trying to feel the word's meaning. "Don't cry, darling," he said into the vacuum bell of the room that insulated them

against the laughter and clatter outside.

But she stood there, with Hilda hooting outside like an owl, and cried and cried all over his shirtfront while, down around her, she could feel settle the aching desert, the dry dust, the despair of their life together that she had begged him to give her back, the hopeless loser's prize at last found and regained, the empty power to be again torturer as well as victim.

## *What Goes On Here?*

IN THE smart Peking Club, from which all Chinese are excluded, the Japanese still remain members in good standing, make regular appearances before tiffin and dinner, shake poker dice to see who will pay for the next round of gimlets."

*Mary Jean Kempner, writing recently from Peking, in Vogue.*

"I believe that other stockholders, like myself, hope that the company [General Motors] will reconsider and will enter genuine collective bargaining negotiations."

*Open letter to General Motors from Ethel B. du Pont, published as an advertisement in the New Republic.*

"The sumptuous J. P. Morgan home at Glen Cove, Long Island, . . . has been leased by the Soviet Government for the next two years as an entertainment and recreation center for members of its purchasing commission."

*New York Times, September 5, 1945.*

"The defects of the Labor Party as it has been known hitherto have been that it has been elderly, timid, conservative, and unduly narrow in its interests . . . the dangers attaching to the new government are not those of red revolution and rashness, but of incompetence and sluggishness."

*The Economist, leading British financial and business magazine, August 4, 1945.*



# MACARTHUR ERA, YEAR ONE

HENRY F. MAY, JR.

Illustrations by Bernard Perlin

**A**MERICANS with orders to Tokyo, no matter how long after the surrender, are likely to crowd the rail when their ship approaches Japan. When the white summit of Fuji comes into sight, looking like any postcard, they remember that this is not just another island with some Japs on it but the place where they all came from. This is where they made those far-too-good planes and those unpleasant little mortars. This is where they raised and trained the men who hung on for months in the Saipan jungles, the men who dived flaming into the decks of carriers. Everybody wonders how the Japanese really act at home, especially to their uninvited guests. And everybody, whatever he has expected, is surprised and mystified by what he finds.

As often as not you land first at Yokosuka, the great naval base on Tokyo Bay. In the harbor you pass one of the two remaining Japanese battleships, rusty, runty, and dilapidated, with American names and home towns scrawled over her side and superstructure. The first Japanese you see are undersized, undernourished navy men in ragged cotton uniforms, busily sweeping the grounds or repairing the buildings of their own former base, now under new management. Opposite the entrance to the navy yard a taxi company greets you with a big sign,

HELLO SIR, PLEASE RIDE CHEERFULLY AROUND YOKOSUKA WITH US. A crowd of bright-eyed little boys swarms around you shouting, "Haro Joe, chocoretto, cigaretto?" Gradually you relax—these people are just like all the rest—in Africa, Europe, the Philippines. That is, they are now.

Nobody understands this overnight change from insane ferocity to the most abject surrender in history. During my duty with the Navy in Japan I visited most of the principal Honshu cities and a great many unoccupied villages. Since I can speak Japanese I took every opportunity of talking to people—shopkeepers, unemployed workers and housewives in the ruined and nearly starving cities, peasants in the unaltered medieval villages, demobilized soldiers, and many others. Everywhere the same puzzling cordiality was the general rule.

In Nagoya a man who lived in a tin hut in the center of miles of ashes asked me in for tea. When our jeep was stuck in a three-foot flood on a back road near Yokkaichi a dozen young men pushed it out, up to their own chests in muddy water. In an unoccupied village a store which still had a few silk kimonos insisted on selling us 1500 yen's worth on credit—just pay us next time you come through the village. Everywhere, as soon as I spoke a few words of Japanese, dirty

*Henry F. May, Jr., has recently returned from Japan where, as a Japanese-speaking lieutenant (j.g.) USNR, he visited many parts of Japan and talked with large numbers of people.*





grinning children would grab both my hands and my coat, asking eagerly what various American insignia meant, where Negroes came from, what the WAC's were for.

Nobody knows whether to accept this apparent friendliness at face value or not. Many soldiers find it distinctly embarrassing. Nobody forgets Pearl Harbor and Bataan; many remember very vividly Okinawa, Iwo, Luzon, Saipan, or the far-off fantastic early days in the Solomons when it was the Japanese who had the planes and ships. In any town over 25,000 (except the almost untouched and lovely cultural capital, Kyoto), acres of devastation remind you that the Japanese can't be expected to love Americans. The bombed areas are efficiently cleaned up—tiles of various sizes stacked in neat piles, hundreds of little garden stone lanterns collected in groups, criss-cross paths running from street to street and vegetable gardens well started between the foundations. They still present the most appalling specimens of complete destruction one can imagine.

At a brief glance, the only difference between Hiroshima and the bombed areas of most cities is that in Hiroshima it took only one bomb.

Many Japanese one talks to admit with a polite, hair-raising laugh that they lost a parent or a child in the fires. Occasionally one runs across an old wartime magazine with cartoons of oversized, long-nosed American barbarians or a newspaper telling how the Japanese women and children on Saipan were massacred. (When these grisly stories were published, Japanese internees in the Marianas had long been farming, electing foremen, and even putting on plays.) Have the Japanese altered their emotions completely in a few months, one wonders, or is the new goodwill propaganda as false as the horror stories?

## II

CERTAINLY such questions can't be answered without years of observation and study. Yet even in a few months in Japan one can begin to pick out certain



shadings in the various types of co-operation offered by our former enemies.

First, a large part of it is clearly official, and clearly phony. Official Japan, altered only very gradually, wants to make a good impression and get off as easily as possible. The innumerable police, always in twos, always in clean, shiny black uniforms with silly-looking little swords, are the most helpful people in Japan—to Americans. If you get lost in the maze of wards, districts, blocks, and meaningless numbers that make Tokyo suburbs impossible except to insiders, the nearest cop will take you to his box-like office—never more than two blocks away—give you the best chair and a cup of tea, and spend an hour going through an encyclopedia-size city directory, trying to find the address you're looking for. You may notice that if a Japanese comes around to ask a question while you are there, he is usually told to go away and not be a nuisance.

The uniformed, strictly-graded railway employees have also been told the rules of the new era. Japanese trains run right on time, and Americans, alone or in groups, on business or pleasure, get special privileges. Trains are almost always full of a shoving, kicking, fighting mob, mostly with children and large wicker bundles. People are still searching for shelter, leaving the cities to buy black-market vegetables, commuting to work from way out beyond the bombed belt. But you seldom have any trouble getting a place. If there isn't a special car for Allied troops, the station-master can always make you comfortable in a mail-car or in the engineer's cab. If necessary, he will clear out a couple of families and get you two double seats. (It is pleasant to see that this kind of courtesy does not impress all Americans as favorably as expected.)

Perhaps the *Nippon Times* (pronounced *Timesu*), English-language organ of the old-style Japanese "liberals," offers the most striking examples of this rather unpleasant and official pro-Americanism. One can find anything in the *Nippon Times* that Americans usually say about the Japanese, except criticism of the Emperor. Democracy, it points out, is too lofty an idea for the Japanese to grasp all at once. But the *Nippon Times* is not alone in its ab-

jectness; most of the Japanese-language press is singing about the same humble tune.

The official "be good to our conquerors" campaign works better in Japan than it would in any other country. Millions of Japanese (though not all) have swallowed so much propaganda that they do not gag at anything. This literal-minded naïveté is perhaps the Japanese trait most annoying to Americans. Right now it is, however, working in our *immediate* interest. Japanese are used to believing what they are told, and now they are being told that Americans are just fine.

A certain type of Japanese student, long famous in funny stories, is literal-minded beyond belief. You can go almost nowhere in Tokyo without being stopped by a skinny, spectacled young man in a threadbare black uniform, stiff collar, and flat square cap. He will say, very slowly and carefully, that he is now studying English and would like to converse with you. From then on he falls back on the copy-book, usually for phrases expressing his admiration for Americans and desire to be of use.

One of these pathetic seekers for international understanding buttonholed me in a packed electric car in Tokyo. He handed me his card, which explained, as Japanese cards will, that he was a second-year student of petroleum engineering at Tokyo Imperial University. As the car rocketed along through the ashes and fallen walls, swaying from side to side, he shouted merrily, "Niigata prefecture, each year, oil production comprise 13 per cent of total Japanese oil production." He beamed, especially at the word "comprise," and then asked me to visit his house.

Thousands of Japanese *gunzoku*, militarized civilians attached to Japan's army and navy, are now chipping paint or unloading boxes in American-run harbors. They will tell you quite seriously that they are now American *gunzoku*. The food and hours are a little better; otherwise it's about the same.

The most pathetic specimen I saw of this literal acceptance of the new era was a fat boy from Sendai who stopped me in a Tokyo street. "Please," he asked, "where



can I find General MacArthur?" He was dressed in carefully cleaned, countrified, civilian clothes, had never been in the city before, and knew no English except the phrases he had memorized for the occasion. These were: "Please take me to the adjutant, American Air Army"; "I have been in Japanese Air Army five year, can fly any type plane very good"; "I would like employment with American Air Transport Service"; and "I will be willing to go to America if no employment for me here."

ANOTHER large part of the present cordiality to Americans, different from the officially-encouraged desire to please but no less suspect, arises from obvious commercial motives. The Japanese, as usual poor but provident, have found a new industry in the American souvenir craze. A lot of the objects most in demand among our soldiers have disappeared; kimonos, for instance, are particularly hard to find because during the war patriotic Japanese women converted their kimonos to hideous, baggy, bloomer-like *momphei*, the official utility wear. But shopkeepers have found that Americans will buy anything at all, as long as it looks Japanese.

Wakanoura, a charming seaside resort on the rocky coast near Wakayama, has served as a liberty town for the U. S. Navy for some time now and is perhaps (by a hair) the most souvenir-conscious town in Japan. Since the houses all have sliding panels facing the streets, they can all be turned into stores, and most of them are. The kids get out in the street, giggling with excitement and shouting "Haro good-bye kimono," tugging at the sleeves of any American who hesitates. Inside the stores women smile eagerly, displaying *sake*-cups, china ornaments, bits of brocade or fake brocade for centerpieces, paper fans, or even old books which none of the customers could read.

This trade is expanded by the fact that a pack of American cigarettes is worth 20 yen almost anywhere, and a bar of chocolate nearly as much. This sort of barter, since it obviously has a disastrous effect on the already imperiled Japanese currency, is strictly prohibited by both Japanese and

American authorities. No prohibition, however, will stand up against the Japanese hunger for cigarettes and the fact that among the occupying troops a man's prestige depends on what he has been able to pick up, whether it is swords, silks, or women.

The prostitution business is, as everybody knows, booming. It is entirely open in many places and offers all grades of merchandise, especially the lowest. Less sinister forms of entertainment are also appearing. Kyoto dancehalls are famous and the recently opened "Oasis of the Ginza Cabalet" in Tokyo is always crowded. I hope the rather pretty little girls employed there are well paid; it can't be pleasant work dancing in open-toed sandals with GI's in field shoes. The Tokyo Symphony, third-rate but ambitious and white-tied, has started concerts and occasionally Allied troops are "especially invited" to hear a recital of standard European songs by a new Japanese soprano.

ANOTHER kind of pro-Americanism, neither officially sponsored nor directly commercial, arises more or less spontaneously from sheer admiration of U. S. power and riches. For a couple of generations America has represented, to the most ambitious and modern-minded Japanese, the ultimate in material progress. This knowledge of American technical superiority never died out, even in the days when it looked as if Japan had all she needed to subdue East Asia.

In any city one is likely to meet Japanese who have lived in America. In Wakayama, for instance, we ran into an attractive Japanese girl in a threadbare tweed jacket who spoke nearly perfect American slang. She had been to the same Los Angeles high school as one of our party and had a wonderful time remembering streets and buildings and mutual acquaintances. She had been foolish enough (as she put it) to come back to Japan in 1940 to get married. Since then she hadn't been able to have any fun at all: they hardly let you speak to a man. Some day, she insisted, she would get back to L.A., with or without her husband, who was a nice guy but Japanese. We asked what there was to see near Wakayama. "Around



here?" she asked incredulously. "This is the deadest town you ever saw. No night life at all."

In a small village near Gifu we stopped to buy some silk and were invited into an inner courtyard, facing a typical Japanese room—straw mats, open sliding doors, and a picture of the Emperor and Empress. Pleased to have got so far off the beaten track, we started bargaining and the usual crowd collected. Among the onlookers was a very tiny, withered, yellow, witch-like old woman in a black robe, carrying a bent stick. She looked like something out of an old Japanese drawing. "I am so glad you have come," she told us in perfectly enunciated English. "I traveled around the States for ten years. Please take me back with you. I am an old woman and I ask you please." We said we couldn't. "Then I will have to stay in Japan for a while. But," she insisted vehemently, "this is a bad country." Finally, betraying her relatives, she advised us not to buy the silk. "Much too expensive."

Such people are, of course, scattered thin, and during the war they were carefully watched. Before the war millions of peasant Japanese had had little or no contact with foreigners. To them, Tokyo was the most modern and impressive metropolis in the world, Japan's industry the greatest, her navy the most powerful. Now, however, everybody can see what Japan was up against.

Evidences of American luxury and surplus are on all sides. Fur-lined coats, good leather shoes on enlisted men, and other articles of our equipment always dazzle village Japanese. Once an old man in a black robe asked permission to watch me eat my K-rations in a temple courtyard at Kamakura. I gave him some cheese, which he had never tasted before, and explained that it was made from milk (always a rare luxury in Japan). He expressed the deepest gratitude and wrapped the cheese carefully in a bit of cloth to show his grandchildren.

Perhaps the most overwhelming display of all is the number and variety of motorized equipment. Trucks of all sorts rumble through city streets and snake around village lanes all day. *Jiibu* is as common in the new Japanese vocabulary

as *souvenir*. A bulldozer knocking down a wall will collect as big a crowd in Osaka as in New York. The Japanese army had such equipment of course, but never in sufficient quality or quantity. Again and again Japanese will comment with disgust on the folly of the leaders who challenged our productive might.

### III

JAPANESE cordiality based on official policy, on literal-minded acceptance of the new propaganda, on commercial motives, or on our display of productive power is of course a very temporary and dubious asset to the United States. It is, in fact, sometimes very reminiscent of the grudging respect paid by Europe, for a short time, to Nazi might, wealth, and efficiency. Yet not all of Japan's present co-operative spirit is of the boot-licking type. In the midst of the present collapse of the Japanese order one sees occasional evidence of a more natural friendliness to Americans. The difference is hard to explain but not hard to see.

One of the strongest influences for a more genuine goodwill has been the conduct of U. S. troops, which seems to have made a far better impression in Japan than it has in Germany. The Japanese, nourished on propaganda and perhaps pricked by conscience, expected slaughter and rape on a Nanking scale. Troops that arrived in Kyoto, for instance, found the stores locked up and women within doors. Gradually the Japanese realized that Americans seldom molested anybody, were kind to children, and were more interested in buying souvenirs than in revenge. Now everything in Kyoto is wide open. In the gorgeous mountain roads of the Hakone region you see American trucks carrying a whole Japanese family, or six giggling girls from a Tokyo factory, who have hitched a ride with sightseeing GI's.

Some critics think that this sort of fraternization makes the Americans look soft and foolish. I did not get that impression from talking to the Japanese. Almost all I met expressed the most fervent admiration for the friendliness of the occupying troops and said that the Japanese had much to learn from such



conduct. Drunken soldiers and officers, a frequent sight, do not make a good impression on this (at home) orderly nation, but I think the average Japanese is more likely to remember the sergeant who gave little Hanako a candy bar.

It is perhaps harder to understand the feelings of GI's who fraternize with such recent enemies. One possible explanation may be that Americans tend—in Asia as in Europe—to give an excessive emphasis to industrial progress and modern know-how in assessing foreign nations. After primitive Leyte or peasant Okinawa, the Osaka subway is an impressive surprise. Again, the Japanese, from whatever motive, are so polite that it is difficult to pick quarrels. But I think a more important factor is simply that the soldiers are fed up with war. Hostility and suspicion are difficult emotions for most Americans to maintain for a long time. Occasionally

you hear somebody say that he still hates all the slant-eyed so-and-sos, but it sounds a little forced when you know that he is going out with one that very night. Wise or unwise, the individual friendliness of GI's is impossible to prevent and it enters definitely into the Japanese reaction to the occupation.

Nisei soldiers give the Japanese perhaps the finest available object-lesson in democracy. In wartime, Japanese papers carried plenty of stories about relocation camps, California mob spirit, and so forth. Yet the Nisei sergeants and new second lieutenants who abound in Japanese city streets have the same luxurious American uniforms as the other troops; they are 50 pounds heavier than most homeland Japanese and glow with good health. Above all, they are obviously on the best possible terms with American soldiers of other racial origins. Some Nisei have located





parents or grandparents in Japanese villages and are overwhelming the old people with presents and tours of the Tokyo sights. These Nisei seem to many Japanese a sufficient proof that America means what she says about democracy and that the newspaper stories about discrimination in the U. S. must have been part of the same old lying propaganda.

#### IV

A **S**OUNDER basis for co-operation than any reaction to the present occupation is, of course, the residue of liberal and pro-Western sentiment that managed to survive a long and intense persecution by the Japanese authorities. This anti-militarist opposition has been more or less underground since about 1930 and completely powerless in recent years. It is a tricky job even for Japan specialists to estimate its size and power, but certainly one sees around Tokyo a good deal of evidence of political revival—posters advertising mass-meetings for liberated political prisoners, denouncing the venal press, and announcing organization meetings for every kind of political party from conservative business-backed reform groups to Communists; and everyone who speaks Japanese runs into plenty of people who express a long-standing, apparently genuine distaste for things as they were.

In Nagoya an extremely short citizen (he had been rejected for the Japanese army because of his size!) offered to show me around the ruins of the castle, reduced to ashes by our bombers. When he talked about the raids—in which his own house had been destroyed—Mr. Nakamura became intense and angry, not at the Americans but at the former government. He did not know much about politics, he admitted, but he knew enough to realize that the government had told the Japanese people nothing but lies. The war should have ended years ago—it should never have been started. Only the rich had profited from it; the rest of the people had lived in increasingly desperate conditions. The best thing Mr. Nakamura had ever read in the papers was the recent announcement that *Ma Gensui* (Marshal Ma, short for MacArthur), was going to

break up the Zaibatsu monopolies. Whether it would actually be successful or not, Japanese newspapers had never been allowed to print anything like *that* before.

Then there was young Sano. The Sanos were a formerly well-to-do family who lived in a handsome summer house on the hill above Wakanoura. Young Sano had recently finished a postgraduate course in labor economics at Tokyo Imperial University. Since neither industry nor government nor education offered much future at the moment, he was sitting at home. Because he was not well and tended to brood a little, his parents were overjoyed to have visits from Americans who would talk to him about the things that interested him. They could offer me only sweet potato and tea, but this was offered with a dignified, natural ceremoniousness that contrasted vividly with the grinning-hissing politeness of the occupation profiteers.

Sano was a Methodist and tended toward Christian socialism. Both Christianity and socialism, he said, had stayed alive among students and teachers at the university. Both had been objects of considerable petty persecution and police surveillance, though neither was officially outlawed. Sano was convinced that Christian morality was necessary for the Japanese, whom he described as an essentially moral people with an unpredictably savage and crazy side. (The recent newspaper revelations about Philippine atrocities had a considerable impact on Japan.) Socialism he thought of as an inevitable development in view of Japan's well-disciplined society and lack of *laissez-faire* tradition, the current disgrace and failure of Japanese capitalism, and Japan's growing poverty in goods and resources, which rendered her unable to afford the luxury of competition. When I asked about the Emperor, Sano said that his Imperial Majesty (he used the full title with an ironical smile) was apparently emotionally necessary *as yet* to many of the people. When I left Sano insisted on giving me several books on Japanese economic history and expressed his delight that he could again talk freely with Westerners, a pleasure he had not had for a long time.



I do not mean to give the impression that the occupation is received with hundred-per-cent welcome and co-operation. Many Americans who stay some time report a few unpleasant experiences. Nobody denies that there are plenty of Japanese who dislike us, and a few who still show it. (No serviceman I know, however, has the general impression of hostility which a few reporters have described.) In Kyoto I saw a Japanese lieutenant general driven up to the station by a uniformed soldier. When the general, complete with iron-gray mustaches and polished boots, entered the station the station officials bowed, but the American railway transportation officer told them that the only transportation available for the ex-general was third class. The general looked as if he felt about the occupation much as Southerners felt about Sherman. In any Japanese city one is likely occasionally to find a man of military age who pretends not to see or hear you when you ask directions. But such entirely unreconstructed types seem to be in a very small minority. For the present, at least, they are an entirely powerless and unpopular minority.

The overwhelming impression left by a few months in postwar Japan is that of a country pliable to an extent unparalleled in history. After her increasingly suicidal ten years of war, Japan is emotionally exhausted. When you ask Japanese, aside from the most articulate groups, what they think about the future of Japan, they usually have little to suggest. They are concerned about food, conscious that something has been radically wrong with their society for a long time, and willing to obey MacArthur's directives, in which they hope to find democratic guidance.

Some of this docility is undoubtedly phony, based on fear, the bandwagon spirit, or the kind of self-interest that produces collaborationists. A very small but solid part of it rests on the Western progressivism of a persecuted minority. Most of it is, I think, the product of sheer shock.

The whole structure of traditional Japanese ideas has crumbled about the heads of the Japanese. Their invincible army is non-existent, their painfully built-up industry destroyed, and their inviolable country invaded. Still more shatteringly, they find themselves accepting the conquest meekly. The behavior of the conquerors is much better than they had expected. Most of what they had been taught to believe, in fact, has been proved false. What can the Japanese hope, therefore, except that a way out of their problems will be shown by the conquerors?

The upshot is that this shattered, starving country of 80 million energetic people is, at the moment, our problem, whether we like it or not, and we can follow any policy we see fit.

There are plenty of intelligent, Westernized Japanese officials willing to run Japan for us and flatter us very pleasantly while they are doing it. Whether their management in our interest would survive the first-class famine that seems imminent to many (a Japanese cabinet minister estimated 10 million deaths) is doubtful. It is also uncertain what these smooth operators would do when the troops are withdrawn.

The other alternative is the emergence of a Japan run by the Japanese majority that has never tasted the advantages of Westernization. The people who live in the miles of slums around Tokyo or in medieval villages as different from Osaka as they are from Detroit have known for a long time that something has been wrong. They have now been given a glimpse of a quite different standard of living and way of life. They themselves must undertake the phenomenally difficult tasks of housecleaning and reconstruction. Encouraging them in these tasks will call for the utmost intelligence and patience on the part of the occupying authorities, and the road will be a rough one at best. But when these people are running Japan they will be more interested, I think, in a better water supply and a lower tuberculosis rate than in the conquest of Asia.



# THE SCANDAL OF OUR TRAFFIC COURTS

MYRON STEARNS

**E**ACH year four and a half million Americans are handed a ticket to traffic court. It may be merely for illegal parking; it may be for hit-run bolting, panic-stricken, after killing a pedestrian. When complainants, witnesses, and others having to attend court are included, the number is swelled to more than seven million. For the majority of them it is their first direct contact with the law; for a considerable proportion of them it is their only contact.

That in itself should make the conditions in our traffic courts a matter for national concern. For while it is true that abuses in other departments of the law may be more likely to result in grave injustices to individuals, the only solid basis for justice is popular respect for our legal institutions; and if millions of Americans derive their first and only direct impressions of American justice from their contact with the traffic courts, the performance of those courts is a matter of pervasive significance.

Beyond this, there is the immediate effect of traffic court procedure on highway safety. The killing of thirty or forty thousand people annually in automobile accidents, the permanent crippling of nearly three times that many, and the injuring of a million others, is no trifling matter. Yet the preventive values of good highway

administration, sound traffic regulation, even the efforts of well-trained traffic policemen and state troopers, can all be nullified by indifference or incompetence in the courts that back them up, to which good and bad drivers alike must go to plead their case and receive sentence.

**T**HE fact is that high-speed traffic, with its crowded streets and millions of drivers, has taken the law by surprise. Traffic courts have grown up like guttersnipes, developing techniques of expediency. They represent the weakest, as well as the most out-of-date, link in our administration of justice. For example:

A man stepped from between two parked cars on a city street to be struck and killed by a passing automobile.

The opinion of those who saw the accident was that the driver might have avoided the fatality if he had not been going so fast. The accident occurred in a 25-mile-an-hour zone. The driver was arrested and charged with manslaughter.

Officers of the Accident Investigation Squad testified at the trial that they had measured the clearly shown skid-marks of the death car from the point at which the driver applied his brakes: the wheels had slid, on dry pavement, 73½ feet before the machine came to a stop. They said this proved that the machine had been travel-

*Myron Stearns, who has been contributing to Harper's since 1930, is connected with the Automotive Safety Foundation, whose studies he has utilized in writing this article.*



ing at least 39 miles an hour. One eyewitness estimated that the car was making 40 or 45 miles an hour when the victim stepped in its path.

But the defense produced three witnesses who were unwilling to swear that the car was going more than 25 miles an hour. So the driver was acquitted. The judge followed traditional "weight-of-evidence" procedure, relying on three eyewitnesses to overthrow the testimony of one, and disregarding entirely the measurements and conclusions of experts—just as, a few decades ago, the doubtful statement of a witness that "this is not the man" used to be accepted against the evidence of the man's own fingerprints.

The speeder went on his way, unpunished, except for inconvenience and possibly his conscience; others in the court witnessed another miscarriage of justice.

This obsolescence of judicial procedure is, however, only a starting point for a tour of the traffic courts.

## II

TAKE the matter of cleanliness which, because first impressions are lasting, is important. "The halls of justice are a hallowed place," we read—but the halls to which traffic offenders are haled are often slovenly in the extreme.

One typical courtroom is in the basement of a building that houses the city jail. Its grime has accumulated over many years. Ventilation is bad; smells are overpowering. A big cash-register stands in front of the bar of justice. Motorcycle poppings and bangs from the adjacent police garage make it necessary to conduct court proceedings in shouts. Trucks climbing a grade outside the barred basement windows add to the din.

No section of the country is free of such courts. There are both decent and indecent courtrooms in almost every state. One of Minnesota's Twin Cities tries its traffic law violators in a very good courtroom, and a few miles away the other municipal twin tries its offenders in a very bad one.

One dingy Chicago courtroom has taken in more than \$500,000 in traffic fines during the past ten years; the only improvement in the court surroundings has

been to put in a \$300 cashier's cage.

In many courts the unfavorable impression created by such conditions is augmented by a general lack of decorum. Court clerks sit around with their coats off, munching or chewing gum or tobacco. The judge arrives late. He is obviously anxious to get through as quickly as possible. He speaks abruptly and cuts off defendants before they have an opportunity to speak. A number of hangers-on may be lounging over the bench; perhaps one leans on the back of the judge's chair. The judge frequently listens to him instead of to the defendant; occasionally he picks up the telephone for a conversation unconnected with the business at hand.

When a motorist is apprehended for a minor offense after hours, or when the court which handled traffic cases is sitting elsewhere, he is out of luck. Drivers are summoned to appear at 9 A.M.; they wait until 10:30 before the judge arrives. Then they may have to watch a succession of hobos, drunks, and fighting spouses arraigned before their case is called. A public-spirited witness, on hand to give thirty seconds of testimony, may be compelled to wait in court an entire day, and then return the next morning.

In four cities out of every ten no distinction is made between traffic cases and any others. A woman who has inadvertently parked her car in a loading zone may have to wait in court nearly all day while the judge takes up in order (a) jail cases of the night before—drunks, prostitutes, knife-wielders; (b) continued cases; and (c) whatever happens to come next, which may be a long-drawn-out assault case.

Other traffic offenders never see a judge at all. They simply line up at the cash register of a "cafeteria court," groan, pay their fine without even daring to say "not guilty"—and hurry away, thankful to get outdoors again.

In one Michigan traffic-violation bureau everyone summoned for that day has to come to a single big counter. Numbers are passed out by the clerks on duty, after the manner of hat-check girls—first come, first served. With traffic offenders lined up three deep, there is almost a free-for-all fight to see who can get the low numbers



first handed out. Losers may have to wait until afternoon before their case is called.

Experience has proved that a competent traffic judge can hear about fifteen non-accident cases an hour; justice, where the average runs below four minutes to a case, is out of the question. But an Indianapolis judge is known to run traffic cases through at the rate of less than two minutes apiece. A judge in another state prides himself on disposing of 600 traffic violations a day. One New York judge has "tried" 967 cases in three hours; the New York record is 1,016 in two and a half hours.

A Detroit traffic judge has the informal habit of frequently leaving the bench during the examination of witnesses. He comes back out of his chambers in time to decide the case.

Presiding over a municipal court in an up-state New York city is an exhibitionist who, when he feels the urge to put on his act, questions the alleged traffic-law violator before him until he gets an answer to which he can—reasonably or unreasonably—take exception. Then he flies into a synthetic rage, snatches off his spectacles, hurls them under the spectators' seats in front of the bench, and imposes a heavy fine. After the victim has gone his way a courtroom attendant retrieves the spectacles—which are made of unbreakable glass.

In Alabama there is a playful judge who amuses himself by letting Negro traffic offenders roll dice to see how many dollars they will be fined, or to how many days in jail he will sentence them.

### III

SUCH exhibitions clearly win no respect for law. But a traffic court system which deliberately encourages defendants who think themselves innocent to plead guilty to save money or time, or because they don't expect a fair trial, is even worse. It is certain to arouse resentment; it spreads contempt for the administration of justice. Yet at least one court clerk lines up traffic defendants and says: "What'll it be, guilty or not guilty? It will cost you five if you say guilty, and the judge'll soak you ten if you say not guilty."

Being fined, and forced to pay, without even appearing in court or having a proper hearing, is common. The simplest form of this abuse is to make an out-of-town defendant post a \$10 or \$20 or \$50 cash bond for an appearance that he is not expected to make. If he lives some distance away, he must either forfeit the bond or make a lengthy and perhaps highly inconvenient return trip. So he forfeits the bond, submitting to legalized blackmail.

Another notoriously unjust practice is that of assessing high costs in addition to the fine—particularly in jurisdictions where the fee system prevails. Added to a \$5 fine there may be a \$5 charge for the arresting officer's appearance, a \$5 prosecutor's fee, a \$2.50 process fee, and possibly a justice's fee of as much as \$7.50; in all, \$20 on top of the original \$5.

Such court costs often bear no relation either to the seriousness of the offense or to the actual costs of court operation. In two states the situation has become so bad that police refuse to take violators to certain courts because they know that the costs assessed will be entirely disproportionate to the seriousness of the violations.

EVERY bit as bad is a traffic court system which through laxity or political favoritism permits widespread ticket fixing. It makes the public doubt the honesty of our entire judicial system—as did a third of the people interviewed for a Gallup poll in a populous section of the country.

In approximately half of our cities ticket fixing is commonplace. It has developed a great contempt-for-the-law group of persons that has come into existence somewhere between gangdom and the bulk of law-abiding citizens. In many cities the abuse is so prevalent that nearly half the traffic violators never show up in court at all. It varies greatly, in particular jurisdictions, from year to year, drying up under "reform" administrations and creeping back again later.

In Chicago, during the middle thirties, approximately 285,000 traffic offenders a year were able to escape fines or arraignment, through political influence. Another 150,000 warrants for arrest after violators had failed to show up in court were con-



veniently "lost." New York City had an almost equally bad record.

In one Midwest traffic court, clerks are accustomed to carry out one or more wastebaskets filled with fixed tickets at the end of each day.

There are many ways in which the "fix" can be arranged. One simple method is to change the date for the hearing without notifying the arresting officer or state witness, so that no legal case can be made out when the defendant appears.

Many jurisdictions permit certain key officials—sometimes as many as five or six—to cancel a ticket which they consider improperly given. In theory, such a summons would never have been given at all if the arresting officer had known the true circumstances. In practice, it permits an exceedingly simple "fix."

One man was fined \$50 for driving without a license. It was an aggravated case. The record showed his license had been revoked. After the open session of court was adjourned, sentence was suspended. He simply didn't have to pay the \$50. The court docket showed the same defendant had paid an average fine of \$1.75 for each of twelve previous offenses.

In many large-city systems various clerks handle the papers, without the necessity of making copies for all the officers concerned. This allows changes, through erasures, marking over, omissions, even replacement of the entire complaint. When the defendant appears—if he still has to appear at all—he can safely enter a plea of not guilty, confident that no case will be made out against him. He may not be the man named in the complaint, or find that he is charged with improper parking (of which he was not guilty) instead of reckless driving (of which he was). The whole thing is simply a mistake!

Far more arrests are made for drunken driving, all over the country, than are shown in the record of acquittals or convictions. The discrepancy represents reduced charges: instead of "Operating a car while under the influence of liquor," the accusation has become, perhaps, "Exceeding the speed limit."

One startling case was that of a defendant who had crashed into a car—two

people killed, two injured. When he was brought into court he was charged only with running past a boulevard stop sign.

SIMILAR to the "fix" in bringing law into disrespect are the cases where blame-worthy defendants are allowed to go scot-free because traffic court judges are unwilling to risk unpopularity by meting out just punishment. In two-thirds of all fatal highway accidents one or more drivers violate traffic laws. Yet case histories of 905 of these drivers show that, through ordinary traffic-court procedure, only 28 were jailed and only 95 even paid fines. Seven hundred and eighty-two—85 per cent of those who actually killed other people—were not penalized in any way.

In rural districts conditions are different, but from the standpoint of encouraging respect for law, often still worse. Through the development of the automobile, the country justice of the peace has become an important trial judge without prescribed qualifications (except residence) and with little public interest in his election. In thirty-seven states at least some traffic cases, and in the majority of states most traffic cases, are tried by these country justices. Yet almost anyone, regardless of ability, fitness, or availability, can be elected a justice. Many are hardly literate.

Of 602 of them—chosen at random—investigated in a single state, only one-quarter had had any legal experience. One in five did not even possess copies of the traffic laws he was administering. In one instance a dog had been given a plausible name by a group of local jokers, and elected justice of the peace. In another case the same thing had been done with a horse.

The general condition of justice's courts varies from poor to disgraceful. Trials have been held on public roads, in a general store, in a hay field, in a cow barn, at a gasoline station. In New Jersey one justice is proprietor of the local ice cream parlor. On hot days he postpones convening court as long as possible, so that traffic offenders, whiling away the waiting time, can consume quantities of ice cream. One Maine justice has been found to impose the following average fines:



For passing on curves. . . . .	\$ 4.52
For the possession of short fish. . . . .	10.78
For inadequate brakes. . . . .	5.32
For the illegal possession of a fur animal. . . . .	18.51
For leaving the scene of a serious accident (hit-run driving). . . . .	15.20
For the use of illegal fish-nets. . . . .	44.44

Most country justices operate on the fee system, which in nine cases out of ten pays the judge less than his time is worth. But in cases (and there are many) where it is abused, it degrades the law for a fat profit. One Eastern justice has estimated his earnings at \$2,800 a month during the "travel season." Another has been known to take in \$4,553 from a single traffic light in a little more than a year's time. A Utah justice spends many nights cruising the countryside with an officer, arresting alleged violators and collecting fines from them on the spot.

In a Midwest town a motor cop hauled a motorist to a small courtroom that was empty. "Wait here a minute," he said. Then he slipped out, changed his coat and came back to take his seat on the bench.

"All right!" he announced. "How do you plead—guilty or not guilty?"

#### IV

SUCH degradations of our legal machinery have, naturally, not gone unnoticed. Early in 1939 a conference at Northwestern University, attended by an influential group of men interested in the betterment of our judicial system, formed a National Committee on Traffic Law Enforcement, with Arthur T. Vanderbilt, former president of the American Bar Association, as its chairman. For it the Automotive Safety Foundation of Washington, interested in the reduction of traffic accidents, financed a three-year, nationwide study of traffic courts. From this study the conditions described in this article—and enough more to fill a 280-page book—were uncovered. Since then the National Safety Council and the Junior Bar Conference of the American Bar Association have helped set up traffic court committees in every state, and state conferences have been followed by local conferences in smaller areas.

This well-organized effort to better conditions has fortunately been able to take

advantage of many individual instances of isolated improvement, often brought about through the crusading of a single local leader.

In Texas an ordinary run-of-the-range Texan named Carl J. Rutland became interested in the handling of cases involving drunken drivers. In one county, up to that time, out of 198 drunks taken from drivers' seats only two had been punished. As a result of his efforts a "drunk-meter," that tests the amount of alcohol exhaled from the lungs, was installed halfway between Fort Worth and Dallas, on a heavily traveled, 35-mile highway lined with 64 liquor dispensaries. Traffic courts began handing out jail sentences on the evidence the meter afforded. Deaths on this stretch of road fell, in a single year, from 37 to two.

In Chicago Judge John Gutknecht headed a special court for speeders. It came into existence at the very spot that had formerly been a speeder's paradise, with less than 50 of each thousand drivers tagged by motor cops even bothering to come to court.

Judge Gutknecht's first step was to eliminate the "fix." When speeders began to fill the previously deserted courtroom, he installed a loudspeaker system. Thus his court became a safety school as well.

"I was going 65, but it was after 1 A.M., and no traffic," said a typical defendant.

"Last year 4,740 Americans were killed between the hours of 1 and 6 A.M., when supposedly there was no traffic," replied Judge Gutknecht. "License suspended."

When he came up for re-election, Gutknecht, instead of being crushed by the hundred thousand or more drivers he had punished, defeated his nearest opponent by 200,000. He had rediscovered the forgotten principle that one of the biggest favors you can do any man is to give him the assurance of even-handed justice.

Still, however, no more than a beginning has been made on the vast task of overhauling the traffic courts. Until the average American knows more about them and realizes how corrosive is their effect on the administration of justice, improvement of these latest-born and too long neglected courts will be slow.



# COLONIAL REPORT

## Two First-Hand Observations

### I. *How the Trouble Began in Java*

FREDERICK E. CROCKETT

A MONTH after the capitulation of Japan, the cruiser HMS *Cumberland* dropped anchor in Batavia harbor. The date was September 15, 1945. Aboard was the first postwar Allied Military Mission to Java, totaling in all no more than fifty persons, military and civilian.

The mission was headed by Admiral W. R. Patterson, RN, deputy to Lord Louis Mountbatten, Supreme Allied Commander of Southeast Asia. Patterson's job was to negotiate with the Japanese for the carrying out of the surrender terms, and to disarm the Japanese as soon as adequate British military strength arrived.

Dr. Charles van der Plas represented the Netherlands as deputy lieutenant governor-general and chief of NICA, the Netherlands Indies Civil Administration, organized to administer the colony.

I, an Army major, with a junior officer and one enlisted man, made up the U. S. military mission. I was responsible to the British commander and my authority was carefully defined. I had no command function; my job was to see to the release

and repatriation of American personnel.

None of us knew exactly what we would find in Java. With the capitulation of the Netherlands East Indies in March 1942, news and intelligence from that part of the world had dried to a mere trickle. We knew that a Dr. Soekarno, with the blessing of the Japanese in the frenzied days before the surrender, had assumed the presidency of a newly-formed Indonesian republic, but we did not know Soekarno's strength or how much popular support he had.

Soekarno and his vice president, Mohammed Hatta, were not strangers to the Dutch. Hatta had been exiled and Soekarno jailed for inciting Indonesians to street riots against Dutch imperialism long before the beginning of the war.

It was obvious when we stepped ashore that the Indonesians did not know quite what to expect either.

On public buildings, fences, street cars, houses—wherever there was space—were painted familiar legends: "Government of the people, by the people, for the people" and "Life, liberty, and the pursuit of

*This article is a first-hand report by Major Crockett, who was head of the U. S. military mission in Java, written in collaboration with James McConnaughey, formerly of the Office of War Information.*



happiness." These and other excerpts from the Gettysburg Address and the Declaration of Independence were all printed in English, and gave clear indication of something that was immediately confirmed: the Indonesians had expected the Americans—not the English or Dutch—to be the liberating forces.

They could not understand, in fact, why the English and Dutch were coming in at all, since everybody knew that it was the Americans who had defeated the Japanese.

The make-up of the Allied mission, which smelled suspiciously of a return to the old order, was a disappointment to the Indonesians, but they accepted it with equanimity and awaited results.

THE developments were slow in coming. The Allied representatives had landed, but nothing was changed—at least on the surface. The Japanese, fully armed, continued to patrol the peaceful streets. As a measure of safety against the "liberated" Indonesians, all Allied personnel were directed never to leave the hotel without an escort of *Kempeitai* police, the nearest Japanese equivalent of the German Gestapo. These Japanese could and did further restrict the movement of their conquerors simply by stating that they could not be held accountable if Allied personnel entered certain "unsafe" areas. Obviously, this gave the Japanese a subtle opportunity for mischief-making, if they chose to take it.

Within a few days it became apparent to the Indonesians that the Dutch had neither an adequate operating plan or staff to take over the civil administration of the island. And shortly an astonishing thing happened: the functions of government passed quietly and without interruption of public utilities and other services, not to the NICA organization but to Dr. Soekarno's Indonesian Nationalists. How much Japanese connivance there was behind this maneuver is anybody's guess; in any event, Soekarno's Nationalists became the *de facto* government almost by default.

But the Japanese were still responsible for the peace.

On September 22, Soekarno called a mass meeting of his followers in Batavia's

public square. The chief of the Japanese military police sent a message to Admiral Patterson (as military commander of the area) that the meeting might touch off a major uprising, and asked for Patterson's instructions. Admiral Patterson ordered the Japs to forbid the meeting. This might be even more dangerous, the Japanese replied. In that case, Patterson said, he would hold the Japanese responsible for seeing that the meeting was conducted in an orderly fashion, and that nothing was said or done to jeopardize the Allied position.

Soekarno, intercepted on his way to the rostrum, told the Japanese that he intended to speak for only four minutes. He would say simply that the Indonesians were united in their desire for independence, but that he wanted no violence or bloodshed.

The speech, and the meeting, came off as scheduled, in a completely orderly fashion. That night, the British estimate of the situation was: "We have a naughty, illegitimate child here. But we have rocked the cradle and now that naughty child sleeps soundly."

Except for scattered incidents against Japanese soldiers (reported only by the Japanese), the child was, in all truth, sleeping soundly. Presently it was to start brawling. For converging on Java were the elements of trouble in the form of British and Dutch troop-carrying planes and ships, and an American Victory ship loaded with lend-lease supplies.

SHORTLY before the arrival of these troops, a group of British and American correspondents reached Java and obtained a press conference with Soekarno.

The questions put to the Nationalist leader were pertinent and blunt. On the question of his collaboration with the Japanese, Soekarno stated candidly that for three hundred years the Indonesians had been under the domination of one foreign power or another; that by 1942 conditions under the Dutch had become intolerable and that a change—any change—was welcome. He added that very soon after the Japanese had taken over, it became clear that they were no improvement on the Dutch, and that now the



Indonesians were just as eager to get rid of the Japanese as they had been the Dutch.

"What about arbitration?" one of the correspondents asked. "Would you meet with Dr. van der Plas to discuss it?"

"No," Soekarno said. "I do not consider the Dutch or their promises any longer trustworthy."

"Would you meet with General Christison?" (the British supreme commander then on his way to replace Admiral Paterson).

"Yes, I would be very happy to," Soekarno said. "But General Christison, in his broadcast yesterday, made it clear that he was coming up here on a purely military mission, and would not concern himself with political matters."

Another correspondent asked him, "What did you mean, Dr. Soekarno, when you broadcast six months ago that you, personally, would drive the British and Americans back into the sea if they tried to invade Java?"

Blandly, Soekarno replied: "The broadcast was prepared by the Japanese. There was nothing I could do about it."

"What was your attitude toward Allied fliers forced down over Java?"

"I wasn't able to take care of them. I had no underground organization, no way of acting."

The correspondent took the occasion to point out that there were underground organizations in Thailand, in Malaya, France, Norway, Holland, and other occupied countries which had aided the Allies, and that in these countries, people who had acted as Soekarno had were now being tried for their lives. Soekarno spread his hands and shrugged.

I met Soekarno for the first time at the press conference. At its completion, I told him that the American headquarters were neutral, and that he as well as anybody else could call on us whenever he had any problems to discuss. I also told him that I had no authority to act, that he was to consider me merely as "blotting paper," willing to listen to and absorb anything he had to say.

Soekarno called within twenty-four hours and continued to call, or send one of his cabinet, almost daily until the end of my stay. On his first visit he wanted to

know if I realized how serious the situation was becoming. I asked him to explain. He was particularly disturbed because the Japanese had disarmed the native field police, who in Soekarno's opinion were the only force capable of maintaining order throughout the island.

I again explained to him that I was there in a severely limited capacity, responsible to the British command, and suggested he go to the British about the matter. He implied that he would.

It was at this time that the advance echelons of Christison's forces—British and Indian troops—and small elements of Dutch and Ambonese troops began to arrive. Almost at once, the atmosphere began to change, the tension to increase.

On October 3, General van Oyen arrived and took over as commanding general of the Dutch forces.

GENERAL VAN OYEN set up his headquarters next to ours on Oranje Boulevard. At all times, Ambonese and Dutch troops, armed with machine guns and automatic rifles, guarded the entrance and grounds of the Dutch headquarters, their weapons not at parade rest but at the alert. At the American headquarters there were no guards.

Concurrent with General van Oyen's arrival there began to appear in the streets roving patrols of trigger-happy Dutch and Ambonese soldiers. They shot at anything that looked suspicious, and when hunting was poor, they were not above forcing an Indonesian house and dragging off, without charges or warrants, some or all of the inhabitants.

The trucks they used were American and prominently marked with the USA insignia.

They were shipped in on the *Canton Victory*, which was originally destined for a war theater and was diverted to Java when the Japanese surrender came because it was loaded with medical supplies, food, and clothing. The entire cargo of 14,000 tons had been turned over to NICA, the proper agency to receive it. How it happened that these trucks got into the hands of the Dutch army I had not yet learned.

Unable to make official protest, I nevertheless went to the British about the mat-



ter and asked if they realized what misuse was being made of the trucks. They didn't know anything about it, they informed me, but casually suggested they might look into it. The Dutch were equally unconcerned. I of course sent the intelligence to my own higher command. (The insignia were later removed.)

The "incidents" increased. The Nationalists were instructed that any outbreaks on their part would be severely dealt with by the occupying forces. In order to prevent further trouble, Soekarno ordered all Indonesians off the streets of Batavia at dark. By eight o'clock, the streets were empty except for the roving Dutch patrols. It was an impressive demonstration of Soekarno's control over his people.

Nevertheless, Soekarno's representatives reported to me almost daily instances of Dutch patrols breaking into houses and carting off victims.

On the morning of October 9, at the urgent request of Soekarno, I received him along with Dr. Hatta (who wrote the constitution for the republic and is generally considered the brains behind Soekarno); Dr. Soebardjo, then foreign minister; Dr. Sjarifoedin, minister of information, and Mrs. Diah, interpreter and secretary to Soebardjo.

Soebardjo and Hatta did most of the talking.

Uppermost on their minds was their conviction that the British were in close collaboration with the Dutch and were setting the stage for a return of Dutch rule backed by military force.

"What we would like to know," Hatta said, "is whether the United States is prepared to do anything about this."

I answered that I had no information as to the official U. S. attitude toward the problem.

"But do you, personally, Major Crockett, think it is fair of the Dutch and British to continue to expect no resistance from our people when we have been provoked almost beyond endurance by their tactics?"

That question I parried as best I could.

They then asked me what hope they could expect for the settlement of their conflict by the United Nations Organization. To this I replied that I knew only the

broad outlines of the charter, but I was under the impression that there was machinery to settle this kind of dispute.

Next they wanted to know how they could get their side of the story into the world press, since they felt that the British and Dutch stories were all that were being reported. I could only suggest press releases to the correspondents on the spot.

On the subject of the American trucks, I was asked specifically if the United States was using this device to show their sympathy with the Dutch position.

I explained what I knew about the trucks and reminded them again that I could not give orders to the British or Dutch; that those would have to come from my high command.

"I understand your point, Major Crockett," Soekarno said, "but how can I explain that to my people?"

Soekarno went on to say that while he had control of his people at present (he cited as proof the observance of his order to keep off the streets at night), this obedience would not continue indefinitely.

"Unless I and my party get a voice in the government, or some recognition, I will lose face with my people and they will no longer respect my authority. Believe me, Major Crockett, I know my people, and the term 'running amok' can become a reality under such circumstances. It is well to remember that in concentration camps and prison camps throughout Java, there are 50,000 Dutch and British people whose safety I should like to guarantee."

I had occasion to talk for a few minutes after the meeting with Soebardjo. "Just what do you want, Dr. Soebardjo?" I asked him. "Do you and your people fully understand independence and its responsibilities, and do you think you are prepared to administer the country as a republic?"

With only a little hesitation, he said: "What is best for Java is almost surely what your country has done for the Philippines—an assurance of a future independence, with a date set, and a program for arriving at that independence."

"You would accept such a program from the Dutch?"

"Only if the Dutch were policed, or held accountable to America or the United



Nations. Some power that could guarantee that the provisions of the agreement would be carried out. We have no faith in Dutch promises."

Two hours after our meeting, an "incident" occurred at our front door. We were returning to our headquarters from lunch and happened to notice a jalopy puttering out toward the square from the alley between our house and General van Oyen's. The car backfired. Instantly every armed guard in van Oyen's yard opened fire, spraying the car and its four Indonesian occupants with machine gun and automatic rifle fire. The driver was killed instantly and the car turned slowly into a tree at the edge of our yard. Even after it had stalled against the tree, slugs were poured into it. Another occupant died the next morning; the remaining two were miraculously uninjured.

A lieutenant from the British garrison across the square appeared almost at once.

"What in hell do you think you're doing?" he demanded of the Dutch colonel in charge. The colonel explained that a shot had been fired from the car. It was soon established that it was not a shot, that the car had backfired. There were no weapons in the car. The lieutenant insisted, with considerable heat, that the guards hold their weapons at parade rest thereafter. While he was on the scene, the guards did so. When he disappeared, the weapons were returned to the alert position.

Later that afternoon Soekarno addressed an open letter to the British commander. It was an eloquent document, written in flawless prose and carefully thought out.

It traced the effect of colonial rule for three hundred years which, among other things, had left Java with the lowest literacy rate in the world. It called NICA an instrument of prewar colonial rule. It reiterated the Nationalist desire for independence and pointed to the United States' treatment of the Philippines as a pattern for achieving it. In conclusion, Soekarno said that the Nationalists felt that the British were promoting the cause of the Dutch and safeguarding their interests until the Dutch could land troops in

sufficient strength to enforce their will. He asked specifically that all Dutch troops in Java be rounded up and deported as quickly as possible, and that other Dutch troops then en route be turned back. Otherwise it would be impossible to arrive at a basis for discussing a solution or compromise. Unless these main points were acted upon, Soekarno stated, he could no longer be responsible for the acts of his people.

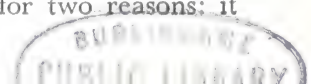
ON OCTOBER 11, I returned to my base to report.

As the plane carrying me toward Ceylon lifted over the green hills and rice paddies of Java, I thought I could predict the future without resorting to a crystal ball. The pattern was inevitable, waiting only the actual events which would give it final form.

It seemed clear to me from what I had seen that the Dutch, in view of Britain's political non-interference pronouncement, would try and were trying to involve the British inextricably by provoking unrest among the native population. I could see no other reasonable explanation for the brutal conduct of the Dutch patrols. What they would gain by such tactics was obvious: they would keep the British too busy to disarm the Japanese (which was their primary reason for being there) and they would force the British to commit more and more troops to the area, which would inevitably mean more and more involvement.

If the Dutch intended to maintain the prewar status quo, they had every reason to prolong British involvement. For what the Dutch needed was time. Their prestige was at an all-time low. When Dutch troops (with the exception of scattered units and the Ambonese regiments) offered completely ineffectual resistance to the Japanese in 1942, they lost the last traces of the Indonesians' respect for them as overlords. The Indonesians reasoned that if the Dutch were worthless as protectors, what good were they? The Japanese were careful to nurture this lack of respect. Their propaganda slogan, "Asia for the Asiatics," fell on hypersensitive ears.

Time was essential for two reasons: it





worked for the Dutch and against the Indonesians. The Dutch needed time to train and ship their own troops from Holland, Australia, and the United States. And no matter how determined the Indonesians were for independence, in time their movement would collapse from exhaustion. Pointed spears and a few Japanese weapons were no match for mechanized British troops in a prolonged struggle.

Signs of the inevitable began to appear before I had cleared the island. The British ordered the Japanese to retake the city of Bandung, seventy-five miles southeast of Batavia, from the Nationals. The disarming of the Japanese was thus moved still farther into the future, and the involvement of the British in a situation not of their own choosing or liking was more certainly extended.

With the Indonesians refusing to negotiate with the Dutch, who had the political power; and with the British, who had the

military power, refusing at first to interfere politically, the situation could obviously go nowhere except from bad to worse. This was ironically underscored later when hints of a desire to mediate, dropped first by van der Plas and later by his successor, van Mook, were repudiated at The Hague by Logemann, Minister for overseas territories.

Without mediation, there is usually violence. One Javanese town was wiped off the map. When that didn't produce the desired results, the British tried again with another town. Presumably, the process could go on endlessly.

The peoples of Southeast Asia are now looking to the United States—and to the United Nations Organization. The chips are down. What they are waiting to find out is: were the lofty pronouncements of the Allied war leaders about self-determination and independence promissory notes, or were they propaganda?

## II. *Peace Comes to Saigon*

HAROLD R. ISAACS

*Harold R. Isaacs recently returned from service as a correspondent for Newsweek in the Far East. His most recent article for Harper's was "Notes on a Journey Home."*

THE little women hovered there like frightened birds. They peered timidly down the long alley through the gates of the Sûreté. At the far end prisoners were filing out of a cellblock into a small yard. The women craned for a glimpse of their men. I walked through the gate. The police guard made half a restraining gesture, then drew back. Like all Frenchmen now in Indo-China, he was unsure of himself except when facing Annamites with overwhelming force.

It was feeding time. The prisoners filed out, small brown men of all ages. Some were old and haggard and bent. Some

were boys. They came out and formed lines, crouching on their toes in close rows, twelve to a row and thirty rows by the time they were done. Ragged, tired looking women came after, twenty-two of them. They huddled against the wall to one side.

A short, gray-haired Frenchman hovered obsequiously around, worried. "You must have the authorization of the commandant to remain here," he said.

"I'm not remaining," I said and stood looking on.

"But it is not permitted," he repeated anxiously.



"You worry yourself too much," I said. "Are they all political?"

"But certainly," he replied. "Taken with arms in hand."

I looked across rows of quiet brown faces and small brown bodies. Most of them stared passively forward. With a few, glances locked and eyes spoke their own silent syllables.

"And the women?"

"Oh, the women," with a deprecating wave. "They were caught carrying grenades. In their rice baskets."

A few of the women were very old, a few very young. They kept their eyes on the ground.

"What do Americans think of this movement here?" he asked.

"I don't know. I suppose they know it is a movement of Annamites who don't want the French back in their country."

He jumped up and down with excitement. "But no, that is not at all exact, not at all exact," he cried. "These people were all paid by the Japanese, armed by the Japanese, instigated by the Japanese."

"You think so?"

"But yes. It is a Japanese movement against the Allies, nothing else but that. Without the Japanese it wouldn't be possible."

"You think so?"

The prisoners were almost all in the yard by now. Some were bent half over. Some limped. Some showed scars. Some had ugly sores and unbandaged bruises.

"They all look in good health, don't you think?" the guard asked eagerly.

The food began to be handed out. Three at a time the prisoners came forward to the big basket filled with rice and big black chunky crusts. It was ladled out, a small bowlful to each. Some prisoners took it in their hands, some in torn old hats. A few had tin cans. Most of them took it in rags taken off their backs. Grains of rice would fall to the ground and the prisoner would stoop to retrieve them but he was usually pushed forward to get his fish. This consisted entirely of heads and tails of some very small kind of fish, handed out of a foul heap in a flat pannier.

"How the Annamites love fish!" exclaimed the short French guard.

One of the women was handed a fish

tail. She held it out mutely. It was very small. The guard—a *métis* or half caste (these are always the most brutal)—pushed her roughly away. The little guard watched me looking on. He hesitated a moment then shouted a sudden peremptory phrase in Annamite. The woman was called back and handed another piece of fish head.

A little boy, no more than ten, was in the line. The guard gestured. "Him? Oh, he's here seeing his brother," he said.

"What happens to these prisoners?" I asked.

"They are held for court martial," the guard answered.

They were going back in. A *métis* jailer shouted angrily at some laggards. I turned and walked back down the alley and out the gate. A few of the little women were still there. They looked up at me fearfully. I looked at them and then I went past.

WITH its buff-colored homes with their red-slate roofs bordering quiet tree-lined streets, Saigon might be almost any drowsy, southern French provincial town. But this is a city half-dead under siege. Here is slow strangulation. A general strike of Annamites has stripped shops, hotels, and homes of all help. No trams run. There is no public transport of any kind. Not a single ricksha. The military have the few cars. The French people of Saigon ride bicycles or walk. The Annamite population has almost entirely melted away. This city, built by Frenchmen for Frenchmen, has been abandoned by its hewers of wood and drawers of water. Nothing is emptier than a city in the Orient where only Europeans are to be seen.

Downtown, the streets fill with French soldiers and sailors and civilians. There are Indian soldiers and a few tommies, a scattering of Chinese, a rare Annamite. Tilt-breasted French and *métisse* girls are paired off with the soldiers, walking arm in arm or sitting across tables at the few open cafés. Housewives walk or bicycle their unaccustomed way to the few open markets where some fruit and some vegetables can be had from Chinese vendors at high prices. They carry their children with them. When the occasional straggling



column of manacled or trussed-up Annamite prisoners passes, they stop to glare. When French troops march through, they applaud. Late in one afternoon rain, battalion after battalion of new arrivals came up Rue Catinat singing, up from the river where they had debarked from a transport in from Marseilles. They sang the Gaullist song "*En Avant*" and the curb-standers joined in. This was power returning. This would make things as they were before. "It is really nothing," said a Frenchman watching. "Some agitators bought by the Japanese. We'll kill them off." He nodded at the soldiers. "Won't take long. Then the rest will come back."

But not even the arrival of troops with their efficient-looking American equipment and weapons can far restore the shattered self-confidence of most Frenchmen in Indo-China. Among the civilian colonials the most pervasive topic of conversation is emigration, getting out, home to France, off to Australia, anywhere away from all this travail. They speculate heavily in the currency of rumors. Even on this black market, the premium is high on the hope of a miracle to come that will somehow restore the comfortable mastery of olden times. These people seem to know their day is largely done.

FOR the time is so long past since Frenchmen could play the master role with any of the old assurance. While France at home buckled under Hitler's attack in 1940, in Indo-China Frenchmen submitted, without opposition, to Japanese penetration. Early in 1941 they even lost a small war to the Siamese, surrendering 25,000 square miles of territory in Cambodia. Then followed four years of servile capitulation to the Japanese ending in spineless surrender on March 9, 1945, when the Japanese decided to have done even with the puppet French. With the war's end came the rising of the Annamites which in the south the French could counter only by grace of British aid and by the extensive use of Japanese troops against the insurgents. In the north a final blow to their prestige came with the entry of the Chinese who assumed control of the colony north of the 16th parallel, treated Frenchmen with scant respect, and even frisked

French officers for arms when they came up from the south.

Beneath this accumulated burden of sorrows, the Frenchman in Indo-China smarts with helpless humiliation. He thinks only of escape or of savage retaliation against any opponent he can find who he is sure is weaker than himself. While in the north Chinese policy reduces the Frenchman to futile muttering, in the south, thanks to the British and Japanese, he has regained a small foothold and wreaks vengeance where he can.

Still, not even Saigon itself is his. At night the town closes up tight. Long before the 10:45 curfew its streets are dead, except when bands of drunken French soldiers and sailors split the warm, somber darkness with song. Then later there is the occasional crack of gunfire, the thud of exploding grenades, the mad run of automatic rifle or machine-gun fire close in or toward the environs. Or the sky glows with fire where a gasoline dump goes up or a French barracks is set ablaze. For Saigon is under siege. There is shooting in the city every night. Cholon, the neighboring Chinese town, is out of bounds as unsafe for all Europeans. The perimeter begins a few thousand yards from the center of the city. Beyond that the entire hinterland is hostile. Out there along the roads and waterways French and British and Indian—and Japanese—troops meet Annamite guerrilla attacks. The advances are along narrow fingers of communication. Beyond the first visible row of paddies all is enemy country. There the sweeps and searches are made. There the thatch of Annamite villages every day goes up in smoke and the people flushed out come into Saigon in those long straggling lines of prisoners.

I STOPPED in the cathedral square to ask a *métis* policeman the way to what the French call the Palais de Justice. He told me.

"Where are all the Annamites?" I asked.

"They've run away." He shrugged contemptuously. "They're afraid."

Of course he wanted the French back, he explained. "Under the Annamites I'd be worse off than under the Japanese!"



Under the Japanese he'd been put to pushing barrows through the streets. Now he was a *policier* again, with a rifle slung over his shoulder. A pretty *métisse* went by, smiled a greeting. "*Voulez-vous vous amuser?*" he asked. "It would be very easy . . ." He was a pimp too.

The French officer on duty in the lobby of the Palais de Justice was an expert on the habits and habitat of Indo-China's most beautiful women.

"Ah, in Hue," he said, "in Hue before the war, that was the time and place to sit at a sidewalk café in the evening and watch them go by." He shook his head reminiscently. "Not too bad here either," he went on. "It's a pity for you they're all gone now. But they'll be back. It might take two years." He shook his head. "Two years of killing. But they'll be back!"

A double line of half-naked manacled prisoners came up the steps, herded by burly French guards with unslung rifles and fixed bayonets. The clerk nodded at them.

"*Voilà,*" he said, "*voilà des spécimens de la race jaune!*"

I looked at him and at the French guards. *Voilà*, I thought, *voilà des spécimens de la race blanche.*

THE court martial sat in a gloomy, second floor room. Along the corridor outside, with windows giving on the bright green sunlit park, crouched the manacled men, stripped to denim shorts and barefooted. Inside, the accused stood before their judges, five French army officers sitting under the tricolor. The president of the court martial was a Colonel Rougier, a tall, gaunt, nervous man who kept putting on and taking off his glasses, shrieking irascibly at prisoners who did not give the right answers or did not seem to understand what was asked of them. The interpreter, a *métis*, echoed his tone, his manner. His voice would take on the same edge of hysteria as it rose. The prisoners for their part spoke in whispers and could barely be heard.

No trial took long. For by the rules of this court no witnesses were heard, no testimony taken, no cross-examination made. The charge was read out in French and no one bothered to translate into Annamite for the prisoner's benefit. The

questioning was on the basis of statements supposedly made during the preliminary investigation. The prosecutor, an army officer, would speak briefly, for conviction. The defender, a civilian attorney, would make his ingratiating plea, for mercy. "Next!" the president barked. The average time for the first five cases was eight minutes each.

The first man accused was a 27-year-old Annamite named Pham van Sat. He was accused of being a member of a group which had engaged in looting and attacked a French patrol. He denied everything.

Judge: (waving a sheet of paper in front of him) "Then what about this declaration you made?"

Prisoner: "I have no knowledge of it."

Judge: "Then why do you think you were arrested? Why are you here?"

Prisoner: "I don't know."

That was all. The prosecutor asked conviction. The defender asked leniency.

"Next!" shouted Col. Rougier.

Next was a small man with a tiny beard. His name was Nguyen van Ty. He was 29, he said, married, and with two children. The charge: distributing inflammatory leaflets. Col. Rougier pulled a piece of paper out of a heap in front of him.

Judge: "It says here you 'wanted to aid justice by punishing the leaders of a regime of terror.' What is meant by that?"

Prisoner: "During the interrogation I was beaten. I don't know what I said."

Judge: (angrily re-reading sentence) "My question was what did you mean by that?"

Prisoner: "I don't know anything about it."

The pleas followed. "Next!" shouted the judge.

Before the court came two boys, Tham van Tam, eighteen years old, and Tran duy Gian, nineteen. They were accused of distributing leaflets. They stood straight and spoke plainly. One of them, Tran, spoke French quite well and he made his own answers, ignoring the interpreter. Both admitted belonging to a "shock troop" of propagandists. Both admitted distributing the leaflets. The judge stared down at them, then put on his glasses and read from a leaflet.



Judge: "It says here: 'You are not to fight British or Indians or Japanese unless they attack you.'" (Waving the paper angrily in front of him and removing his glasses) "What about the French, *hein*, what do you do about them?"

Tran: "I don't know. My order was to distribute leaflets. That's what I did."

Judge: "But you said you belonged to a 'shock troop.' That means fighting, doesn't it? And if you were not to fight British or Indians or Japanese, who were you to fight, eh? (Screaming) Who were you to fight?"

Tran: "What I did was to distribute leaflets."

The prosecutor was even briefer than usual. They had admitted the charge. They were obviously guilty. The defender was more eloquent than usual. He appealed on the grounds of youth and the bad influences they would meet in prison. The colonel listened, tapping his glasses on the desk. When the lawyer finished, he rose and the court rose with him.

I SPOKE to the defending counsel, a local Frenchman. "Do you consider that justice is being done here?" I asked.

He shrugged. "No, as a lawyer I am not in favor of this procedure. But as a Frenchman I can understand it. We have to make a demonstration. We have to show them that France is strong."

The court returned in fifteen minutes. All were sentenced to five years' hard labor except young Tran. He was sentenced to seven years' hard labor. The prisoners were manacled and led out.

"Next!" shouted Col. Rougier impatiently.

These were light sentences, the lawyer explained in a whisper. He was quite gratified. Out of ninety-three previous cases there had been four death sentences and sixty-nine sentences ranging from ten to thirty years of hard labor and imprisonment. These terms would be served at Poulu-Condor, a penal island off the coast of Indo-China.

"And you think it will help France to re-establish its power here this way?" I asked.

He shrugged again. "Without the French there would be no Indo-China. It is not fit or ripe to be independent. If we left, somebody else would take it, China, or Russia, or America, or Britain. We have interests here. Do you think we can abandon them? We have brought French culture to this country. We cannot ignore our obligations."

Out in the corridor the guard removed manacles from three more prisoners and pushed them into the courtroom. The clerk droned out the next charge. Colonel Rougier looked at his watch, took off his glasses, and tapped them on the desk in front of him.

## *Postwar Strikes*

THIS is the hour of test and trial for America. By her prowess and strength, and the indomitable courage of her soldiers, she demonstrated her power to vindicate on foreign battlefields her conceptions of liberty and justice. Let not her influence as a mediator between capital and labor be weakened and her own failure to settle matters of purely domestic concern be proclaimed to the world.

*Woodrow Wilson, in his Annual Message to Congress, December 2, 1919.*



# Harper's

## MAGAZINE



### THE SUBURBAN MIND

CARL VON RHODE

*Pictorial Comment by Gluyas Williams*

A LARGE proportion of our leading business and professional men are now able, through the modern miracle of transportation, to work in the city and live in the suburb. They may imagine that their minds are not conditioned, their thinking not modified, by the fact that they travel twenty or fifty miles daily to hang their hats. If so, they are wrong. The separation of the sphere of livelihood from that of home inevitably affects a man's outlook on the affairs of the city, the suburb, and the country at large; and unless he is perpetually on guard, it instills in him a subtle but all-the-more-damaging mood of escapism.

Because so many of our suburbanites are successful men, who collectively wield great power in American life, this characteristic suburban irresponsibility is something with which the country will have to

reckon. For the growth of the suburb, both in population and influence, is one of the remarkable phenomena of our time—and one of which, unfortunately, the suburbanite himself is generally unaware.

AMERICA has been going suburban. The city moving out and the country moving in have met and mingled in this new melting pot—the urban belt. According to the latest United States census, the suburban population increased approximately thirty per cent between 1930 and 1940, against little more than seven per cent for the country as a whole. In the decade between 1920 and 1930, the suburbs grew five times faster than the rural districts and three times faster than the cities they encompassed. Already fifty-eight per cent of the people in this country live in metropolitan areas, with a dispro-

*Carl von Rhode, a writer who has appeared before in Harper's, has lived in the suburban and satellite cities*



portionate number in nineteen centers such as Greater New York, Chicagoland, and Greater Los Angeles. Small towns, the traditional citadels of American provincialism, have become enveloped in some metropolitan area or another, and have become citified. Highway 67 is now the extension of Main Street and the corner grocery has given place to the A. & P.

"Metropolis" means literally "mother of cities"; in modern life, it has come to mean "center of traffic streams." We must revise our traditional conceptions of the rural and urban nature of our social life in terms of its increasing metropolitan and suburban character. People no longer live in states, but in metropolitan areas at the convergence of highways. Chicagoland sprawls about the lower end of Lake Michigan, encompassing portions of Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, and Wisconsin. The Chicago human watershed extends east to the population slope toward Detroit and south to the lowlands that drain cars and trucks into St. Louis. Already the color splotches on habitation maps of this country indicate, not state divisions, but vast, sprawling population areas. The metropolis is not a unit, but a cluster of suburban communities. We began as a rural people; we passed into a nation of towns and cities; we are now well advanced in our metropolitan era.

The metropolis grows like a tree in concentric circles, rim upon rim, the inner rings hardening or "citifying" and the outer bark expanding or "urbanizing." The age of a suburb can be roughly estimated, therefore, by its distance from the parent trunk, the older population rings being near and the younger remote. Contiguous sections, furthermore, bear within themselves evidences of the successive architectural modifications which have marked their development. As one moves from the city into a seasoned suburb, he first passes through an apartment belt, which indicates that citification is well on the way; he then discovers the massive Victorian houses of old Suburbia, which have thus far successfully withstood the invasion of the metropolis; and finally he overtakes modern homes on the extremity, indicating the community's last stand as a suburb.

Under the pressure of population growth, every suburb passes in time through three more or less standard cycles—rural, urban, and metropolitan. By the time the urban stage is reached, the best homes have been built—and the churches have gone deeply into debt for imposing community houses. Then comes a decline in property values; while the apartment dwellers are creeping in at the front door the "suburbanites" steal out at the back door. A few home owners remain to fight a losing battle against "encroachment," but the young people, and those who can sell, retreat to the new "Waverly Hills" farther out. About this time there is heard the first talk of "annexation." By a strange irony, the one section in American life which felt itself most secure from the turgid flow of metropolitan life has awakened to find itself stranded in it midstream.

SUBURBS are, of course, not alike. The industrial community, though it is attached to the metropolitan area, is an independent population unit built around an industry like textiles or automobiles. It violates the general characteristics of the suburb in that most of its population lives in the region where it is employed, and in that workers often commute *out* of the city to their work in the suburb. This kind of suburb has been rightly described as a "satellite" because it is generally a small, self-contained city whose life gravitates about the large central city. The steel cities of Chicagoland—South Chicago, Hammond, and Gary—are cases in point. In short, their communities are geographically rather than culturally suburban.

The middle class and poor residential sections of these satellite towns are fully suburban in that their populations commute into the sustaining city. These are sections of moderately priced or cheap apartment-house or cottage rentals to meet the pocketbooks of the white collar workers or the laboring men. Some of these communities comprise distinctly "foreign" and second generation populations, in which case the customs often exhibit a charming, old-country flavor of Italy, Ireland, or Russia. These are the local color suburbs to which residents of the more privileged communities drive out



for a "typical" dinner in some well-known restaurant.

Some of the white collar communities inhabited by the office workers and professional class are—though modest—new, clean, and architecturally attractive. In such places one is apt to find a high percentage of young married couples with small children, who have not yet achieved the economic status necessary for life in the wealthy suburb. The birth rate is much higher in these middle-class communities than it is in the older, established suburbs, toward which these families who are getting their start ultimately aspire. These intermediate suburbs, especially the white collar communities, display most of the typical suburban characteristics which we shall presently discuss, and which we find fully developed in the wealthier suburb.

But when we speak of "the suburb," we generally have in mind the well-to-do residential community where most of the financially successful people in this country now reside. This type is planned, restricted, and landscaped. Most of the homes are in the higher income brackets, many of them spacious and surrounded by ample grounds. A small and unobtrusive business district, often characterized by good and uniform architecture, is somewhere near the center of the community, and one or two country clubs are on the outskirts. The school buildings and the churches are generally of the most substantial architectural types. Building restrictions insure the uniform excellence of the dwellings, generally prohibiting apartments and two-family dwellings, and "undesirables" are often excluded by a common agreement not to sell or lease property to them even if they can afford it. Though the suburbanite is unalterably opposed to governmental control, there is one kind of legislation he approves of thoroughly—zoning. He invokes every kind of building and housing restriction to maintain the social excellence of his section, and to keep it inviolate. "The physical aspects of these suburbs savor the peace and quiet of the prosperous countryside." The bulk of the population is native American, and the churches are predominantly Protestant. The people who have money enough

to live in them employ the highest percentage of domestic and personal service in the country. "Ease, dignity, and social self-sufficiency are the dominant characteristics of this type of suburb."

Among others of the well-to-do class, there are the North Shore communities of Chicago; the Newton, Milton, and Weston sections around Boston; the Westchester, New Jersey, Long Island, and western Connecticut residential areas near New York; the Chestnut Hill and "Main Line" communities outside of Philadelphia; the Beverly Hills section close to Los Angeles. These are the fully developed suburban communities which typically exemplify the suburban mind.

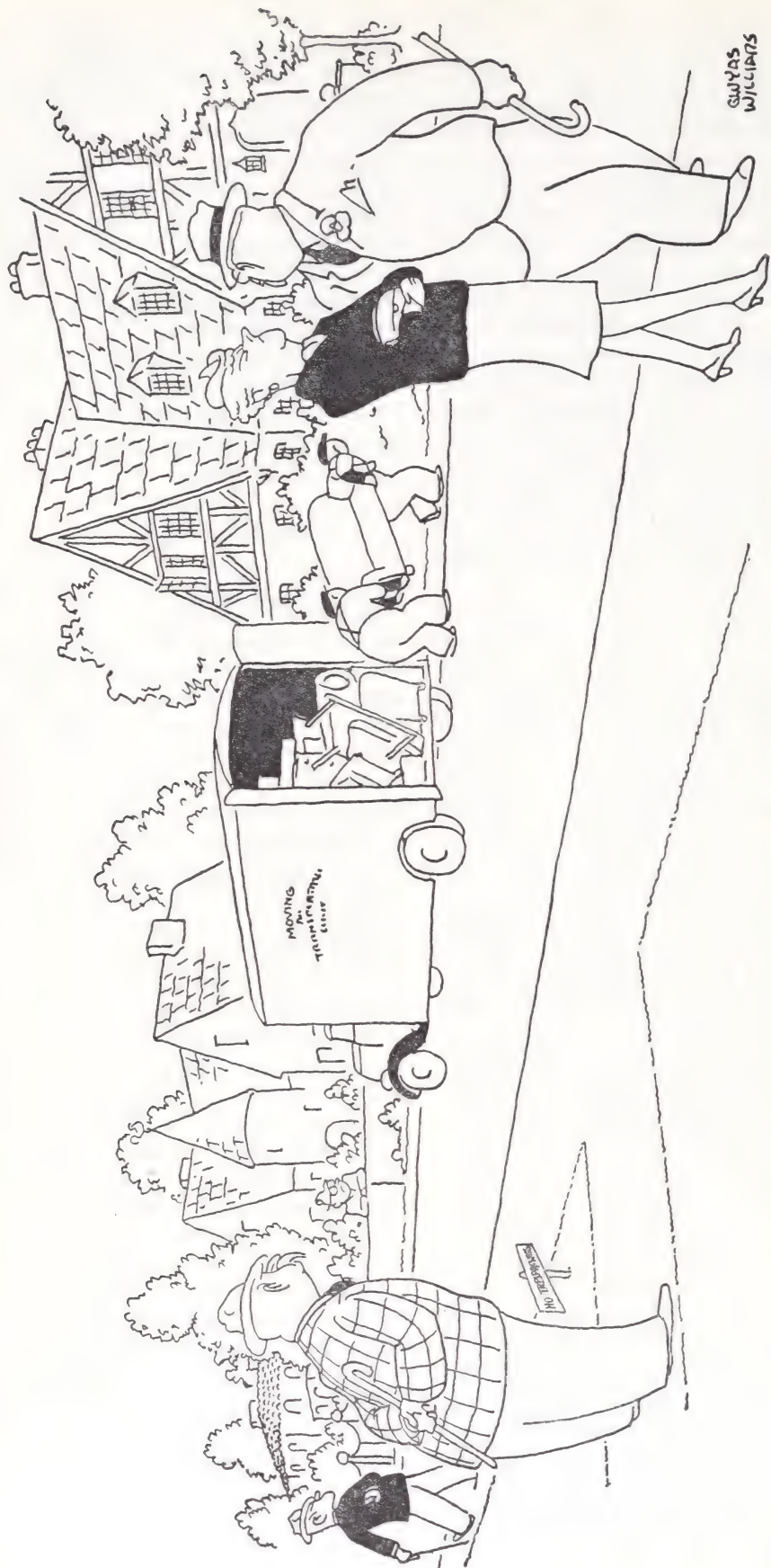
## II

Now let us look at the social characteristics of this sort of suburb.

For one thing, it is a place of retreat. The people who first moved into the suburbs came to "get away from things" and they paid a high price in dollars and cents for their privacy. The stone walls and iron fences which surround many of the early estates in the original havens of the financially successful are symbolic of this attitude. An old chronicle of Evanston, one of Chicago's North Shore suburbs, describing it idyllically as a region of "sylvan glades," betrays characteristic early suburban escapist psychology. The new houses of Suburbia, especially the "additions" built in the nineteen-twenties, exhibit a contemporary version of escapism in architecture, what with the English half-timbered cottage types, the Spanish villas, the Cape Cod salt boxes, and other habitations as remote as possible from our everyday American contemporary life. The houses of Suburbia are symbolic of the conscious or subconscious desire of their inhabitants to retreat from the realities of a world which is on the whole pretty grim and terrible. They protect from everything "except Death and the Rain and Tomorrow."

Because the suburb is a place where people come to get away, they resent intrusion. It is largely a one-class—and class-conscious—community which gives grudging hospitality to newcomers. The typical suburbanite regards new stores and





GUYAS  
WILLIAMS

*The suburbanite regards new people as threats to seclusion.*



new residential sections as invasions, and, above all, new people as threats to seclusion. A woman who had lived in one suburb since it was a place of quiet, shaded streets, voiced her subconscious resentment when she remarked, "There are so many new people around that I do not feel at home." When another woman in a similar suburb was confronted with new faces at her club meeting, looking down her nose she disposed of them with the epithet, "Southerners!" Of course it is exasperating, especially for people who moved to escape the madding crowd, to discover so many new people, as one does in a rapidly growing suburb. One can become acquainted with the principal issues involved in the management of the local public schools, for example, and get to know most of the people who should be consulted, but when he attends a school meeting and finds that a lot of new arrivals in town make it necessary for him to do over again all that he accomplished at the previous meeting, he is tempted to give up and go home. It takes an energetic person to keep plugging in such a situation. But whether it be from innate resentment of new people or from the confusion they create, the suburb clings tenaciously to its identity as a colony of the privileged.

It is, of course, economically a parasite, sucking its life from the city, but giving back to the parent stock little more than a festoon of city-bought beauty. It costs something to live in the suburb, especially the typical well-set-up community, but its comfortable standards are maintained by profitable industry in the city. From the standpoint of population, the suburb is almost wholly parasitical, securing its remarkable increase not from births but from the influx of families. Except in the newer and in the less expensive suburban communities, where the young couples live, the children who attend the suburban schools are seldom born in the place. If the declining birth rate in the typical suburb were indicative of the country as a whole, we would be in for a sharp population decline. Economically, of course, the suburb lives on the city—or on the nation. It has been facetiously remarked that the commuter is fed and clothed for pen-pushing in the skyscraper, and that he is the only

American whose heart and treasure are twenty miles apart. And lifting the bracket to the wealthier suburbanite, one might say he beautifies his suburban estate from dividends secured in Wall Street or La-Salle Street. Almost the only people who earn their living in Suburbia, aside from real-estate dealers (and domestic servants), are salespeople in the swank shops who pass the suburban commuter mornings and evenings as they commute in reverse, to and from the city, where they can afford to live. In short, the suburb flourishes numerically, aesthetically, and economically at the expense of the everyday American society which it endeavors to escape.

SINCE the suburb is a place of retirement, it imperceptibly becomes more and more the refuge of the retired. True, a large proportion of business and professional men hold themselves to the rigid discipline of the office in the city, scrupulously reading their newspapers every morning on the 8:10 or the 7:35 or even the 7:09, but more and more they are relinquishing authority to junior colleagues and more and more they are toying with the idea of longer summer vacations—even eventual retirement. Many suburbanites, having already retired, drop into their homes going or coming between winters in Florida and summers in Maine. True, a good number of people, when retirement finally comes, move to Florida or California, or drift into downtown hotels in the neighboring city, yet an increasing number of those who are able to "take it easy" find refuge in the older suburbs. The hotels in these communities are not for transients, but are havens for many superannuated ladies and a few gentlemen of independent means.

The established suburb is not the abiding place of youth. Indeed, its aspect is decidedly middle-aged, with its comfortable homes, its notable churches, and its atmosphere of well-heeled maturity. Most people, of course, must reach middle life before they are prosperous enough to wear the suburban crown. In proportion to the population of the country as a whole, the number of young children in suburban schools is well below the average. Indeed, in the older places—peace-loving com-



munities whose residents do not wish to be bothered—it is virtually impossible for young parents to secure an apartment where small children are admitted, and generally they cannot afford to rent a house. If they are fortunate enough economically to pay the price of a home, they move into Suburbia when their children can get around, to keep them off the city streets or, when they are of school age, to give them the benefit of its excellent school system. Demanding the best in everything, the suburbs have, by the way, developed the best school systems in the country. Most of the boys and girls in the community are of high school or college age—the offspring of parents who achieved suburban status in middle life—and many of them are away at boarding school or college. But even the average of older youth is well below the national level.

The “young married” couples who dwell in Suburbia average around forty, with no children, or with one or possibly two, while parents of larger families are stranded on meager incomes in the city. The really young couples, if their parents have money, join the smart colonies of their kind in the outlying rural sections, which will become in a decade fully suburban. Seldom does a debutante in a place like Wilmette settle down, when she marries, within ten miles of her parents. If one has a small family already, Suburbia is a good place to bring it up; but it is not the kind of community to hold youth for long. Finding even the local country club a little monotonous, and social life otherwise too exclusively middle-aged and conjugal for their taste, young people soon weary of driving into the city or out into the country for their companionship and amusement.

THE suburb works on the elemental and well-nigh universal home-loving instinct. I have suggested that it is a psychological as well as a geographical phenomenon. Some people enjoy the excitement of big city life; for them the rural sunset has no charms that neon lights cannot dispel. Others resent the daily grind of in-and-out travel to the city. Here is the outburst of the temperament which is forever disqualified as a commuter:

A commuter is a man whose life is divided into two principal parts: coming and going. He is a goat in antelope's clothing. He feeds on time-tables, asterisks, and footnotes. He thrives on duplicated scenery. His life is one long series of two-hundred-yard dashes.

But most of us are close enough to our rural inheritance to cherish nostalgic longing for sod under our feet and trees above our heads. Compare this record of the average person for whom the inexorable routine of the suburban train is a small price to pay for the quiet satisfactions of the sequestered home:

We moved so that the children might be near the grass and the trees. . . . I rake the leaves myself from our seventy-five by one hundred and twenty-five foot garden. My small son builds a hut with packing boxes in the sumac bushes of the vacant lot next door; my daughter wrestles with a cigar box which will presently appear as a bird house meant to lure a bluebird to our garden. The children romp around the neighborhood unsupervised. In the city children cannot be permitted to go far from home alone, a state of affairs which hinders the development of the spirit of independence, so essential to the complete development of the child.

Where home is of prime importance, woman finds her sphere. And when she is relieved of most household responsibilities, as are a high percentage of suburban women, the place becomes her province. The suburb is a matriarchy. Men come home to eat and sleep, leaving their male interests in the city; the ongoing activity of the suburb is woman-composed and woman-led. In the churches the women's society is the strongest group, and in the community the women's club is the main thing. We find in Suburbia the largest women's clubs, the best housed and equipped, with the most expensive bookings on their programs. In addition to the women's club there are also, of course, the drama clubs, the language societies, and the inevitable and innumerable bridge clubs. Go to the suburb if you would know the peregrinations and the preoccupations of the college-bred American woman!

The distinguishing aspect of the suburb is, of course, the commuter. His harassed shuttling inward and outward from the city has become an American saga. A business man can now almost measure his



success in direct ratio to the distance he lives from the office and the late or early hour of his arrival and departure. The pulsating centers of suburban life are the railway stations where night and morning the population converges and disperses. Generally two or more steam and electric railways serve one section, and there are always the through highways for those who travel by automobile. Many suburbanites dislike the twice-a-day trip, simply resigning themselves to it as one of the inevitable prices of amiable home life, but some like it and employ it usefully reading the morning paper *in* and the evening paper *out*. (A few daring souls read books: dreamers!) Those who have the knack can do a daily cross-word puzzle between home and office. And innumerable foursomes time a regular card game for the stop at Grand Central.

### III

THE suburbanite's habit of thought is inevitably influenced by his endeavor, if not to live two lives, then to live one life in two places.

The English have developed the week-end habit of life; their chief citizens work in the city all week and retire to the country for an extended over-Sunday holiday. Our men of affairs, with modern American speed-up, retreat week days as well as week-ends to their outlying homes. They are subject daily to the somnolent atmosphere that rises like a mist from their well-clipped lawns, subtly pervading the atmosphere of Suburbia. Something treacherous is created in the emotions and attitudes of a man who escapes after work to irresponsibility. In his leisure hours, when his most creative thoughts are born, he is beguiled by the lethargy of his surroundings. "Suburbanitis" is a sort of sleeping-sickness which infests the shaded avenues of Suburbia as malaria hangs about Southern swamps.

It is, moreover, an agreeable malady which the sufferers enjoy and of which they have no desire to be cured. Benton MacKaye reminds us that when Washington, Randolph, and Jefferson, in the early days of the republic, rose to speak in the Virginia House of Burgesses, they came straight from encounter with the

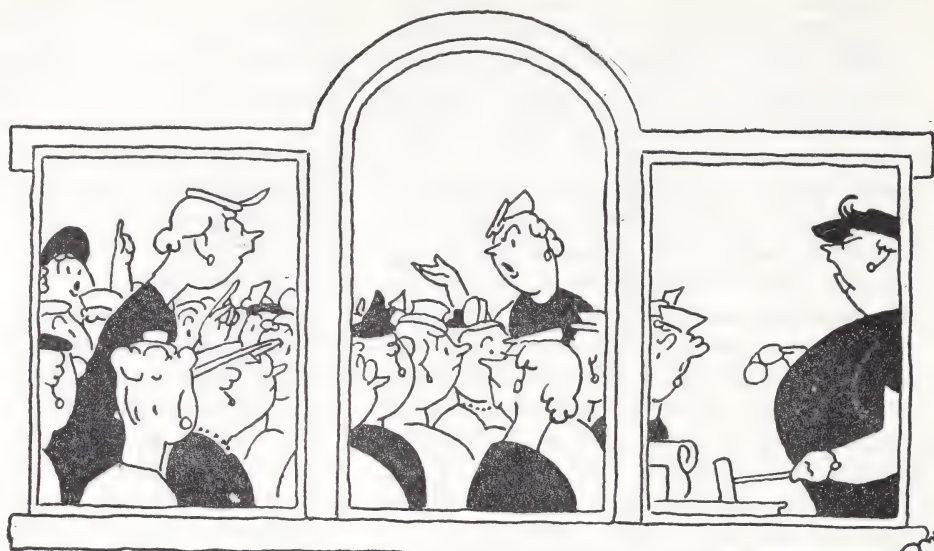
American countryside, the mud of their native roads on their boots and the smell of their home fields in their nostrils. And that when the powerful magnates of America consorted in the drawing rooms of Fifth Avenue a few generations later, the throb of the city streets was in their ears. But now the destiny of the commonwealth is determined in the "country club belt," often in the country club itself around the "nineteenth hole."

Into this area between the city and the country have come the heirs of our pioneering tradition, the business and professional leaders who are shaping the nation. The question is, of course, what will the "suburban drag" do to the cutting edge of their enterprise and responsibility? When the suburbanite reaches his family at night, he is tempted to leave behind him in the city his sense of civic duty, the grim consciousness of which our Pilgrim fathers and our pioneering forebears took with them to their family firesides. It is dangerous to separate the most fortunate people geographically from their work and morally from the world.

Of course the suburbanite does carry responsibility for the local affairs of Suburbia. But as long as the standards and restrictions of the place are safely preserved by the town administration, they are generally too trivial for him. His vital interests are in the city where he spends his strength. But he has little or no voice in these major affairs; he is disfranchised in the area where his vote affects his income. He is a contemporary victim of "taxation without representation." The difference between him and his revolutionary fathers is that he does not put up a fight. If he or his firm owns large business interests in the city and pays heavy taxes there, he must inevitably accept this situation with some kind of hard-bought social cynicism; and even if he does not, his fortunes are so enmeshed in its economic structure that he cannot accept without moral compromise his debarment from civic participation. In either case the edge of the business man's sense of social duty is dulled.

Various plans have been suggested to alleviate this separation of franchise from business interests, the most promising of





*The suburb is a matriarchy . . .*

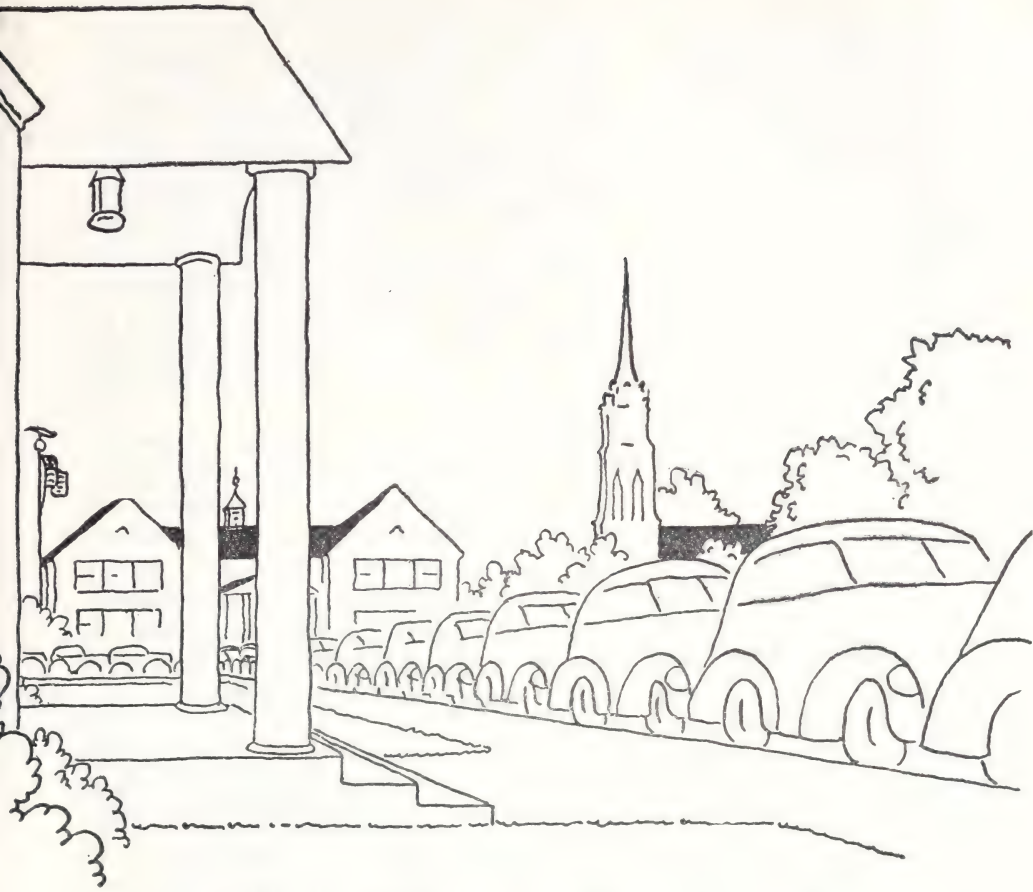
which is for the creation of "city states." Here is another old Greek idea come to life again! As I have suggested, the metropolitan area is a far more logical division of our population than the state. If some method of franchise and taxation could be devised by which the business interests and the homesite of the suburban man could be brought under the same jurisdiction, that would, in all probability, help as much as anything else to integrate his sense of social duty. But you can imagine how he would hate it!

Suburban life is also subtly undermining the true and personal democracy of our leading men. We have observed with some satisfaction that one good effect of the bombings in London has been the democratizing, under the pressure of common peril, of the English stratified society. But we are apt to overlook the disintegration in our democracy imperceptibly deepened by suburban stratification. Living remote from the areas where the common man lives out his life, one is apt to forget what the vast majority of the people in America are like. In a village or a self-contained city it is natural for the ruling

class to know, or at least to see, other people whom they typify in their minds as industrial worker, farmer, or clerk. But the modern man of affairs is separated at his home and protected at his office from daily and friendly community intercourse with all kinds and conditions of men. Even the suburban train itself contributes to his insulation; it is both a physical conveyance and a social non-conductor. Unless business executives have their offices in their plants, their chief direct personal contact with labor is likely to be with suburban carpenters, plumbers, or painters, whose rates are high in comparison with the mass of labor. For these executives, General Motors is first of all something which is represented on the stock ticker by the symbol GM, and which pays dividends endangered by the demands of the labor union.

A particular kind of pride appears when wide human sympathy vanishes, a pride which explains the sufferings of others by the easy rationalization that the race belongs to the strong. In Suburbia people are apt to forget, if they ever knew, how few people ever have the chance to be strong.





. . . and in the community the women's club is the main thing.

All of this adds up to the social conservatism which inevitably develops when a fortunate class becomes at once geographically isolated and economically secure. Moving into Suburbia to "settle down," the successful man consciously or unconsciously sought refuge from change. He and his kind would never be expected to understand why this country could support the New Deal. When a person of standing told a friend in Suburbia back in 1936 that he was going to vote for Roosevelt, the man's jaw dropped in absolute dismay. He could not conceive of such a thing; he imagined that only uncouth fellows and those who lived on relief would vote that way. It is not surprising that contemporary movements of "one hundred percentism," including Mrs. Dilling's *Red Network*, should have originated in the suburbs. Whatever hope there may be for a new and more enlightened national

economy, it does not arise at present from Suburbia. There is no tolerance for Jews nor hospitality for Negroes in most of the well-to-do suburbs, any more than for labor unions and co-operatives. Suburbia is an island of conservatism, if not complacency, where the main thing is to keep the *status* with the *quo*.

#### IV

**B**EFORE we estimate the future of the suburban mind, let us glance at some prophecies regarding the permanence of the suburb itself as a population unit.

What of Professor William F. Ogburn's suggestion that our cities be broken into small outlying units to escape the menace of the atomic bomb? For two good reasons that suggestion is not likely to be taken seriously. For one thing, the country as a whole seems far from ready to do much



about the atomic menace; and, for another, even if it did, we can hardly imagine undertaking a preventive measure so drastic as the decentralization of the major and directive portion of our population. Our nation is constructed upon the principle of centralization and there is every reason to expect that it will continue to operate for a long time ahead on that principle. During the war period just closed, 1941-1945, the suburban concentration was encouraged by the development of war industries, chiefly in the South and West. Population readjustments must come again, but the trends at present, according to recent census reports, point toward a continuation of suburban development.

Indeed, when building is resumed, all indications point to population movements into the suburb so strong that controls will be necessary to prevent overexpansion, with accompanying unplanned and haphazard development. If and when the family airplane and the airplane jitney arrive, the suburban belt will probably be extended. The decentralization of the big city is already a well-established fact which will continue to contribute to the suburb, as will likewise the corresponding depopulation of the farming districts, owing to the improvement of farm machinery. All indications, therefore, point to the permanence of the suburb in size and importance as a cultural unit.

But though the suburbs are pretty certain to continue, we may expect the development of a great many more satellite communities. Many light industries are already moving from the city into the suburb. This trend of industry out from the center is the only feasible solution for the increasing mid-city traffic problem, and is moreover facilitated by the corresponding improvements in interurban communication. Then, of course, there is the added incentive of lower tax and utility rates in the smaller place of which, undoubtedly, the suburban town fathers will become thriftily aware as more and more industries appear. And the enthusiasm of the residents for strict zoning will be confronted by an enthusiasm on the part of local business men for relaxed zoning.

Hence we may expect increasing indus-

trial migration, not from New York and Chicago to the West and South, but from Manhattan and the Loop to Scarsdale and Evanston. Present satellite communities will increase in population; new ones will spring up; and, most disturbing of all to the complacency of our dormitory towns, typical suburban communities will become more and more like the city itself. In such economically self-sufficient suburbs we can expect the social schizophrenia to disappear, political responsibility to increase, population to become democratized, and the ordeal of commuting itself to be mitigated.

Old Suburbia will huddle behind its clipped hedges for a while, bemoaning the influx of new elements. Then, sooner or later, it will move to some still inviolate section where it will once again try to barricade itself behind broad, tree-shaded lawns. For the suburban mind, in its virulent and incurable form, will probably always be with us to some extent.

**B**UT we have a right to hope that more and more suburbanites will become aware of the provincializing effect upon them of their sheltered environment, and will make an effort to annex themselves geographically and psychologically to the Union. For Suburbia is, after all, as much a part of the commonwealth as Manhattan or Estes Park, though it lies somewhere in between. Whatever else the suburbanite needs in order to consolidate his life with that of the nation, he needs social imagination. He thinks he is sophisticated but what he lacks more than anything else is true sophistication. He must, to be true to himself, develop the kind of social imagination which may be called, for want of a better name, "disinterestedness." He must learn to see beyond his class, to unify his spheres of home and livelihood, and to identify himself with the events of his times. If enough suburbanites could accomplish this mental adjustment, Suburbia might become one with our emerging American culture, and constitute the most effective link between the various conflicting elements of our country and the most significant fruitage of our twentieth-century civilization.

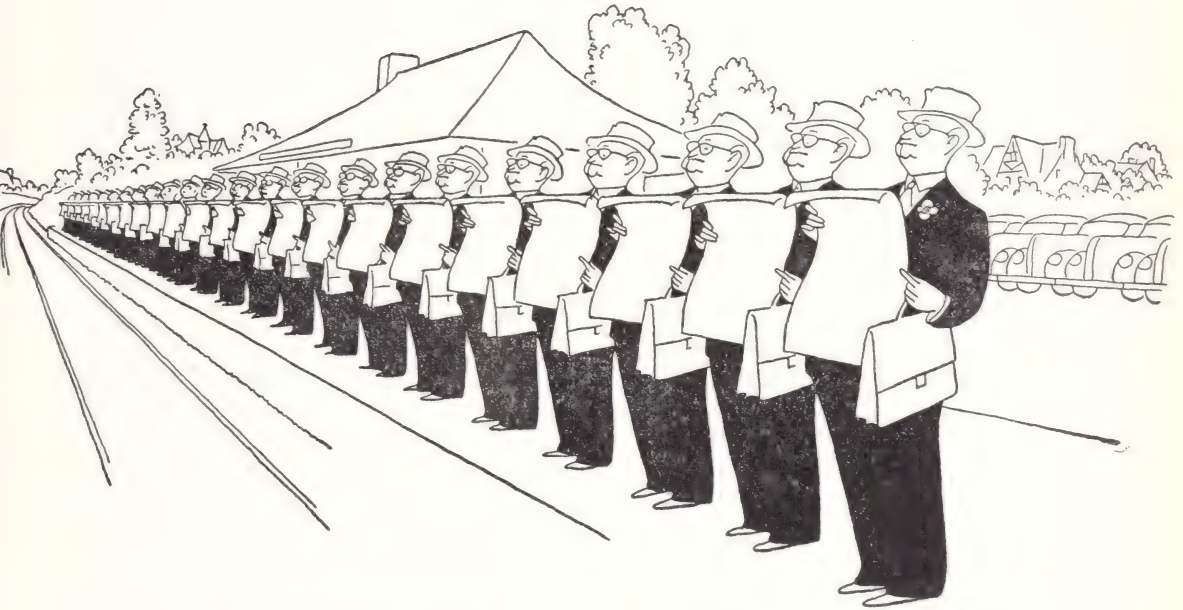
The suburb is destined more and more to



become the vortex of our tangled, changing, expanding world. Lewis Mumford, in *The Culture of Cities*, established the thesis that cities are the unexplored and unconquered wilderness of human relations. And Benton MacKaye has said, "Mankind has cleared the jungle and replaced it with the labyrinth."

Americans are sprung from a pioneer-

ing stock which has always met the challenge of new frontiers. Our hope for the suburb lies here. When the suburbanite becomes fully aware that he is not "out of things," as he fondly supposed, but at the center of things, he may rouse himself from his lethargy to play his full role in the development of the stimulating, labyrinthian culture of cities.



*A distinguishing aspect of suburban life is the commuter.*



# CHESTER BOWLES

SELDEN RODMAN

**I**N A Washington which is hip-deep in little men, anybody of real stature commands attention. During the past five months, as he has shoved his way—suavely but firmly—through a herd of bureaucratic midgets, Chester B. Bowles has become about the most conspicuous man in the Truman administration. He has also become a rather troublesome enigma to the bosses of both parties. They can't quite figure out how big he really is; none of the usual political yardsticks fit.

According to the rule-book, Bowles should be a hopeless political failure. He is a wealthy businessman; he has never run for any office; as head of OPA he held what was supposedly the most unpopular job in Washington. Yet he has built up, somehow, an astonishing volume of beligerent public support.

In comparison with a Roosevelt, a La Guardia, or an Ickes, his personality is mild; but he has generated a kind of fanatic loyalty among the people who work with him. He came to Washington without powerful connections and altogether innocent of the technique of bureaucratic in-fighting. Then he succeeded, after a long and embittered struggle in February, in wrenching most of the real authority away from John Snyder, the President's intimate friend and most trusted lieutenant. As a result he emerged with more power over the nation's economy—and more liability for crises to

come—than any other administrator in Washington.

Most surprising of all, Bowles won his victory almost entirely on political grounds. His only effective weapon was a threat to resign—and the administration's political strategists (including Hannegan, Vinson, and Byrnes) finally convinced the President that they couldn't afford to let him do it. Bowles, they said, was too strong with the voters.

**H**ow did Bowles manage to build up this entirely unexpected kind of political muscle?

His friends sometimes try to explain it by pointing out certain superficial parallels between his career and Roosevelt's. Bowles at Choate School and Yale, like F.D.R. at Groton and Harvard, distinguished himself chiefly as a conformer. For both men the shadow of a famous namesake—in Bowles' case his grandfather, the fighting editor of the Springfield *Republican*—may have damped down any early enthusiasm for progressive causes. Roosevelt's shift to the left is variously ascribed to an almost barometric sensitivity to changes in the public mood; to his paralysis in middle life; to the influence of his wife; and to a patrician contempt for the acquisitive virtues. Bowles made his fortune by reading correctly the public's temperature; he suffered twice in his youth from severe cases of mastoid that have affected his

*Selden Rodman is the former editor of the magazine Common Sense, which published Mr. Bowles' article, "What's Wrong With the Isolationists?" He has appeared previously in Harper's as a poet.*



manner of speech; his wife—almost as active as Mrs. Roosevelt—was trained in the Smith College School for Social Work; his ancestry has numbered the gentry among it at least as far back in Colonial times. Both men enjoyed the role of country squire, and both acquired a passion for sailing. Some admirers even detect a certain physical resemblance between Roosevelt and the big, lantern-jawed, sloppily elegant Stabilization Director.

## II

THESE coincidences, however, hardly add up to an explanation of Bowles' public career. Nor is there any indication of political talent or political interest in his early life.

Bowles grew up in an atmosphere of great memories that must have hung like a curtain of frustration over the uneventful stage of his youth. His mother was a woman of natural grace who loved people, and whom he worshipped. His father was hearty, totally conservative, and barely holding his own in the paper-pulp business of Springfield, Massachusetts. Bowles remembers bitter arguments over the New Freedom and the League of Nations, and the support he sometimes received in these from a favorite aunt, Ruth Bowles Baldwin, whose husband founded the National Urban League (a Negro welfare organization on whose board Bowles serves today). But the prevailing family atmosphere was standpat. In the background, however, the young man must have sensed the ironic ghost of his grandfather.

It was in 1844 that Samuel Bowles of Springfield had taken over the weekly country newspaper which his father had started twenty years before. By the outbreak of the Civil War Sam Bowles had made of the Springfield *Republican* what its bitter enemy, *The Nation*, declared to be "the most comprehensive daily paper in the country." He was an autocrat no doubt, as his critics contended, scorning not only political regularity but religious orthodoxy. But he was loved by the men he most bitterly attacked, and declared once that "there is no other line of influence or noble effort in this world except in behalf of ideals." Overwork killed him at

fifty-four. As he lay dying one neighbor is said to have remarked to another: "He won't pull through; he's too sick." To which the second replied: "That's too bad, because he won't like God."

Whether or not Chester Bowles' later life may be regarded as a tribute to this formidable tradition, his young manhood appears to have been an escape from it. At Choate he played baseball but studied indifferently enough to require tutoring for his college entrance papers. Though he helped pay his way with a clerk's job in New Haven, classmates remember him chiefly as a good weekender, belonging to the right clubs, captain of the golf team. Bowles held his own but he hardly stood out. His ambition to excel in whatever he did was already great—but in what direction did his talents really point?

There was no answer. Out of college, he tried a spell of cub reporting in Springfield; there was grandfather's ghost hovering above him. He knocked at the door of the State Department in Washington, then at Commerce; there was nothing promising there. He toyed with the idea of art criticism, took a few piano lessons. Then the decision was made for him. His father's business failed and he had to support the family. At the Yale Club employment agency in New York he found there was a job open for a copywriter in the George Batten advertising agency.

ACCORDING to William Benton, who had left Yale three years earlier and was already in charge of a dozen copywriters at Batten's, Bowles came to the agency without the most elementary knowledge of how to write. It was his imagination that the older man found immediately attractive; the writing he quickly mastered. Four years later, when the two made plans to set up their own agency, they were already a team to be reckoned with.

It would be hard to conceive of two partners more dissimilar in character, tastes, and appearance. The future Assistant Secretary of State already had his own retirement plans (a well-kept secret), his cosmic self-confidence, his missionary zeal to sell culture to the world, his jet-propelled tempo. In 1928 Benton had turned down an invitation to join Lord & Thomas



at double his \$25,000 salary, on the grounds that if he was worth that to somebody else he must be worth twice as much to himself. Benton was short, professionally jovial, natty in his attire, lynx-eyed with a whimsical, appraising half-smile, and his stop-watch efficiency was a little awesome.

Bowles, in contrast, was oversized, his brown suit was always in need of repairs, and he was often late for appointments because he got so interested in expounding some idea that he forgot the time. He kidded the overworked office staff into a sense of personal participation in his own tireless enthusiasm. He was the firm's idea-man; he had visions.

At first they were visions of unlimited sales. Bowles brought to his work the greatest asset an advertising man can have—the unquestioning conviction that bigger sales of whatever product he was interested in at the moment would make the world healthier, happier, and more prosperous. (A shrewd commentator on the advertising giants of that day remarked that “most of them have an unlimited capacity for honestly believing in the products they are promoting. Sophistication and cynicism in their work . . . heads them for oblivion.”)

Although Bowles is reputed to have coined the phrase “Double-whipped” for Hellman's mayonnaise, his first real contribution was in a then-new field, radio. He designed the first shows in which “the atmosphere to fit the product” dwarfed the individual star, and effective plugs were so skillfully concealed that the average listener hardly knew that he was being sold. Crossley's survey for 1935 showed that three of the five top radio programs that year—Maxwell House's “Showboat,” the Palmolive operetta series, and Ipana-Sal Hepatica's “Town Hall”—were Bowles' creations. In that year the firm of Benton & Bowles—which had started in 1929 with less than \$25,000 capital and which ten months later had sunk to \$2,000 in the red—was one of the nation's ten largest and doing an \$8,000,000 annual business.

The idea of low unit costs and huge production was perhaps the secret of the agency's rise. It was in Bowles' mind

when he induced first Maxwell House, and later General Foods, Palmolive, and Columbia Records, to slash their prices and aim for mass sales.

Hearing his clients talk about the “menace of the consumer movement” led him a step further. He prepared a report which pointed out that the lower one-third of Americans were living in a separate economic world from the upper two-thirds, and that if business wanted to expand its market it would have to get its prices low enough to enable the bottom third of the nation to buy. At the time this sounded like revolutionary doctrine, both to the advertising profession and to most business men. But it won adherents, and his efforts to spread the faith took Bowles a step beyond his circle. He met Don Montgomery, then Consumer Counsel for the Department of Agriculture, now with the United Automobile Workers. He began to read such heretical economists as David Cushman Coyle and Stuart Chase.

**I**N THE meanwhile he had suffered and overcome a crisis in his personal life. To go back a little, in 1933 Bowles and his first wife, Julia Mayo Fisk, had been divorced. More and more he had been agonizing over his work and had begun to wrestle with the larger issues taking shape from it; perhaps his wife had taken refuge in a social life which he, whose relationships with people must be intimate and intense, found enervating. They parted friends, but Bowles missed his two children and stood in need of sympathetic companionship. On a vacation trip to the north coast of Africa on the *Rex* in 1934 he renewed an old friendship with Dorothy Stebbins, whom he had met at Vassar ten years earlier. The following winter they were married.

Dorothy Stebbins Bowles had already begun to work out a promising career of her own. She was then traveling director of the national Junior League. At college she had been class president. She was outstandingly popular in any company, a born mimic, a singer, and gifted with humor and great understanding. Bowles at this stage in his life was beginning to feel doubts about the validity of his job, and he had overworked himself to the point of



a nervous breakdown. A cruise on his schooner to Nova Scotia in the summer of 1935 gave some relief, but the idea of returning to his office amounted almost to a fear. His wife, perhaps by encouraging his growing conviction that he could solve the conflict of his advertising career only by freeing himself from it entirely, helped him to regain his self-confidence.

The following winter when Benton announced, to the consternation of both his clients and associates, that he was leaving the marketing business for good, Bowles was prepared for the blow.

"Everybody else," Benton recalls, "pleaded, threatened, and argued endlessly trying to make me change my mind. Chet said nothing for a week or two and then one day at lunch he asked me casually, 'Bill, do you think it's wise to leave until you have an offer in some other field, or until you know exactly what you want?' I replied: 'Chet, if I wait for that, I'll *never* leave; the perfect job will never appear or never look perfect enough,' and Chet said, 'I think you're absolutely right; you owe it to yourself to leave now, and I admire you for having the guts to do it.'"

IT took four years for Bowles to bring the agency back to its peak, after a series of withdrawn accounts had been recaptured or replaced only by his infectious persistence. Bowles then gave a display of his own kind of guts under circumstances far more disturbing. Out of a strong belief that the time to participate in the war had not arrived, he had agreed to become one of the directors of America First. There had been a few internationalists like himself in that organization in early 1941 and Bowles had felt that he should use his influence to keep it from becoming narrowly nationalistic. What happened, of course, was that the real isolationists took over, only to lose control, in their turn, to the Coughlin-McWilliams crowd. Bowles sensed the direction in which the organization was beginning to be pushed, but his realization of the danger coincided with a campaign to force him to resign publicly. Friends who suspected that he might have a political future warned him, and several of Benton & Bowles' biggest clients let it be

known that they were thinking of withdrawing their accounts. Bowles refused to be pressured into quitting. But in October of 1941 he wrote an article entitled "What's Wrong with the Isolationists?" which made his own position clear. In it he said:

Most Internationalists are Interventionists. . . . A small group of Internationalists is opposed to our participation in the war. This group believes that the Four Freedoms cannot be won by the sword. They believe that our entry into the war would weaken rather than strengthen our power to aid international understanding and collaboration after the war. . . .

The standpat Isolationist is wrong because, whether he likes it or not, we cannot maintain our economic and social status quo behind a barricade of armaments.

When the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor two weeks after publication of this article, Bowles volunteered for the Navy. When the report on his physical examination was delayed, he turned over the firm to his partners and was offered by Governor Hurley the job of administering Connecticut's tire rationing. It was a new kind of job in plentiful America, and it was a new kind of man, and a new Bowles, that took it.

### III

A FEW months later, when it became clear that his injured ear was going to keep him out of the Navy, Bowles accepted a promotion to the directorship of the state's OPA. A story is told that when he announced his policy of setting up local three-man boards to represent labor, management, and the consumer, one mayor telephoned to tell him that his city did not contain a "responsible" labor leader. Bowles replied that he understood perfectly the mayor's dilemma, but for the record would he send him a personal letter stating the fact? The next day the mayor's office announced that the three-man board had been appointed.

Overnight Connecticut's OPA began to be a problem to the regional and Washington offices. "Bowles doesn't like the fuel oil regulations." "That fellow in Connecticut is raising hell about the pleasure-driving ban." "Whatsisname up there says we're loading the local boards with unnecessary detail." "This guy Bowles says we're



not telling the 'why' of gas rationing." "Bowles says he has a better plan."

And he usually did have one. The state administration became a showpiece. Critical *Newsweek* called it "a lucid chapter in the agency's long saga of confusion." Nobody was very surprised when in the summer of 1943 Bowles was called to Washington by Prentice Brown to replace Lou Maxon as general manager of the national outfit.

HE TOOK over an organization which seemed to be in an all-but-hopeless condition. Its staff was demoralized; its reputation got a little gamier every day; its operations had bogged down in a dozen spots; and Congress was baying at its heels like a pack of hound-dogs after a scared rabbit.

The trouble had set in at the very beginning of OPA, when Leon Henderson had to hold down prices without the help of any basic law—by "jaw control," as he came to call his method. Under the circumstances, his success was little short of miraculous. Many people have forgotten today that the ebullient Henderson saved the government some \$26 billion, plus an additional \$6 billion for consumers, in those early days of the war. He contrived to stabilize prices and rents, and unquestionably staved off a dangerous inflation. But in order to accomplish these things, at a time when the public was not yet aroused to the hazards of runaway prices, Henderson operated with a belligerence and cockiness which in the end were his undoing. Too often he seemed to believe that the whole show could be run from Washington, and apparently he lacked faith in the ability of ordinary citizens—when they understood what had to be done—to co-operate and comply. Finally, many of the very people Henderson was protecting came to oppose him.

By threatening to withhold all OPA funds, Congress forced Henderson out in November 1942, and the well-meaning but weak ex-Senator Prentice Brown of Michigan took his place. The worst of Brown's many mistakes was the appointment of Lou Maxon, an ultra-conservative advertising executive from Detroit, as his right-hand man. Merit appointees in the

field began to lose their jobs, and Democratic congressmen were given to understand that their long-frustrated appetite for OPA patronage might at last be satisfied. Experts were described as "slide-rule boys" and kicked around. Maxon slapped down a proposal for quality control of canned goods through grade-labeling. Then he announced blandly that prices could be expected to rise. Lobbyists moved in for the kill.

By May 1943, many of the key men in OPA had risen in open revolt—and in July, after issuing a vitriolic press statement, Maxon resigned. Bowles, who had earlier declined to share the general managership with Maxon, was called to Washington to try to clean up the mess; and a few months later he took over from Brown the titular, as well as the actual, responsibility for running the agency.

WHEN the Coast Guard brought the news of his nomination to Bowles, who was relaxing in his boat off the Maine coast, he knew what had to be done and how to do it. Two jobs were urgent—to win the confidence of a ravening Congress, and to get public co-operation in holding down prices.

First of all, Bowles went to work on Congress. The Senate Banking and Currency Committee, on edge from its bouts with the truculent Henderson, was hardly prepared for the show Bowles presented one March day in 1944. Quite evidently it had been staged just as carefully as any radio program Benton & Bowles ever produced. He opened at 11 A.M. with a disarming confession of OPA's unpopularity, the maddening complexity of its regulations, its topheaviness, its lack of experienced businessmen. In passing he remarked that regulating eight million prices in three million businesses, plus keeping direct contact with thirty million housewives and even more automobile drivers, was no cinch.

Then, with a sudden change of tone, Bowles showed the senators a chart. It was three feet wide, mounted on a seven-foot easel, and lettered so that even a Southern Democrat could read it. He gave a few words of explanation and motioned to a clerk, who produced another chart—



and another and another, until 106 of them had been displayed before the somewhat dazed committee. They demonstrated, beyond any possibility of argument, just what OPA had accomplished—that prices had risen only 26 per cent during the first 53 months of the war, for example, as compared with the 65 per cent climb during the same period of World War I. At 4 o'clock the senators crowded forward to congratulate him. The next week they extended the controversial Price Stabilization Act.

Through the course of many subsequent hearings, Bowles developed an unsurpassed technique for dealing with congressional committees. His case was always presented with a quiet, good-humored urbanity. He made sure that he had every conceivable fact any congressman was likely to ask for—presented, whenever possible, in chart form. Even under the most vicious needling, he was never known to lose his temper. Because he did not pretend that OPA was perfect, and did not hesitate to admit his own mistakes, even some of the Republicans came to trust him. Perhaps the most sincere tribute of all came recently from Senator Wherry of Nebraska, a raucous critic of OPA.

"You can make a fellow believe anything," he said; "I have to eat more vitamins than ever before to resist you."

A smooth personal performance was by no means Bowles' only technique for soothing rambunctious congressmen. He established an Office of Congressional Information to give quick answers to questions. Sometimes the answer was so effective that the legislator merely needed to change the salutation and signature and mail it on to an angry constituent. The staff stood ready to undertake almost any kind of research job for the overworked, understaffed congressmen, who were in real need of the specialized know-how of administrative technicians. Bowles saw a new pattern emerging, through which the long struggle between the Congress and the bureaucracy might be resolved.

**I**N his campaign to win over the public, Bowles relied almost entirely on the idea of voluntary co-operation. You could

never hire enough police to control prices, he reasoned—but you could persuade the people to do the job themselves. Consequently, the local OPA offices were at once given much greater authority, and many of the Washington operations were decentralized. For the first time the language of rationing and prices was made intelligible. Forms were simplified from six pages to a page and a half. A vast program of consultation was developed, to give every citizen with a beef a hearing. In Washington alone, twenty thousand individual consultations took place in a single week: and some six hundred industry, consumer, labor, and farm advisory committees poured in a constant stream of suggestions for improving the agency's operations.

At the same time Bowles did all he could to cushion the yoke of rationing on a public which had never been broken to such a harness. One of his first acts after arriving in Washington was to remove the ban on the use of A-card gas rations for pleasure driving. "Depriving people of the right to use their A-card as they see fit," he explained, "is like giving a lollipop to a baby and preventing him from sucking it." And he specifically renounced what had come to be known as the "snooping Gestapo approach" to enforcement of price ceilings and rationing. (Not that Bowles wasn't tough when he had to be: in 1944 alone 333,151 investigations resulted in the nailing of 338,029 violators, and 96 per cent of the cases taken to court were won.)

Above all, Bowles tried to explain to all the people why rationing and price control were necessary, and the stake everybody had in making them work. Drawing on his advertising experience, he took to the air. More than two hundred broadcasts a week went out over local stations. His own weekly fifteen-minute network talk, low-keyed and intimate in delivery but factual enough to require seventy man-hours a week in preparation, reached six million listeners according to the Crossley survey. A special staff systematically combed the country's newspapers for complaints. An editor who distorted the facts would receive a gentle but firm explanation from Bowles himself. When the Chi-



cago *Tribune* printed an editorial insinuating that Democratic leaders in the city were getting more than their share of gas coupons, Bowles simply wired the local administrator to take *all* ration books sealed for mailing to the city editor's desk, and request him to open them and tabulate the results himself. The *Tribune* never actually admitted that the count showed Republicans were getting slightly *more* gas; but it did concede (inconspicuously) that the charge had been unfounded, and the campaign was dropped.

In handling the irascible Washington press corps Bowles displayed an unfailing good humor which gained him much respect. When he announced during his early days in Washington that most meats were going off the ration list but that some might have to be put back later, a reporter in the back of the room said: "But not until after the election, Mr. Bowles?" Bowles stiffened for a split second, then replied: "You don't really believe that, do you?" "Well . . . yes." "Will you bet twenty dollars," Bowles asked him, "that some of those meats won't go back on the ration list before November?" "Well . . . no," the reporter replied, "I guess not, thanks." And some of the meats *did* go back on the list.

**B**OWLES' advertising experience again proved useful in dealing with the lobbyists. He knew that most of them earn a living by their ability to make one battered mimeograph sound like a great, spontaneous wave of public protest—and that his best defense was simply to expose the way in which such "protests" were manufactured.

Late in 1944, for example, considerable pressure began to develop for an increase in stove prices. Bowles deflated the whole campaign in one evening with a little chat over the Blue Network. He pointed out that it had been organized "by a publicity firm specifically employed by a minority group . . . to help raise prices for their already profitable industry." He then read the publicity firm's own memorandum outlining the propaganda campaign—a detailed plan for planting newspaper editorials, influencing financial writers and radio commentators, and preparing a

statement to be made by certain university economists. "They are the same economists who later appeared in print uttering the very words prepared for them," Bowles remarked. He added that the memo had been turned over to him by stove manufacturers who "resented the effort by a small minority to involve the stove industry as a whole in counterfeiting public opinion for selfish purposes."

On another occasion some brewers tried to start a "Write Your Congressman" movement to raise the mark-ups on beer, and the head of their trade association wrote a letter to the members stating: "It is our understanding that OPA will pay more attention to Southern congressmen and senators because they are on the right side politically." Bowles spiked that drive simply by filing a copy of the letter with the Senate Banking and Currency Committee.

By the end of 1945 OPA had become, if not the most popular agency in the country, at least one of the most respected. But the personal qualities of the man who was responsible for this transformation were still unknown to the general public.

#### IV

**N**EXT to courage, stubbornness is perhaps the dominant note in his character. In conference or in a congressional committee witness chair it is sometimes veiled by the notorious Bowles charm; but it showed up nakedly in the spring of 1940 when he was sailing his own boat home from Bermuda. The party, in addition to Bowles and his wife, consisted of two friends and their wives, a seaman, and a cook. Bowles had made the run before in less than four days; but this time it was sixteen days before the 71-foot auxiliary schooner *Nordlys* hove into sight of its Connecticut anchorage, where the children—there were five of them now—were waiting, along with the worried Coast Guard, to hear what had happened.

A rising gale had blown the vessel 118 miles off course. For five days she lay hove-to with only three sails left standing. Two of the men had been totally submerged while working at the bowsprit, clambering back with the greatest diffi-



culty, and Bowles and the cook had risked being skewered by a broken gaff while they clambered up the swaying mast. While the women sat mending the torn canvas, the party debated whether they should start up the auxiliary motor and use their scant supply of fuel to put into Norfolk, Virginia, rather than continue north with the remnants of their sail. Bowles wouldn't hear of it. "If we can't sail into Essex on our own power," he said, "we're no good."

The incident of the Bermuda cruise perhaps throws some light on another of Bowles' characteristics—a feeling for power which is as much a part of him as it was of Roosevelt. It is a natural and easy, rather than an imposing quality—an effortless ability to become the focus of any gathering, small or large, to monopolize the talk without raising the voice. A bitter critic of his recent work said:

"He's the world's greatest optimist, and the world's greatest selector of facts that agree with some goddam theory. But he's a force of nature that can't be budged. You and I allow ourselves to be swayed by the other side, but Bowles, without letting you see what he's doing, always comes back to his original point, and wins it."

The critic conceded that Bowles' willingness to be unpopular for a principle was his greatest strength, but added: "He's got to be in the driver's seat."

This magisterial compulsion showed up very early in Bowles' life. He broke his arm twice playing baseball and then gave up the sport rather than play it with a handicap. For a while after college he was convinced that he could go to the top in golf. The National Amateur was to be played that year on his home course in New Jersey and Bowles would go out day after day with a bucket of balls, studying every approach and trap, working out the angles on the difficult holes down to an almost mathematical precision. Perhaps he had overtrained, for he "blew" in the qualifying round, but from that day on his interest in golf was negligible. When he took up sailing, he was not content with lessons from an old salt; he and "Steb" took a night course in navigation at a New York school.

In Washington his friends are astonished

at his dedication to prices and markets. The trip downtown in the morning is a miniature staff conference; in the car coming back, the mistakes of the day are reviewed and new strategy is planned; after that, two or three hours of homework memorizing figures or a speech are not unusual. He leaves no doubt that he is the head man, not only in title but in his grasp of the task at hand. But his own energies are generally reserved for wrestling with the complexities of policy. The routine of administration, the unpleasant business of shaking up staffs and firing incompetents, was left in OPA almost entirely to his able deputy, James Gamble Rogers, Jr.

How far these various qualities will take Chester Bowles, it is hard to say. His own ambition is certainly great, and the fervor of those who have worked for him is greater. But he may lack some of the commoner attributes of the master-politician. His opponents in Connecticut say that he is as unpopular with his neighbors in Essex as he is with the political machine regulars. But they point to nothing more specific than the size of the house he built there. Bowles and his wife entertained the builders of that house at a beer party which is still remembered; and at the entrance, in place of the usual "KEEP OUT" sign, there is one pointing to the old beach which used to be public property, reading "PEOPLE ARE WELCOME TO BATHE."

Bowles' own success in business no doubt accounts for his notable ability to deal with businessmen and use them in the key positions in his organization; but there is no sign that industry would be any friendlier to a Bowles candidacy for office than it was to Roosevelt's. During his last month at OPA a facetious friend phoned one day and said, "I was just thinking, Chet, what would happen if you were to drop dead one of these days." He paused. "The market would go up ten points."

A Connecticut manufacturer admitted that Bowles would have the average consumer of the state behind him; "but little business," he said, with some emphasis on the *little*, "has been badly squeezed by OPA and would be against him to a man. No, he'd never get started up here." A



Democratic politician from the state was no more sanguine. "Great guy, Bowles! He's done an amazing job in Washington. But up here—well, it's the convention that decides, and Bowles isn't even reasonable in taking advice about his appointments." What neither the businessman nor the politician mentioned was that no other possible candidate but Bowles is given an outside chance of beating the incumbent Republican governor, Raymond E. Baldwin, next fall.

OF IDEAS for the larger problems of government, and even plans, there is no lack in Chester Bowles, but he is reluctant to talk of them. "I've got plenty to do in my present job," he told his friend Douglas Bennet, the director of Program Planning for OPA, "without trying to be an expert in some other field." But he did give the core of his political thinking.

He is sure that we are not going "back to normalcy," because he knows that if we can no more than match 1940 production, that will mean a cut of 30 per cent from wartime levels: technological advances since 1940 alone would insure that twenty million unemployed would be walking the streets, or twelve million more than in 1940.

Full production, Bowles continues, is the only answer. "To achieve it we've got to use our manpower and our resources in peacetime as fully as we used them in war. At 1945 levels of farm and factory prices and at present wage levels, that means 150 billion dollars' worth of purchasing power—and 150 billion dollars' worth of bathtubs, beefsteaks, refrigerators, and decent schools to spend it on. At that level America would buy 60 per cent more food than we ate in 1940, 72 per cent more clothing, 68 per cent more electrical equipment, 105 per cent more household furniture, 130 per cent more new farm machinery, and three times the number of new homes!"

Bowles voted for Roosevelt four times. (Willkie's stand on the TVA and labor

made Bowles invulnerable to the arguments of friends who expected him to change camps in 1940.) But he voted for Roosevelt in the belief that the New Deal was a step—a small step—in the direction of a full-production economy. With many of the approaches to that goal he differed, and his own methods would not be the same.

He believes, for example, in encouraging manufacturers to price their goods at the lowest possible levels, and to depend for their overall profit on high production with a small profit per item. He would give special benefits to small business, including credit and research facilities. "The government's part," he says, "is to back up our traditional system of free enterprise, guaranteeing the conditions under which that system may work." He would take steps to insure a high level of farm income by having the government prepared to block temporary and local declines from profitable levels.

For the same larger purpose, he would be for broadening and increasing social security benefits for older people and for the unemployed. But unemployment would be attacked frontally by a program of housing and slum-clearance—a ten-year program with annual production goals. He would encourage exports vigorously but at the same time try to eliminate our high tariff tradition: "We can't go on exporting indefinitely without taking goods in return." And finally he would try to work out a program through which labor, management, and farmers would find it as profitable to work together in peace as they had found it expedient during the war years.

"But remember," Bowles says at this point, "I'm neither a politician nor a permanent government servant; when my job here is accomplished, I'll be ready to go home." Whether he wants to become a politician, only Bowles himself really knows. The course of events in Washington, however, makes it appear unlikely that he will soon go home.



# The Easy Chair

*Bernard DeVoto*

**H**UMOR is one of the mind's devices for making life tolerable. No man ever made a joke about another man without divulging a joke on himself. No man ever laughed at fortune except in self-defense. The soul must find some redress for the injuries inflicted on it, it must resist the aggressions practiced against its defenselessness, it must harmonize the discordances that threaten it with destruction from within. Humor is a psychic adaptation: an act where action is impossible, a solvent of the insoluble, a defiance masked as surrender, a bursting-asunder of the inexorably contracting, a risk taken safely, pain turned to its own healing. At its simplest it is wonderfully complex, at its most superficial it is many strata deep, and there is no such thing as idle humor. Mere puns and the all but meaningless witticisms of exhilaration are phantasies as purposeful as a child's playing. There is, that is to say, no such thing as a joke; there is only a pretense, perhaps only a self-deception. There is only a mind trying to establish an armistice, if but for a moment, with itself and with the world.

And certainly no one ever made fine literature out of humor except as the sole resolution possible to the perturbed spirit of a conflict between himself and the world that was also a conflict, otherwise insoluble, within himself. Swift's famous letter to Pope exposes the mechanism in bright light. "I have ever hated all nations, professions, and communities, and all my love is towards individuals; for instance I hate the tribe of lawyers, but I love Counsellor Such-a-one and Judge Such-a-one. . . . But principally I hate and detest that animal called man,

although I heartily love John, Peter, Thomas, and so forth. . . . I have got materials towards a treatise proving the falsity of that definition *animal rationale*, and to show it should be only *rationis capax*." Here hate and love make a clear flux, and they do not screen Swift's deeper love and hatred of the tortured *persona* whose name in the fictional world was Jonathan Swift. (A line or so above he was confessing that he would rather vex the world than divert it—"if I could compass that design without hurting my person or fortune.") Those twinned hatreds and twinned loves are the crystals whose refracted light we call humor. Humor is the reconciliation of them, an emancipator, a lifegiver. Its design is first to save the soul and then to free others to the same salvation. With Swift it did not quite succeed.

"You observe," Mark Twain wrote to his mother in 1867, when he was in his thirty-second year, "that under a cheerful exterior I have got a spirit that is angry with me and gives me freely its contempt." Anyone who looks may see the anger and contempt beneath Mark Twain's cheerfulness, and as the literature that resulted from the conflict came into recognition as great literature, various critics tried to heal the conflict, though usually to heal it with what was little more than prayer. There would have been no conflict, we were told twenty-five years ago, if only Mark Twain had had the courage to be an artist. What else was he? Then that notion lapsed and we were told that there would have been no conflict if only he had had the courage to attack men in society. What else did he ever do? The conflict cannot be healed by faith or prayer or any



kind of exorcism: it cannot be healed. There it is, violent and lifelong, beyond medication, beyond mitigation. But it could be contained and was contained. By humor.

The little sketch which *Harper's* published two months ago, "Letter from the Recording Angel," has met with a welcome beyond the expectation of this editor, who expected a good deal. People have talked about it and written in about it, newspapers and columnists have picked it up. One might almost think that the literary point of view may have sharpened a little, for though it was to be expected that at least a few would use the sketch to prove once more that Mark Twain was only the village atheist after all and could not contrive anything of distinction, no one has. (No one has yet: the demonstration may now be going into type somewhere.) Everyone who has mentioned it has understood that it was an addition to Swift's treatise which proved the falsity of that definition *animal rationale*.

Still, only one who has talked about it has observed one of the heaviest strokes in it: the assumption that the Throne has no election but to grant the petitions made in prayer. The Recording Angel points out that some kinds of petitions are deeper in the soul than some other kinds, and rules that if these conflict the deeper ones must be granted, but to pray is, if there be no deeper and therefore prior wish, to have the prayer granted. Unquestionably this precept was advanced by theologians a thousand years ago or more and was duly denounced as heresy in some encyclical. It would not be heresy today: a spectral head nodding in assent can be identified as Sigmund Freud's. Something contemporaneous with us vibrated for a moment in the hillside study at Quarry Farm in the summer of 1887. As several who have written about the sketch have remarked, Mark Twain keeps on seeming to be here today. He has now been a contemporary of a good many generations.

HE WAS in the study at Stormfield one day in 1904 when—according to his "Sold to Satan"—he read an item in the morning paper. And he was not being the village atheist when, because all the good

stocks were down and the time had come to make a killing, he summoned Satan to Stormfield and arranged to sell his soul. After the sale was arranged, the two sat talking and Mark's question elicited the information that the soft incandescence of Satan's body was due to the fact that it was made of radium.

Mortal scientists, Satan explained, had not yet learned the secret of liberating the energy locked in the atom. When they did learn it they would add "a new world to the planet's possessions." The radioactive substances, he went on, liberated energy spontaneously and continuously: one embodied with bismuth was called polonium, one embodied with barium was called radium (and a mortal scientist had learned how to separate that one out), and the third one was actinium. The secret which the science of hell knew and earthly science must learn was how to separate the polonium from the bismuth. Satan's skin was made of polonium and that was how the radium of his body was held in check, for polonium freed from bismuth was the only power that could control radium, "restrain its destructive forces, tame them, reduce them to obedience." Without it, "the world would vanish away in a flash of flame and a puff of smoke, and remnants of the extinguished moon would sift down through space a mere snow-shower of gray ashes." So they sat there anticipating some work recently done under the football stadium at the University of Chicago and then, after some thoroughly bad jokes about fireflies, Satan vanished and Mark Twain set to work incorporating a radium company so that he could peddle its stock.

In producing this story, the perturbed spirit was trying to tune in a signal it could not get clear: the joke that is an act forbidden is frequently prescient. There was another feeble joke, one which would have had the critics of twenty-five years ago aghast with pity if only they could have seen it, when at about the time of Satan's visit to Stormfield Mark described himself, in an unpublished fragment of manuscript, as the Bishop of New Jersey. The Bishop was also known as the Father of History and, according to the manuscript, he wrote a book which was buried under



ruins and so not found till two thousand years after our time. It proved to be the best guide our successors had ever found to the lost civilization of which only a few fragmentary fossils had previously been unearthed, but the lacunae were so extensive that identifications and allusions were frequently beyond the capacity of historical scholarship two thousand years from now. The author of the law of gravity, for instance, turned out to be Sir Isaac Walton and a search for his law in the surviving fragments of statute-books led to unsatisfactory if surprising results.

The Bishop's book was in part a history of the time that had gone before, and one trouble today is that it was mixed up with another activity of Mark Twain's, the translation of alleged documents from the Biblical civilization that was four thousand years earlier than the Father of History. Mark had begun to dip into them as far back as 1870, he kept returning to them periodically down to a year or so before his death, and "Adam's Diary" and "Eve's Diary" have been published. There were various other diaries, Shem's, Methuselah's, and a scattering by forgotten contemporaries of theirs, one by a Reginald Selkirk who was otherwise known as the Mad Philosopher.

Now the Mad Philosopher had also discovered laws. One of them was known as the Law of the Periodicity of History (though you may be quite sure that neither Selkirk nor Mark Twain had read Giovanni Vico), and the interesting thing is that Mark as the Bishop of New Jersey had found in his own time indications startlingly like those which Mark as Methuselah and the Mad Philosopher had observed in their civilization in the last years before the Flood. Just before the deluge. Just before the end of civilization—and the Law of Periodicity required history to repeat itself act by act every so often. Down to our time and from then on.

Just a lot of jokes, all feeble, some stale, some dreadful, and they had as much to do with Mark's desire to show that he still hated Christian Science as with anything else. Yet the whipping antennae of a mind that could not rest touched some surprising things and were fumbling to tune in

another signal. It was just the first Roosevelt in the White House; vastly increasing the G.A.R. pension list in an election year, who had the Law of the Periodicity of History proving that one of the precursors of a republic's collapse (for republics always go under) was a surrender of government to the group pressures of war veterans. Only that, but the same thing had happened in Methuselah's time and would happen again in the Bishop of New Jersey's time, and again and again. A corrupt, venal, materialistic civilization was rotting away. No man could do anything about it, few cared. And at evening the crowds would stroll down to the river so that they could jeer at the crackpot Noah and his sons who were hammering at the ark. They were uproarious about the waters which had been predicted but which of course would never come.

And in Noah's time science had just discovered a new form of energy which might well displace steam and electricity, being far more powerful, occupying almost no space, and costing much less. People were amazed—but not the Mad Philosopher. He remembered what had happened long ago in strict accordance with the Law of the Periodicity of History.

The rot of wealth and corruption and social cowardice and irresponsible power had brought down the republic in that far-distant time too. One known in the Prophet's later time as The Prodigy or The Shoemaker (not the house-painter) had risen and conquered the world. The last republicans had been unable to withstand him for the republican virtues had simply flickered out. He had a genius for war and statesmanship and administration, and so he reduced half the continents "to his sole will unhampered by meddling ministries and legislatures, and left mountains of dead and wounded upon his battlefields." But with half the continents subdued he was able to coast the rest of the way. For an obscure scientist's last testament showed "that he had discovered a means whereby he could sweep a whole army out of existence in an instant but that he would not reveal his secret, since war was already terrible enough and he would not be a party to the augmentation of its destructiveness." But the Shoemaker-



emperor said "The man was foolish—his invention would abolish war altogether." So he had his own scientists work out the formulas and thereafter only one battle was needed; one sufficed to show the rest of the world what the formula would do. So the Prodigy brought the whole world into his order and there were peace and totalitarianism for a long while, till one day when the formula accidentally got out of hand. Then civilization had to begin over again in the established periodicity, including republics but also including wars.

THUS the Mad Philosopher as Mark Twain translates him, meditating on what had happened long ago. He was remembering that old discovery of pure energy at a moment when it had been discovered again, and when men knew little about it as compared with what they would surely know in a few decades, if they should have time to learn. And Reginald Selkirk, derided by the populace, can hear them deriding also the man who alone accepts the signs of the time and is building a frail craft to serve him in the deluge which the crowd knows will never come. And four thousand years later the Bishop of New Jersey on the once more repeated evidence feels that his world also is spinning to destruction. And a new, a pure form of energy has been contrived.

Thus Mark Twain in 1904 and on to about 1907, following some impulses (all his work began as impulse) and writing some tolerably bad burlesque to ease a passing irritation and strike back a little at an annoying world, as makers of jokes do, but also in order to submit the insoluble to humor's solvent. It was a trivial mood, so trivial that he was not enough interested in any of these impulses to complete the manuscripts that stemmed from them, and a mood which later on proved infuriating to correct minds, especially literary minds. (One of whom lately regretted that Mark had not had much education since a little schooling might

have enabled him to write an acceptable style.) But the jokes were also the bursting-asunder of what was inexorably contracting, and among the remarks to be made about the impulses is the not unimportant one that they happened to be the impulses of a great genius. They vibrated as the antennae whipped the ether in a blind sentience that was also prescience. In 1907 Mark was seven years short of 1914, thirty-two years short of 1939, thirty-nine years short of 1946.

So we must take him. You will not get a reasoned philosophy from him or a logical explanation of what causes man to hurt or societies to live in travail, at least you will not get one that will hold water very long. He loved to reason and did so as often and as energetically as any man who ever lived, but nature had supplied him with the wrong instruments. Give him an argument to reason out and he was soon snarled in it. He usually proved and disproved both sides, and absolutely, before he was done and was seldom able to carry any part of it straightforwardly to the next part. He busied himself with truths and ideas that weighed as much per cubic inch as Satan's body, but he tugged at them in vain.

His intelligence was not analytical, it was intuitive. His reasoning was fiery and superb and cockeyed and it moved on the curve of a long arc—whereas his perceptions moved straight across, on the chord. Those perceptions brought back some amazing things from the dark beyond man's knowledge of the strange jungle in which he lives and his knowledge of himself. We have not yet caught up with all of them nor understood all those we have drawn abreast. But it is time to stop wondering why his genius expressed itself as humor, for that humor was only the ambivalence we all share. And it was quite literally a lifegiver, no less for us seeking redress for injuries we can by no means escape than it was for him adapting to the turbulence that rioted at the bases of his mind.

("Sold to Satan" is published in the volume called *Europe and Elsewhere*. All the other pieces referred to herein are still unpublished.—Bernard DeVoto.)



# GOOD NEIGHBOR, NEW STYLE

JOSEPH M. JONES

WHEN Ambassador Spruille Braden publicly spoke his mind on fascism and democracy in Buenos Aires last summer—in a country where government had been usurped by a small group of Nazi-minded army colonels—and was not censured by Washington but appointed Assistant Secretary of State in charge of Latin American affairs, it was plain that the Good Neighbor policy was in for a major overhaul. And Latin Americans knew that the war was over.

Mr. Braden's plain speaking shook violently the façade of "hemispheric solidarity" which had been built up during the war, and reminded many citizens both in the United States and in Latin America that it had been a long time since official pronouncements on inter-American affairs had corresponded with reality. For example:

"No state has the right to intervene in the internal or external affairs of another," so had run the official communiqués—but many thoughtful citizens had always realized that American influence, *either exerted or withheld*, inevitably would continue to make and unmake governments in Latin America.

"The full and equal sovereignty of states is the foundation of the inter-American system and of harmonious international relations"—and they had vaguely wondered how this could be reconciled with other official clichés to the effect that fu-

ture peace demands the breaking down of national sovereignties.

"The republics of the New World stand together to protect their democracy and their freedoms from fascist aggression"—and their minds had turned to the fascist government of Argentina, the dictatorships in the Dominican Republic, Nicaragua, Haiti, and Honduras, and rule by an army-church-landlord *junta* in a dozen other Latin American countries.

The flimsy structure had been erected so high and so elaborately as to be almost plausible; but being built largely of words, it was vulnerable to words, and Spruille Braden supplied them on August 28, 1945, in a public address in Buenos Aires:

"One by one there appears [in Argentina] almost every element with which fascism has been served in its infamous stratagem since the days of the so-called 'March upon Rome': subversion and organized disorder by the government itself; . . . the calculated use . . . of violent methods; . . . the practice of . . . tactics of confusion; . . . the use of intimidation. . . .

"We would not be loyal to our country or to the principles which we profess to defend if, once we discover certain activities of this nature, we do not report them openly and hasten to pull them out by the roots. . . . Otherwise, we should have to declare as morally lost this very war which we won with so much sacrifice. . . .

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"Nobody should think that my transfer to Washington will mean the abandonment of the task which I am carrying on. The voice of liberty has always made itself heard in this land, and I believe that no one can suffocate it. I shall hear it from Washington with the same clarity with which I hear it here in Buenos Aires. I know it to be the voice of the Argentine people, its own authentic voice. . . ."

Thus began a new chapter in inter-American relations, a chapter in which the voice of liberty throughout Latin America—the voice of the people—is heard in Washington, even over the boom and roar of Latin America's self-elected leaders. And the United States' voice of liberty answers back directly, with encouragement and guidance. The State Department announced on August 25 that Braden's appointment was "a recognition of his accurate interpretation of the policies of this government in its relations with the government of the Argentine," and declared that it would be Braden's duty "to see that the policies which he has so courageously sponsored in the Argentine are continued with unremitting vigor."

## II

**I**T is a historical irony that the Good Neighbor policy of President Roosevelt, the great idealist, should have been applied in Latin America with such a high degree of pure expediency; and that only now, after the death of the man who inspired the Latin American masses with hope for the Four Freedoms, is our practice of supporting dictatorships and oligarchies in Latin America—if they co-operated against the Axis—being changed to an encouragement of democracy. The justification of Roosevelt's policy was the *immediate* security need of the United States; the basis for our new policy is the ending of the war, and the *long-range* security needs of the United States.

In the early years of Roosevelt's presidency the Good Neighbor policy consisted largely of completing the job, already begun by Secretary Stimson, of liquidating our active interventions in Latin America (use of troops, threatened use of troops, control of finances, forced cession of bases,

etc.), and of abolishing the legal basis, the policy, the habit, of intervention. An earlier generation had conceived United States security needs in terms of bases controlled or owned throughout the Caribbean and maintenance of order and stability within our defense zone. These, in turn, had easily slopped over into the practice of military intervention to protect our property and investments in Latin America. Within thirty-five years the United States had acquired Puerto Rico, naval bases in Cuba, the Canal Zone, the Virgin Islands; had intervened with troops, repeatedly and for long periods, in Nicaragua, Haiti, the Dominican Republic, and Mexico; had used pressure to acquire the legal right to intervene in Cuba, Haiti, Panama, and Mexico; and had proclaimed the right, as deriving from the Monroe Doctrine, of intervention anywhere in Latin America, in order to forestall intervention by nations outside this hemisphere for the purpose of protecting their citizens or collecting debts. Throughout this period, moreover, our financial and commercial interests had extended their empires in Latin America, frequently without much regard for social welfare.

**B**Y THE late nineteen-twenties the Latin Americans were in such a state of hysteria over intervention by the Colossus of the North that the security of the United States, far from being promoted by such intervention, was actually being jeopardized. Moreover, the heritage of President Wilson's international idealism, which stressed national self-determination and sovereignty, was moving liberal opinion in the United States to louder and louder demands for an end to intervention and "dollar diplomacy."

This coincidence of security needs with moral scruples was so irresistible that President Coolidge sent Dwight Morrow as ambassador to Mexico to work out a compromise of the dispute over American oil rights taken over by the Mexican government. Under President Hoover our marines were withdrawn from Nicaragua, while the onset of the world depression put a sharp check on our economic expansion. Under President Roosevelt, the marines were withdrawn from Haiti. In treaties



with Cuba, Mexico, and Panama, our legal right to intervene was renounced. The policy of refusing to recognize revolutionary governments was abandoned. And the United States formally agreed in inter-American conferences that "no state has the right to intervene in the internal or external affairs of another." By the time President Roosevelt attended the Pan-American conference in Buenos Aires in December, 1936, Latin American opinion of the United States had so changed in response to the Good Neighbor policy that half a million citizens of Argentina, where hostility had formerly been most intense, jammed the sidewalks to shout him enthusiastic welcome.

THIS triumph at Buenos Aires of the negative policy of non-intervention went hand-in-hand with the adoption by the United States of a positive policy of pressing the Latin American countries to resist the growing infiltration of Nazi doctrines and agents. The Buenos Aires conference had been called by the United States in an initial attempt to tighten hemispheric ties in the face of a danger from Europe.

More than a hundred years earlier, President Monroe—confronted with the possibility of a European political system hostile to democracy being imposed upon Latin America by military force—had unilaterally invoked his now famous "doctrine," confident that the mistress of the seas, Great Britain, would enforce it by intercepting any expedition. The situation confronting President Roosevelt was strikingly similar, but infinitely more difficult to cope with.

The Latin American countries did not perceive the real purpose of the cultural clubs set up by the Axis countries within their borders, the exhibits of art and books, the cut-rate circulation of motion pictures, the shortwave radio broadcasts, the free trips to Germany and Italy. To the Latin Americans, intervention was still the landing of troops in the nineteenth-century style. But Roosevelt saw these activities as the prelude to invasion.

The President, moreover, had his doubts about the ability of Latin America to withstand fascist propaganda. In half a

dozen countries dictators already ruled; in a dozen others, nominal democracies—small *juntas* of army officers, clericals, and big landowners—ran the government with scant regard for the illiterate, poverty-stricken, and disenfranchised masses. In none were democratic processes secure from overthrow by armed revolt. By 1936 fascist propaganda had already made serious inroads among nationalists who derided democracy, among clericals who saw in totalitarianism a protection against the mounting demand for social and religious reform, and among the military who were impressed by the success and prestige of their profession in Axis countries.

How could we combat this insidious "softening up" process being carried on by the Axis, as part of its scheme for taking Latin America from within? Obviously direct American intervention would simply stir up more trouble. The only alternative was to convince the Latin Americans that it was to their best interests to stick together, and to stick with us, against the Axis. This was the meaning of the seemingly hollow "unity" and "solidarity" which we sought at any price. The object of our Latin American policy between 1936 and 1945 was security.

At the Buenos Aires conference the Latin American countries persuaded the United States to join in signing an unequivocal non-intervention pledge; and in return the United States persuaded the Latins to agree to consult "in the event of war, or virtual state of war, between American states . . . and in the event of an international war outside America which might menace the peace of the American republics."

"To make possible hemispheric solidarity," wrote Samuel Flagg Bemis, the historian, in 1943, "the North had accepted as principles of inter-American public law the dicta of Latin American jurisprudence. . . ." Outstanding among these dicta were two which in Europe were playing directly into the hands of the aggressors, and which in any "One World" context were obsolete: absolute non-intervention and the unlimited sovereignty of states. These golden calves were the unquestioned objects of Good Neighbor worship from 1936 to 1942. But between 1942



and 1945 heretics began to appear in increasing numbers; and, with the appointment of Spruille Braden in 1945 as Assistant Secretary of State in charge of Latin American affairs, the idols were pulled down.

### III

OUR official Good Neighbor team for many years played in perfect co-ordination. It was a remarkable combination: F.D.R., the master statesman and political strategist, fully aware of what he wanted, and the compromises necessary to get it; Secretary of State Cordell Hull, unused to the ways of major diplomacy but a trusted man of the people, sincerely believing in the nineteenth-century principles which he so wordily championed; Under-Secretary Sumner Welles, correct, astute; and Larry Duggan, young, democratic, conducting Latin American operations under Welles. Working together, these four diverse personalities could have convinced the Latin Americans of almost anything.

The first error—in retrospect widely recognized as such among Latin American specialists—was made by Welles at the conference of American Foreign Ministers which met at Rio de Janeiro six weeks after Pearl Harbor. There seemed to be ample justification for Welles' decision then, but as things turned out it was the wrong one. The conference was to be the pay-off of our Latin American policy. At previous inter-American conferences—Buenos Aires in 1936, Lima in 1938, Panama in 1939, Havana in 1940—the procedures of common action against a non-American aggressor (which meant the Axis) had been slowly hammered out. This had been accomplished despite the fact that Argentina, jealous of our leadership in the Americas, had consistently tried to block or weaken all our efforts at inter-American collective security. After the United States was attacked by the Axis, Sumner Welles led an American delegation to Rio in January 1942, to see whether the Latins would act or just continue to talk.

Some Latin American countries had already done more than talk. Cuba, Panama, the Dominican Republic, Haiti, Nicaragua, Guatemala, Honduras, El Sal-

vador, and Costa Rica had already declared war against the enemies of the United States; Colombia, Mexico, and Venezuela had severed diplomatic relations; and Argentina, Bolivia, Chile, and Uruguay had declared they would not treat the United States as a belligerent.

At the Rio conference, Mexico, Colombia, and Venezuela proposed that all American republics immediately break diplomatic relations with Germany, Italy, and Japan. Argentina, as usual, objected, and proposed an elaborate subterfuge for action—a resolution beginning: "The American republics, *in accordance with the procedures established by their own laws and in conformity with the position and circumstances obtaining in each country in the existing continental conflict*, recommend the breaking of their diplomatic relations. . . ." (Italics mine.) It was clear that Argentina had no intention of breaking relations.

Should Welles seek the support of other American nations for joint action to force Argentina to break relations with the Axis? Should he seek the passage of a strong resolution by all except Argentina? Or should he accept the mealy-mouthed Argentine resolution? The choice was a hard one to make in the dark days of 1942.

Cordell Hull advised turning the screws on Argentina. But Welles telephoned the President and got his O.K. on accepting the Argentine hedge. With the approval of the United States, it was adopted unanimously. Within a few weeks all American republics except Argentina and Chile severed relations with the Axis.

The chief justification of Welles and Roosevelt in their decision was that they were not at all sure that Brazil would back them up in turning the screws on Argentina. At that lowest point of Allied war fortunes, immediately after Pearl Harbor, President Vargas was warmly co-operating with the United States in defense measures, but doing so in spite of his army leaders, upon whom he depended to maintain his power; and at the Rio conference the Brazilian General Staff categorically advised Vargas not to get out on a limb with the United States if all-out pressure against Argentina were required. Welles, supported by the President, then decided that the co-operation of the Vargas govern-



ment was more important than forcing Argentina and Chile to break relations.

Nevertheless this decision, made in a time of great danger for the sake of immediate security, had unfortunate results. At the climax of United States Latin American policy, it led Sumner Welles to sacrifice substance for a mere facade of unanimity—thereby confirming many men in the street in their suspicion that hemispheric solidarity was a fake. He overrode Mr. Hull, thus bringing their increasingly hostile relationship to a boiling point. And he let slip the last convenient chance to force a change in Argentina's pro-Axis orientation by group action.

AFTER Rio, Welles' control over Latin American policy began to crumble and Hull, pressing his advantage over a rival whom he intensely disliked, began to take over. And the more Hull pressed for action against Argentina, the more legalistic and hell-bent Welles became for preserving Latin American "unity" at any price. But Hull figured that even a soap bubble had unity. It was a year and a half before he succeeded in ousting Welles as under-secretary (on much wider grounds, to be sure, than Latin American policy) and more than two years before he forced the resignation of Larry Duggan. But Hull's influence on Latin American policy increased steadily after Rio.

Hull knew infinitely less than either the President or Welles about diplomacy or the subtleties of Latin American affairs, but he had a tremendous asset in his simple, mountaineer mental processes. He alone could never have conceived the Good Neighbor policy; but he also would never have let slip a chance for the pay-off at Rio. He saw Argentina's dictators aiding the Axis and his reaction was as elemental as that of a Tennessee mountaineer. Moreover, the more he looked at some of our wartime "co-operation" with Latin America's dictators—for example, giving lend-lease military equipment to rulers who clearly would never use it except to put down a revolt of their own people—the less he liked it. He began to talk pointedly to Latin America about applying in this hemisphere the democratic principles for which the United Nations were pre-

sumably fighting. Welles and Duggan considered this to be a dangerous trend back to unilateral pre-Good Neighbor intervention.

Under Hull's pressure, Chile broke relations with the Axis in 1943. In Argentina, however, the situation went from bad to worse. Pro-German President Castillo was driven out of office in June 1943 by a military *coup d'état* headed by General Ramirez. Extreme pressure from the United States and Great Britain forced Ramirez early in 1944 to break relations with the Nazis. But three weeks later the Peron group of fascist army colonels drove Ramirez out of office and installed General Farrell as President, and Axis activities continued almost as before. Not even the Argentine declaration of war against the Axis in April 1945 brought about any effective measures against such activities. And six months after the end of the war, a virulent fascist government continued to impose its will upon the basically democratic people of Argentina.

#### IV

AS CO-ORDINATOR of inter-American affairs from 1940 to 1944, Nelson Rockefeller performed a major service for the United States. He understood the relation of Latin America's social and economic problems to the defeat of fascism, and for four years with great energy and tact he fought the enemy's fifth column. But as Assistant Secretary of State in charge of our Latin American policy from December 1944 to August 1945, Rockefeller hardly had a chance to do a constructive job.

Rockefeller was a Latin American specialist, without experience in the realm of major foreign policy. Moreover, for four years his chief idea had been the promotion of hemisphere solidarity and co-operation for the war. It was, therefore, his great misfortune to be in charge of our Latin American policy at a moment when, for the first time in history, it had to be harmonized with—and subordinated to—the developing main lines of United States foreign policy. Worse yet, it was a moment when our foreign policy was without competent over-all direction. (Stettinius, as



Secretary, hardly even pretended to be *guiding* the ship of state, and Rockefeller's brief term in office coincided with President Roosevelt's decline and death and the early months of the Truman administration.) The mistakes that Rockefeller made, therefore, were those that any specialist in Latin American affairs might have made under similar circumstances: he promoted hemisphere unity at the expense of our world policy. This involved a sharp swing back toward the Welles concept of non-intervention and hemisphere-unity-at-any-price.

Rockefeller got off to a bad start through appointing Avra Warren as his right-hand man in charge of the Office of American Republics Affairs. Warren is a smooth diplomatic operator in whom the rule of expediency reaches its final perfection. Rockefeller justifies himself on the grounds that he needed a competent and senior foreign service hatchet man to keep the Department's career boys under control. But almost any junior foreign service officer in the Latin American field could have warned him that Warren was no man for an inexperienced assistant secretary to have around.

Rockefeller was the key United States representative at the Chapultepec conference of American States (minus Argentina) which met in Mexico City in February 1945. That conference at the time was considered a great success. There the unilateral Monroe Doctrine gave way to genuine collective hemispheric security; there countries which fifteen years earlier had been super-sensitive about United States intervention pushed through an agreement to legalize intervention on a collective basis, knowing all the while that the United States would inevitably be the prime mover. However, it became clear a little later that success at Chapultepec had been achieved at the expense of our general foreign policy.

**R**OCKEFELLER, with Warren at his side, discovered in Mexico City that the Latin American delegates not only were worrying about Argentina, but also about communism and the possibility of Soviet intervention in American affairs. Instead of seeking to allay that fear, Rockefeller

made the most of it in order to achieve a binding hemisphere collective security pact—this in spite of the fact that the keystone of Roosevelt's foreign policy was unity among the Big Powers. Moreover, this principle had been built into the Dumbarton Oaks proposals, which the San Francisco conference was to consider scarcely two months later. It is true that the final "Act of Chapultepec" specified that the hemisphere collective security arrangement should be "consistent with the purposes and principles of the general international organization, when established." But the spirit of Chapultepec, rather than the letter, bore fruit at San Francisco when the Latin American countries, supported by Rockefeller, for several weeks held up the conference by insisting that their hemisphere collective security system should operate independently of the Security Council of the United Nations Organization.

Rockefeller's most ambitious project was that of driving Peron out of office in Argentina. It was a spectacular failure. Rockefeller's strategy was to lure the Peron government to abandon its Axis supporters by declaring war, to persuade it to undertake pro-democratic commitments, and then to use the combined moral force of the hemisphere to force it to live up to those commitments—which probably would have meant the overthrow of the Peron government from within. Had the San Francisco conference not followed so closely upon Chapultepec, this strategy might have worked.

Unilateral threats and non-recognition had brought our policy toward Argentina to a complete impasse by 1944, and it was greatly to Rockefeller's credit that he took the initiative at Mexico City in exploring what could be done by multilateral action. Argentina was invited by the conference to "identify itself with the common policy" of the American nations (by declaring war on the Axis), qualify thereby for admission to the United Nations, and sign the final Act of Chapultepec.

Prudence should have suggested, however, in view of the double-dealing record of the Peron government, that Argentina be readmitted to the family of nations by stages, with thorough investigation in each



stage of Argentina's *fulfillment* of prescribed conditions. But no such procedure was established. In fact, not long after Chapultepec, representatives of the Latin American republics met with Rockefeller in Washington and it was agreed, without further investigation, to sponsor Argentina's admission to the United Nations Organization in San Francisco. Violent opposition elsewhere in the State Department caused Rockefeller to be overruled; and although it was decided that the United States would not sponsor Argentina's admission, our delegation went to the San Francisco Conference without a decision on what it should do if someone else brought the question up.

What happened at San Francisco is well known. Again the anti-Soviet, hemisphere-unity-at-any-price spirit of the Chapultepec conference bore fruit. When asked to help fulfill Roosevelt's Yalta pledge to seat the Ukrainian and White Russian governments at San Francisco, the Latin American countries refused unless the United States promised to support the admission of Argentina. Rockefeller was for the deal—his whole strategy was not to rebuff Argentina but to lure her back into the family and then deal strongly with her. Some members of the American delegation were sympathetic to it. The Russians were threatening to withdraw from the conference unless their satellites were seated. In the end, "to save the conference," the United States—put in a position of extreme indignity through diplomatic bungling—sponsored the admission of Argentina's fascist government to the United Nations. And Peron, who had been shaking uneasily on his artificial throne, at last found something solid to sit upon.

LONG before 1945 most people who had not specialized in Latin American affairs became lost in the contradictions and personalities of the Good Neighbor policy. But all the while, among the less publicized experts in the field, a new philosophy of inter-American relations was maturing. After San Francisco, a new President and a new Secretary of State decided to give the new philosophy a try. Spruille Braden—who at that moment,

as ambassador in Buenos Aires, was capturing the American imagination with his outspoken defense of American ideals—was the obvious candidate for Assistant Secretary of State in charge of Latin American Affairs.

## V

REACHING Washington early in September, Braden promptly installed around him a group of competent younger men who also had arrived at a new Good Neighbor philosophy. Ellis O. Briggs and George Butler, competent foreign service officers with a good deal of Latin American experience, were appointed director and deputy director of the Office of American Republic Affairs. Carl Spaeth, James H. Wright, and Gustavo Duran, young men who combine a passion for democracy with knowledge and experience, were made special assistants.

Braden makes a great deal of President Roosevelt's 1933 description of a good neighbor: "The neighbor who resolutely respects himself, and in so doing, also respects the rights of others." A neighbor properly respects himself, says Braden, only if he is fully aware of his size, his responsibilities, the full impact of what he does *or fails to do* in the community. The new Latin American policy of the United States is based upon new and, I believe, common-sense ideas about United States "intervention" which run something like this:

The size and power of the United States in the Western hemisphere are overwhelming. In most Latin American countries the balance of political forces is so unstable and the role of the individual so great, that *whatever the United States does or fails to do* is in effect intervention. Without willing it, we are an influence in every political decision. If we decline to intervene in behalf of forces we believe in, we automatically intervene in behalf of the forces we abhor. If the United States tries to avoid exercising the responsibilities of its power, it really exercises them in behalf of the status quo.

The principles of absolute sovereignty and non-intervention are useful concepts, giving dignity and confidence to the weak



Latin American countries in their dealings with the United States, and restraining the United States in its dealings with Latin America; but they are nevertheless pure fictions. And they become dangerous fictions when they lead us to act as though we thought they were true. Strict obedience to these fictions by the United States, as during most of the past ten years of the Good Neighbor policy, in effect has been intervention on behalf of Latin America's governments in power. The cruel dictator of the Dominican "Republic" has in the past been officially welcomed in Washington with the same cordiality as the democratic President of Colombia. The dictator of Nicaragua has received lend-lease arms on as large a scale as the democratic government of Costa Rica. Armed and made politically solid with our assistance, these governments have then had a vested interest in American "non-intervention," and have naturally reacted strongly against any suggestion that it should be re-defined. Many have known that with less American "non-intervention" they might be overthrown by democratic pressures within their own countries.

IT FOLLOWS that the new Latin American policy of the United States is simply to promote democracy. Toward dictatorships and "disreputable" governments we shall maintain aloof formality. Our marines will not be landed or even used as a threat. But dictators and corrupt leaders will not be invited to the White House; they will not be given military decorations; they will receive no loans, no military equipment, no favors. Favors and loans from the United States will be reserved for respectable governments, linked to value received in terms of honest and democratic government that seeks to improve the lot of the common people. Our representatives in Latin America will speak out freely on behalf of democratic ideas, undeterred by cries of "Yankee intervention." Pent-up democratic forces that are struggling for expression all over Latin America will be encouraged by the public testimony of the United States.

Last September, Ambassador Berle in Brazil got wind that President Vargas, who (after a fourteen-year dictatorship)

had reluctantly yielded to popular pressure and set a date for national elections, was conniving with the Communists to set the elections aside and stay in office. At the crucial moment, Berle made a public speech (the text of which he cleared in advance with President Vargas) in which he expressed the great satisfaction of the United States that the elections were to be held, and his hope that nothing would be done to delay them. Vargas' brother's newspaper shrieked "intervention," but a definite spike was driven in some questionable dealing; and a few weeks later Vargas was forced by local factions to resign in order to insure that free elections would be held as scheduled. This is a fair sample of the way in which the new American policy will operate.

Welles seems to think this is dangerous "intervention," that Latin American peoples "so jealous of their national sovereignties" highly resent it, and that dictators exploit this resentment to their advantage. Braden considers that Welles has too limited a circle of Latin American acquaintances, and that below the governing crust in Latin America are strong democratic forces looking to the United States for encouragement. Welles fears that American hemispheric solidarity is being broken up; Braden and company feel that there has never been hemisphere unanimity on any basic issue, and that the only solidarity worth anything comes from devotion to common ideals and forms of government. Welles fears the spread of anarchy. Braden is convinced that the influence of the United States in Latin America must be revolutionary if our country is not to deny the principles on which it was founded. More than antagonistic personalities is involved here. The difference is one of basic philosophy.

A SECOND outstanding feature of our new policy is a tardy recognition that the growth of a real democracy in Latin America depends upon rising standards of living and the growth of a middle class. Many Americans are worried—and with some reason—about the spread of communism in Latin America. But it has become quite clear that there is only one way to check this current: the hungry, illiterate, and



oppressed peoples of this hemisphere must be shown that the American system of democracy can give them a better living than any other system. This means that we must help the Latin Americans tackle the ignorance, disease, and meager production which now hold their living standards to such a pitiful level. During the war Nelson Rockefeller started a broad program to help them solve some of the most acute problems of public health, sanitation, education, nutrition, and backward agriculture. A good beginning also was made toward industrializing the precarious raw-material economies of a number of Latin American countries. When Rockefeller's Office of Inter-American Affairs was wound up, these programs were transferred to the State Department. Many people think that the test of our new policy lies in the vigor with which this work is carried forward.

Finally, the new policy does *not* mean a return to the old bad habits of the Big Stick, but rather an extension of the joint, co-operative approach to hemispheric problems. Braden is a firm believer in multi-lateral methods—if they are not paralyzed by the old fetish of unanimous agreement on every action.

He was responsible for the postponement of the conference which was to have met at Rio de Janeiro last October to draw up a scheme of hemisphere defense. His reasons were ample: the fascist Argentine government was to be represented at the conference, and when Braden took over his new job he found that the State Department had no policy for dealing with the Argentine problem.

At this writing the meeting has been re-scheduled for early spring. It seems certain that the United States will stand firm in its refusal to discuss regional security arrangements at any conference table where a representative of the Peron government is present. If Peron hangs on to his dictatorship, one of two things seems sure to happen: either the conference will

again be postponed, or Argentina will be shut out of the meeting. And if the conference is held without Argentina, it is likely to turn into a conference on what to do about Peron.

Obviously there are only two effective means to force a usurping Peron government out of power in Argentina. One of them is economic sanctions—a method which cannot be used at the moment because of the desperate need of England and Europe for Argentina's food production. The other is military sanctions, with all the other nations in this hemisphere taking part.

With this circumstance in mind, the State Department has been consulting other American republics on what to do about Argentina if Peron retains power. In connection with these consultations, Uruguay in November suggested a hemisphere agreement for collective action against any government which denies its citizens their basic human rights or fails to live up to its international obligations. Secretary Byrnes promptly endorsed the Uruguayan proposal, and in a recent radio broadcast Braden indicated that Latin American response had been encouraging.

This proposal—which, in effect, calls for intervention by all other American republics to overthrow a fascist dictatorship—is not on the agenda for the Rio conference. But if Peron is still in power when the conference meets, it is likely to come up for discussion, even though it may not be adopted in its original form. The State Department is convinced that sooner or later some such proposal is likely to become an important part of inter-American public law.

Hemisphere co-operation thus seems about to get down to reality. And there are many in the State Department—including Braden—who hope that the new ideas now being put into effect in hemisphere policy will spread to American foreign policy as a whole.



# TELEVISION FOR MORE OF US

BERNARD B. SMITH

ONE manufacturer has already announced a desk model television receiver priced at less than \$150, and others will be on the market sooner or later in spite of the strikes and other delays. But if you live in Alabama, Georgia, Iowa, Nebraska, Montana, Vermont, West Virginia, or any of a dozen other states; or in Syracuse, Duluth, Toledo, Houston, South Bend, or Memphis; or—for that matter—if you live almost anywhere in the countryside more than thirty or forty miles from one of the nation's largest cities, you won't have any use for a television set even if you can get one. You won't be able to get anything on it. Nobody is going to set up a television broadcasting station near enough to your home so that the air-borne pictures will reach you. At least, that's the way it looks now.

Of course, if you live in one of the big cities, where you and your neighbors buy enough cigarettes and evening gowns and bath salts to make it worth an advertiser's money to sponsor television programs, it won't be many years before you get all the television you want—and more. As a matter of fact, when the Federal Communications Commission announced last fall that it would allocate only four television broadcasting channels to metropolitan New York, there was such a howl from the industry that the Commission had to revise its ruling and assign seven channels to the city. And there are fourteen applicants

for those seven channels. But at this writing nobody has yet applied for the channels which the FCC assigned to Atlanta or Birmingham or San Diego. Two-thirds of the 143 applications filed with the FCC up to December 4, 1945, were for channels in the fifteen largest cities. Several of those for channels in smaller cities have since been withdrawn. More than 350 available channels in other cities and towns are going begging. Nobody wants them.

There are a lot of Americans who live in parts of the country where they can't receive even our present standard radio broadcasting, after twenty-five years of phenomenal development in the industry. Former FCC Chairman Porter recently told the House Appropriations Subcommittee that 37 per cent of the total area of the continental United States does not receive an acceptable radio signal from any source at night, and in the daytime less than half of the country has adequate radio reception. But the situation with television will be infinitely worse. Not more than 10 per cent of the country has any immediate likelihood of being reached.

The problem is economic. Radio stations cost money to build and operate, and the money to pay for them comes from advertisers. Advertisers won't pay for broadcasting time unless there are enough listeners within range of the station to provide a market for their products. That is what limits our present standard broad-

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casting system, as has been shown in earlier articles in *Harper's* (see especially "The Radio Boom and the Public Interest," March 1945). But with television the economic problem is tremendously increased.

Television broadcasting stations cost a great deal more to build and to operate than standard broadcasting stations, and their range is much more limited. Like the new FM broadcasting stations they send signals in direct line-of-vision from transmitter to receiver, which means in effect that they are limited by the horizon. (That is why both FM and television transmitters are placed on high buildings and on hills.) A good standard broadcast station can supply fairly dependable service to listeners hundreds of miles away, but thirty to forty miles will be about the average limit of reliable service for FM and television unless the transmitter is as high as Mt. Washington or the Chrysler Building.

FM stations, however, are relatively inexpensive to build and operate. You could probably set up a reasonably powerful station and run it for a year on \$100,000 or less, and in a fairly populous district you would have a fair chance of making a go of it. But television is something else again. Take a look at the figures submitted to the FCC by applicants for television licenses:

Raytheon Manufacturing Company estimates cost of plant, studio, and transmitter at from \$400,000 to \$600,000.

The News Syndicate Co., Inc. (publisher of the *New York Daily News*), at \$450,000 to \$500,000.

Fox West Coast Theaters, at \$617,000.

That just builds your station. It doesn't operate it. The Philco Radio and Television Corporation, for instance, estimates that after installation costs of \$528,000, it will spend \$738,000 on operating costs for the first year. That makes a total of \$1,266,000.

Granting that this high figure represents an elaborate set-up, and that a less pretentious station could be financed on something under a million dollars (one equipment manufacturer insists a mere \$600,000 would be plenty), there is still another economic factor which would tend to discourage any but the wealthiest companies from trying to make a go of it. Everyone expects rapid developments in television broadcasting techniques, and the owner of

a station must be prepared to write off his entire investment in equipment in a very few years. (The Du Mont Laboratories, Inc., for example, stated in their recent testimony before the FCC that they were figuring on five years.) New inventions and discoveries—at the present stage of the industry's development—might make costly equipment obsolete over night.

It is not surprising, therefore, that the applications which have already been filed for television licenses are chiefly from big broadcasting companies, wealthy newspaper publishers, and large department-store operators, and that interest centers almost exclusively on the large metropolitan centers like Los Angeles, Chicago, Washington, Cleveland, Philadelphia, New York, and Boston where there is a big market for the products of the advertisers who will pay for the use of the telecasting facilities.

## II

SO FAR as can be determined, nothing is being done by the government—and very little by the radio industry—to develop a system of television broadcasting which won't be confined exclusively to the big cities. Yet one wonders what Senator Wheeler (chairman of the Senate committee which handles radio legislation) thinks of a licensing system under which the people of his home state of Montana cannot reasonably expect to receive television broadcasts. And what will Senator White, one of the authors of the Radio Communications Act, tell his constituents in Maine when they begin to ask why there are no television stations in that state?

Much has been written about the great benefits which television will bring to the American people. You've read the advertisements and the publicity stories—about bringing Broadway plays to your living room, about historical events witnessed instantaneously by millions of citizens, about educational programs which will bring art treasures to rural classrooms, and all the rest. Labor leaders and business men have talked enthusiastically about television both as "an enlargement and enrichment of life from which all will benefit" and as "an important pool of



employment opportunities for workers and service men." But only about 30 per cent of the American people live in the metropolitan areas where there is at present much likelihood of their lives being thus enriched. And that means that almost three-quarters of the population will not be in the market for television—which will limit considerably the number of jobs available in manufacturing, operating, and servicing equipment.

Various technical schemes have been proposed to overcome these limitations. One of the best-publicized has been the Westinghouse stratovision system, whereby programs would be telecast from the studio upward to specially-equipped airplanes cruising in the stratosphere and would be rebroadcast thence over wide areas of the earth. Theoretically it would take only a dozen or so planes under this system to relay television to the entire country. Maybe some such system will eventually work out. Westinghouse thinks it will, and Glenn L. Martin has drawn up blueprints of the planes which might be used. But meanwhile what is urgently needed is some method of dealing with the present realities of television broadcasting in such a way as to insure maximum coverage. There are relatively few television channels available, and the FCC is already assigning them. How might the licensing system be altered so as to avoid undue concentration in the hands of a few big corporations operating in a few big cities?

The basic trouble with the FCC's present licensing system, it seems to me, is that it prevents anyone from going into television broadcasting unless he has the money and the technical ability to build a very costly studio and transmitter. If this concept were carried over into other fields, no one could publish books or magazines unless he owned a printing plant, and no one could produce plays unless he owned a theater. Actually, most magazine and book publishers do not own printing presses and binderies, and few producers own theaters.

There is every reason why Philco, Westinghouse, Du Mont, and RCA should build television stations. They have the technical know-how and the vast capital

required. But that does not necessarily mean that they and the corporations which can afford to employ their services should be the only ones licensed to broadcast over the facilities they build. The Rumford Press, which prints and binds this magazine and a great many others, does not publish any of them.

I propose, therefore, that the FCC issue two separate types of television licenses: first, transmitter and studio licenses—to be known as station franchises—which will be issued to applicants who wish to build and operate television stations; and second, telecasting permits, which will be issued to those who wish to produce television programs and broadcast them over facilities owned by the holder of a station franchise.

Under this system the owners of television stations would be given a common carrier status similar to that of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. Station franchises would be awarded on a public utility basis, taking into account (a) the number of communities in which the applicant would agree promptly to install television stations; (b) the rates which the applicant proposes to charge for the use of the station's facilities; and (c) the applicant's technical and financial competence. In other words, in granting franchises the FCC would give preference to those companies which would agree to use a part of their profits from stations in rich market areas to support other stations in less populous regions.

At present the FCC refuses to grant licenses in more than five communities to any one applicant. This has merit as a means of insuring diversity in programming, but it has the undesirable effect of limiting the number of stations which will be built. Under the proposed system programming and station ownership would be separately licensed, and there would be no reason to limit the number of stations owned by a single company or individual. Thus the big corporations which can afford to build and equip television stations would be permitted—indeed, encouraged—to do so. Their station franchises should be permanent, revocable only if they fail to abide by certain clearly defined statutory obligations. As public utilities their



rates would, of course, be subject to public control. As new techniques of telecasting were developed the FCC would have authority to direct that improved equipment be installed, and when profits exceeded a prescribed percentage the FCC would direct that service be extended to new communities which had not hitherto had television stations.

Under such a system there might be as many as four or more public utility corporations which built and maintained television studios in many different communities. In a city like New York, where there are seven available channels, three of the corporations might build two stations apiece, and the other build one. The franchises in small communities where only one or two are available could be assigned to whichever corporations seem best qualified to maintain them. There can be little doubt that manufacturers like RCA, Westinghouse, and Du Mont would be interested in applying for these franchises, since they are vitally interested in expanding the market for the television receivers they make.

The other type of licenses—the telecasting permits—would be issued for three-year periods, as under the present system of licensing standard broadcasting stations, subject to renewal if the applicant lives up to his obligation of providing programs which serve the public interest, convenience, and necessity. Three of these telecasting permits should be granted for each television channel assigned under the system of station franchises. The station might operate twelve hours a day—say from 11:00 A.M. to 11:00 P.M.—seven days a week. Each of the three permit holders would be assigned a four-hour period each day (four hours being the amount of time television licensees are at present required to operate daily), the period shifting from day to day so that each would have an equal number of the best broadcasting hours every week. To insure diversity of programming, no single firm or individual should be granted a total of more than five such permits, and no two of these should be in any one city. Holders of station franchises could also apply for telecasting permits, but would be subject to the same limitations as other applicants. Even if

they built and operated twenty-five stations, they could broadcast programs over only five of them and for only a third of the broadcasting day. If and when television network service is available, each permit holder would be able to telecast network shows at specified hours provided a suitable proportion of his broadcasts were of local origin.

The holders of telecasting permits would, of course, derive their income from the advertisers who sponsored their programs. Many competent broadcasters who now hold standard broadcasting licenses, and who cannot go into television under the present system because they lack the capital required to set up a station, could apply for telecasting permits under the system outlined here, and operate on budgets much closer to those they are accustomed to.

As a matter of fact there is nothing revolutionary in the idea I have proposed. It simply provides for setting up a dual system of licensing to foster a practice which has already been developed within the industry. Du Mont, for instance, has for some years been granting the use of its television facilities to other radio broadcasters in the New York area who do not own and operate a television studio and transmitter.

### III

WHETHER or not the system of licensing each television channel to three users will prove preferable in the long run to a system which allocates each channel to a single licensee, time alone can prove. For the present, however, there would be real advantages in a system which permitted those who have the necessary capital to build stations while at the same time it made the limited number of television channels available to the maximum number of broadcasters. Only under some such program as this are we likely to have a rapid extension of television to large areas of the United States—unless we decide, as the British have done, to make television a government monopoly.

The plan outlined here will require new legislation, and many details will have to be ironed out. But the members of the Senate Interstate Commerce Committee



are going to have to do a lot of explaining to the voters back home if television remains—as now seems likely—virtually the exclusive privilege of the big cities. The FCC commissioners are fond of talking about how the air waves which they assign to licensees belong to *all* the citizens, not just to those in New York, Los Angeles, Chicago, and a few other metropolitan centers. It should be their concern to see that their system of licensing does not have the effect of robbing seventy or eighty million people of whatever advantages television broadcasting may offer.

There isn't much time to lose. Hearings on the allocation of television channels for the city of Washington have already been held, and licenses may have been granted before this article appears. Hearings for eleven other cities have been set for some time in April or May. Once the FCC starts giving away the nation's television channels the process will be hard to stop, for it has been found to be much more difficult to revoke a license than to hand it out. Now is the time, if ever, when a new and more appropriate method of licensing should be established.

## *The High Cost of Living*

I HAVE sought this opportunity to address you because it is clearly my duty to call your attention to the present cost of living and to urge upon you with all the persuasive force of which I am capable the legislative measures which would be most effective in controlling it and bringing it down. . . .

I need not recite the particulars of this critical matter: the prices demanded and paid at the sources of supply, at the factory, in the food markets, at the shops, in the restaurants and hotels, alike in the city and in the village. They are familiar to you. They are the talk of every domestic circle and of every group of casual acquaintances even. It is a matter of familiar knowledge, also, that a process has set in which is likely, unless something is done, to push prices and rents and the whole cost of living higher and yet higher, in a vicious cycle to which there is no logical or natural end. With the increase in the prices of the necessities of life come demands for increases in wages—demands which are justified if there be no other way of enabling men to live. Upon the increase of wages there follows close an increase in the price of the products whose producers have been accorded the increase—not a proportionate increase, for the manufacturer does not content himself with that, but an increase considerably greater than the added wage cost and for which the added wage cost is oftentimes hardly more than an excuse. The laborers who do not get an increase in pay when they demand it are likely to strike, and the strike only makes matters worse. It checks production, if it affects the railways there is presently nothing to buy, and there is another excessive addition to prices resulting from the scarcity.

These are facts and forces with which we have become only too familiar; but we are not justified because of our familiarity with them or because of any hasty and shallow conclusion that they are “natural” and inevitable in sitting inactively by and letting them work their fatal results if there is anything that we can do to check, correct, or reverse them.

*Woodrow Wilson, in an Address to Congress, August 3, 1919.*



# Rebecca West

## ... From England

**A**N English visitor to America returned home recently with a complaint. "It didn't matter where I went," he said. "When I opened a door into a room I knew I would find one of two things. Either a bunch of people ranging from center to extreme right, who were going to tell me how awful Laski was and how clear a sign that our Labor Government was a shame and that England had gone bolshevik. Or a bunch of people ranging from center to extreme left, who were going to tell me how awful Bevin was and how clear a sign that our Labor Government was a sham and that England had gone reactionary."

He had found it difficult to explain to these groups why they were wrong, he said, for several reasons. The first was the snag that makes all international communication so skimpy and unsatisfactory: he was doing a job of immediate importance and had neither the leisure nor the vitality to give a peripatetic course of instruction on a matter of general interest. The second was that most of his listeners were unacquainted with the English scene in which Laski and Bevin have their roots and a national scene cannot be painted in an evening. The third was that he was unacquainted with the American scene and could not understand what inferences his listeners were drawing from what facts and what illustrations they would understand.

The truth is that international communication is not only difficult, it is pretty near impossible. But we need not despair for that reason. Nearly every message that is given out over the radio from one country with the intention of impressing public opinion in another is a

failure, being either empty and phony or stumbling into misjudgments if it aims at the specific and the detailed. But other countries are often profoundly impressed by hearing a country talking to itself from the depths of its own soul. No planned propaganda sent to England from America ever made us know and love America so much as Roosevelt speaking to his fellow-Americans; and I think Churchill speaking to Englishmen had the same unsought-for transatlantic effect. It would perhaps be of some use, therefore, to explain just how Professor Laski seems to the British.

**H**E is Chairman of the Labor Party. So if one had never set eyes on Professor Laski, one might see him as a grave and respected official, well knowing what he was at; a stuffed shirt with the stuffing always disposed in just the right places. No impression could be more mistaken. This is one of the raggetaggle gypsies, full of vivacity and waywardness, likely to jump through a hedge on his cantrips just at the moment when a respectable citizen would have stayed put, but full of accomplishments and industry; a great hand at horse-breaking and osier-weaving and the like—to continue the metaphor—and doing them all with a gaiety that might well be associated with carefree idleness. He is, and we must grant it, a contradictory character; now valueless, now bright with an established value. It seems to me that the Labor Party would have been a fool to throw him away, and that England itself, the old traditional England, would have been the poorer if it had done so; but I can understand any other nation, looking at Laski from the



distance that forbids accurate appraisal of quality and interpretation of activity, thinking that he ought to have been thrown away.

Harold Laski was born fifty-three years ago into a distinguished family of Manchester Jews, a community respected for their public spirit and philanthropy. His father was an able merchant and served as a magistrate. There is a wealth of brains in the family, his brother is a prominent lawyer with a daughter who is a brilliant novelist, his own domestic circle sparkles. He looks like Groucho Marx, but his thick dark mustache is far less plausible than Groucho's. If it be regarded as strange that the child of a Jewish family of hieratic dignity should look like a comedian, it must be admitted that that is not a complete account of his appearance, for there is about him an air of integrity which leaves nobody in the faintest doubt that he is a man of character.

He had a fine and careful career at Oxford, which he conducted concurrently with political guerrilla warfare of a most exciting kind. He must have been about nineteen when I saw him arise as a delegate at a conference on women's suffrage which had been called to consider non-militant methods of advocating the cause, and, sweeping away the elderly and experienced chairman of the meeting, persuade the meeting to cross the road from the hall where it was being held and convert itself into a raid on the House of Commons, which was one of the most militant forms of suffragist action conceivable. There were at that time many young men who were leading admirable lives as students at Oxford, and there were others who were engaged in political adventure: but few combined the two activities, and none of those as successfully as Harold Laski. This was an indication of unusual animal spirits, and few traits are more attractive than that.

From Oxford he went to Canada to teach at McGill University. And thence to Harvard and Yale. He returned with a passionate love for the United States, which he has revisited again and again. No man has done more to establish in Great Britain respect for the American system of government and the American

minds which have built it up. By his books and by his lectures he has implanted in English university students and readers some understanding of the Constitution, political machinery, and jurisprudence of the United States, not tendentiously, but with the most proper reverence for the past and for the full plurality of American influences.

That is part of his contribution to political science, which has been at once great and disappointing. He is a learned man and often a wise one, but he writes badly because he writes too much. He has written over twenty books on subjects of which other scholars would select at most half a dozen for a life work. At the same time he has poured out a flood of journalism, and has served on such bodies as the Industrial Court, the Lord Chancellor's Committee on Delegated Legislation, the Civil Service Committees on local government and legal education. Dangerous fools are not appointed to such bodies; nor, for that matter, do they get a chance to teach political science at Cambridge, which is what Harold Laski has been doing for years.

His spoken word has always been dazzling, with a threat of disaster which has not infrequently been realized. He is unrivaled as a teller of anecdotes, but his fancy furbishes up the truth till it can only be regarded as true if it is taken as a higher form of the truth, different from the everyday kind. A friend of his who heard someone complain that Harold Laski exaggerates said, "Yes, but that doesn't worry me, because I know the exact proportion by which he exaggerates. It's by fifty per cent." He had heard an American judge tell a story of how some university character had spoken of "my brother, who died a hundred years ago"; and, since the dead man was a half-brother, and he himself was well on in years, he was speaking the truth. The same story had been repeated by Harold Laski, who made the university character speak of "my brother, who died a hundred and fifty years ago." It must be observed that this faculty of exaggeration is exercised in fields where it does no harm, for in all important matters Harold Laski is loyal to the truth.



HE is the kindest man alive. Tell him the story of a wrong that can be righted, and he will work late night after night and chase backward and forward over England to have justice done. A prosperous man, he feels for the poor; a successful man, he feels for the failure; a lover of power, he does not fear to affront the powerful. He is not a cold man, one can warm one's hands at his heart. When he talks of the current political situation he is nearly always wrong, because this glowing heart of his makes him exaggerate the need for speedy action into a call for precipitate action, and he rootles in his mind, which is stocked to excess with political prescriptions, and seizes the one closest to his reckless hand. But the Labor Party never puts him into a position where this wild-Western-grab-at-a-gun mental habit can do any harm. On the other hand, they use him. They know that of all things he loves he probably loves the Labor Party most, and serves it with a sobriety he reserves for this department of his life. He knows every detail of the machine, and can and will worry out every snag in procedure that any occasion may reveal. On a public platform he is disastrous. Out of his mouth pour the wildest generalizations mixed with slapdash prescriptions for the solution of problems which call for deliberation and subtlety. But at a party conference or in a cabinet minister's study he is the most sensible, matter-of-fact authority on the way the wheels go round.

I think that on examination it will be found that the English Labor Party did not send Harold Laski to America as their spokesman. He went there on his own initiative at the invitation, and reiterated invitation, of American liberals. But at the same time the Labor Party very properly values Harold Laski as a servant of the public interest who has much to give; and it knows its own business well enough to get the best out of him and leave the worst.

## II

NOW for Ernest Bevin. He is a man of great stature, physically and mentally, and he is unlikely to bow before any petty breeze, or even to be conscious of

anything much less than a gale. Those who think that by treating Russia as if it were an equal instead of a superior, and by defending certain British actions abroad, he has been influenced by the right, are showing ignorance of his personality and the British scene; for any influence the right could bring to bear on him would be less than a breeze, it would be hardly a breath. There is as yet no swing of the pendulum against the verdict which England pronounced in favor of the Labor Government at the general election. It is as likely that Mr. Bevin was selling out to the right as it is that President Truman is allowing his policy to be determined by the veterans of the Civil War.

If it be alleged that Mr. Bevin has fallen under the control of experienced and reactionary officials of the Foreign Office, there is as little in the allegation. Rather is there an air in the Foreign Office as if it had fallen under the control of Mr. Bevin, and was glad of the rest. In that department of state the employees are highly trained, most of them speaking several languages and having lived in several countries, and they have a good working knowledge of the world. They are too much in the grip of their own specialized job to be easy subjects for party alignment. Some belong to old Tory families, and some to new ones, while others belong to old or new Whig families. That does not greatly affect their judgment of another country when they are dealing with its Foreign Office—full of honorable and candid men who are plainly directed to act according to principle, or packed with subservient nonentities who are plainly doing what they are told by a gang of crooks. Then they form strong and passionate views, which have nothing to do with political opinions, just as bank officials feel very definitely about the officials of other banks which hold the same or different standards of financial probity.

They have had these strong and passionate views flouted by two pairs of prime ministers and foreign ministers who disregarded them: by Neville Chamberlain, who knew nothing about anything except housing and public health services, about which he was extremely intelligent; by Winston Churchill, who won the war so



far as England is concerned but did not do this by his foreign policy; by Lord Halifax, who is an upright and sympathetic man but was debarred by linguistic and imaginative limits from understanding any affairs not conducted in the English language; and by Anthony Eden, who, intelligent, imaginative, and cultured, had not the strength to resist the minuscule provincial and the capricious genius with whom he was unequally yoked. For years the Foreign Office officials have been sore and humiliated by the necessity laid on them to carry out policies which their expert knowledge and their sound sense pronounced to be something like sheer raving nonsense.

In Mr. Bevin they find a man who, the heavens be thanked, is not a genius, but is an extremely able man, and who, having been himself an expert on transport, and then an employer of experts as Minister of Labor, understands just when to listen to their expert opinion and when to counterbalance it by considerations of a general nature. So far as can be gathered the atmosphere of the Foreign Office is now contented to a degree that can only be expressed by the line of Robert Louis Stevenson's which so supremely describes domestic peace: "Home was home then, and happy for the child." But the child is not Ernest Bevin; it is the permanent official.

THERE can be no doubt that Ernest Bevin's foreign policy is his own, and proceeds from his unaltered left wing convictions. This is baffling to certain persons, not only on the American side of the Atlantic, but in this country also; but not to those who have stood near the center of government throughout the war. These last know that never since democratic government was established have the people been kept in profounder ignorance of what was done in their name by their governors than during the past five years; and they know too that what was done was often in the nature of abjection to other countries, practiced long after the day of our duress was over. The cession of the Kurile Islands to Russia in return for an intervention in the Japanese war which could not honestly be said ever to have occurred has startled most newspaper

readers in the United States and in Great Britain. It was one of a chain of acts of abasement, the existence of which has been ascertained partially by inquisitive students of international affairs and has never come at all to the consciousness of the general public, but which must be better known to Mr. Bevin than to any other human being. His sense that this chain must be cut short is expressed with a lack of compromise which many find shocking and suspicious, but which is natural enough if the landscape of the left wing in England is considered.

That landscape is divided into two parts. There is a poor man's labor movement, which stems from trade unionism. Of this Ernest Bevin and Herbert Morrison are the equal leaders so far as ability is concerned. It believes in liberty, equality, and fraternity, as the French Revolution put it, or in "Life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," as the Declaration of Independence put it. It wants to see every man with the right to speak his mind, to have full value accorded to his merits apart from his social standing, and to have a fair share of the wealth he produces by his labor. It has been admirably organized by people who first organized the trade unions which have operated so effectively in England in reconciling the interests of capital, labor, and the community.

These people have had a running fight with the Communists ever since the last war, for three reasons. One was the practical day-to-day reason that the Communists have steadily tried to split the left wing both in politics and trade unionism, and have therefore caused them great expense of time, energy, and money. Another was the farseeing reason, affecting both idealism and personal ambition, that Communism is, in its theory and its Russian practice, opposed to free trade unionism and would wipe out this type of left wing worker as or more readily than any section of the right wing. The third reason, and perhaps the profoundest, is that people brought up in need fear any form of insecurity, and thus prefer evolution to the revolution which is demanded by the Communists. Therefore this branch of the Labor movement has never been anything but critical of Russia,



and Mr. Bevin showed no disloyalty to it when he looked Mr. Vishinsky in the face.

The other side of the left wing landscape belongs to the rich man's labor movement. Of this the most conspicuous figure is Sir Stafford Cripps, the son of Lord Parmoor, member of an old family of the landed gentry. The movement was started by his aunt, Beatrice Webb, who was the daughter of a railway magnate; she married a civil servant named Sydney Webb, who was later made Lord Passfield by a Labor Government. Together with a few friends the Webbs founded the Fabian Society, which drew its members chiefly from the middle classes. These people did not hunger for "Life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," for nobody had ever disputed their right to them. Rather were they people with orderly minds and some degree of ambition who wanted at one and the same time to diminish disorder and to put themselves into positions of power by modifying the organization of England in harmony with the changes wrought by the industrial revolution, and turning it into a tightly planned economy.

This was not a program to be regarded with anything but the highest respect, for such a harmonization was a necessary achievement, and the Webbs and their circle were devoted and competent people. In bolshevik Russia they saw the realization of their own program, and they felt great gratification in the satisfactory results which, the Bolsheviks assured them, had attended their efforts, and in the position of authority which was accorded the governors of the state. As the activities of the Communist Party in no way interfered with their variety of labor organization, and as they were without the experience of insecurity which makes revolution distasteful, they proposed a whole-hearted enthusiasm for Russia which they have never lost, and probably never will.

Those who think that Mr. Bevin must have abandoned his earlier opinions before he could address Mr. Vishinsky while preserving his self-respect do so either because they are unaware of this division in the English left wing, or because they have placed him in the wrong section of it.

AND it is a pity that they are probably also unaware of much that we respect in Ernest Bevin and his colleagues. Politicians ought to be gentlemen. They are behaving on our account, and we get confused in our standards if they behave badly. There is a matter of behavior in which the present Labor Government has conducted itself so well that I would feel grateful to it no matter what my politics might be. The fact that the Labor Party had two prominent figures of dazzling and equal ability in Ernest Bevin, who had proved his worth as a trade union leader, and in Herbert Morrison, who had done one of the world's greatest administrative jobs as chairman of the London County Council, might have had serious results. It was difficult to choose either as leader of the party and prime minister; the followers of the one put trade unionism first, the followers of the other put political action first, and if either had been elected there might have been a suspicion that his influence was shaping the development of the Labor Party with undue regard for his particular interest.

Therefore the position was given to Mr. Attlee, who as all the world knows is not as gifted as either Mr. Bevin or Mr. Morrison, but who is intelligent, balanced, trustworthy. There are no funny stories about what Mr. Bevin says about Mr. Morrison or what Mr. Morrison says about Mr. Bevin, and neither of them ever scores off Mr. Attlee. When I think of the long and horrid rivalry between Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George for the leadership of the Liberal Party and the never-ending and horrid rivalry of the various personalities and parts of the Conservative Party, I feel that today the political traditions of Great Britain are better guarded than they have been for many a long year.

Ernest Bevin is behaving with great dignity. He is not making excuses. He might well complain of many a tactical error by his predecessors. For example, it was a mistake of Mr. Churchill and Mr. Eden to make that famous spectacular trip to Greece. It made the presence of English troops in Greece seem a personal caprice of Tory personalities, instead of the implementing of a prearranged prom-



ise to re-establish the conditions of peace. He could also complain of more complicated situations. He might say that not enough recognition has been given to the difficulties of the situation in Indonesia. England finds it annoying that its troops should be used to defend the colonial possessions of another power, in view of its own ambition to convert all its own colonies to free dominions. It feels no urge at all to defend the capitalist economy of Holland, which is so extremely capitalist that even the United States would judge it on the tough side, or the Indonesian constitution, which imposes a racial hierarchy with the unfortunate natives in the lowest rank of all. But there are white internees to be released from the Japanese camps; the Dutch Merchant Service has rendered enormous services in the anti-fascist war, and it seems an odd way of rewarding an ally to procure the defection of its colonies; and indeed the disruption of a national economy may be no help at all to hungry

Europe. Some hint of this dilemma might have been given to public opinion beforehand; and some hint might now be given that responsibility for action in Indonesia was originally borne by the United States, which arranged to transfer it to England.

But Ernest Bevin does not waste time in complaining. He attacks his problems one by one, and in UNO attacked one great underlying problem, which is the root of many others. "What impression do you get of UNO?" I asked one perceptive American journalist. "What strikes me most," he said, "is that there is nothing to find out. It's no use trying to hound down what's happening behind the scenes. It's all going on right there on the floor." By the crude candor with which Ernest Bevin put his hallmark on the first session of UNO he was putting an end to that insolent secrecy which made Teheran and Yalta assaults on the democratic process. As for being a traitor to radical principle, Ernest Bevin was as likely to be that as was Thomas Jefferson.

## *Lower Field—Enniscorthy*

CHARLES OLSON

THE sheep like soldiers  
black leggings black face  
lie boulders  
in the pines' shade  
at the field's sharp edge:  
ambush and bivouac

A convocation of crows overhead  
mucks  
in their own mud and squawk  
makes of the sky  
a sty

A bee is deceived  
takes the rot of a stump  
for honeycomb

Two black snakes cross  
in a flat spiral  
the undisciplined path

Report: over all  
the sun



# REPORT ON THE NEGRO SOLDIER

WARMAN WELLIVER

**W**HILE the past and future of the Army are debated in Congress, one important phase of Army policy remains almost untouched. That is the role of colored troops in World War II and the Army's plans for their future use. The questions I hear indicate there is no lack of public curiosity and misinformation on this score.

After two years' experience as a white officer with colored troops, I have reached two conclusions. One is that our policy for colored troops has been an almost complete military failure. The other is that unless people know more about that policy and its results, the failure will be repeated.

An example of the confused thinking about the subject is the case of the special report on the colored 92nd Infantry Division made during the war by Truman Gibson, Negro special adviser to the Secretary of War. After a tour of the division sector in Italy and talks with both white and colored soldiers, Gibson stated in Rome in March that many units of the division had "melted away" and that there had been instances of panicky flight before the enemy. He added that high illiteracy rates and inadequate training might have partially accounted for this failure. (Certainly any division which has a considerable number of its units melt away must be considered a failure.) The

reaction of the colored press was instantaneous, unanimous, and predictable. It demanded Gibson's resignation from his position as a traitor to his race.

Really, the colored press and Gibson should have joined forces. Each was letting the public in on a good deal of truth. Gibson gave the definitive verdict on the effectiveness of colored troops as combat infantrymen in this war, but he was reticent about the reasons. The colored press bulges with the reasons every day—acts of cruelty and discrimination, lack of economic and educational opportunity, the national and Army policy of segregation—but the press has hesitated to admit the results. Many Negro papers have, in fact, presented a very distorted picture of the colored combat units.

These papers have come to represent one of the two extremes of thought, both faulty, into which most people with positive opinions about the matter have drifted. In many cases these people have naturally, but unthinkingly, taken statements of military leaders at face value. The following article from a colored paper is typical:

CLOUD ON FIGHTING ABILITY LIFTED  
Chicago, June 8, 1945—... General Clark hailed the division as the "glorious Ninety-Second." "Like many other outfits facing enormous odds they failed to take the objective at that time [February]. . . ." Members of the division ac-

*Mr. Welliver served with the 92nd Infantry Division from October 1943 to July 1945, and ended up his Army career as a captain.*



complished "later objectives in splendid fashion. They jumped into La Spezia and with other Fifth Army units, took Bologna. Then they moved into Genoa and took it, much to the surprise of the enemy and Headquarters. I needed the Ninety-Second and if anyone had tried to take it from me, I would have protested loudly."—*The Pittsburgh Courier*, June 9, 1945.

The other extreme is the opinion held by most officers of the regular Army and by many of the white officers who served with the two divisions which saw action. They believe and say that colored troops cannot fight; that they are all or almost all cowards, or inept, or both. The white officers of the divisions had little confidence in their troops in combat and endlessly cite alleged examples of cowardice and bungling. They have no hope that the situation can be improved, and their racial prejudices have been exaggerated instead of softened by their work with colored troops.

Between these two extremes lies the general public, at the mercy of conflicting stories and rumors. Rarely has the public had access to frank, unbiased information which might serve as a basis for intelligent opinion.

## II

As a start in getting at the facts, a review of the Army's actions in training and using Negro troops may be helpful. In both world wars it has used a much larger proportion of colored soldiers than of white soldiers as service and "labor" troops. Also, in both wars the Army has used colored soldiers almost entirely in segregated all-colored units. Prior to this war the Army was enjoined to some undetermined extent, by the terms of the Selective Service Act, to treat all soldiers without distinction based on color. The exact words of the act were:

The selection of men for training and service . . . shall be made in an impartial manner. . . . Provided, that in the selection and training of men under this Act, there shall be no discrimination against any person on account of race or color.

Whether it would have been possible for the Army to undertake to carry out this provision literally is a difficult question. At any rate the Army did not try. Colored troops were trained in units, and where possible in camps, separated from

white troops. One of the few exceptions to this rule was the Officer Candidate Schools where colored candidates took their alphabetical place in formations, hutments, and classes. In the Field Artillery School, which I attended, this arrangement was a thoroughly satisfactory one to all concerned—particularly to the Army, which was saved the expense of separate accommodations and the embarrassment of defending them.

For what were probably almost exclusively political and public relations reasons, the Army organized three divisions composed of colored enlisted men and white and colored officers. These were the 92nd and 93rd Infantry and the 2nd Cavalry divisions. Colored units were also activated in almost every combat arm of the Army, including the Air Corps. These were not enough to offset the preponderance of colored troops in service units. But the combat units did serve to take the heat off the War Department and to retain a good many colored votes for the administration without over-offending the Solid South.

In the early years of the war most of the news about colored troops consisted of stories of mistreatment by Southern, and sometimes Northern, civilians and police and more or less stereotyped accounts of military actions in which "colored troops participated." The Army made a morale-building documentary film showing the contributions of colored troops toward winning all the wars in which this country has fought. An abortive attempt was made by some more progressive members of the War Department to get circulated a pamphlet written by anthropologists called "The Races of Mankind." This booklet purported to give in layman's language the latest scientific views on race and undoubtedly would have had a considerable effect on many white soldiers and civilians who had unthinkingly adopted the attitude that Negroes are an inferior race. The Southern bloc in Congress got wind of the plan, and the War Department and the USO called off the distribution. At least a few of the 40,000 copies ordered did circulate, however, because members of the unit I was in cleaned out the stock of the Del Rio, Texas, colored USO



during a halt on the way to maneuvers.

Later, the Army issued a bulletin for officers on the subject of handling colored troops. This contained good advice about not losing one's temper and remembering the educational and environmental handicaps from which colored troops generally suffered. It was released too late in the war to do much good and even then it was not well circulated among officers.

Also the Army prohibited, again tardily, any discrimination because of color in Post Exchanges. By the time this order was issued the pattern of discrimination and separate services was so well ingrained in the Southern camps that enforcement of the ban was often lax. But these were at least signs that finally the need for some new approach to the problem was being felt in the War Department. Perhaps the need was suggested by the experience of the three expensively equipped and trained colored divisions.

THE 2nd Cavalry, which went to Africa, was converted to service troops almost immediately after arrival overseas and never saw combat. The 93rd was sent to the Pacific in early 1944. After the first burst of publicity based on the initial appearance of a colored division in action in the war, little more was heard of its activities. The colored press kept correspondents with the division who turned out the same purple dispatches that their white colleagues were grinding out in other places, but even in these there was seldom any claim that the 93rd was doing more than mopping up in the wake of other divisions' conquests.

A regimental combat team from the 92nd Division went into action in Italy in late August 1944. By the time the rest of the division was ready to go into the line in November, the Italian front had stabilized in the Apennines. The 92nd was given the extreme west sector of this static front with the mission of defense and of limited attacks to force the continued deployment of enemy troops. Around Christmas a German attack succeeded in gaining about five miles on the 92nd's Serchio Valley front. As this was the only action on the Italian front at that time, it was well publicized. In February 1945 the Division

mounted a co-ordinated attack which advanced our lines about a thousand yards. After the first two days no more ground was gained, and by the end of the week the lines were back to the division's jumping-off point with no advances to show for what were reported as relatively high losses.

This attack seemed to most junior officers to be poorly planned by the division commander and staff. It was a simultaneous frontal attack by three regiments on a wide, well defended front. There was no attempt to concentrate our strength at any point of suspected enemy weakness. There was practically no deception or surprise. After this fiasco one of the 92nd's regiments—the 370th—was reorganized by transferring out a large number of "unreliable" men and by adding to it all the men considered "reliable" and many of the best officers from the other two. From then on, these other two regiments were never considered effective troops. The 370th went into an intensive training program in an effort to organize a dependable fighting force before the spring push came.

In early April the 92nd (including the reorganized Negro regiment) opened the Fifth Army's offensive some ten days before the big push for Bologna and the Po Valley. After a week's hard fighting it broke through the enemy's heavily defended lines below La Spezia and began a gradually accelerating advance which carried it through Genoa to Turin by the end of the Italian campaign. This final blaze of glory was dimmed only by the fact that the communiqués kept referring to the exploits of the 442nd and 473rd Infantry Regiments which were temporarily attached to the 92nd Division and which were composed of Japanese-American and white American soldiers respectively. Colored infantrymen of the 370th were also mentioned, but it was evident that the other two regiments were doing most of the fighting. Actually the 370th substantially repeated its disappointing performance of February and was soon taken out of the line.

### III

IN OUTLINING the war history of colored troops I have emphasized the per-



formance of the 92nd Division for two reasons. It was the only colored division which saw hard fighting, and I had firsthand knowledge of what went on. With some few exceptions, I think it must be admitted that colored infantry units generally were ineffective. By ineffective I mean that they were unable to undertake determined offensive action, that they failed to hold ground in the face of enemy counter-offensives sometimes conducted with very limited forces, that their patrolling was listless, and that there were no colored infantry units of any size on which a commander could rely to carry out an assigned task involving contact with the enemy.

This judgment concerns units only, with no allowance made for acts of individual bravery. It also takes no account of similar failures of some white units, although there undoubtedly were some. Finally it does not take account of the accomplishments, in some cases brilliant, of colored units in other branches of the Army than the infantry. It merely states that colored infantry units were a failure.

Now the borderline between failure and effectiveness may be a very shadowy area. Let us assume that in a crack infantry unit in combat—the Rangers, for example—not one man in an entire company will falter or hang back or find something convenient to be doing in a foxhole while his unit is advancing in the face of enemy fire. In another company—let us say a white infantry division formed from draftees in late 1942—there may be a few chronic hangers back. So much depends on leadership, morale, physical condition, and pressure at any given moment that proportions are dangerous. But let us say that in a unit like this the rifleman going forward in a squad can be sure in eight or nine cases out of ten that his buddies will be right there with him no matter how tough the going gets. And the one or two in ten that might fade are not a serious enough loss to affect the unit's performance very much. Let that figure climb to three or four in ten and it begins to shake even the men who never had any thought of turning back. Cowardice and disappearance are contagious.

In one attack in February 1945 by a colored battalion of more than four hun-

dred men, less than one hundred effective troops remained at the end of the second day. Most of the others had melted away. They were in caves on the side of a hill or in the town at the foot of the hill which they had managed to reach by escorting casualties to the aid station in the ratio of five or ten to one casualty. At the same time another Negro company in a battalion to the left, after advancing through several German machine gun and mortar positions and repulsing a sixty-man counter-attack, was holding an exposed ridge, ahead of both its flanking elements, with almost its total original strength still effective.

This latter company's action may seem to be a contradiction of the judgment previously passed on colored infantry units. We must remember, though, that it was a rare exception and that similar results were not obtained by units of battalion or regimental strength. Also one may acknowledge that those hundred men who *did not* desert from the other unit showed more courage than is required to stay under fire when all your comrades stay by you. But that is a testimony to the individual courage of colored soldiers and does not alter the generalization about units. In justice and respect for the individuals involved, it cannot be too often said that many colored service men have shown daring and resourcefulness which would have earned them recognition as superior fighters in any army of the world. The case of the heroic Negro messman at Pearl Harbor is one of the most famous.

Of the many men of that type whom I have known, I recall one who had a safe, comparatively comfortable job in the service battery of the artillery battalion in which I served. Although he had had no appropriate training, he was always volunteering—in fact begging—to go out with forward observer parties to the front line infantry. Today he lacks an eye and a nose for his zeal. Why such individual abilities have failed to add up to effective units and what can be done about that failure are the real meat of the problem.

#### IV

AFTER all, the military ability of any group of people is a projection of the



abilities and spirit which they have developed in their civilian society plus the increment of specialized ability and morale which the Army can train into them. The unfavorable position of the Negro minority in our national life results in its members usually coming into the Army greatly handicapped. By denying them the opportunity to become fully-developed citizens we have succeeded, really, in blunting not only the desires but the ability of most colored Americans to be good combat soldiers.

For instance, the low state of education for Negroes in the South is a well-known fact and most Negroes still come from the South. This is bound to be a matter of some concern even to the most prejudiced Southerner if, by chance, he happens to be assigned to command a company or battery and finds on his men's classification cards that their average education is four to seven grade school years. The need for better education is indeed so apparent to everyone that we are almost certain to see some improvement here.

More important is the habituation of colored men to discrimination and a dependent inferior position in civilian life. Most colored soldiers, before they entered the Army, resigned themselves to acceptance of the white man's arrogance and unfairness and forgetfulness of his professed ideals—largely because the colored man couldn't see much hope of remedying the situation by his own individual efforts. This frame of mind is definitely not the stuff of which good soldiers are made. The white man's arrogance in America is just one facet, considerably distorted, of the American philosophy of independence, devil-take-the-hindmost, and any-man's-as-good-as-another. And this philosophy has been a powerful ingredient in making the American GI the consistently able and daring soldier he is. The fact that the colored man, by and large, has never been privileged to feel this stimulus to action—or perhaps the fact that when he has felt it, after a too early, too believing study of the Declaration of Independence or the Constitution, he has been subsequently rudely awakened to reality—has formed a tremendous barrier to his ability, let alone desire, to be a competent combat soldier.

THE discrimination and segregation to which he has been subjected in civilian life are carried over into military life. He is placed in segregated units, his uniform is often no protection against illegal treatment at the hands of civilians, he is commanded by white officers whose dislike of him and of their job is too often obvious, he is sometimes denied pleasures and privileges enjoyed by white soldiers for the very real reason that serious trouble would develop if he were allowed to enjoy them. Yet he is asked to risk his life against the enemy as bravely and with as few questions as the white soldier. Colored soldiers would be more than human if a lot of them didn't have very serious mental reservations about that setup.

A highly effective force in contributing to those mental reservations is the thorough and sensational reporting by the colored press of instances of discrimination and mistreatment. These accounts usually take up from a fourth to a third of the news columns of leading colored papers. Their effect on soldiers was magnified by the paucity of reading material in the Army. Many a colored soldier who never read the *Chicago Defender* in his home in Alabama, many a soldier who couldn't have read a *Defender* if he had seen one before he got in the Army, looked at every copy he could get his hands on. And he didn't do it with any malicious intent to see what horrible things the whites were doing. He did it above all to relieve his boredom and to get some news of colored people—neither of which needs was so important when he was at home with his family.

It should at least be evident, then, that the organization and training of colored combat units require a careful selection of officers if we want those units to be successful. Yet the Army has failed to choose either white officers who wished to serve with colored troops or white officers of superior ability. Instead, officers for colored troops have apparently been chosen at random. This has resulted in the presence in colored divisions of a certain number of officers, often of high rank, with violent and ungovernable prejudices, whose only concern has been to do a poor enough job to get out.



In fact, it often seemed in the 92nd that the War Department had chosen exactly the officers who would guarantee the division the least possible chance for success. The division commander, the assistant commander, the artillery commander, and the assistant artillery commander were all Southerners with conventional Southern attitudes. Only one of these, the artillery commander, could be considered a real leader. There were certain high officers of the division who even earned the dislike and contempt of almost every *white* officer. One of these men had a driving energy combined with a lack of organizing ability and human understanding which might well have damaged a normal division with no problems. Another, who was so tactically incompetent that a corps commander who witnessed his conduct of a maneuver problem later told the assembled officers of the division that the man's force would have been easily wiped out in combat, was irascible and indecisive.

# V

**U**NDER what conditions can colored soldiers be used effectively as combat infantrymen? Are the problems so great that colored troops should henceforth be used only as service troops? Should the present system of expensive, ineffective token combat units, with the great mass of colored troops in service units, be continued?

To answer either of the last two questions in the affirmative would be a denial of our democratic ideals, however easy the solution might seem. In a democracy any solution which permanently discriminates against a group has in it the seeds of even more bitter struggle than accompanies the removal of the discrimination. The first question is the crucial one.

I think that colored soldiers can be used as effective combat infantrymen in large numbers only in mixed units of white and colored troops, fighting and living together and holding ratings on ability and merit. If that is not our ultimate goal, we might as well admit it and save ourselves the needless expense of sending useless divisions overseas and the needless buncombe of trying to justify it.

But the goal of effective mixed combat units will not be reached without understanding, leadership, and planning of a high order. There are real obstacles to be overcome even after the desirability of mixed units is admitted, and those obstacles should be frankly faced.

First, how will the prejudices of the average white American soldier be sufficiently modified to get his co-operation? Only, I think, by the obvious success of the plan on a small initial scale. In Italy there wasn't a GI in a thousand who would not have been proud to fight beside a Japanese-American soldier. Every story of brutality and cheap discrimination against Nisei in the States was considered a personal affront to almost every soldier there. The main reason for this was that the Nisei battalion (later regiment) fought so outstandingly well. As far as the white American GI was concerned, the Japanese-American would have been welcome in any unit on equal terms. Yet the same white GI, at least in Italy, had a high average level of prejudice against Negroes. The only way to overcome this prejudice is to prove that the American Negro can become—and he can with the proper help from his country—as good a soldier as any other American.

(Some readers may at first ask why, if the Nisei fought so well, colored soldiers did not. The two groups are hardly comparable in any way except that they are both non-white minority groups. The Nisei were probably better educated than the average white soldier, the penalty for their failure was more obvious, and the degree of discrimination against them had been infinitely lower in civilian life. This latter point was particularly true in Hawaii, and the original Nisei combat unit was a Hawaiian National Guard organization with white officers who had worked with their men for years. Actually the differing backgrounds of the Negroes and the Nisei emphasize our failure to give our colored minority a decent civilian life.)

**S**ECOND, will the fighting quality of a unit be lowered if the average colored draftee is mixed with the average white draftee? Obviously, the incentive for colored soldiers increases greatly with the



removal of segregation. But the educational handicaps of a group of Negroes chosen at random might more than offset the improved morale in a unit's performance. To assure success, the Army should choose for the first units a group of colored soldiers who have had educational histories comparable to the whites. In the infantry—and that would be the test of the whole program—the first units should be entirely volunteer.

Third, can the Army pioneer in this direction by itself or only simultaneously with other governmental and social change toward establishment of equal opportunity? The Army could make a beginning; in fact, it has made one. In the last months of the European war some colored volunteer replacements were sent to white infantry divisions. After VE-Day at least one "GI University" was organized with a policy of complete racial equality. White, colored, and Japanese-Americans were billeted, fed, and taught together in complete harmony—sometimes instructed by colored faculty members.

But without energetically progressive men in the War Department, plus pressure

from the President or Congress, change would not be very rapid. Witness the Army's failure to use the provisions of the Selective Service Act as justification for abolishing segregation. A War Department policy of gradually developing mixed combat units, which was supported by a strong popular movement in favor of more liberal treatment of racial minorities, would be the safest and surest progress. What better time and place to start than the present peacetime standing Army?

One thing is certain. As the opportunity to prove himself and gain recognition as an individual respected by his society is extended to the colored man—civilian or soldier—that opportunity of itself will increase his effectiveness. Many colored soldiers are capable now of taking places in presently all-white units as equals in ability. That number will increase as education and opportunities improve.

But whatever may be the country's decision, the people have a right to know first that the military result of our racial policy has been an almost complete failure. That is a result Americans don't like.

## *Grandfather of the Poll*

MANY years ago it occurred to the managers of this company [which originated the London *Times*] that there was one important article of news which had not been effectually supplied. It seemed likely that, without moving from his fireside, an Englishman would be glad to know what the bulk of his fellow-countrymen thought upon the uppermost questions of the day. It is said that with this intent they many years ago employed a shrewd, idle clergyman, who made it his duty to loiter about in places of common resort and find out what people thought. He was not to listen very much to extreme foolishness, and still less was he to hearken to clever people. His duty was to wait and wait until he observed that some common and obvious thought was repeated in many places, and by numbers of men who had never seen one another.

When the managers had armed themselves with the knowledge thus gathered, they did not state baldly what they had ascertained to be the opinion of the country; they employed able writers to argue in support of it. It resulted of course that the opinion of the English public was generally in accord with the writings of the company; and the more the paper came to be regarded as the true exponent of the national mind, the more vast was the publicity which it obtained.

*Condensed from an account of the influence of The Times before the Crimean War, in Alexander William Kinglake's Invasion of the Crimea, 1863.*



# THE MIGHTY, WHITE-ROBED BAND

VIRGINIA HEIDE STUART

**M**Y DANISH grandmother never did like Germans. She was ten years old when the war of 1864 shook her out of a complacent childhood and taught her hunger. More than half a century later her face would still take on a contemptuous grimace when she scolded some careless housewife. "It looks just as if the Germans had been here," she would comment of an untidy household. But her very tone added bright personal anger to what had long ago become a stale country idiom.

In early 1940 we heard that grandmother was on her deathbed. When German troops marched into Copenhagen, however, she got up from her huge, enveloping featherbed and, as far as I know, has never returned to it except for the brief, fitful sleep of the aged.

But I often thought of her in the years between. The bitter letters of 1940 and 1941 lapsed soon into silence. Yet, at the last, came brief word through the International Red Cross that she was well, but tired. Tired? A curious message to send through the niggardly communication of wartime. But she was tired, I know, of having to endure once more the pinch and humiliation of defeat. It is, among things more perilous, a blow to pride, and at ninety, one has need of those small prides and sweet prejudices which are a bulwark

to frailty. Her fatigue is not one of age, but of the age. We live in a tired time of sober loss and wary hope.

I wonder what her thoughts are, now that she is free once more.

**M**Y GRANDMOTHER is a Jutish woman. Born in north Jutland, an inquisitive fist of land wracked constantly by storms from North Sea and Kattegat, she is a typical peasant woman in a country where peasants have a dignity of caste, for they own the land. The Jutish peasants are tall, big-boned, and enduring. They live an arduous life, are passionate lovers, and possess the most abominable tempers. Although their bodies have become adjusted to the rigorous life, their minds are rebellious. They are magnificently morose, with splendid, doom-ridden attacks of melancholia that would drive a less robust race to hasty suicide.

When last I saw Bestemor she looked sixty-five, although she was then in her middle eighties. Her body had not yet crumpled into the aged, sexless shell of most octogenarians. She was tall and moved with a plodding sort of grace. Although bundled into the anonymity of half a dozen sober petticoats, she was still feminine with capacious hips and a firm bosom. Her only concession to age was a slight bend of the neck, an almost imper-

*Mrs. Stuart, though American born, is of Danish descent and was brought up in a Danish community in Wisconsin. This is her first published piece.*



ceptible curve to her broad back from sitting at a spinning wheel.

Her features were firmly defined—the bony structure being too emphatic to allow sagging—with a broad brow and well-shaped eyes that still peered out with a fierce and prejudiced temper at times. She had the thin-lipped, stubborn mouth of the egocentric, and her chin was firm—no drooping into the pendulous, wattled jowls of age.

Mother and I had tried, on that visit, to bring her back with us. Some restless overtone of what was to be had echoed persistently in our minds, lulled though we had been by the modest peace and plenty of so civilized a land.

It was a Sunday when we first arrived, a blue and gold harvest Sunday shot through with glittering, mica-bits of chaff from the threshing. She had been expecting us and wore her second-best dress (the best black silk was only for very solemn and sad occasions such as funerals). It was of heavy black serge with a martinet row of jet buttons and a severe white collar fastened with a pin of rough amber. Her scanty hair, so colorless as to seem almost pink, reflecting as it did her rosy, scrubbed scalp, was pulled back in excruciating severity. Only the restrained flutter of her hands, darting out to touch and press ours affectionately, then back to fumble agitatedly at her best embroidered apron, betrayed her excitement.

Her voice had the emotionless, depthless calm of the old as she welcomed us to "little Denmark" in the precise and dignified way of country folk. Whenever emotion stirs them the Danes revert to the diminutive. It is always of "poor little Denmark" they speak when they are most deeply moved. Its very smallness takes on a sacredness. Love is delicate and tender, and they pass quickly from passion to the gentleness of small things.

We arrived at church time, and of course we all went. Bestemor took off her apron and placed over her head a kerchief of the finest black silk, so lustrous and heavy that it glistened like an elegant and sinful bonnet of some more worldly lady.

As we entered the churchyard a crowd of elderly women gathered to greet Bestemor. I never saw so many little old ladies

in various stages of desiccation, all dressed in black and all with black kerchiefs on their heads. None of them, I noticed, had the upright dignity of Bestemor. The process of decay had already begun; shoulders sloped tiredly into flat little bosoms, and the relaxed paunch of age disfigured their severe black dresses. The sun shone through brittle, transparent hands over which crawled, like tiny serpents, the brownish, knotted veins of age.

There were young people, but I could not keep my eyes from the company of the elderly who, like members of some religious order, gathered closely to parade their piety, eager to display the one final and feeble emotion which pricked their gentle breasts.

Bestemor was the recognized leader of the surviving ancients. The fragile ladies greeted her with the faintest suggestion of especial respect and envy, for Bestemor had produced a dozen children, six of whom had become moderately successful in America. "*Goddag, goddag!*" Their tiny voices fluttered timidly into whispers when they saw strangers, but rose again to a busy crescendo when they saw we were of the family.

AFTER a brief levée Bestemor led the way into church, pausing only to hang her harmless umbrella on an ancient hook of the *Vaabenhus*, the Weaponhouse, where wary churchgoers had once checked their war gear. She settled her whispering skirts into a front pew and opened her hymnal; there was an echoing flutter of stiff pages. An antiquated organ wheezed despondently; the young sang apathetically, the aged defiantly and tunelessly. Bestemor's shrill and whistling monotone carried the lead, while the adenoidal tremolos of the elderly quavered into prominence in the pauses.

Behold the mighty, white-robed band,  
Like thousand snow-clad mountains stand;  
They are the heroes brave who came  
Through tribulation, war and flame. . . .

It was a sturdy Lutheran hymn, and Bestemor was singing it earnestly, following the lines with a flax-calloused forefinger. At the altar, the pastor's head, poised gingerly above his Elizabethan ruff like the head of St. John the Baptist on a platter,



nodded cautiously in rhythm as if he were afraid it might fall off. Bestemor sang gustily, every syllable, every note of the long-drawn Amen, and then settled back happily as the pastor intoned the Introit.

She listened indolently to the sermon. Unable to follow its rolling grandeur of sentences myself, for Pastor Hansen was a Kirkegaardian, I watched the wanderings of her restless eyes, flickering from point to point. They revealed the familiar wanderings of an unattached mind, chained to attention by the thin strand of polite pretense, while underneath the consciousness sinks to a blissful level of susceptible and trivial awareness. Church for Bestemor, I decided, was a social necessity. As for theology, she carried her own inviolate version with her on weekdays as well as Sunday. The wind of philosophic rhetoric had no more effect on her than it did on the poised sails of the miniature ship which plunged eternally through seas of ecclesiastical oratory above the chancel.

Afterward, in the antiquated Cadillac taxi she had hired in honor of the day, Bestemor hummed a fragment of the hymn. "*Ja, den store hvide flok,*" she intoned. "See," she pointed to the sky where clouds banked steeply into snowy summits over the farthest moor. "Like thousand snow-clad mountains stand," I finished.

"I like that best of the old hymns," she said in her precise way. "It sounds so clean and free. I like to think of them that way." "Them" referred to her dead husband and infant son, ancient sorrows blurred by half a century's passing. Bestemor did not hold much with saints; she was used to the one-dimensional Lutheran God of the catechism. But the analogy of mountains and heroes pleased her. After all, there was no specific reference to saints—not even St. Olaf or St. Birgitta—and it comforted her to think of her own long-dead loved ones among them, transmuted into stiff and splendid glory amidst a great white host.

I thought of Bestemor on her American visits, incongruous in multiple petticoats and an absurd prow of a hat, her only concession to the affluence of her sons. Oddly, I had not been ashamed of her, although neighboring children stood around on her arrival to gawp and comment with adoles-

cent brutality as Bestemor descended from the taxi and a puzzled driver followed after with her mahogany spinning wheel.

Bestemor had loved America. She would sniff at the black Wisconsin earth like a farmer scenting long-needed rain, and she liked best to visit her farmer sons so she could walk in the fields. Jutland lacked such prodigal richness. She particularly loved hills, and the Pennsylvania mountains she had seen on her way west had delighted her most. On each of her three subsequent visits she had insisted on day trips so she could see the great green hills circling back around her as she rode stiffly upright in her parlor car.

I thought of those green hills as the clouds picked up their skirts from the moor and drifted off to sea. This, then, was the time to broach the subject of our visit.

"Come back with us this time, Bestemor," I begged. "We'll go out West—far West. You've never seen the Rockies. The mountains are like that hymn—all white and clean and cold."

Bestemor smiled knowingly, as if she had expected this. "Oh, I'm much too old for traveling now. I would like to see them," she added wistfully, "but it is such a long way, a very long way from here." She sighed. Bestemor never could adjust herself to having part of her heart in America and the other in Denmark. Sometimes she thought her American children were her best beloved, but when she was with them her homesickness was soon unbearable; she longed for the brutal winds of the North Sea, even for the niggardly earth that would rarely yield a full crop because of storm-blown sands.

For all her vigor Bestemor looked suddenly frail as she sat in an unaccustomed, meditative slump. "I'm too old now, and I must die here. I can't die so far away from home."

I was baffled and too young to understand this intensity over what seemed to me a still distant phenomenon. She patted my hand affectionately. "But you will come again. It's easy for you; you're so young. Why, now my letters take only four days. Soon I shall be able to write and say come, and you will be here before the week is out." Her head came up with a youthful lift. "How is it to be believed? I



never thought to live in a day like this." She turned to me and smiled. "But it is wonderful. Think of what you will live to see."

What great and wonderful things would I live to see? I wondered.

IT WAS a simple life they lived in Denmark. But I did not know then how rich it was, how full and generous. There was a peace about it that went beyond sense and knowing. Entering hospitable doors meant sharing an intimacy that was more than a temporary companionableness. It was as though in accepting one, the people gave not only their welcome and their affection, but also a sense of well-being with time. One knew that the small ills and bitterness of the day would pass, leaving contentment. It had always been that way. How could they know that such a heritage of peace would be shattered, crushed to an ineffable nothingness, like a crystal prism trodden under foot.

I felt that gentleness of peace when we first entered the courtyard. The ancient cobbles were worn and there were little wells of smooth stone before the doors. A deep bright moss marched down the thatched roof, so thick over the lintel that flowers had taken root in it. I had to bow my head to enter and found myself in a green gloom, for a tracery of plants curtained the window. But the dimness was lightened by the splendor of two great six-branched candelabra, biblical in their magnificence. The handwoven cloth on the table was a mosaic of soft color, with pale Danish roses scattered among the blue-painted porcelain and polished silver.

"*Velkommen, velkommen!*" There were little shrieks of pleasure from the aunts who had stayed home to prepare the festive meal. Bestemor slipped her kerchief off with a little shake of her sleekly combed head, and with a large man's handkerchief began to polish her spectacles. "Now we must enjoy ourselves," she said with an excited flutter of the handkerchief in the direction of the table. Scandinavian enjoyment, I knew, was apt to center on the table.

The little house began to fill quickly. The cobbles rang constantly with the

sound of arriving guests, the brisk clatter of wooden clogs alternating with the scrape of leather soles as guests arrived on foot, in carts, or in automobiles.

A Danish feast of reunion is a dignified debauch, a renunciation of restraint. It is ritual conducted not in solemnity but in gayety to the brisk accompaniment of a thousand "*taks*." One never forgets to say thank-you for each dish, no matter if one is attempting to balance three hot platters at once. And unobtrusively through it all the bare-legged hired girl gathers the empty plates to the kitchen where kettles bubble on fires kindled since dawn.

When it was over, the candelabra, borne before us like pillars of flame, were carried into the snug parlor, repository, it seemed, of the needlework of a hundred and one loving grandchildren. Pillows and scarves covered everything. A row of china plates hugged the wainscoting. Some dim and amateur landscapes by unknown, itinerant painters covered the wall, frame to frame. Resplendent against one wall, almost ludicrous in its modernity, was a sofa reminiscent of Sears Roebuck's best. Bestemor seated herself in a corner of this anachronism and patted the seat beside her in a gesture of invitation.

This, then, was the reception hour. Yet, although the guests crowded in until the parlor was filled to suffocation, no one paid any direct attention to us. Small talk went on in various corners, and now and then someone moved up to sit briefly in a chair alongside me. It was friendly, casual, and unobtrusive.

THEY were such severely plain people; middle-aged women with the calmly-paced movements of family bulwarks sat down one by one to chat, work-worn hands folded placidly on plain serge laps. Their middle-aged husbands, though awkward in Sunday best, bowed from across the room with a suggestion of the free, wide-sweeping grace they brought to scything the wheat. In them, as in others I had met in Denmark, I found an integrity, a steadiness, and solid faith that did not swerve. After 1940 I often thought of them with comfort.

After a while a small tawny man sat down in the chair beside me. He looked as



if a brisk, dog-like shake would set up a shower of dust. It was the amber-polisher from town. The golden amber dust lay thickly on his clothes, nestled in the bristly hair of his hands, and even left a light film on his steel-rimmed glasses. "I have some earrings for you," he said, and he leaned over to deposit them in my lap. They were beautiful—not gem-cut but rounded and polished, not crystalline but a cloudy rose-gold in color. "They're about a thousand years old," he remarked. I almost dropped them. "The stones, I mean," he laughed at my excitement. "They must have been formed around the time of Harald Blue-Tooth." I was enchanted. For the first time the antiquity of the land which I had seen in Viking barrows and runic stones had reality for me.

The amber-polisher had heard I was "an intellectual"—a college graduate—and he had come to see. With the amenities of formal gift-offering out of the way, he settled down to a businesslike discussion of world affairs. "Spain, now," he said, taking off his glasses to polish them with a handkerchief that scattered yellow dust-motes. "What is the League going to do, if anything?" He sighed. "I'm afraid this is only the beginning."

I hated to have this bucolic interlude spoiled by an intrusion of worldliness, and I paused in indecision. Should I try to show intelligence and listen to his political views, or should I plead stupidity and stay snug in my feeling of nineteenth-century calm? Before I could speak he abandoned Spain abruptly and leaned over. "You know," he said in a semi-whisper, "it would be a good idea to take your grandmother back with you."

I straightened eagerly. "Of course," I said. "That's really what we're here for, but she won't come. She's afraid of dying in America."

"Pish," said the amber-cutter. "She's more likely to die here, and sooner. Europe has a plague, and our cold climate is no protection against it." Inadvertently I smiled. His Cassandra-mutterings seemed so alien in the midst of all this peace.

NEVERTHELESS, in the weeks afterward we frequently brought up the subject of return with us, but Bestemor always

brushed away our arguments. Her mouth would set stubbornly and she would become sulky with a dark, Scandinavian moodiness we were quick to dispel with talk of something else.

Indeed, it was hard to think of any harm coming to such a modest land. Everywhere we went the same peace and warmth met us. We went "*vester*"—west to visit remote relatives. One night we spent in a comparatively sumptuous villa with a bright red tile roof, where we were offered five kinds of pastry for breakfast by a stiff-capped housemaid. Another day we ate an American-style birthday cake in an ancient sunken farmhouse propped with boards. Here friendly goats leaned in the window to beg a bite, and when frustrated nibbled at the wallpaper instead.

Bestemor was indefatigable. The old Cadillac which she seemed to have taken on permanent hire wheezed and grew balky. A set of new pistons restored it and the gay pace continued. We went into innumerable little parlors with their green baize table coverings and their exquisite porcelain and silver. We drank innumerable cups of coffee, ate a thousand imaginative varieties of pastry, and digested countless dinners, each a prodigal son's delight.

Then all at once it was time to leave. I went in to wake Bestemor the morning of our departure, but she was already awake, propped high among the pillows and homespun feather coverlets of her enormous bed. Her hands were folded as she stared pensively out of the low window at a tiny scrap of sky. I handed her the tasseled pull that hung from the ceiling so she could help herself out of bed, and then politely turned my back as she put on some unfathomable undergarments. After the third petticoat I felt free to turn around once more.

Her mood of pensiveness continued, and she began to talk in a melancholy vein. "It is hard for the old to say good-bye. Each good-bye seems to be a last good-bye. I know I shall never see any of my American children again." For a moment she seemed on the brink of a heavy Scandinavian gloom, but shaking out her inevitable masculine handkerchief she blew her nose lustily and continued matter-of-factly. "I suppose everyone is here to say good-



bye?" A brisk clatter of voices rose in the hall and I nodded.

Most of the family had gathered in the parlor. Bestemor seated herself on the Sears Roebuck sofa and signaled her daughter who handed her a battered hymnal. "Let us say a prayer and sing a hymn for the travelers before we go," she said.

We bowed our heads for a brief, unemotional prayer. Then with almost no pause Bestemor began to sing in her shrill tremolo. It was "The Mighty, White-Robed Band." For a moment the dissonance was appalling. Then I was shaken by an unbearable pang of pity and regret. A sense of foreboding arose, so sharply poignant that tears prickled my nose. I could not bear to leave them. Bestemor was right; we would not meet again. The world, forgotten for a few timeless weeks, intruded an ugly future which I could no longer deny.

I was speechless as once more we entered the lumbering Cadillac and drove to the station. The train was on time. The conductors in bright red uniforms with gold braid descended to assist us aboard with polite bows. "*Farvel, farvel!*" I kissed Bestemor and she clung to me for a moment with an unaccustomed demonstrativeness. I felt the softly cool, petaled texture

of her old cheek against mine, and smelt its fragrance, like that of freshly baked bread. Then I was clambering aboard, hoisted bodily up the steps by the magnificent conductors.

As we pulled out I saw her once more, grimly erect, the hollows of her eyes dark with unshed tears. But what squeezed my heart was her hesitant wave of farewell, like a child's flutter of good-bye—bewildered, lost, unknowing.

WE DID not go back. That year and next her letters came through speedily. Then came September 1939, followed soon by news of her illness. After the shocking days of May 1940 her letters came again, after longer and longer intervals. They were, at first, letters of hate and bewilderment. Then a new, resigned calm appeared, and finally, silence.

In the next years a mighty, white-robed band went to join the sedate ranks that once we sang of: heroes of a hundred battles, martyrs of the single cause, the helpless saints of tortured innocence.

And when at last it was over, I thought once more of Bestemor and that lost, bewildered flutter of farewell. She had outlived the terror and the hopelessness. Would she live to see the better day she saw for me?

## *Solution for the Housing Shortage—1871*

IT is surprising that, while we in New York are vexing ourselves so ceaselessly about our crowded city, and the need of new and swift methods of transit by which we may reach the outlying spaces around us, there should be at our very hand the means of nearly doubling our present population without inconveniently packing the inhabitants. . . . There is no reason why the buildings in the city should not be constructed upon a plan that would give two or three upper floors for residences. . . . The buildings ought to be fully eight stories high, and the highest story would be the most desirable. But any story above the fifth would reach an altitude where it would be rare in the warmest weather not to experience breezes. Gardens could be planted on the roofs of these buildings, affording, in cool twilights and on summer evenings, delightful promenades. . . . In these high sky homes there would be a sense of delicious serenity—a sweetness, repose, and beauty.

*From "Table Talk," Appleton's Journal, March 18, 1871.*



# THE PATTERN OF REVOLT IN ASIA

HAROLD R. ISAACS

**A**CROSS Asia, with anger and bitterness and in defiance of great odds, subject peoples are again struggling for independence. And they mean independence. Not trusteeship or self-government or dominion status but independence. Not in five years or ten years or in some indefinite future but now.

For Indians, Burmese, Annamites, Koreans, Indonesians, the basic issue is simple: to submit no longer to any foreign rulers. They are intent upon becoming their own masters. Their determination cuts across all the arguments and counter-arguments, all the ifs and buts and howevers. Whatever the real or fancied perils of freedom, they insist upon being free. After the spectacle the world has presented in the past decade, it is difficult for subject colonials anywhere to agree any longer that anybody is more fit to rule them than they are themselves.

"I'm sick of being told that we're not 'ripe' for self-rule and that we'll only make a mess of things," a young Annamite told me in Hanoi. "Are the French, of all people in the world, 'ripe' enough to rule even themselves? Can we possibly make more of a mess of things than all the rulers of the world have already made? We agree it's a mess. You can explain our cause very easily: we are fighting for the right to make our mess for ourselves."

**T**HE mood cuts deep, extends far. Conditions vary and backgrounds vary and the struggle goes on at many levels. The sullen and devitalized Indian can flare all at once into blind anger. In open challenge to the British Raj on the streets of Calcutta or Bombay he suddenly confounds his tired leaders and surprises himself. In India nothing is clear, nothing moves along a straight line. Only a great mass convulses within its bonds. Yet, amid all the division and confusion, the pressure on Britain grows. Always present, the explosive force which took the form of open insurrection in August of 1942 plays upon the nerves and calculations of the British masters and the Nationalists, of Congress men and Moslems. India groans under the accumulated corruption of too long a history, with its castes, its races, its deep social and religious cleavages. So its politics can be shaped now by the mysticism of a Gandhi and the fanaticism of a Jinnah. Still there is a kind of half-recognized common ground on which all are forced to express themselves. None of the compromises or offers of compromise ever settle anything. The pressures always tend to concentrate on independence, as if all in common somehow realize that the starting point is there, that throwing off the hated rule of the British is the first and inescapable step in the task of throwing

*As correspondent for Newsweek, Harold R. Isaacs was in India when the Japanese surrendered. He has subsequently been in Korea, Japan, French Indo-China, and Java.*



off the whole dead weight of the past.

Everywhere the impulse is the same. Backward and ignorant people, remote from the educational refinements of politics, the unconsulted ones who are not supposed to know any better, these suddenly have plain answers to plain questions. I remember a day I spent in the Korean countryside talking to farmers and small village shopkeepers. There was a tall farmer named Yoon who held his round-faced, black-eyed son in his arms against his spotless white jacket. "What do you want?" I asked. He smiled. "Better living" was the way the interpreter phrased his answer. I asked him what that meant. "It means good crops and good prices," he said. "It means getting our young men back from the Japanese forced labor gangs. It means getting a government of our own."

Farmer Yoon knew exactly what he wanted. He and all his people in those first days of the American occupation of southern Korea believed that the end of enslavement to Japan meant the coming of Korean freedom. That was why farmers straightened up in the fields and raised their arms in greeting and children shouted and cheered and one ancient old lady danced nimbly in the road grinning toothlessly, her tired old eyes brimming. But Korea was partitioned and the divided country placed under Soviet and American military occupation and Military Government. The gloss wore off and when the Moscow conference offered nothing more than continued partition and a five-year "trusteeship," Koreans erupted in anger. They still do not understand why, if the Japanese emperor may still sit on his throne, Koreans may not resume their ancient freedom. A young Korean woman doctor said to me wearily: "We spent long years learning Japanese. Now we must learn Russian and English. When shall we be able to concentrate on learning Korean?" The Koreans want to concentrate on being Korean and they believe the way to start learning how to rule themselves is to start ruling themselves.

## II

Down in Indo-China the Annamites have carried the same determination

to the battlefield. The French took their country by conquest eighty years ago, ruled it by force, then bowed supinely to the superior force of the Japanese. When the Japanese collapsed under American blows, the French moved to regain their power. The British, using Indian and Japanese troops, helped the French win a foothold on the Saigon peninsula. The Annamites, who had proclaimed their independence and set up their own government as the Republic of Viet Nam, resisted with a sprinkling of modern weapons, with ingeniously devised bows and arrows and muzzle-loading rifles and incendiary torches and homemade grenades. Little reported now, this war goes on, the Annamite war for independence and the French war for reconquest.

In Hanoi—which lies in the zone, north of the sixteenth parallel, which was marked for Chinese occupation—the Annamites enjoy uneasy tenure; here they maintain their government and organize their resistance to the French. Ho Chi-minh, for forty-four years a persistent and almost legendary leader of the people, heads the movement with an honesty of purpose and absence of illusion that keep strength in his frail body. "It is clear we must depend on ourselves," he said. "We will keep on fighting and our children, if necessary, will keep on fighting. Independence is the thing. What will follow will follow, but independence must come first if anything is to follow at all."

The Annamites offer the French everything but trust in French promises of future freedom. They want independence now but will compromise on everything else, including grant of economic priority for the French in the country. Short of that they will fight with all their might. Shaggy-haired Dran van Giau, thirty-four-year-old veteran guerrilla organizer and graduate of France's penal colony prison system, spoke with a calm that gave peculiar fire to his words: "The French have launched a war to reconquer our country. If they want war, we will make war. They will fight by their means. We will fight by our means. They will advance along the roads and railways, the rivers and canals, razing our villages, killing our people. We will make war our



way. We will be everywhere. We will destroy everything the French own. We will destroy their factories, their plantations, their railroads. We will blow up their bridges and tear up the rails. We will make Indo-China uninhabitable for the French. We certainly do not want this war but if we have to have it we'll destroy everything there is in order to build a new life for ourselves, even if the French force us to start from the veriest beginning."

Among these Annamites, more impressively than almost anywhere else, there is a quality of exaltation, of moral force and devotion, of indifference to odds and obstacles, of profound hatred and scorn for their foe. I think of the teen-age boy who stood alone on the stage of the hideous old empire-style theater in Hanoi and spoke to an intent audience of more than 3,000 young men and women. He spoke of the fighting in the south, of clashes and devoted heroism wherever Annamites fought with British or French or Japanese troops. He clothed his comrades and their cause in that richly shining inspiration which comes only when men see things by their own inner light. "Yes," said this youth, "we are inferior to the French in the matter of arms." He paused. "Also in the matter of cowardice." The houseful of young people cheered until they were hoarse.

When men mean what they say, the most abused phrases and raveled clichés suddenly acquire a fresh relevance. Both in Indo-China and in Java I heard nationalists say in substance: "Maybe to the Powers words like freedom and justice and self-determination are empty and brittle and meaningless conveniences. For our part they are a matter of life and death. We mean to translate them into reality the best way we can. We talk about freedom and we mean being free; and being free, to begin with, means to have no foreign masters to govern our lives. We talk about self-determination and we mean determining ourselves, for better or worse. We're ready to co-operate with the whole world for peace, but to begin with we have to stand on our feet, speak with our own voice, have a hand in our fate."

**A**CROSS Batavia's walls and houses and public buildings, the Indonesians

had scrawled slogans to greet the arriving occupation troops. They had expected these to be American and they drew their phrases from the American lexicon: "Government for, by, and of the people . . ." Or: "We fight for our inalienable right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." Or: "Give us freedom or give us death!" The occupying forces turned out to be British but the effect was not wasted. "Your damned American revolution is still giving us trouble," one weary British officer said to me.

In Batavia sat the British, harried and defensively righteous; the Dutch, sullen and uncertain and bolstered only by their violent and savage Eurasian and Ambonese mercenaries; and the Indonesian cabinet, made up of moderate politicians pushed forward to see what, if anything, could be gained by negotiation. In the hinterland, while evacuating internees, British forces were clashing constantly with the hated and feared "extremists." Repeatedly Japanese troops, operating under British command, were thrown into the local battles. After one action at Semarang in the late fall, the British brigadier commanding in the area said in his report, "The Japanese were magnificent." But across Java, the "extremists" held the mountains and the valleys, hating all foreigners and suspicious even of their own politician-leaders. The Dutch, unhinged by outrageous fortune, seriously argued that the docile Javanese had suddenly gone mad. Most Dutchmen angrily rejected the counsel of the few soberer minds who grasped the fact that a whole people was aroused and that the old days were gone forever. Queen Wilhelmina was offering confederation. But the Indonesians did not want to confederate. *Merdeka* was the word now, *independence*. Not even the most moderate Indonesian politicians dared suggest they might settle for less.

### III

**T**HE British fell heir to these problems when a Big Three deal placed all of southeast Asia within their sphere. Many Britons, embarrassed by the role they are playing, argue defensively that American troops would have had to carry out the



same policy had they been assigned these areas to occupy. This is presumably true, for the United States is fully party to the Allied policy of restoring the imperial *status quo ante* in the colonies as a prerequisite to any "reforms." Until January, the United States was formally associated with all operations conducted by Lord Louis Mountbatten, and in these actions the United States was represented by great stores of lend-lease weapons and equipment freely used by French and British and Dutch against colonial insurgents. Nor is Russia any less engaged in the responsibility for the guiding top Allied policy in which it shared. Not until it suited its maneuvers at London late in January did Russia abruptly raise the issue of Indonesia while remaining notably silent on the subject of Indo-China, because it is more interested in detaching France from British influence than it is in the fate of the Annamites. In Korea, reactionary American policies in the south have been fully matched by Russian totalitarian strong-arm policies in the north. By commission or by omission, all the Powers are joined in the effort to dam up somehow the nationalist flood in Asia rising in the wake of this war just as it rose in the wake of the last.

There is a sobering and terrifying symmetry in this pattern. For after 1918, too, the subject peoples rose from long simmering to a boil. There was a titanic surge toward a new dispensation in backward and subjected Asia. The peoples rose, in layer after layer, to change the face of their world, to end imperialist rivalries in the East by taking their destinies in their own hands. One after another they were put down or led up blind alleys by the British in the Middle East and India, by the French in Africa and Indo-China, by the Dutch in Indonesia, and by the Japanese in Korea. In China in 1925-27 occurred the greatest national revolution of them all. It broke on the rock of internal class conflict, producing a foreign-supported Kuomintang tyranny which sapped China's meager strength instead of revitalizing it. Prisons were choked with rebels and execution grounds ran red. Britain filled its penal colonies in the Andamans, and the French theirs at

Poulu Condor, and the Dutch their prison camps in the remoter Indies. There was more than a decade of strife and failure and frustration. It was against such an Asia, weakly held by foreign rulers or their native puppets, that Japan was able to launch its final drive for hemispheric control, beginning with the invasion of Manchuria in 1931. This led in turn, step by step, to Japan's collision with the United States ten years later.

Japan was fundamentally too weak to succeed. It came too late onto the scene and brought too little to sustain its claim to power. It had too narrow a base of its own at home to be able to maintain its military effort or to afford political wisdom or patience. Yet the Japanese came very close to pulling it off. In ninety days they wrested a vast empire from the British, Americans, and Dutch. For France's territory they did not even have to fight. They exposed the weakness of the Westerners and demonstrated their own apparent invincibility. But they had neither the time nor the ability to reap the political rewards of their victories.

Their slogan "Asia for the Asiatics" struck a deep note; but they meant Asia for the Japanese and it did not take long for all the other Asiatics to find that out. Instead of fostering real national independence and cashing in on the support they could win thereby, the Japanese had only puppet roles to offer to the nationalists and everywhere practiced brutal terrorism and systematic looting. The conquered countries were stripped of food, raw materials, and machinery and thrust into an economic morass from which they will not emerge for a long time to come. The Japanese used stooges and tools among the colonial peoples but many a genuine nationalist also turned to them, either out of hope or cynicism, and quickly turned away. The Japanese could not avoid being conquerors and thus insured the loss of their empire.

**B**UT if in victory the Japanese could offer nothing durable to subject Asiatics, in defeat Japan presented many of them with a rich and unprecedented opportunity. Japan was defeated in the Philippines and the northwest Pacific by American arms.



In southeast Asia, except in Burma, its armies had not even been engaged. The British, French, and Dutch, so ignominiously expelled or subjugated at the war's outset, were given no chance to recapture prestige by military victories. And the manner of their regaining their territory cost them even more face than the manner of losing it. There were neither Dutch nor French troops available, and by the time the British made their delayed arrival, the nationalists in Indo-China and Indonesia seized the advantage. They proclaimed their independence, promulgated constitutions, and set up their governments. They refused to admit any restoration of Dutch or French sovereignty and offered their collaboration to the British only in the limited task of rounding up and disarming the Japanese. The British instead interpreted restoration of "order" to mean in effect the displacement of nationalist power. The result in both countries was war.

In Indo-China the British openly connived at a coup by the French which overthrew the Annamite government in Saigon. They armed French troops and attempted to disarm the Annamites. They ordered the Japanese forces to hold their garrison points against the Annamites. The result was bloody war on the Saigon peninsula. More French troops kept arriving, in American ships and with American equipment, and when the French seemed strong enough to carry on alone, the British pulled out.

In Java no fighting occurred until a small force of Dutch troops came in behind the British. The Indonesians showed strength, more strength than the British had thought possible, and the Dutch, to their own angry chagrin, were restrained from sending in more troops too soon. In Surabaya fighting did not start until the Indonesians were given the impression that the British would attempt to disarm them, and after that it took the British five weeks to subdue the city. In December the Allied high command in Singapore took a decision to apply more force to "pacify" the island of Java, but London put the brakes on and called in the Dutch to see whether better terms could not be arranged. Yet British policy, as announced

by Attlee and Bevin both, stands for restoration of Dutch sovereignty in the Indies and this is precisely what the Indonesians will not willingly accept. Across their banners the Javanese write "*merdeka* or death" and there are hundreds of thousands of them who mean this quite literally. They are people who, to borrow another forgotten phrase, have nothing to lose but their chains.

#### IV

THE nationalists in these countries had hoped for a different outcome. There was a certain amount of naïve belief in the Atlantic Charter and the pledges of self-determination so freely bandied about during the war. But this belief was by no means based wholly on illusions. The war itself was a gigantic and costly demonstration of the futility and waste and indefensibility of the old imperial system. Since the old dispensation had led the Powers so close to the edge of total disaster, many nationalists believed that out of sheer self-interest the victors would agree to a drastic change. They did not believe this seriously of the old masters, the British, the French, the Dutch. But they did believe it of the United States. Political independence of their old masters seemed to them the minimum guarantee they could accept because they no longer would believe in half-promises or be content with half-measures.

They looked to the United States for moral and political and practical support of this position. They have not received any such support. American official statements have offered verbal sympathy with the ultimate goals of the nationalists but American action has consisted of practical support for the immediate aims of the imperialists. The result is a growing defecation from the great hope in America. A crucial political fact in Asia today is the crumbling of American prestige in the eyes of subject peoples. For with this faith may be passing the last hope of a less painful transition toward a new and more hopeful order of things.

So there is no peace in Asia, nor any prospect of peace in the foreseeable future. The great Pacific war settled nothing but



Japan's attempt to master the continent. Wearily we must now face reiteration of the old pattern of blood and agony drawn by the continued rivalry of Great Powers in the East. With periodic eliminations and comebacks, this rivalry feeds on all the unresolved issues of Asiatic nationalism and monotonously explodes into wars. It has been going for a long time and, it seems, must go on still.

The wars of 1895 (Japan against China) and 1905 (Japan against Russia)—to go no further back—brought Japan into the Great Power picture and eliminated Russia. The war of 1914–18 eliminated Germany from the Far East. The resultant contest for hegemony among the United States, Britain, and Japan led up to the war of 1941–45. This war eliminated Japan—but brought back Russia. And already in China civil war, or the constant threat of civil war, or the efforts to prevent civil war, involve thinly masked conflict between the two new principal protagonists for mastery. Asia remains a battleground on which power, not peace, is the stake. Thus we start again, at the end of a

half-century cycle during which nothing has really relieved the misery and subjection of Asia's billion people or the insecurity thus imposed on the rest of the world.

There is the final paradox. The fight for national independence in the colonies will be fought by these peoples with desperate determination. But national independence, even won, is scarcely the beginning of a solution. Should they succeed in emerging now as new national states, they would suffer—as China has suffered—the fate of all the small or weak nations of the world: to be pawns or victims in the interplay of intercontinental power politics. That is scarcely the road to fruitful growth. In fact there is no future in it for the subject peoples of Asia or for anybody else. Our common fate is bound up with the hope that we will still be able to organize the world more rationally, to pool its resources and its needs, to federate its multi-racial, multi-national, multi-cultural components into a new whole. If that be a dream, then we had best make the most of it, for it is the only stuff that survival is made of.

## *The Paper-Slaves*

THESE Germans were so police-harried and document-conscious that they continued to be uneasy unless we looked at their personal papers. They forced their papers upon us to prove that everything was in order. I have never seen a people so paper crazy. They hugged to their bosoms birth certificates, military records, military passes, travel passes, discharge papers, baptism records, Aryan records, marriage records, pension records, pay records, work records, health records; in short, records to prove that they were alive and that perhaps they had a right to be alive. They also carried letters, snapshots, and family mementos. It was amusing to observe this addiction to paper, especially paper signed and stamped officially, until one realized that this was the behavior of slaves who worshiped bureaucrats. In the German *Polizeistaat* paper was sacred, paper spelled security. It was not until later, when I was in Buchenwald and saw heaps of human bones-and-ashes in one corner of the camp and carefully preserved records of the victims in another corner, that I understood a strange truth about the Germans—that they had no compunction about burning human beings but that they would not burn paper records.

Saul K. Padover. (From his forthcoming book, *Experiment in Germany: The Story of an American Intelligence Officer.*)



# A LITTLE MISTAKE IN WASHINGTON

MARSHALL MORGAN

**T**HE train was a few minutes out of the Newark shed when big Tom Sisk came careening down the aisle, clutching at the backs of seats and hopefully eyeing his fellow passengers. He gave me a glad, widespread grin.

"Hey, Morgan! Where are you going?"

"Washington, I guess. What about you?"

"Me? I'm going to Washington, too."

He hesitated, politely doubtful of his welcome.

Sisk, a corporal, was a huge, red-faced Alabama boy; I had liked him throughout our more than two years of armored division training. I moved over. "Sit down, Tom. We'll do the town together."

I don't know why I had chosen Washington. Perhaps, for one thing, it was because my final three-day pass hardly allowed me time enough to get home to Nashville and back to Camp Shanks. Then, too, Lola and I had already accomplished our physical good-byes, several weeks earlier, down at Fort Benning. If there was any particular reason why I had decided to spend in Washington three of my few remaining days in America, it was because Wirt Courtney was there, and would welcome me, I knew. Or perhaps the real reason was something vaguely mystical. The geometric white city—to me, as to all Americans—was the mecca-like symbol of my homeland.

The next morning Tom waited beside me, outside a USO telephone booth, while I called Wirt at the House Office Building. I had known the Tennessee congressman since my earliest childhood. He invited us to come out, and half an hour later was shaking our hands.

"I'm glad you could come this week," he said. "The GI Bill of Rights is being debated, and you may like to hear some of the proceedings. I'll give you passes."

Tom and I sat in the House gallery that afternoon. I remember that Mrs. Rogers, of Massachusetts, had the floor as we came in. The question under debate was whether amputees should be retained in service until they had mastered their appliances.

It was Tom's first visit to a legislative hall, and he seemed a good deal impressed. As we filed out, two hours later, he commented thoughtfully: "You know, I'm glad we came to Washington. I'm glad we came up here. I had no idea—well, that America works exactly like this."

We met Wirt, afterward, and at his insistence went with him to spend the night at his Fairfax Hotel apartment.

**B**Y NOON of the next day our passes were forty-eight hours old. Tom and I had decided to return to New York, spend the night there, and report back to Camp

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Shanks during the forenoon of the following day, well ahead of our noon deadline.

It was midday of mid-May; already Washington was like a vast heated griddle. We sweated, in stinging rivulets, as our woolen shirts clawed at our backs and throats. The clothing was our OD overseas issue. We looked with envy at the gabardines of the officers we saw, the cool bleached khakis of other soldiers.

"To hell with this," said Tom. "My coat's coming off—how about yours?"

We were standing on a meagerly-shaded corner of Pennsylvania Avenue, waiting for a Union Station bus, when Tom startled me with a sudden exclamation.

"Good God! MP's!"

I turned as an Army peep darted toward us from the traffic stream. It jerked to a halt against the curb. A diminutive military figure, a first lieutenant, leaped from the machine with curious agility.

We stood our ground, feigning nonchalance. But I didn't like the man's gray eyes, with their conjunctive brows, nor the gray-white, compressive twist of his mouth. When he spoke, the words came in a sort of hissing whisper.

"Out of uniform, eh? So you don't salute officers, eh?"

His eyes shifted to the blouses on our arms. His nostrils were working in tiny convulsive tremors.

"Well, well—a tech sergeant, and a corporal," he purred, softly.

I glanced over his shoulder at the face of the driver, an MP enlisted man. He was staring straight ahead, the muscles of his jaws rigid. My heart sank.

"Lieutenant," I began, "we're melting alive in these OD's, and we didn't know—"

"Shut up!" he gritted. "And stand at attention, soldier, when you're talking to me!"

We were equipped with standard Port of Embarkation passes. Such passes bear the signature of a major general; they are authenticated by distinctive watermarks.

The officer stared at our two slips of paper for a long moment of absolute silence. Then he began to thwack them gently with the backs of his fingertips.

"Forgeries!"

Tom's red face showed gray streaks.

"Now look here, Lieutenant," he said, earnestly. "These passes are perfectly good, and—"

But the man had begun to shout at us, with machinegun-like rapidity, the unanswerable questions:

"How long have you been AWOL? When did you forge these passes? Did you think you were going to get by with this?"

Trying to speak calmly, I told him that he had made a rather serious mistake, and that I hoped he would realize that he had.

"God damn you, you're lying like dogs—both of you!" he stormed. "You're under arrest. Get in the back end of that peep!"

We clambered in, awkwardly, our knees jamming together in the tiny rear seat. I looked down Pennsylvania Avenue. Suddenly it seemed very gray and dirty. Wirt wasn't there; perhaps, unconsciously, I was searching the sidewalks for his figure.

Our captor twisted round in his seat to confront us.

"If you want to be charged with resisting arrest, too, just say one more word, either one of you—you lying sons-of-bitches!"

FIVE minutes later the machine dipped down a concrete runway into what at first glance seemed to be an abandoned underground storage garage. (We had whirled through the streets so rapidly that I had lost my sense of direction.)

"Home, sweet home," said the lieutenant. "Get out."

Under a droplight, at the far end of the enclosure, a sergeant sat at a desk; several other MP's were hulking, foot-shifting figures in the gloom. The desk sergeant, at our approach, looked up with an expression of blank receptiveness. I heard the lieutenant give his final orders before he stamped off into the gloom.

"All right, men, you can give these AWOL bastards the works."

Could I communicate with my commanding officer? I asked the sergeant. Or with friends in Washington?

He said he was sorry, but had no authority to grant such permission.

Stripped of our belts, blouses, ties, and all personal possessions, we were herded



into an adjoining cell block. It was perhaps seventy feet long; a double row of cells loomed in the dim light.

"My God—do you reckon we'll ever get out of here alive?" Tom asked solemnly.

By that time I was more worried than I cared to admit. My service record was clean, as was Tom's; nevertheless, I was far from the status of a military virgin. I knew what could happen to any enlisted man. I could comfort myself with the knowledge of only one tiny windfall. It was this:

In claiming our personal possessions for safekeeping the desk sergeant had made inventories of the articles we had unpocketed. He had given us the carbon copies as receipts. Each bore the date May 17, 1944: *the day before our passes expired.*

I decided that if necessary I would fight to retain that smudged but absolving bit of tissue. Later I learned that Tom, too, had immediately recognized the significance of his own receipt, and had as carefully secreted it.

We were put in separate cells. As I heard the automatic lock click to, behind me, I became aware of the peculiar lighting arrangement in the barred cubby-hole. It consisted of a green spotlight fixed immovably in the wall. Its ghastly luminescence flooded, from end to end, the steel bunk that was to be my bed. The steel pallet itself was supported by wall chains, and was without bedding material. When I sat down on it, the heavy interlacing crosspieces rebounded as though maliciously alive. A soiled commode, seatless, and one upturned spigot, protruding from the wall, completed the facilities.

I lay back on the bunk. Its steel strips felt comfortingly cool to my back, despite their buckling. The cell block was stifflingly hot; apparently the place had no ventilation. When I tried to get water from the wall spigot, I found it capable of no more than a thin bubbling ooze. After one try I made no further effort to talk a guard into bringing water. He had replied, with an ugly grin: "Stretch a sheet and catch some rain, bud."

Now and then I could hear Tom moving about, cursing softly to himself, in the cell on my right. Occasionally, emanating from some remote cell block, a protesting

howl would rouse my fellow prisoners to grumbling comment.

"Somebody gag that guy!"

"Hey, down there—tell him he's in the Army, will you?"

Tom and I had been seized shortly after noon. In the hours that followed I got acquainted with two of my jailmates.

The man on my left told me his story in weary, troubled tones, his disembodied voice drifting in to me around the steel panel that separated us. The possibility that he was lying seemed remote, in view of what had happened to Tom and me.

He was, he said, a veteran of the Attu campaign, in which he had been wounded. His division had been returned to America and he had been granted a furlough visit to his wife in Mississippi. At the time of his arrest, the preceding day, he had been driving his own car northward through Washington, en route to Fort Dix. In the outskirts of the city one of his tires had blown out. As he stood bargaining for aid at a nearby filling station, a roving patrol of MP's had picked him up.

"I was AWOL at reveille this morning," he told me.

From somewhere across the murky corridor another voice cut in:

"How about me? I was sent down to Atlanta to bring back a boy who was AWOL. Well, we had a half-hour train layover here in Washington. We were sitting in Union Station—just sitting there, waiting—when a crazy officer rushed up and arrested both of us. Now I'm AWOL myself."

Somebody asked: "Where's the guy you went to get, Joe?"

"Here I am," said a new voice. "Right here. In the cell next to his."

**I** PASSED a stiffling, sleepless night. We had been given no food; the water I had gleaned had come in thimblefuls; and the steel bunk, with its reactive, body-bruising springs, made sleep impossible. In addition, the green spotlight bored through my tired eyelids.

Eventually the cell locks clicked again.

"Breakfast in bed, men," yelled some sturdy wit.

Moving in single file with the others, Tom and I clumped down a breakneck



iron stairway to emerge in a cell block like our own. A shirtless KP, sweating over a portable stand, was ladling out cold pancakes and watery syrup. We sat on the floor to eat, scraping our tin plates with rusted messkit spoons.

A guard thumbed us out of line as we were clambering back up to our cell block. He told us we were leaving.

Tom and I exchanged glances of relief.

"I guess that means someone finally had brains enough to get in touch with the CO," Tom said.

We reported to the desk sergeant, who gave our personal belongings back to us. When he asked me for the carbon receipt, I pretended to search for it, then commented, as casually as I could, that probably I'd lost it somewhere in my cell.

"Okay," he said, to my relief. "Never mind. Let it go."

"Say, did you want those receipts back?" Tom asked, his face properly surprised. "Why, I threw mine away, I guess."

We began to feel rather guardedly cheerful.

"When do we leave?" Tom asked, busy with his belt loops.

The sergeant looked at him with an indefinable expression.

"You aren't leaving," he said. "You're going to Fort Myer—to the stockade there."

"Stockade? Why?" I demanded, angrily.

I saw Tom's eyes narrow into glittering lines.

"What the hell has got hold of us—the German Gestapo?" he half shouted, his knuckles clenching into white knots.

The sergeant leaned back in his chair.

"At ease, there!" he ordered, crisply. "I just work here, you know."

Two MP's equipped with snow-white helmets, tasseled automatics, and a new station wagon, conducted us swiftly through the streets of Washington. One of them beguiled the driver's boredom with a description of certain anatomical details of the blonde he'd been telling him about.

Ten minutes later, across the Potomac, we swirled through Fort Myer's stone gates, circled through the reservation's precise, clipped plots of grass, and made a

handbrake halt in front of a squat brick building.

"All out for the chain gang," said the driver heavily.

We were booked again, meticulously, by a staff sergeant. He wore a perpetual, harassed frown; the fingers of his left hand twitched nervously at the papers on his desk. In an adjoining office, hardly ten feet away, a smooth-faced major nursed his chin in his palm over desk work.

Tom nudged me. "Say something now, Morgan," he whispered.

Addressing the sergeant, but with my eyes on the major, I began:

"You've got the wrong men this time, Sergeant. This man and I are absolutely innocent of any military offense. I can prove it in five minutes if you'll let me put a call through to Camp Shanks."

My voice sent back an empty echo from the vaulted ceiling of the lobby.

"Yeah, I know," said the sergeant. He waved his hand as though sweeping us on. "Sure. You're innocent. You and everybody else."

The major, caressing his brows with his fingertips, did not look up.

**A**N MP turnkey led the way into the cell-block area. It was a large room, with gray-plastered walls. The ceiling pressed down like a damp palm. A double cage of steel, divided by a solid steel wall, pressed outward toward the barred windows of the building. The mingled stench of sweaty bodies and a chlorinated latrine struck my nostrils.

I looked about as the turnkey unlocked one of the inner cell doors. Some fifty prisoners, both white and Negro, were our cellmates. Several of them glanced at us with dull curiosity.

The comfort of Tom's presence was denied me; he was shut into the adjoining half of the cage. I had hardly stretched out on the steel bunk assigned me when a lean yellow Negro thrust his chin over the edge of the bunk above to whisper, hoarsely: "Mac, I'm going to get out of this place one of these days. I'm going to kill me a guard, and get out of this place."

A few inmates, more philosophical, were playing cards halfheartedly; one or two were frowning at torn comic strips under



the inadequate ceiling bulbs, pale yellow overhead.

Later in the morning we were sent to the basement supply room to receive prison clothing. I thrust my legs through denim fatigue trousers, struggled into the coarse, faded blue jacket, and pulled down on my head the flop-brimmed blue fatigue hat.

I caught Tom looking at me with a peculiar expression.

"Turn around," he said. "I want to see it. I just want to see it on you, too."

In the centers of our backs the glaring letter "P," a foot high, stenciled in white, now marked us as military prisoners. Our left trouser legs, just below the knee, bore the same stigmata in six-inch letters.

"Hello, Al Capone," Tom grinned, gallantly.

"Hello, Benedict Arnold," I said.

The supply sergeant next tossed each of us a pair of stone-stiff, secondhand work shoes.

"You'll have to wear these," he said. "It's regulations."

I looked at mine and envisioned the inevitable blisters.

Under armed guard we limped warily to the dispensary, where two bored medical officers examined us for dental defects and gonorrhea. After that, in the same building, we were fingerprinted by a merry little corporal who whistled as he worked.

The guardhouse mess hall, located in the basement, was a damp concrete cubicle that permitted perhaps thirty men to eat simultaneously. The tables were elbow-high lengths of board. We ate standing, jammed shoulder to shoulder. Conversation of any kind was forbidden; we ate our noon meal in silence punctuated only by the rattle of dishes.

Fifteen minutes after I had entered the place, a guard's whistle shrilled, deafening in the small enclosure. The man on my right laid down his fork.

"That means you're through eating," he said without moving his lips.

That night, on my single Army blanket, in the semi-darkness of the cage, I tried to arrange coherently my thoughts and my plans; but exhaustion had its way, and I fell heavily into sleep.

THE blast of a whistle brought me back to morning's reality. Roll call. Scrambling into my clothes, still buttoning my prison jacket, I filed out into the narrow aisle with the others. There I did as I saw the others do. I turned my face to the wall, stood at attention, and awaited the arrival of the officer of the day. When my name was called I did an about face to reply, still rigidly at attention: "Here, sir!"

When I next saw Tom he had lost his smile. As we lined up for the clattering rush for the underground mess hall, he shook his head slowly, like a huge, hurt child.

"I've never had anything like this happen to me in all my life," he muttered. "We haven't done a thing, we're as innocent as daylight—and look what this God-damned rotten Army is doing to us!"

With no inner conviction whatever I told him that probably there had been some unavoidable delay in getting word through to our commanding officer. In all likelihood, I said, we'd be summoned out of our cells after breakfast, and sent on our way—perhaps even with the memory of an apology. But when I uttered the words I had already been an enlisted man for more than two years.

As I shaved that morning, a dark little Italian, at an adjoining lavatory, seemed intent on smoothing down his miniature mustache.

"Whatta ya in for, Joe?" he asked me, amiably.

"Nothing," I said. "I'm here by mistake, I guess."

My lavatory companion glanced at me quickly. For some whimsical reason I hoped he would recognize my innocence. I think he did; but he laughed, bitterly, nevertheless.

"Mistake, hell!" he said. He leaned forward to pat the ends of his mustache. Then he asked me, softly: "Look here, Joe—how long have you been in the Army, anyway?"

At seven-thirty Tom and I were called out of our cells. The sergeant of the guard held a scroll in his hands, and read from it with the solemnity of a man voicing a death sentence.

"Sisk—Morgan!" he bawled. "You will walk through the door, one at a time, ten



feet apart. You'll walk up to this white line and lift your arms over your heads."

The man's hands were practiced as he searched my clothing for concealed weapons. He stepped back to consult his scroll.

"You will draw axes and a crosscut saw from the supply room. You will be marched to the new parade ground, where you will dig up stumps. You will pile those stumps in the middle of the field. I warn you now: you won't salute officers on this post, and there'll be no rest breaks, no talking, and no smoking."

So it was to be hard labor. I wasn't too surprised.

A guard stepped forward; he was a spick-and-span private first class. An automatic shotgun lay in the crook of his elbow.

"Let's go," he ordered.

I carried the axes; Tom, the crosscut saw. Our guard walked behind us at a distance of ten paces, his automatic shotgun still cradled in his elbow.

It was a beautiful morning. The sun, its rays still benign, had just begun to clear the mannequin rows of trees along the driveways. A mockingbird was trilling and cavorting in a rosebush.

Our route led through the officers' residential area, past the commandant's house. Two early-rising youngsters, lads of eight or nine, were scampering and catcalling to each other on a shaded sidewalk. We passed a leafy, sunkissed cottage which seemed still asleep, un-stirring; a placard affixed to one of its front steps bore the name of its resident: Brehon Somervell, Lieutenant General.

"I reckon General Marshall lives around here somewhere," said Tom.

"No talking, there!" our guard snapped. "And prisoners don't walk on the sidewalks—get back in the gutter."

FROM eight until noon, without letup, we grubbed stumps. It was killing work. Long before the sun had reached its crisp-midday heat, we were rubber-kneed, panting. The stumps, for the most part, were those of newly felled live trees; few were less than a foot in diameter, many were much larger. Their roots were like burrowing tentacles of steel. We didn't stop. We didn't talk. We didn't smoke. We hacked at the stubborn earth until

our hands were blistered, sawed at the reluctant snaggles of stumps until our backs ached, until torrential sweat salted our lips and made a hot blur before our eyes.

"You can knock off now for half an hour," the guard said at last. "There are some sandwiches for you over there by the trees."

We were too exhausted to eat them. Instead we crawled into the deepest shade we could find, and lay with our stiffening backs curled, as far as possible, into comforting U-shapes.

By the time we began our return trek to the guardhouse, at sunset, we were too near collapse to care whether we walked in the gutters or through streets of gold. From the highest point of our return march I could see, far beyond the hazy Potomac, the rounded white dome of the Jefferson Memorial. The sight aroused in me few ironic reflections. I was too exhausted to indulge in parallels.

That night I began to grasp at straws.

After supper a prison chaplain had come in. He was a smiling, ebullient fellow, a captain. He led a song or two (mostly it was hearty solo work), then pottered about a portable projector until it responded with a jumpy 1938 Hollywood short. When the show was over I managed to corner our benefactor.

The man listened with the expression of one too courteous to betray indications of skepticism. "What's the name?" he asked, writing the information down with a silver pencil in a small black notebook. But it was obvious that he did not believe me.

The next day was an even more punishing repetition of its predecessor. I had learned, overnight, that stump-grubbing under Virginia's summer sun was considered the most rigorous corrective measure in the repertoire of Fort Myer discipline. Tom and I had little reason to doubt the supposition. Our muscles were full of painful needles even before we began the day's labor; our hands, already blistered, were soon bleeding-raw.

Once, in the course of the endless afternoon, an elderly colonel strolled across the parade-ground-to-be. He flicked at his smart pink whipcord trousers with a tiny



riding crop; his boots flashed in the sun.

I risked the rule-of-silence warning to ask permission to speak to him.

The guard shifted his shotgun unasily. "Hell, no," he said. "Think I want to be eaten out? Prisoners don't speak to officers, fellow."

We dragged back to the steel cage through our second sunset of hard labor, our feet shuffling down the concrete gutters. Several officers' wives, in lawn chairs, looked up from their magazines to regard us unseeingly. One lovely blonde was trimming a rose bush beside her cottage. She glanced at us, then quickly resumed her snipping.

We were almost too tired to lift our arms for the clothing search.

Tom was in an almost berserk mood, that fourth night. His eyes were bloodshot.

"Morgan, I've had enough of this," he said, hoarsely. "If they put us at hard labor again tomorrow—so help me God—I'm going to make a break for it. I know I'll be shot, probably—but I'd rather be dead than be treated like this."

I knew Tom. I was afraid that he might, indeed, attempt to end his shame and rage in some hot-headed attempt to escape. And I knew, too, that if he did he would be brought down by the blast of a shotgun. Before he went to his steel bunk I made him promise that he would sweat out the ordeal with me.

Still there was no word as to our ultimate fate.

The next day we were marched out for hard labor in the post garage. It was our task to change heavy-duty tires on Army trucks. The work was exhausting, but better than digging stumps. All morning we grunted, tugged, and heaved, now and then crawling through pools of grease on the cement floor, rasping our raw knuckles rawer and tearing our blackened fingernails. The omnipresent guard, with his shotgun, looked on like an animate sphinx.

We were returned to the guard house at noon that day, and ordered to report to the office.

The harried staff sergeant looked up from his papers.

"You've been released into the custody of your own commanding officer," he told us. "You are to report to him immedi-

ately." He looked at his wrist-watch. "A train for New York leaves in an hour. Go get your clothes."

Our sweat-streaked hats in our hands, we turned to go.

"Oh—Sergeant."

I turned back.

"You understand that you are both still under arrest. You aren't being sent back under guard, so I advise you to get back to your post as quickly as you can make it."

TOM and I rode in silence for a good many miles after we had left Washington. Tom looked at the sealed brown envelopes that had been entrusted to us—they contained the inevitable "records"—then, thoughtfully, at his big red wrists.

"At least we aren't handcuffed to guards," he said.

We checked to make sure that the redeeming receipts had survived our sweat. We had nursed them grimly, tenderly. We knew we had reason to, remembering the warning of our battalion commander. His words haunted us now. "I don't think I have to tell any member of this command that anyone who is guilty of absence without leave on the eve of embarkation—absent for any reason whatsoever—will automatically be courtmartialed for desertion."

We turned into our company street at Shanks at nine o'clock that night. Belt, the sergeant-major, came out to meet us. His Buddhalike, imperturbable face for once was creased in almost petulant anxiety.

"Good God, what happened to you?" he demanded; and without waiting for explanation added: "Get on up to headquarters—right away. You're being courtmartialed, both of you. And you've been busted, too."

The battalion's executive officer was waiting for us. A major, he was a deep-voiced, lanky man whose pompadoured hair seemed to rise and fall, subtly, in registration of his moods. For the past two weeks it had been his habit to prowl through the woods surrounding Shanks, armed with binoculars and a religious thirst for a glimpse of possible goldbrickers. I was sorry the colonel wasn't there instead.



Tom and I had decided that I'd do the talking.

The major listened without interruption, his dark eyes brooding on our faces. Now and then he glanced at the receipts. They seemed depressingly tiny in his bony strong hands. Once he held the bits of paper up to the light, examining them with squinting care.

When I had finished my story he pursed his lips and rocked, deliberative, in his swivel chair.

"In the light of these receipts," he said, "there's nothing I can do except believe you."

"Thank you, sir!" said Tom, without irony.

The officer continued, leaning back in his chair and speaking over joined fingertips: "In view of this evidence, I think I can say that, obviously, courtmartial would be inappropriate."

He frowned, then dipped swiftly into his desk to produce a telegram, which he handed to me. Tom craned his neck over my shoulder.

. . . ASN 14 092 633 TECH SGT . . .  
BOTH PICKED UP ABSENT WITHOUT  
LEAVE STREETS WASHINGTON . . . AD-  
VISE DISPOSITION PRISONERS . . .

"We received that telegram this morning," said the major. "We thought that both of you had just been picked up, of course."

Tom and I looked at the telegram, and at each other, in speechless anger.

THE major ran one hand lightly over the surface of his pompadour as he glanced through the papers we had brought back with us. When he looked up there was a glint of hard amusement in his eyes.

"Did either of you sign any statements admitting guilt?"

"No, sir!"

"Certainly not, sir!"

He leaned forward to toss each of us a typed sheet. What I read stunned me. The signature was my own, unquestionably. There could be no doubt of that.

*I am absent without leave from my proper post and organization, and . . .*

Never before in my life had I seen that

impossible confession of guilt. Nevertheless, there it was, in my own hands, bearing my own signature. Tom's expression told me that he was reading a similar self-indictment.

For a moment we could only stare at the documents in stupefied silence. Tom awkwardly scratched at his own signature with one big forefinger, as though it might come off under his nail. Then, almost simultaneously, we understood.

Tom snapped his fingers.

"Those signing-out papers!" he said. "Remember? There were three copies, clipped together. I just read the one on top, but I signed all three."

He had; and I had been equally foolhardy. In our haste to leave Fort Myer behind us we had hurriedly scrawled our names, as requested, on three clipped-together sheets of paper. I remembered the casual way in which they had been thrust toward us.

"You'll have to sign these before you go," the clerk had said.

The topmost sheet consisted of a type-written statement to the effect that I acknowledged orders to report immediately to my commanding officer, and was aware of the possible penalties involved should I fail to do so. It contained no reference whatever to the matter of absence without leave. I had signed it, quickly, then thumbled the page up to affix my signature twice, at the same place, on what I had assumed to be identical copies.

"You are very lucky," the major said, "to have these dated receipts."

He handed them back to us.

The colonel called us in the next day. I told the story again; and told him, in addition, that Tom and I had decided to prefer charges against the officer who had arrested us.

The idea didn't evoke the colonel's marked enthusiasm.

"Of course, I understand how both of you feel," he said, stroking his cleft chin, "but there's the matter of those confessions, which you did sign, after all, and probably they would tend to—well—"

Finally I told him that if charges of official misconduct weren't feasible, I felt sure that Congressman Courtney, at least,



would be interested to know what had happened to his guests.

The colonel thought for a moment, then smiled, not very warmly.

"Of course, Sergeant, if you really feel that way about it—of course." He reached for his telephone.

The inspector general came down the next day: an over-age lieutenant colonel, with sagging, bloodhound's cheeks and the solicitude of a good undertaker.

"A grave injustice has been done you—both of you," he said, shaking his head. He put a commiserative hand on my shoulder. "But you see, Sergeant—you do understand, I know—with you an enlisted man, and—you really do see the difficulty of your position, don't you?"

"My position, Colonel!"

The inspector general looked unhappy. He squeezed my shoulder, intimately. "Ah, yes! Well, never mind that. We'll just have both of you make depositions, Sergeant. Of course—immediately—right away."

We made the depositions. Afterward we felt better, anyway.

(The inspector general was helpful. As I dictated my sworn statement, now and then he interrupted me to remind me to be sure to include every detail I could remember.)

A FEW days later, standing at the great heeling stern of the *Queen Mary*, I watched the salt spray dance upward into sun-built rainbows. I thought of Lola, in faraway Nashville. I thought of Washington, and Wirt, and the dome of the Jefferson Memorial. I thought of the fingerprints among the Fort Myer records.

Later, on the dust-choked roads of France, in the sucking mud of Holland, the bloody snows of St. Vith, and the torn green fields beyond the Elbe, I was to know the thoughts again.

But that day we were embarking. I watched America's shores become first a long, uneven silhouette, then, alternately, a bluish haze and a fading hairline above the waters. The hairline was America; and a moment later, even as I strained my eyes for one last glimpse, it became America remembered.

## B-29

SYLVIA STALLINGS

SPEAK to the wind, and it shall prophesy;  
 Only the wind can answer you, when bidden  
 To gather news of where the flyers lie,  
 Since every sign except their loss is hidden.  
 Within his acre sound the farmer sleeps:  
 The hills that housed him living hold him dead,  
 And the drowned captain in the coral deeps  
 Has everlasting tides to rock his head.  
 Where are the windy sepulchres of space  
 That hold unmarked the men gone out of time,  
 Leaving behind no single bitter trace  
 To lay in marble or to mar in rhyme?  
 Returned to element as fine as air  
 They sleep within the hearts they died to spare.



# I HAD A DREAM

CHARLES W. WOOD

IT WAS in the winter of 1936-37, when I was already pretty well along in years, that I had my most unforgettable dream. I hesitate even now to record it; for dreams, as all good dreamers know, usually curdle in the telling, and I don't want this one ever to go sour.

The dream is not copyrighted. This account of it may be copyrighted, but if you like the dream, go ahead and dream it. If you don't, it's all right by me.

I was going to keep it a secret, but keeping world-shaking events secret isn't always as simple as it sounds. The trouble is that the dream-wise have dreamed much of it already, and in a few years at most they'll be dreaming the rest.

Never before had I experienced such elation. And never since, for that matter, unless it was the day I heard about the atom bomb.

Don't you just love that atom bomb? I do. I love anything that tends to jar us out of what we have been calling the "realities." It was high time.

When I say that I was elated, I mean in a big way. There are not only different degrees of elation, you know, but different dimensions. A Brooklynite may be elated, in a way, when the Dodgers are putting on a miraculous ninth-inning rally, and many have experienced a sort of elation when circumstances and alcohol get to working together for a change. But this bounce to glory was a regular seventh-

heaven elation, if you know what I mean.

Not that I would belittle either booze or baseball. I love them; for they aren't logical either, and their ways are past finding out.

On the other hand, I don't want you to get the impression that I am a mystic. I don't even know what mysticism means. Of course I know, as everybody does, that everything is mysterious, except perhaps those mystery stories which, for very definite reasons, have become such a giant industry in these latter years. People read mystery stories, obviously, not because they love mystery, but because they are trying to escape from it; they can feel so cozily sure from the very outset that everything will eventually be explained.

But did you ever try to explain baseball to someone who hasn't lived it? Or religion? Or sex? Don't. As for that dream of mine, I promise faithfully that there will be no explanation. But it was wonderful; and for one infinite moment, I felt the way God feels.

Now don't remind me that no mortal man can possibly know how God feels, as if I didn't know that. But at that moment, I wasn't mortal. I wasn't even awake. I was dreaming, and I knew.

Of course you don't have to believe this. Neither do I, now that I am more or less awake. It's a tough job at best for people who aren't dreaming to believe anything

*Charles W. Wood has unusual dreams presumably because of his varied experiences as locomotive fireman, newspaperman, author, and barge captain. The last occupation he described in the August 1945 issue of Harper's.*



much. Not that there aren't plenty of interesting things to believe, but people who aren't dreaming have so little to believe with.

Take a congressman, for instance. Congressmen are not necessarily dullards. Often they are bright and busy folks, wideawake, alert. But don't ask them to believe anything very big, even if they know it's true. Ask them, say, to believe the atom bomb, and do you know what they'll do? They'll run off in some corner and pick up a mystery story—*Whodunit at Pearl Harbor?* or *Elliott Roosevelt's Debts*.

They may admit that there is an atom bomb, but mere admission is not belief. Our Western world, for centuries, has admitted that Jesus had the right idea. But we never believed it. We never let his teachings grip us. Our faith—our believing apparatus—wasn't geared to take hold of anything as big as that. So we usually settled for regular church attendance, or for a decent decorum in the observance of our current folkways. This attitude is what we know as "realism." It means the exclusion from consciousness of everything we can't explain; or of everything, at least, for which we can't find an answer in the back of the book. Any other attitude is obviously childish—children are so full of wonderment and so terribly alive.

Scientists, of course, are dreamers. They don't understand anything and don't pretend to; they just become conscious of things and that starts them wondering. They became conscious of the atom many years ago, although nobody on earth has ever seen one yet. And being people of great faith, they believed in it. And so, eventually, they did things with it. They sure did.

IN THAT winter of 1936-37, the whole world was lousy with realism. It was also beset with problems. There was Hitler, for instance, and Mussolini, and Franco, and Japan. To be sure, we had helped them all, and they had helped us; for our greatest problem, it was generally agreed, was how to set up adequate bulwarks to protect Jesus from Russia. Not that we believed in Jesus; but we believed in believing in Jesus, or thought we did, or

something. At any rate, we knew that life is a competitive struggle; and that every young man, if he is made of the right kind of stuff, can some day become rich and powerful enough to push other people around.

In America, we called this struggle democracy. The pushed, to be sure, didn't always like it. Not that they didn't believe in free enterprise, but there seemed to be a catch in it somewhere. So we yammered for a New Deal and resolved that the pushers, no matter how rich they got, would have to keep within certain definite rules.

But we weren't the only country, we learned, in which poor and obscure youths might become rich and powerful. Both Hitler and Mussolini had been poor and obscure, but they had conquered their environments and were now looking for other worlds to conquer. We couldn't help admiring them, even if we did concede that they had indulged in unnecessary roughness. You can't have an omelet, can you, without breaking up the house? And Mussolini had made the trains run on time and Hitler had abolished unemployment; and the two of them had combined to help Franco and his army of African Mohammedans rescue Christianity from democracy in Spain.

Nevertheless, there was a problem; for the Hitler-Mussolini free enterprise had now become so powerful that it had begun to push other nations around; and when it came to competition between nations, there weren't any rules at all. And don't forget Japan. She had raped Manchuria in 1931 and was already set to conquer the rest of China. We had settled this problem, or thought we had, by keeping her supplied with war material. Still there was some uneasiness; and no one much breathed freely until the realists of earth went to Munich in 1938 and arranged for "peace in our time."

I DIDN'T go. I went to sleep a year or so before Munich, and dreamed. It's a way I have. It has brought me through many a crisis. At least, it has kept me from becoming rich and powerful. Not that I enjoy being pushed around; and not that I would refuse a fantastic income if I didn't



have to wake up too much. But I wouldn't want to pay the prevailing price for wealth and I can't believe that anyone in his right mind would.

My work has brought me in contact with many millionaires, and I doubt whether any of them would have become a millionaire if he had realized in time what it was going to cost; for it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to experience, say, the warmth of human friendship. He can have plenty of company. He can even have admirers. But he's got to be careful. He's got to be on guard against rich and poor, against competitors, against adventurers, against panhandlers, even against secretaries of laudable movements who depend for their very living upon what they can chisel out of him. While a man on guard against you may be ever so decent and just and righteous, he just can't be your friend.

Of course this is true in a small way with all of us. Most of us must support our special loved ones, no matter what becomes of those we wish we could love. We can't love *everybody*, can we? Maybe Jesus could, and maybe he commanded his disciples to do just that, but let's be sensible—and empty and cold. No, there's something wrong with that recipe too. I can't put my finger on it just now, but there's some flaw in it, somewhere.

I don't seem to be able to put my finger on anything very definite. One of those millionaires I used to see occasionally was Charles M. Schwab, and I remember one time when he had me all confused.

"There comes a time in every young man's life," he said wistfully, "when he must choose between getting rich and having more power or staying poor and having more fun."

Well, I can't say that I *chose* poverty. It was mostly sheer luck as far as I was concerned. But I have had fun; and I have enjoyed a long list of freedoms which the rich and prominent can never know. I haven't had to be cautious in my dealings with anybody. Little girls out for big alimony never schemed to marry me. I could even sin without its getting into the tabloids; and as for panhandlers—well, believe it or not, one of them saw me not long

ago, as I was waiting in the rain for an overdue bus, and he came over and tried to give me fifty cents.

I don't mean to advocate poverty as a way of life. Even Jesus didn't do that. In that Kingdom which he was forever talking about, there wasn't a single slum, or a single undernourished child. The dwellings, moreover, were all mansions and the eats were feasts. I think he had something, however, when he suggested that we seek the lowest instead of the highest places, the world being what it was. It does look ridiculous, when you come to think of it, to see a world full of poor folks all struggling to become rich and miserable. It would be fun for a change to see a world full of rich folks all struggling to see that everybody bore his full burden of wealth.

If there is any such Kingdom as Jesus talked about, it strikes me that a lot of us would like to go; that is, of course, if we didn't have to leave any of our loved ones behind. If we were only like children, it seems to me, we might believe in such a heaven; the trouble seems to be that we grow up and become realistic; and then, while we are not quite willing to abolish heaven entirely, we plainly see, or think we do, that we've got to die to get there. Jesus seemed to think that we are dead enough already, and that we might better try living for a change.

(CORRECTION: I have just looked up the passage, and Jesus did not say that we "might" try living. He said we "must." The exact words were: "Ye must be born again." This makes his position even more interesting; for it seems to say, not only that our world may be raised from death into life, but that this great salvation may be inescapable.)

**C**OMPULSORY world redemption, if that's what we're in for, would obviously raise hob with a lot of our theologies. But it's rather more believable, I submit, than any other redemption on our world horizon now. For who, after all, ever did believe his theology? And who cannot believe in mankind's wonderful capacity to do whatever it can't help doing?

Obviously we hate each other today much more intensely than we did in that winter of 1936-37. We not only hate the



Germans and the Japanese, but we are fast learning to hate our Allies and even to hate the folks at home. This is quite understandable, for people can't fight in the way we have been fighting without developing all sorts of hate. On the other hand, there is the atom bomb; and even the realists are fast coming to see that world-wide hatred plus atomic fission equals eternal damnation. It seems to me that we never really believed in eternal damnation before, but our believing apparatus is rapidly expanding now.

So what? So we are going to have world government, to keep the peace. Happy thought, isn't it—world law and world government to keep "peace" among people who hate each other's guts!

No, I'm not against it. If your wife, for instance, hates your guts and you hate hers, it might be wise to call in a policeman, or go to court and tell the judge. But it won't solve your problem, at least if you have to keep on living together. In that case the only solution is to learn to love each other, and you both know very well that you can't do that. That is, not in the present state of your little world.

Conceivably, of course, something might happen to bring about a change. You may have a child, for instance, who is something of a scientist; and the little darling, in the pursuit of his researches, might set the house on fire; and both of you hate-filled adults might have to co-operate to put it out. But if that should happen, beware; for people just can't co-operate for a common aim in full consciousness of what they are doing, and continue to hate each other as they feel they should.

Do you happen to know how human love ever came into human life? The usual assumption seems to be that it was here from the start, lying around in puddles, and that men and women forgot to watch their step and fell into it. Well, I'm not an anthropologist but I know better than that. Love was generated by co-operation between folks who didn't feel like co-operating at all.

They were a wild lot, those Founding Fathers of human society, and utterly opposed to government, that is, to any government which would limit their individual sovereignty; and the only reason

that no man lived unto himself was because he couldn't. Whenever he tried to go it alone, he got lost and died. Against their deepest convictions, therefore, they gave up free enterprise, and grudgingly substituted family enterprise, or some kind of group enterprise, instead. All the brotherly love we ever had stemmed from this bitter necessity for co-operation. Whenever Jesus was quizzed about the details of the Kingdom, he always answered by some reference to the family.

To be sure, we never did learn to love our enemies, and we never will; that is, unless something happens to compel us to co-operate with them. Funny people we are, aren't we, we creatures of free enterprise and free will. The only way to freedom, apparently, is to surrender to the will of God Almighty; and the only way to find life is to lose it. We didn't even become civilized because we wanted to. It is because we belonged to tribes and hated all the other tribes and wanted to kill them off so that we could get their goods. Only we couldn't. But we had to have their goods, so we invented trade, and we found that trade was somewhat less fatal than war. But we couldn't trade unless we had market-places; so we built market-places and they were so successful that they became cities, and millions of us savages lived in them. City life was very different from tribal life, and we called this new way of life Civilization.

In that winter of 1936-37, everybody seemed afraid that another war, if it came, would destroy civilization. Well, we needn't worry any longer. It did. Now we've all got to move again, but apparently not into any arrangement that we like. It's something, rather, which we all seem to hate and dread. If there were any other alternative, I'm sure that we would never consent to world-wide co-operation, with the almost certain chance of losing all our cherished hatreds; but with the atom bomb all ready to drop on us, nobody seems to be able to suggest any other way.

OH, I almost forgot to tell you that dream. Well, I dreamed that I was in a great, gray, cathedral-like building on the Main Street of the world. I had



been summoned there by the Men of Good Will who had decided in the awful crisis to do something definite about world redemption.

I wasn't a member of the Inner Council. I waited on a bench outside the council room until nearly midnight, when a committee of three came out and gave me my instructions. The Council had decided, they told me, to have an inscription chiseled on the great Gothic Gate, and they were leaving its composition to me. After I had it ready, they told me, there would be no time to refer it to the Council; I must hurry instead to get stone-cutters and see to it that the job was finished before the break of dawn, when the masses of earth would be coming down Main Street to see what they could see.

On two points, however, instructions were definite. The inscription, the Council ordered, must be basically religious in character. On the other hand, it must be free from all the trappings of ecclesiasticism. Was I elated!

In a surprisingly short time, I had composed my first and only message to all humanity. That was when I began to feel like God, for I looked upon the work of my hands and said that it was good. There was esthetic rapture too; for in a life devoted mostly to writing, this was the first time that I had ever achieved one perfect sentence. Immediately I ran to get the stone-

cutters and they worked like men inspired.

They had barely finished their labors, as I gazed in ecstasy upon the result, when the dawn broke, and I heard the distant tramp of multitudes coming down Main Street. Then I began to wake up. I didn't want to wake up. I fought as hard as I could against going back to the foolish world I had left the night before. Nevertheless, I felt myself being relentlessly shoved into the narrow confines of reality once more, and the most I could now hope for was to take the dream with me intact, particularly that perfect sentence. So I riveted my eyes on the inscription, desperately resolving to transfer every letter of it to my workaday memory.

And when I finally had to admit that I was wideawake, or as wideawake as I ever get, there it was. It said: "GOD DAMN YOU, YOU GOTTA BE KIND."

It beats all how different the same thing looks from different points of view. Before long I thought I detected imperfections in this perfect thing. It wasn't even good English, although I noted with a ragged remnant of satisfaction that it did seem basically religious in character and was fairly free from the trappings of ecclesiasticism.

At any rate, it's my dream and I'm going to stick to it. Laugh it off, if you will. And after you have laughed it off, try laughing off that atom bomb.



# THE WOMEN ON THE WALL

## A Story

WALLACE STEGNER

THE CORNER window of the study overlooked a lawn, and beyond that a sunken lane between high pines, and beyond the lane a point of land with the old beach club buildings at one end and a stone wall around its tip. Beyond the point, through the cypresses and eucalyptuses, Mr. Palmer could see the Pacific, misty blue, belted between shore and horizon with a band of brown kelp.

Writing every morning in his study, making over his old notebooks into a coherent account of his years on the Galapagos, Mr. Palmer could glance up from his careful longhand and catch occasional glimpses, as a traveler might glance out of the window of a moving train. And in spite of the rather special atmosphere of the point, caused by the fact that until the past year it had been a club, there was something homey and neighborly and pleasant about the place that Mr. Palmer liked. There were children, for one thing, and dogs drifting up and down, and the occasional skirr of an automobile starting in the quiet, the diminishing sound of tires on asphalt, the distant racket of a boy being a machine-gun with his mouth.

Mr. Palmer had been away from the States a long time; he found the noises on the point familiar and nostalgic and reassuring in this time of war, and felt as if he had come home. Though California differed considerably from his old home in Ohio, he fell naturally and gratefully into its procession of morning and afternoon,

its neighborhood routines, the pleasant breathing of its tides. When anything outside broke in upon his writing, it was generally a commonplace and familiar thing; Mr. Palmer looked up and took pleasure in the interruption.

One thing he could be sure of seeing, every morning but Sunday. The section was outside the city limits, and mail was delivered to a battery of mailboxes where the sunken lane joined the street. The mail arrived at about eleven; about tenthirty the women from the beach club apartments began to gather on the stone wall. Below the wall was the beach, where the tides leaned in all the way from Iwo and Okinawa. Above it was the row of boxes where as regularly as the tide the mail carrier came in a gray car and deposited postmarked flotsam from half a world away.

Sometimes Mr. Palmer used to pause in his writing and speculate on what these women thought of when they looked out across the gumdrop-blue water and the brown kelp and remembered that across this uninterrupted ocean their husbands fought and perhaps bled and possibly died, that in those far islands it was already tomorrow, that the green water breaking against the white foot of the beach might hold in suspension minute quantities of the blood shed into it thousands of miles away, that the Japan current, swinging in a great circle up under the Aleutians and back down the American coast, might



as easily bear the mingled blood or the floating relics of a loved one lost as it could bear the glass balls of Japanese net-floats that it sometimes washed ashore.

Watching the women, with their dogs and children, waiting patiently on the stone wall for that most urgent of all the gods, that Mercury in the gray uniform, Mr. Palmer thought a good deal about Penelope on the rocky isle of Ithaca above the wine-dark sea. He got a little sentimental about these women. Sometimes he was almost frightened by the air of patient, withdrawn seriousness they wore as they waited, and the unsmiling alacrity with which they rose and crowded around the mailman when he came. And when the mail was late, and one or two of them sat out on the wall until eleven-thirty, twelve, sometimes twelve-thirty, Mr. Palmer could hardly bear it at all.

Waiting, Mr. Palmer reflected, must cause a person to remove to a separate and private world. Like sleep or insanity, waiting must have the faculty of making the real unreal and remote. It seemed to Mr. Palmer pathetic and somehow thrilling that these women should have followed their men to the very brink of the west, and should remain here now with their eyes still westward, patiently and faithfully suspending their own normal lives until the return of their husbands. Without knowing any of the women, Mr. Palmer respected and admired them. They did not invite his pity. Penelope was as competent for her waiting as Ulysses was for his wars and wiles.

MR. PALMER had been working in his new house hardly a week before he found himself putting on his jacket about eleven and going out to join the women.

He knew them all by sight, just from looking out the window. The red-haired woman with the little boy was sitting on the wall nearest him. Next was the thin girl who always wore a bathing suit and went barefooted. Next was the dark-haired one, five or six months pregnant. And next to her was the florid, quick, wren-like woman with the little girl of about five. Their faces all turned as Mr. Palmer came up.

"Good morning," he said.

The red-haired woman's plain, serious, freckled face acknowledged him, and she murmured good morning. The girl in the bathing suit had turned to look off over the ocean, and Mr. Palmer felt that she had not made any reply. The pregnant girl and the woman with the little girl both nodded.

The old man put his hands on his knees, rounded his mouth and eyes, and bent to look at the little boy hanging to the red-haired woman's hand. "Well!" he said. "Hi, young fella!"

The child stared at him, crowding against his mother's legs. The mother said nothing, and rather than push first acquaintance too far, Mr. Palmer walked on along the wall. As he glanced at the thin girl, he met her eyes, so full of cold hostility that for a moment he was shocked. He had intended to sit down in the middle of the wall, but her look sent him on further, to sit between the pregnant girl and the wren-like woman.

"These beautiful mornings!" Mr. Palmer said, sitting down with a sigh.

The wren-like woman nodded, the pregnant one regarded him with quiet ox-eyes.

"This is quite a ritual, waiting for the mail," Mr. Palmer said. He pointed to the gable of his house across the lane. "I see you from my window over there, congregating on the wall here every morning."

The wren-like woman looked at him rather oddly, then leaped to prevent her daughter from putting out the eyes of the long-suffering setter she was mauling. The pregnant girl smiled a slow, soft smile. Over her shoulder Mr. Palmer saw the thin girl hitch herself up and sit on her hands. The expression on her face said that she knew very well why Mr. Palmer had come down and butted in, and why he watched from his window.

"The sun's so warm out here," the pregnant girl said. "It's a way of killing part of the morning, sitting out here."

"A very good way," Mr. Palmer said. He smoothed the creases in his trousers, finding speech a little difficult. From the shelter of his mother's legs the two-year-old boy down the wall stared at him solemnly. Then the wren-like woman hopped off the wall and dusted her skirt.

"Here he is!" she said.



They all started across the mouth of the lane, and for some reason, as they waited for the mailman to sort and deliver, Mr. Palmer felt that his first introduction hadn't taken him very far. In a way, as he thought it over, he respected the women for that, too. They were living without their husbands, and had to be careful. After all, Penelope had many suitors. But he could not quite get over wanting to spank the thin girl on her almost-exposed backside, and he couldn't quite shake the sensation of having wandered by mistake into the ladies' rest room.

After that, without feeling that he knew them at all, he respected them and respected their right to privacy. Waiting, after all, put you in an exclusive club. No outsider had any more right on that wall than he had in the company of a bomber crew. But Mr. Palmer felt that he could at least watch from his window, and at the mailboxes he could, almost by osmosis, pick up a little more information.

The red-haired woman's name was Kendall. Her husband was an Army captain, a doctor. The thin girl, Mrs. Fisher, got regular letters bearing a Marine Corps return. The husband of Mrs. Corson, the wren-like woman, commanded a flotilla of minesweepers in the western Pacific. Of the pregnant girl, Mrs. Vaughn, Mr. Palmer learned little. She got few letters, and none with any postmarks that told anything.

From his study window Mr. Palmer went on observing them benignly and making additions to his notes on the profession of waiting. Though the women differed sharply one from another, they seemed to Mr. Palmer to have one thing in common: they were all quiet, peaceful, faithful to the times and seasons of their vigil, almost like convalescents in a hospital. They made no protests or outcries; they merely lived at a reduced tempo, as if pulse rate and respiration rate and metabolic rate and blood pressure were all turned down. Mr. Palmer had a notion how it might be. Sometimes when he awoke very quietly in the night he could feel how quietly and slowly and regularly his heart was pumping, how slow and regular his breathing was, how he lay there mute and cool and inert with

everything turned down to idling speed, his old body taking care of itself. And when he woke that way he had a curious feeling that he was waiting for something.

EVERY MORNING at ten-thirty, as regular as sun and tide, Mrs. Kendall came out of the beach club apartments and walked across the point, leading her little boy by the hand. She had the child turned down, too, apparently. He never, to Mr. Palmer's knowledge, ran or yelled or cried or made a fuss, but walked quietly beside his mother, and sat with her on the big stump until five minutes to eleven, and then walked with her across to the end of the stone wall. About that time the other women began to gather, until all four of them were there in a quiet, uncommunicative row.

Through the whole spring the tides leaned inward with the same slow inevitability, the gray car came around and stopped by the battery of mailboxes, the women gathered on the wall as crows gather to a rookery at dusk.

Only once in all that drowsy spring was there any breaking of the pattern. That was one Monday after Mr. Palmer had been away for the weekend. When he strolled out at mailtime he found the women not sitting on the wall, but standing in a nervous conversational group. They opened to let him in, for once accepting him silently among them, and he found that the thin girl had moved out suddenly the day before: the Saturday mail had brought word that her husband had gone down in flames over the Marianas.

The news depressed Mr. Palmer in curious ways. It depressed him to see the women shaken from their phlegmatic routine, because the moment they were so shaken they revealed the raw fear under their quiet. And it depressed him that the thin girl's husband had been killed. That tragedy should come to a woman he personally felt to be a snob, a fool, a vain and inconsequent chit, seemed to him sad and incongruous and even exasperating. As long as she was one of the company of Penelopes, Mr. Palmer had refused to dislike her. The moment she made demands upon his pity he disliked her very much.



After that sudden blow, as if a hawk had struck among the quiet birds on the wall, Mr. Palmer found it less pleasant to watch the slow, heavy-bodied walking of Mrs. Kendall, her child always tight by the hand, from apartment to stump to wall. Unless spoken to, she never spoke. She wore gingham dresses that were utterly out of place in the white sun above the white beach. She was plain, unattractive, patient, the most remote, the most tuned-down, the quietest and saddest and most patient and most exasperating of the Penelopes. She too began to make wry demands on Mr. Palmer's pity, and he found himself almost disliking her. He was guilty of a little prayer that Mrs. Kendall's husband would be spared, so that his pity would not have to go any farther than it did.

THEN ONE morning Mr. Palmer became aware of another kind of interruption on the point. Somebody there had apparently bought a new dog. Whoever had acquired it must have fed it, though Mr. Palmer never saw anyone do so, and must have exercised it, though he never saw that either. All he saw was that the dog, a half-grown cocker, was tied to the end of a rose trellis in the clubhouse yard. And all he heard, for two solid days, was the uproar the dog made.

It did not like being tied up. It barked, and after a while its voice would break into a kind of hysterical howling mixed with shuddering diminuendo groans. Nobody ever came and told it to be still, or took care of it, or let it loose. It stayed there and yanked on its rope and chewed at the trellis post and barked and howled and groaned until Mr. Palmer's teeth were on edge and he was tempted to call the Humane Society.

Actually he didn't, because on the third morning the noise had stopped, and as he came into his study to begin working he saw that the dog was gone. Mrs. Corson was sitting in a lawn chair under one of the cypresses, and her daughter was digging in the sandpile. There was no sign either of Mrs. Kendall or Mrs. Vaughn. The owner of the house was raking leaves on the lawn above the seawall.

Mr. Palmer looked at his watch. It

was nine-thirty. On an impulse he slipped on a jacket and went down and out across the lawn and down across the lane and up the other side past the trellis. Where the dog had lain the ground was strewn with chewed green splinters.

Mrs. Corson looked up from her chair. Her cheeks were painted with a hatchwork of tiny ruddy veins, and her eyes looked as if she hadn't slept. They had a stary blankness like blind eyes, and Mr. Palmer noticed that the pupils were dilated, even in the bright light. She took a towel and a pack of cigarettes and a bar of coco-butter off the chair next to her.

"Good morning," she said in her husky voice. "Sit down."

"Thank you," Mr. Palmer said. He let himself down into the steeply-slanting wooden chair and adjusted the knees of his slacks. "It is a good morning," he said slyly. "So quiet."

Mrs. Corson's thin neck jerked upward and backward in a curious gesture. Her throaty laughter was loud and unrestrained, and the eyes she turned on Mr. Palmer were red with mirth.

"That damned dog," she said. "Wasn't that something?"

"I thought I'd go crazy," Mr. Palmer said. "Whose dog was it, anyway?"

Mrs. Corson's rather withered, red-nailed hand, with a big diamond and a wedding ring on the fourth finger, reached down and picked up the cigarettes. The hand trembled as it held the pack out.

"No thank you," he said.

Mrs. Corson took one. "It was Mrs. Kendall's dog," she said. "She took it back."

"Thank God!" said Mr. Palmer.

Her hands nervous with the match box in her lap, Mrs. Corson sat and smoked. Mr. Palmer saw that her lips, under the lipstick, were chapped, and that there was a dried, almost leathery look to her tanned and freckled skin.

He slid deeper into the chair and looked out over the water, calm as a lake, the long light swells breaking below him with a quiet, lulling swish. Up the coast heavier surf was breaking farther out. Its noise came like a pulsating tremble on the air, hardly a sound at all. Everything tuned down, Mr. Palmer was thinking.



Even the lowest frequency of waves on the beach. Even the ocean waited.

"I should think you'd bless your stars, having a place like this to wait in," he said.

One of Mrs. Corson's eyebrows bent. She shot him a sideward look.

"Think of the women who are waiting in boarding-house rooms," Mr. Palmer said, a little irritated at her manner. "Think of the ones who are working and leaving their children in nurseries."

"Oh, sure," Mrs. Corson said. "It's fine for Anne, with the beach and yard."

Mr. Palmer leaned on the arm of the chair and looked at her quizzically. He wished any of these women would ever put away their reticence and talk about their waiting, because that was where their life lay, that was where they had authority. "How long has your husband been gone?" he asked.

"Little over two years."

"That's a long time," Mr. Palmer said, thinking of Penelope and her wait. Ten years while the war went on at Troy, ten more years while Ulysses wandered through every peril in the Mediterranean, past Scylla and Charybdis and Circe and the Cyclops and the iron terrors of Hades and the soft temptations of Nausicaa. But that was poetry. Twenty years was too much. Two, in all conscience, was enough.

"I shouldn't kick," the woman said. "Mrs. Kendall's husband has been gone for over three."

"I've noticed her," Mr. Palmer said. "She seems rather sad and repressed."

For a moment Mrs. Corson's eyes, slightly bloodshot, the pupils dilated darkly, were fixed questioningly on Mr. Palmer's. Then the woman shook herself almost as a dog does. "I guess," she said. She rose with a nervous snap and glanced at her watch. From the sandpile the little girl called, "Is it time, Mommy?"

"I guess so," Mrs. Corson said. She laid the back of her hand across her eyes and made a face.

"I'll be getting along," Mr. Palmer said.

"I was just taking Anne down for her pony ride. Why don't you ride down with us?"

"Well . . ."

"Come on," Mrs. Corson said. "We'll be back in less than an hour."

The child ran ahead of them and opened the car doors, down in the widened part of the lane. As Mr. Palmer helped Mrs. Corson in she turned her face a little, and he smelled the stale alcohol on her breath. Obviously Mrs. Corson had been drinking the night before, and obviously she was a little hung over.

But my Lord, why not? he said to himself. Two years of waiting, nothing to do but sit and watch and do nothing and be patient. He didn't like Mrs. Corson any less for occasional drinking. She was higher-strung than either Mrs. Vaughn or Mrs. Kendall. You could almost lift up the cover board and pluck her nerves like the strings of a piano. Even so, she played the game well. He liked her.

AT THE pony track Anne raced down the fenced runway at a pink fluttering gallop, and Mr. Palmer and Mrs. Corson, following more slowly, found her debating between a black and a pinto pony.

"Okay," the man in charge said. "Which'll it be today, young lady?"

"I don't know," the girl said. Her forehead wrinkled. "Mommy, which do you think?"

"I don't care, hon," her mother said. "Either one is nice."

Pretty, her blonde braids hanging in front and framing her odd pre-Raphaelite face, Anne stood indecisive. She turned her eyes up to Mr. Palmer speculatively. "The black one's nice," she said, "but so's the . . ."

"Oh, Anne," her mother said. "For heaven's sake make up your mind."

"Well . . . the black one, then," Anne said. She reached out a hand and touched the pony's nose, pulling her fingers back sharply and looking up at her mother with a smile that Mr. Palmer found himself almost yearning over. She was a pretty, dainty little child, no mistake.

"You're a nitwit," her mother said. "Hop on, so we can get back for the mailman."

The attendant swung her up, but with one leg over the saddle Anne kicked and screamed to get down. "I've changed my mind," she said. "Not this one, the pinto one."



The attendant put her up on the pinto and Mrs. Corson, her chapped lips trembling, said, "Another outburst like that and you won't get on any, you little . . . !"

The pony started, led by the attendant who rocked on one thick-soled shoe. For a moment Mrs. Corson and Mr. Palmer stood in the sun under the sign that said "Pony Rides, 10 Cents, 12 for \$1.00." They were, Mr. Palmer noticed, in the Mexican part of town. Small houses, some of them almost shacks, with geraniums climbing all over them, strung out along the street. Down on the corner beyond the car was a tavern with a dusty tin sign. Mrs. Corson unsnapped her purse and fished out a wadded bill and held it vaguely in her hand, looking off up the street past the track and the pinto pony and the pink little huddle on its back and the attendant rocking along ahead on his one thick shoe.

"I wonder," she said. "Would you do me a favor?"

"Anything."

"Would you stay here five minutes while I go to the store? Just keep an eye on her?"

"Of course," he said. "I'd be glad to go to the store for you, if you'd like."

"No," she said. "No, I'd better get it." She put the crumpled bill into his hand. "Let her have all the rides she wants. I'll be back in a few minutes."

Mr. Palmer settled himself on a chair against the stable wall and waited. When Anne and the attendant got back he waved the bill at them. "Want another ride?"

"Yes!" Anne said. Her hands were clenched tightly in the pony's mane, and her eyes danced and her mouth was a little open. The attendant turned and started down the track again. "Run!" Anne cried to him. "Make him run!"

The crippled hostler broke into a clumsy hop-skip-and-jump for a few yards, pulling the pony into a trot. The girl screamed with delight. Mr. Palmer yawned, tapped his mouth, smiled a little as he smelled the powder-and-perfume smell on the dollar bill, yawned again. Say what you would, it was decent of the woman to come out with a hangover and take her child to the pony track. She

must feel pretty rocky, if her eyes were any criterion.

He waited for some time. Anne finished a second ride, took a third, finished that and had a fourth. The attendant was sweating a little. From the fence along the sidewalk two Negro children and a handful of little Mexicans watched. "How about it?" Mr. Palmer said. "Want another?"

She nodded, shaken with giggles and sudden shyness when she looked around and found her mother gone.

"Sure you're not getting sore?" Mr. Palmer patted his haunch suggestively.

She shook her head.

"Okay," the hostler said. "Here we go again, then."

At the end of the fifth ride Anne let herself be lifted off. The hostler went inside and sat down, the pony joined its companion at the rail, cocked its hip and tipped its right hoof and closed its eyes. Anne climbed up into Mr. Palmer's lap.

"Where's Mommy?"

"She went to buy something."

"Darn her," Anne said. "She does that all the time. She better hurry up, it's getting mail time."

"Don't you like to miss the mail?"

"Sometimes there's packages and things from Daddy," Anne said. "I got a grass skirt once."

Mr. Palmer rounded his mouth and eyes. "You must like your daddy."

"I do. Mommy doesn't, though."

"What?"

"Mommy gets mad," Anne said. "She thinks Daddy could have had shore duty a long time ago, he's had so much combat, but she says he likes the Navy better than home. He's a commander."

"Yes, I know," Mr. Palmer said. He looked up the street, beginning to be fretful. The fact that the woman spent her whole life waiting shouldn't make her quite so callous to how long she kept other people waiting. "We *are* going to miss the mailman if your Mommy doesn't hurry," he said.

Anne jumped off his lap and puckered her lips like her mother. "And today's a package!"

Mr. Palmer raised his eyebrows. "How do you know?"



"The fortune teller told Mommy."

"I see," the old man said. "Does your mother go to fortune tellers often?"

"Every Saturday," Anne said. "I went with her once. You know what she said? And it came true, too."

Mr. Palmer saw the girl's mother coming down the sidewalk, and stood up. "Here comes Mommy," he said. "We'd better meet her at the car."

"She said we'd get good news, and right away Daddy was promoted," Anne said. "And she said we'd get a package, and that week we got *three*!"

Mrs. Corson was out of breath. In the bright sun her eyes burned with a curious sightless brilliance. The smell of alcohol on her was fresher and stronger.

"I'm sorry," she said as she got in. "I met a friend, and it was so hot we stopped for a beer."

On the open highway, going back home, she stepped down hard on the throttle, and her fingers kept claspings and unclaspings the wheel. Her body seemed possessed of electric energy. She radiated something, she gave off sparks. Her eyes, with the immense dark pupils and suffused whites, were almost scary.

When they pulled up and parked in front of Mr. Palmer's gate, opposite the mail boxes, the little red flags on some of the boxes were still up. On the stone wall sat Mrs. Kendall, her son Tommy, and the pregnant girl, Mrs. Vaughn. "Late again," Mrs. Corson said. "Damn that man."

"Can I play, Mommy?" Anne said.

"Okay." As the child climbed out, the mother said, "Don't get into any fixes with Tommy. Remember what I told you."

"I will," Anne said. Her setter came up and she stooped to pull its ears.

Her mother's face went pinched and mean. "And stop abusing that dog!" she said.

Mr. Palmer hesitated. He was beginning to feel uncomfortable, and he thought of the pages he might have filled that morning, and the hour that still remained before noon. But Mrs. Corson was leaning back with the back of her hand across her eyes. Through the windshield Mr. Palmer could see the two

women and the child on the wall, like a multiple Patience on a monument. When he looked back at Mrs. Corson he saw that she too was watching them between her fingers. Quite suddenly she began to laugh.

SHE LAUGHED for a good minute, not loudly but with curious violence, her whole body shaking. She dabbed her eyes and caught her breath and shook her head and tried to speak. Mr. Palmer attended uneasily, wanting to be gone.

"Lord," Mrs. Corson said finally. "Look at 'em. Vultures on a limb. Me too. Three mama vultures and one baby vulture."

"You're a little hard on yourself," Mr. Palmer said, smiling. "And Anne, I'd hardly call her a vulture."

"I didn't include her," Mrs. Corson said. She turned her hot red eyes on him. "She's got sense enough to run and play, and I hope I've got sense enough to let her."

"Well, but little Tommy . . ."

"Hasn't had his hand out of mama's since they came here," Mrs. Corson said. "Did you ever see him play with anybody?"

Mr. Palmer confessed that he hadn't, now that he thought of it.

"Because if you ever do," Mrs. Corson said, "call out all the preachers. It'll be Christ come the second time. Honest to God, sometimes that woman . . ."

Bending forward, Mr. Palmer could see Mrs. Kendall smoothing the blue sweater around her son's waist. "I've wondered about her," he said, and stopped. Mrs. Corson had started to laugh again.

When she had finished her spasm of tight, violent mirth, she said, "It isn't her child, you know."

"No?" he said, surprised. "She takes such care of it."

"You're not kidding," Mrs. Corson said. "She won't let him play with Anne. Anne's too dirty. She digs in the ground and stuff. Seven months we've lived in the same house, and those kids haven't played together once. Can you imagine that?"

"No," Mr. Palmer confessed. "I can't."

"She adopted it when it was six months



old," Mrs. Corson said. "She tells us all it's a love-child." Her laugh began again, a continuous, hiccougchy chuckle. "Never lets go its hand," she said. "Won't let him play with anybody. Wipes him off like an heirloom. And brags around he's a love-child. My God!"

With her thin, freckled arm along the door and her lips puckered, she fell silent. "Love-child!" she said at last. "Did you ever look at her flat face? It's the last place love would ever settle on."

"Perhaps that explains," Mr. Palmer said uncomfortably. "She's childless, she's unattractive. She pours all that frustrated affection out on this child."

Mrs. Corson twisted to look almost incredulously into his face. "Of course," she said. Her alcoholic breath puffed at him. "Of course. But why toot it up as a love-child?" she said harshly. "What does she think my child is, for God's sake? How does she think babies are made?"

"Well, but there's that old superstition," Mr. Palmer said. He moved his hand sideward. "Children born of passion, you know—they're supposed to be more beautiful . . ."

"And doesn't that tell you anything about her?" Mrs. Corson said. "Doesn't that show you that she never thought of passion in the same world with her husband? She has to go outside herself for any passion, there's none in her."

"Yes," Mr. Palmer said. "Well, of course one can speculate, but one hardly knows . . ."

"And that damned dog," Mrs. Corson said. "Tommy can't play with other kids. They're too dirty. So she gets a dog. Dogs are cleaner than Anne, see? So she buys her child this nice germless dog, and then ties him up and won't let him loose. So the dog howls his head off, and we all go nuts. Finally we told her we couldn't stand it, why didn't she let it loose and let it run. But she said it might run away, and Tommy loved it so she didn't want to take a chance on losing the pup. So I finally called the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and they told her either to give it regular running and exercise or take it back. She took it back last night, and now she hates me."

As she talked, saliva had gathered in the corner of her mouth. She sucked it in and turned her head away, looking out on the street. "Lord God," she said. "So it goes, so it goes."

Through the windshield Mr. Palmer watched the quiet women on the wall, the quiet, well-behaved child. Anne was romping with the setter around the big stump, twenty feet beyond, and the little boy was watching her. It was a peaceful, windless morning steeped in sun. The mingled smell of pines and low tide drifted across the street, and was replaced by the pervading faint fragrance of ceanothus, blooming in shades of blue and white along Mr. Palmer's walk.

"I'm amazed," he said. "She seems so quiet and relaxed and plain."

"That's another thing," Mrs. Corson said. "She's a cover-yourself-up girl, too. Remember Margy Fisher, whose husband was killed a few weeks ago? You know why she never wore anything but a bathing suit? Because this old biddy was always after her about showing herself."

"Well, it's certainly a revelation," Mr. Palmer said. "I see you all from my window, you know, and it seems like a kind of symphony of waiting, all quiet and harmonious. The pregnant girl, too—going on with the slow inevitable business of life while her husband's gone, the rhythm of the generations unchanged. I've enjoyed the whole thing, like a pageant, you know."

"Your window isn't a very good peek-hole," Mrs. Corson said drily.

"Mm?"

"Hope's husband was killed at Dieppe," said Mrs. Corson.

For a moment Mr. Palmer did not catch on. At first he felt only a flash of pity as he remembered the girl's big steady brown eyes, her still, rather sad face, her air of pliant gentleness. Then the words Mrs. Corson had spoken began to take effect. Dieppe—almost three years ago. And the girl six months pregnant.

He wished Mrs. Corson would quit drumming her red nails on the car door. She was really in a state this morning, nervous as a cat. But that poor girl, sit-



ting over there with all that bottled up inside of her, the fear and uncertainty growing as fast as the child in her womb grew . . .

"Some naval lieutenant," Mrs. Corson said. "He's right in the middle of the fighting, gunnery officer on a destroyer. You ought to hear Hope when she gets scared he'll never come back and make a decent woman of her."

"I'd not like to," Mr. Palmer said, and shook his head. Across the lane the placid scene had not changed, except that Mrs. Kendall had let Tommy toddle fifteen feet out from the wall, where he was picking up clusters of dry pine needles and throwing them into the air.

The figures were very clean, sharp-edged in the clear air against the blue backdrop of sea. An Attic grace informed all of them: the girl stooping above the long-eared red setter, the child with his hands in the air, tossing brown needles in a shower, the curving seated forms of the women on the wall. To Mr. Palmer's momentarily-tranced eyes they seemed to freeze in attitudes of flowing motion like figures on a vase, cameo-clear in the clear air under the noble trees, with the quiet ocean of their watchfulness stretching blue to the misty edge. Like figures on a Grecian urn they curved in high relief against the white moulding of the wall, and a drift of indescribable melancholy washed across the point and pricked goose-pimples on Mr. Palmer's arms. "It's sad," he said, opening the door and stepping down. "The whole thing is very sad."

WITH THE intention of leaving he put his hand on the door and pushed it shut, thinking that he did not want to stay longer and hear Mrs. Corson's bitter tongue and watch the women on the wall. Their waiting now, with the momentary trance broken and the momentary lovely frozen group dispersed in motion, seemed to him a monstrous aberration, their patience a deathly apathy, their hope an obscene self-delusion.

He was filled with a sense of the loveliness of the white paper and the cleanly sharpened pencils, the notebooks and the quiet and the sense of purpose that waited

in his study. Most of all the sense of purpose, the thing to be done that would have an ending and a result.

"It's been very pleasant," he said automatically. At that moment there came a yowl from the point.

He turned. Apparently Anne, romping with the dog, had bumped Tommy and knocked him down. He sat among the pine needles in his blue play-suit and squalled, and Mrs. Kendall came swiftly out from the wall and took Anne by the arm, shaking her.

"You careless child!" she said. "Watch what you're doing!"

Instantly Mrs. Corson was out of the car. Mr. Palmer saw her start for the point, her lips puckered, and was reminded of some mechanical toy tightly wound and tearing erratically around a room giving off sparks of ratchety noise. When she was twenty feet from Mrs. Kendall she shouted hoarsely, "Let go of that child!"

Mrs. Kendall's heavy gingham body turned. Her plain face, the mouth stiff with anger, confronted Mrs. Corson. Her hand still held Anne's arm. "It's possible to train children . . ." she said.

"Yes, and it's possible to mistreat them," Mrs. Corson said. "Let go of her."

For a moment neither moved. Then Mrs. Corson's hands darted down, caught Mrs. Kendall's wrist, and tore her hold from Anne's arm. Even across the lane, fifty feet away, Mr. Palmer could see the white fury in their faces as they confronted each other.

"If I had the bringing up of that child . . . !" Mrs. Kendall said. "I'd . . ."

"You'd tie her to your apron strings like you've tied your own," Mrs. Corson said. "Like you tie up a dog and expect it to get used to three feet of space. My God, a child's a little animal. He's got to run!"

"And knock other children down, I suppose."

"Oh my God!" Mrs. Corson said, and turned her thin face skyward as if to ask God to witness. She was shaking all over: Mr. Palmer could see the trembling of her dress. "Listen!" she said, "I don't know what's the matter with you;



and why you can't stand nakedness, and why you think a bastard child is something holier than a legitimate one, and why you hang onto that child as if he was worth his weight in diamonds. But you keep your claws off mine, and if your little bastard can't get out of the way, you can just . . ."

Mrs. Kendall's face was convulsed. She raised both hands above her head, stuttering for words. From the side the pregnant girl slipped in quietly, and Mr. Palmer, rooted uneasily across the lane, heard her quiet voice. "You're beginning to draw a crowd," she said. "For the love of mike, turn it down."

Mrs. Corson swung on her. Her trembling had become an ecstasy. When she spoke she chewed loudly on her words, mangling them almost beyond recognition. "You keep out of this, you pregnant bitch," she said. "Any time I want advice on how to raise love children, I'll come to you too, but right now I haven't got any love children, and I'm raising what I've got my own way."

A window had gone up in the house next to Mr. Palmer's, and three boys were drifting curiously down the street, their pants sagging with the weight of armament they carried. Without hesitating more than a moment, Mr. Palmer crossed the street and cut them off. "I think you'd better beat it," he said, and pushed his hands in the air as if shooing chickens. The boys stopped and eyed him suspiciously, then began edging around the side. It was clear that in any contest of speed, agility, endurance, or anything else Mr. Palmer was no match for them. He put his hand in his pocket and pulled out some change. The boys stopped. Behind him Mr. Palmer heard the saw-edged voice of Mrs. Corson. "I'm not the kind of person that'll stand it, by God! If you want to . . ."

"Here," Mr. Palmer said. "Here's a quarter apiece if you light out and forget anything you saw."

"Okay!" they said, and stepped up one by one and got their quarters and retreated, their heads together and their armed hips clanking together and their faces turning once, together, to stare back at the arguing women on the point. Up

the street Mr. Palmer saw a woman and three small children standing in the road craning. Mrs. Corson's voice carried for half a mile.

IN THE hope that his own presence would bring her to reason, Mr. Palmer walked across the lane. Mrs. Corson's puckered, furious face was thrust into Mrs. Kendall's, and she was saying, "Just tell me to my face I don't raise my child right! Go on, tell me so. Tell me what you told Margy, that Anne's too dirty for your bastard to play with. Tell me, I dare you, and I'll tear your tongue out!"

Mr. Palmer found himself standing next to Mrs. Vaughn. He glanced at her once and shook his head and cleared his throat. Mrs. Corson continued to glare into the pale flat face before her. When Mrs. Kendall turned heavily and walked toward the wall, the wren-like woman skipped nimbly around her and confronted her from the other side. "You've got a lot of things to criticize in me!" she said. Her voice, suddenly, was so hoarse it was hardly more than a whisper. "Let's hear you say them to my face. I've heard them behind my back too long. Let's hear you say them!"

"Couldn't we get her into the house?" Mr. Palmer said to the pregnant girl. "She'll raise the whole neighborhood."

"Let her disgrace herself," Mrs. Vaughn said, and shrugged.

"But you don't understand," Mr. Palmer said. "She had a beer or so downtown, and I think that, that and the heat . . ."

The girl looked at him with wide brown eyes in which doubt and contempt and something like mirth moved like shadows on water. "I guess *you* don't understand," she said. "She isn't drunk. She's hopped."

"Hopped?"

"I thought you went downtown with her."

"I did."

"Did she leave you at the pony track?"

"Yes, for a few minutes."

"She goes to a joint down there," Mrs. Vaughn said. "Fortune telling in the front, goofballs and reeferers in the rear. She's a sucker for all three."



"Goofballs?" Mr. Palmer said. "Reefers?"

"Phenobarb," Mrs. Vaughn said. "Marijuana. Anything. She doesn't care, long as she gets high. She's high as a kite now. Didn't you notice her eyes?"

Mrs. Kendall had got her boy by the hand. She was heavily ignoring Mrs. Corson. Now she lifted the child in her arms and turned sideways, like a cow ducking to the side to slip around a herder, and headed for the stone wall. Mrs. Corson whipped around her flanks, first on one side, then on the other, her hoarse whisper a continuing horror in Mr. Palmer's ears.

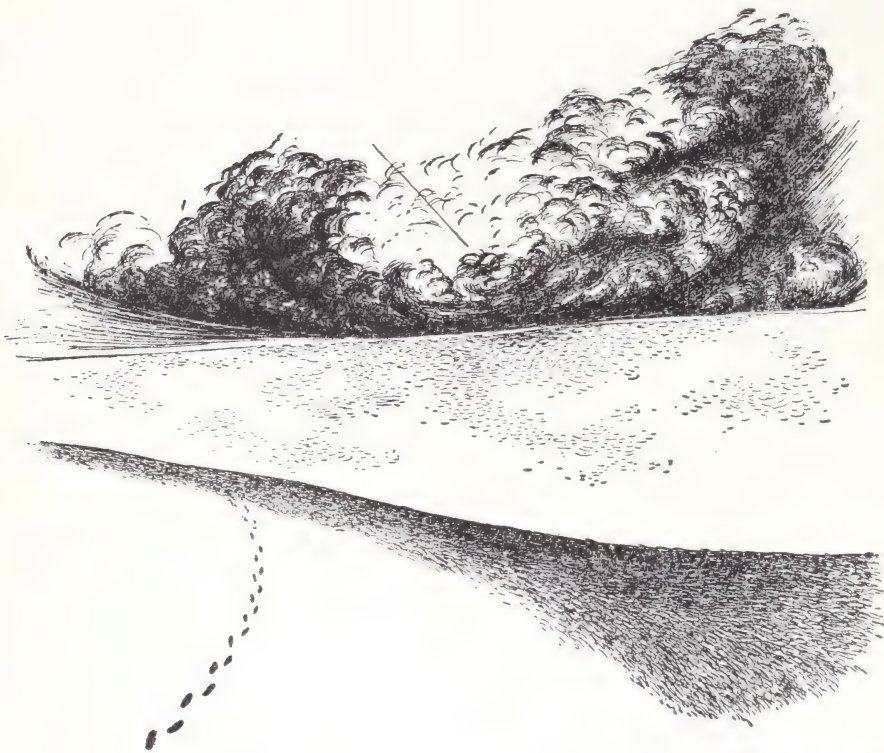
"What I ought to do," Mrs. Corson said, "is forbid Anne to even speak to that bastard of yours."

Mrs. Kendall bent and put the child on the ground and stood up. "Don't you call him that!" she shouted. "Oh, you vulgar, vicious, drunken, depraved woman! Leave me alone! Leave me alone, can't you?"

She burst into passionate tears. For a moment Mr. Palmer was terrified that they would come to blows and have to be pulled apart. He started forward, intending to take Mrs. Corson by the arm and lead her, forcefully if necessary, to the house. This disgraceful exhibition had gone on long enough. But the pregnant girl was ahead of him.

She walked past the glaring women and said over her shoulder, carelessly, "Mail's here."

Mr. Palmer caught his cue. He put out his hand to Anne, and walked her down across the mouth of the lane. He did not look back, but his ears were sharp for a renewal of the cat-fight. None came. By the time the man in gray had distributed the papers and magazines to all the battery of boxes, and was unstrapping the pack of letters, Mr. Palmer was aware without turning that both Mrs. Corson and Mrs. Kendall were in the background by the gray car, waiting quietly.



*Eleanor M. De Pree*



# BIG NOISE IN LITTLE LUXEMBOURG

WILLIAM HARLAN HALE

THEY got me out of bed in a damp week-end hotel in Sussex. Psychological Warfare Division of Supreme Headquarters, AEF, on the phone: "We've just had a flash—we've taken Radio Luxembourg."

"What?"

"Intact!"

While I came to, the voice surged on over the long-distance connection, "You're to get Luxembourg on the air for us by Wednesday."

We had hoped, but we hadn't dreamed we'd really ever get it. The Germans had wrecked all the big radio stations as they retreated—Tunis, Rome, Naples, Paris—and it was inconceivable that they would leave the even more powerful Radio Luxembourg standing. For Luxembourg, planted right on their frontier, could be heard throughout western Germany just as strongly as Goebbels' home network. If left to us, this station would enable us to propagandize millions of Germans at pointblank range.

On a wild chance, an American radio engineer named Morris R. Pierce—a civilian—had gone forward with the first troops into Luxembourg, borrowed himself some tanks, and made for the transmitter. At SHAEF in Paris the chief of Allied radio propaganda activities, William S. Paley (in civil life president of

CBS, and subsequently colonel in the AUS) got the report of its capture and acted at once. It wasn't enough just to take the transmitter; now we had to hold it. For this purpose our team now rushed forward. Being civilians, we carried only bedrolls and K-rations. The station must be held—chiefly against other staff sections and forward headquarters of the Army, which overnight had discovered reasons why they, too, must have it. And against the *Compagnie Luxembourgeoise de Radiodiffusion*, which owned it. And against the Germans, who might want it back.

Of these the Germans seemed at the moment the least formidable. Armored counter attack in that area? Hardly. Not after the way the German forces had been pounded during the great August rout. Air attack? Maybe. Our transmitter was pretty conspicuous on its hilltop outside the city of Luxembourg. So we asked the nearest headquarters for anti-aircraft protection. Not much—just token protection. Try that sometime. Walk in, as a civilian, to a front-line headquarters in the middle of a campaign, when they're sure they haven't got enough of anything, and ask them please to lend you a couple of their guns. "You're Psychological Warfare Division?" a crusty operations officer asked. "What's that—something in the Medical Corps?"

*William Harlan Hale, former policy adviser to the Information Control Division of our occupation forces in Germany, was put in charge of Radio Luxembourg when it was captured from the Germans in September 1944.*



The real forces we had to contend with were those that drove up and looked in on us. We tried to keep them from seeing too much. The city of Luxembourg tempted them, to begin with—a place of old battlements, gaily-uniformed constabulary, and Moselle wines, with overtones of a Hammerstein operetta. Then they spotted our studio building—a thing of marble whiteness palatially set in a deep park. I had been pretty taken with it myself. Entering it over piles of rubbish left by the Germans, I was escorted to a corner office as splendid as that of any large American corporation president's, and there I settled down. Then word came that this wasn't the number one office after all, and so I moved down the corridor into what revealed itself as a hall of state, fully forty feet long, flanked by a mural and splashed with white satin chairs which all addressed a huge dictatorial table.

"Nice little place you've got here," muttered a colonel who had come by, prospecting. "Just the thing for General Bradley."

I WAS examining the array of buttons at my elbow which commanded inter-office communications. Just as I selected one to press at random, a black-coated, thin-beaked factotum slipped in through a side door, bowed steeply from the waist, murmured "*Herr Direktor*," corrected himself by saying "*Herr Generaldirektor*," bowed again as he advanced, and bowed once more as he extended a lean, intense hand over my collection of buttons, saying, "Please not yet to touch. We can go in the air."

"On the air?" I corrected.

"In the air." He was a Luxembourger, and multi-lingual; so he added, flinging up his hands with an emphasis taken from the French, "*Pouf!*"

This gave us an idea. We could warn snoopers from other headquarters that the Germans had booby-trapped the place. "Hm," said one of them, gazing desirously at our studio equipment. "What do you aim to do with all this?"

"Propaganda."

"Who says so?" He reached out to touch some gleaming switches.

"Better watch yourself there," our en-

gineer put in, pushing his hand back.

He subsided. It was safe to ask him to stay to lunch.

## II

SO RADIO Luxembourg went to war against the Germans. But not until we had had a brush with the *Compagnie Luxembourgeoise de Radiodiffusion*. Long before, the government of Luxembourg had co-operatively given us a paper saying that it would be all right for us to use the station—if we could capture it. Now the ministers came around to drink champagne with us on our acquisition. But with them came a short, bald-headed, portly man from Paris who was dressed like a banker and to whom the ministers were surprisingly deferential. It turned out that he was in fact a banker; and after a little champagne he informed us that he was also the head of the board of directors of the company that owned the station. Twirling his glass in carefully groomed fingers, he surveyed us olive-drab, tie-less Americans with a glance that was hospitable enough but at the same time managed to convey the suggestion that we were trespassing here. He was honored, he went on to say, that we wished to use his station as a weapon against the common enemy. Could he be of assistance to us in any way? Would we lunch with him tomorrow? How long did we intend to stay? Of course we were aware—were we not?—that while it was true that we had in our hands a paper from the Luxembourg government (here the banker shrugged amiably and dropped a deprecatory glance in the direction of the Prime Minister across the room)—which government was really without authority in the matter—we did not have, so far as he was aware, any authorization from himself.

While he went on talking, exquisitely alternating between the subject of the splendid American Army and the rights of property, one of our people rushed downtown to make sure that a hard and fast military requisition was clapped onto the place. Now it was ours—and we could safely go to lunch with him.

Our warfare first took us against the border city of Aachen. The First United



States Army, which was attacking it, wanted a surrender. They thought we could help. A courier brought us the text of their projected 24-hour ultimatum to the garrison and townspeople, and we stood by to go on the air with it as soon as a flash would tell us that their artillery had moved into position around the ancient imperial town. From the moment the flash came in we had a field day, broadcasting the ultimatum in ever more ominous tones, and interrupting all our programs (including a classical concert) with reminders to the people of Aachen telling them just how many hours and minutes were left before the blow would fall. When the time-limit ran out and Aachen failed to surrender, we at Radio Luxembourg felt personally thwarted. It wasn't until later that we learned that the city's electric power had failed and that the Aacheners hadn't heard a word we said.

Next evening, though, we had our chance to exploit the failure. One of the Army's most skillful combat propaganda officers, Major Louis Huot (previously a United Press foreign correspondent), blew in at high speed direct from Aachen, covered with dust and bearing a box of front-line recordings made just a few hours earlier—recordings calculated to administer a shock to the German listening audience. They presented, over a background of sounds of the American air and artillery bombardment in progress against the doomed city, the shaken voices of German men and women who had just escaped into our lines from Aachen and who denounced the "blood guilt" of the Nazis who had ordered further resistance there. No time was lost in putting this object-lesson on the air: Captain Hans Habe, the novelist and now a propaganda editor, streaked in with his team of German-language writers; records were tested and censored; script was passed into the studio page by page, the writers just keeping abreast of the announcers on the air; and before they went to bed, our listeners throughout the threatened Rhineland had been given something to think about. "We ought to tack on a commercial," said Robert L. Colwell, in peacetime a ranking copywriter of the J. Walter Thompson advertising agency. "When

surrendering, please mention this station."

BUT there weren't many Germans, that fall, who surrendered. They fought on into desolate December. "We can't just go on lecturing them about the consequences," we agreed; "we've got to make them wish they were doing something else." For this purpose we put on sob-sisters, one-act sketches, and a dance band. The dance band was all right so long as there wasn't an air raid. When the ack-ack went on the players would give way to their feelings with jittery glissandi and wild blattings. ("We're listening to your band," a G-2 colonel called up one night when German planes were over the city, "and your security stinks.") But the dramatic sketches could be relied on any time. They dealt in basic sensations—revelations of incompetence, malfeasance, corruption, or cowardice inside Nazi party or higher military headquarters. Names, dates, and places were included, for the enlightenment of the German home audience. And sometimes a "special-event" program was inserted—such as the one which offered an eye-witness description of the conviction and execution of two German spies, including recordings of their eleventh-hour confessions and the crash of the bullets that finished them. ("Damned bad taste," said our betters in London. "But the Army asked us to do it," we explained. "Since when is the Army the arbiter of propaganda policy?" our betters snapped. "The Army," we answered, "is concerned because so many spies have been slipping through here. A couple of them were picked up only a mile away last night." "Ah," our betters said, "indeed. Well, just try not to sink *too* low.")

Were our sob-sisters too low? While the fate of the world hung in balance, we debated that too. There was one in particular—a stolid, matronly, broad-beamed, middle-class Luxembourger whom no one would ever have suspected of subversive intents. Yet she became an issue with our betters and a popular favorite with the enemy audience. Her assignment was simple. It was to read letters over the air. They were actual letters to German soldiers from their wives and sweethearts at



home—undelivered letters which our armies had picked up in huge quantities as the German armies fell back. We were doing German addressees in the front line the favor of reading them. Many of the letters, of course, were full of nostalgia and longing, expressing the wish that their men would soon be out of the fighting and that the war would end. That was why we read them. But although our good Luxembourg woman had been told to read them "straight," in the interests of what our betters had told us about good taste, she at once began to interpret them with a sentimentality, pathos, and full-toned amorousness perhaps surpassing anything the actual letter-writers had been capable of. "For God's sake, tone her down!" I called into the control room one night.

But by that time the program director had been swept along too. "Isn't she wonderful!" he sighed. "So true to life."

### III

**W**INTER came. Radio Luxembourg flourished. We added intelligence offices, mobile recording vans, and weekly concerts by the grand-ducal Luxembourg military band, which comprised fully half the uniformed strength of that country and performed in gala uniforms that might have come out of "The Student Prince." And when during one of their concerts the Germans began belaboring the town with 240 mm. railroad guns, the intermittent impacts sounded like a big bass drum.

The Germans couldn't be aiming at us. Notions of professional immunity had come over us; after all, our side hadn't gone and knocked out the vulnerable German home radio network either. Perhaps the Germans were aiming at the advance headquarters of General Bradley's 12th Army Group, which had moved up into the quiet Luxembourg sector for the winter. Twice a week I went over there to get from G-2 an appreciation of the military situation. They seemed pretty sure there that the Germans wouldn't aim at this whole region. That confirmed the peculiar airy feeling we had at our station, even in darkest winter.

I remember one day particularly in the war room at headquarters. I had gone

over with Hans Habe for a briefing. Nobody else was there but the officer who lectured us before the huge, floodlit maps. Pinned-up cards with blue symbols identified the Allied divisions engaged; cards with red symbols, the German. I couldn't help noticing how very few divisions on either side were now in the line in this obscure and hilly sector; and on the other hand how many German divisions—among them almost all of Rundstedt's remaining armored units—had been pulled back from the front entirely, some of them now being posted on the big map as "unlocated." I was going to ask a question about this when sharp footsteps fell between us, a brisk figure came throwing a shadow across the map, and our briefing officer jumped back about five steps. I looked up to discover a blaze of shoulder stars and the ruddy face of General Eisenhower. His quick blue eyes swept the map, he dropped a question out of the side of his mouth to General Bradley at his side, turned on lithe heels, and paced out as briskly as he had come in. In the meantime I had forgotten all about our own question.

**L**UXEMBOURG burgeoned. We thought we had many bright ideas. We had learned that citizens in endangered Cologne had got fed up with the local Nazi party bosses who were ordering them out of their homes, and had staged peace demonstrations and illicitly rung church-bells; so we rang symbolic "peals of liberation" on our programs—hooking up to the sleepy professional bell-ringers of the Luxembourg cathedral for the purpose. We had learned that the people of the Rhineland were suffering from an increasing potato shortage; so someone came up with a scheme of blaming the shortage on Hitler's favorite V-weapons on the ground that they were being driven by fuel distilled from potatoes, with the result that each V-missile shot off deprived some 15,000 Germans of their whole potato ration for a week. We thought up a scheme . . .

Then something happened. I hadn't been keeping up on my military briefings, and one morning put through a routine call to my brother who was stationed at



the headquarters of the First Army, not far to the north of us. "MASTER," I called, using that Army's code name. The trunk-line operator paused. There was no sound at all. Then he wanted to know who I was. Finally the advice was, "You might try via Paris Military."

Paris Military? No way to get through to the nearby First Army except possibly through Paris? I hung up. "It seems," I remarked sententiously to those in the room, "that something has come between us and the nearest American army."

SO," SAID one of our propagandists, a gloomy man, "they're coming after us at last."

They came as if from nowhere, with all those crack divisions which we had seen posted on the big G-2 map as being back in reserve or somewhere else; and they were now breaking through fifty miles of the Belgian-Luxembourg front.

Our long-nourished assumption of immunity at the station now flopped over into its opposite: we were sure that we were just about the most conspicuous protuberance on the Allied front, and due to become the focus of German attention. A sense of importance, quietly growing over the months, may have played a part in this. Signs and portents were studied. Some of our people saw proof of the deterioration of the situation in the fact that our local dance orchestra now played raggedly and nervously even without an air raid. The grand-ducal Luxembourg brass band also was not what it had been. And hadn't we better bring our sisters to safety?

At this point the first mutterings of artillery could be heard from the northeastern hills. It seemed that I had better get the facts at once from the ranking authority on the spot, the G-2 of the 12th Army Group, Brigadier General E. L. Sibert. Then I could also tell him about our own military situation at Radio Luxembourg. For we had a military situation. In addition to the American and British civilians at the station we had a detachment of soldiers. Perhaps the most remarkable detachment ever seen on any front. The fact was that since almost none of the ranking officers in our Army charged with

waging propaganda warfare against the Germans knew a word of German, they had been assigned an enlisted force of central-European refugees, many of whom knew very little English. Among these were novelists, doctors of philosophy, pianists, theatrical directors; and while they were expert at handling words, ideas, and slogans, there was some doubt as to how far they should be trusted with a rifle. I remember one in particular, a smiling, carefree Austrian, whom a passing general stopped and reprimanded about the condition of his uniform, demanding to know, "Do you call yourself a soldier?" and who replied with a grin, "Eventually, sir."

But our concern about these men now had to do with something else: we knew that, if captured, they would almost certainly be identified as ex-Germans engaged in trying to subvert the mind of Germany, and that after the Nazi manner of doing things they would probably be shot. We also had on hand some current German citizens, anti-Nazis and deserters who had slipped through the lines with information; and we had to be sure to move these in time. We had some "hot" documents too. And a lot of costly equipment that mustn't fall into German hands.

But at the same time we must stay on the air just as long as physically possible. The moment we shut down, listeners in all the now-threatened Allied areas would take this as the sign that the key center of Luxembourg had fallen. We must not contribute to a panic. In this respect we really were important—not for what we said, but for the fact that we kept talking.

I asked the general straightway, "Are they heading for here?" He didn't encourage impetuosity on my part. He was a close-cropped, wiry, cool-eyed model of composure, and regarded me as a senior surgeon might look upon a harried prospective patient, delivering his observations with what seemed to me a soothing bedside manner: "It's too early to form a full picture, of course . . . yes, the situation north of here is somewhat fluid . . . but although it's a rather thinly-held sector of the line, we have reason to believe matters are in hand." Dim rumblings of artillery in the hills punctuated his phrases. I mentioned to him the fact that we not



only had a studio building in town, but also a transmitter which happened to be up in that direction, ten miles outside the city. He paused a moment, and said, "I see." Then, without changing his inflection in the slightest, he remarked, "In that case, you'd better do something about it right away."

"You mean—"

He gave me a deprecatory glance as if suddenly it had become up to me to cut off my own leg: "Do whatever you're going to do. Shut down your shop."

I had taken along to the interview my deputy, Lt. Col. Samuel R. Rosenbaum, in civil life a senior radio executive and at all times a man of much force and dignity. Now he came up with what I thought was a classic: "You are aware, of course, sir, that our going off the air may have international repercussions."

The general probably was aware of nothing of the sort. But he wasn't to be pushed: "I advise you to shut up shop."

I wanted to get the thing straight, for the record, and not have it said later that tens or hundreds of thousands of Belgians, Luxembourgers, and Frenchmen had taken to the roads and snarled up our lines of communication because Radio Luxembourg had quit prematurely: "My understanding then is, General, that this area is immediately threatened."

I don't want to misquote the general, but my recollection is that his calm, surgical manner came to the fore again: "Oh, not the city. Did you think we were evacuating it? Not by any means. I'll notify you."

**R**osenbaum and I looked bleakly at each other as we hurried out of headquarters. It wasn't any good to us, their being so jaunty about holding the town, if they were writing off our transmitter as lost. We put through the orders: shutdown at 8 P.M. Next there was the pressing question: to blow up the transmitter or not? Here we had entered the realm of high policy. We tried to get through to SHAEF, fighting for a priority on jammed communication lines. The best we could get was a non-secret radio link. Then followed a speech by Rosenbaum, shouting an improvised code over the static, some-

thing like this: "You know our treasure—I said our *treasure* up here—well, we may have to dispose of it—yes—and so we suggest that instead of breaking up the setting—*melting it down*, get me?—we simply remove its jewels—did you get that?—*jewels*—remove them—you know—take the jewels to another place for safe-keeping—no, not Jews, JEWELS!"

They agreed; pull out precious transmitter parts like tubes and contacts, which the Germans couldn't soon replace, but leave the rest standing, on the theory that our armies would recapture this ground. We sent an engineer forward the ten miles to the transmitter to carry out the delicate stripping-down operation. He was Don Drenner, a civilian, and he came from the Kansas wheat country and did things his own way and wasn't impressed either by American brass or by the German advance. Drenner was up there in overalls, waiting for his deadline, when a general's jeep drove up and our friend Sibert stepped out for a look at the battle. Conversation went something like this:

Drenner: "Hi."

Sibert: "How can I get up on the tower?"

Drenner, now posted beside the general on the parapet, pointing: "Now if you just take a look at those hills there, you'll get a line on Kraut strategy."

Sibert, preoccupied: "Yes?"

Drenner: "Simple. They're figuring to reach that high ground north of the river there, and then move in on us."

Sibert, bemused: "Indeed."

Drenner, continuing his own G-2 lecture: "Their best bet is to pick up that road beyond where that shell just fell."

Sibert, rousing himself: "Hm. And what about you? Are you going to shoot up your transmitter then?"

Drenner, wrench in one hand and exhibiting a hand-me-down German pistol in the other: "Hell, no. We're going to shoot up the Germans."

It couldn't have been Drenner who influenced the general's military appreciation; there must have been bigger positive factors; but at all events we got a call telling us not to go off the air, after all—not just yet. Bells rang, orders were countermanded, the chief sob-sister was near



hysteria, but somehow the show went on. "Really," a serious-minded member of the production department said, "we are beginning to sound amateurish."

Next day, not so good. Streets empty. Shopkeepers' shutters down. This is usually a quicker way of learning bad news than from higher headquarters. Nearer rumble of artillery. Rumors that the Germans were throwing in parachute divisions. Rumors that German agents were about. Clouds so dense that our air force was grounded. Where were our ground reinforcements? Casualties being evacuated through town from the thinned-out Fifth Division. Hard for me to sit editing radio scripts with that going on. In the late afternoon, over to big headquarters again. I'm on the middle of the long bridge when a Messerschmitt comes in on a strafing run. As I duck for cover, I remember my recent broadcast in which I told the Germans what a joke their air force had now become.

At G-2 there was more advice, again of the bedside kind. "Things seem to be stabilizing . . . we're not thinking of evacuating . . . by the way, how well is your studio building guarded?" I reported that we had strengthened the Military Police guard by some of our own station men. "Oh, those," the officer smiled. "Well, all right. Fact is—now, this is for you only—we've had some infiltrations into town today. You know—agents—"

"I know," I said. "The man at the newsstand told me."

"What? Where the hell—"

My little bombshell satisfied me enormously, as I walked out of headquarters. Of such are the triumphs of civilians in wartime. But dusk was fast falling as I walked back to the station. Those agents were of a new kind—whole squads of specially trained Germans wearing American uniforms, riding in captured jeeps, and speaking enough English to get by when challenged. Their job was to seize vital installations behind our lines. Suddenly it was clear to me what particular installation they were after here. By now it was dark.

I reached the wide park in which the studio building stood. There was no light apart from the dimly reflected gun-flashes

up north. My footsteps crunched in the silence. A voice near the gateway challenged me: "*Halt!*" That was as it should be; the sentry; yet—peculiar—the voice wasn't familiar; it didn't sound GI. I had brought up fast and didn't breathe. Then from the shadows the voice barked again, now unmistakably alien: "*Who gohss dere?*"

The chill of suspicion, then of horror, raced up my spine. They'd done it. They'd sneaked up and trapped it. I'd break and run. But I couldn't see where he was and he could see me against the snowy slope and—I stalled. "Friend," I called.

"*Ad-vantz and be recock-naizt!*"

The gruff command fell like lead. It was too late. I was clearly outlined. I obeyed. But as the figure confronting me took dim shape, my lost courage returned in the form of a quixotic desire at least to see the man's face before he seized me. So at the instant he shined his flashlight at me, I shined mine at him. "Oh, Christ!" I shouted—and he burst out too. For in front of me stood, almost as scared as I, our second assistant music librarian—a pleasant chap from Vienna.

#### IV

A LITTLE later the telephone rang. G-2 calling, suddenly very crisply: "Tonight's the night. Shut that place down."

Drenner, the engineer, was sitting feet up, listening to Berlin broadcasting a symphony. "OK, Don," I said. He stood up, stuck a couple of German pistols into his pocket, and remarked, before switching off Berlin, "Listen to that lousy trombone." Then he started out after his "jewels."

Next there was a heated argument in the corridor between two of our intelligence officers as to which of them was to have the privilege of setting fire to our secret documents when the moment came.

Then, by a freak, our Christmas presents arrived. Boxes and boxes from home. It was never clear to me what strange vehicle brought them. Men who were packing their field gear stopped to unravel silver tinsel. There was an air raid on, with thunderous ack-ack, and a lieutenant went around offering newly-arrived candies in a courtly manner. He gave double



portions to the men manning the heavy machine gun at the entrance.

Then there was a nervous knock on my office door and the resident agent of the *Compagnie Luxembourgeoise de Radio-diffusion* stepped in. He was a sleek, pointed, vaguely mistrustful man, politely sniffing for scraps of information about the fate of his company's property. Right now this information was tied up with military security, and we couldn't let him have it. "No reason for alarm," I said, adopting the G-2 bedside manner; "everything under control."

"But," he fidgeted in French, "that machine gun!"

Just then the lieutenant swept in, again passing his candies. Nonplused, the agent accepted one. "May we send a box to your hotel?" I asked.

He smiled thinly. Evidently things were under control. He bowed himself out.

Then we shut the station down. It was as we had feared: within half an hour of our going off the air the word had spread through the city and the streets began to fill with uneasy crowds, some just sharing the news, others setting about packing their belongings into cars and carts and then setting out southward. The low thunder of artillery was constant now. At any moment the order for us to pull out might come. We were thinking about Drenner up there at the transmitter. We tried to raise him by phone. We thought we heard the receiver click at the other end, but there was no further answer.

Some of our refugee soldiers were quietly and steadily playing poker.

IT WAS midnight when Drenner arrived with his big truck full of "jewels" all neatly crated and battened down. Yes, he admitted, there had been small-arms fire up there, but at other points along the road things had grown strangely still. "Funny thing," he said, "no Americans still around."

I took quick time out to pack my gear at the hotel. There was a nervous knock on the bedroom door. The Luxembourg Company agent again, this time appearing in a green silk robe. He had heard me stirring. Were we going to . . . ?

I was tossing my stuff into the bedroll. "No," I had to say, "we're not evacuating, not at all." Startled, frightened, but still polite, he picked up a boot I had dropped and laid it into the pack. "Everything under control," I repeated, reaching for my helmet.

He gave me one look of infinite mistrust and disappointment and disappeared down the hall. A few minutes later the doorman told me that the company agent had been seen to jump into his car, suitcases, green robe, and all, and make off to the south.

Then came the big noise. A tremendous rumble in the streets. Big stuff moving through, fast. This must be it. I threw my pack aside and slipped out to the corner. At first I could see nothing in the blacked-out street. The ground shook. Then I made out the cats' eyes, an endless line of them, dim and coming fast, mounted above innumerable bumpers. Bumpers of American shape—but not moving southward; instead, dark shapes of tanks, half-tracks, trucks, self-propelled guns, batteries and battalions of them, crowded with figures huddled in blankets, pounding past two and three abreast—and all headed northward, at high speed, into battle. Patton had arrived.

Two days later, as we sat back in our satin office armchairs and drew up our new broadcast schedule, the question was how to begin. There was so much to say; Rundstedt's power had been broken, the Germans' last gamble had failed. Finally we decided that it didn't really matter what we said. What counted was noise—just the noise of Radio Luxembourg coming back on the air, thereby letting the people of both sides know that the tide had turned. And what was the biggest noise we could make? Clearly, the grand-ducal Luxembourg brass band. The band had dispersed, but trucks were sent out to retrieve it. It arrived, cockades, brass buttons, gold shoulder braid, and all. "Something cheery," the bandmaster proposed.

"Not necessary," was the answer. "Al-  
lied national anthems will do."

"Which ones?"

"All of them."



# Harper's

## MAGAZINE



### BRITAIN'S ONE WAY OUT

C. HARTLEY GRATTAN

**B**RITAIN is in for a tough time. How long it will last is anybody's guess. I have been offered estimates running from five to thirty years. There are those who feel that Britain has seen her best days and has entered a long phase of decline. For these people, Britain has in fact been in decline since the end of World War I, and will follow the downward trend until she stabilizes, if luck holds, somewhere about the level of, say, Sweden. There are others who, by contrast, feel that Britain is about to experience a striking renaissance. These are not all Labor people by any manner of means; I've heard the idea expounded by people well known *not* to be Labor. At this moment, I would take up a position between the two extremes. Britain has a chance to make an excellent record in the future if she keeps her eye on the ball—and the ball is productivity.

I cannot believe that she is just yet clearly

bound either for hell or utopia. Yet whether it is dismal decline or vigorous upswing in the long run that is anticipated, there is general agreement that a tough time is the immediate prospect. The differences of opinion arise over what will issue from the period of immense difficulty just ahead.

The idea of a tough time undercuts political differences. Americans should not jump to the conclusion that it springs from the fact that the Labor Party rules the country, though Conservatives sometimes pretend so. The Conservatives can allege that Labor's way of meeting the difficulties accentuates rather than relieves them; but really this is all mere by-play. Everyone knows that if the Conservatives had won the election, times would still be tough, and their schemes would be condemned by Labor as not sufficiently far-reaching. The toughness of the times is the inescapable reality, not the alternative political



views of how to deal with the problems posed. Politics in Britain is still a vastly important matter—I shall have something to say about this later on—but a curiously distorted picture would be given if Britain were today interpreted in terms of the ins versus the outs.

**T**O GRASP why Britain is in for a tough time one must go beyond the harsh effects of the war, dramatized by the shortage of dollars which it is proposed to relieve by borrowing from the United States. The dollar-shortage crisis is symptomatic rather than basic. Whether it is met by borrowing as the proponents of the great loan think would be best—and as Parliament rather reluctantly agreed—or by other means not yet fully revealed, is not, to my mind, the really fundamental question. I should regard it as a hopeful sign if Congress should accept the loan, as I think it will after a lot of skirmishing and “cheap talk,” but whether it does or doesn’t the cure for the ills of Britain must be sought elsewhere. The borrowed dollars at most can only buy time for getting the real cure under way.

And so fundamental are the ills that some Britons of a rather puritanic disposition feel that it would be best if the country came up against the problem right now, without benefit of the respite that the loan will allow. They would like to see a sharp crisis now which would pose the nation’s problem in all its nakedness for all Britons to see. (These people, of course, have nothing whatever in common with Lord Beaverbrook and his phony talk about Britain’s not needing the loan because of unexploited strength. Rather they see the weakness of Britain very clearly and want to get immediately to the job of correcting it, for they fear that the country may coast along on the loan to a really devastating crisis later on—say sometime between the end of 1948 and the end of 1951—when the task of rehabilitating will be far more difficult.)

Basically, Britain’s fundamental troubles stem from the fact that Britain was the pioneer of the industrial revolution. However beguiling the antiquities of Britain may be to historians, tourists, and pious worshippers of the past, these antiquities are a tremendous drag on the national welfare

when lodged in industrial organization and processes. The difficulties are dramatized best in the older industries, like coal and cotton textiles, rather than in the newer ones like chemicals and electrical manufactures. But wherever they are found they add up to the conclusion that British industrial productivity per man is too low for comfort, especially when it is compared with the level characteristic among her actual and potential competitors. The causes for this appear to ramify into every phase of British life, involving not only industry but also education, social values, the whole complex which is the British way of life.

It may seem odd to talk like this about the home of the industrial revolution. The justification for doing so is that Britain has but imperfectly ridden the successive waves of that revolution. The consequence is that large areas of British industry suffer today from obsolescence and unacknowledged bankruptcy. Obsolescence and bankruptcy are unpleasant ideas to the British; they postpone acceptance of the one—here is the seat of the national habit of “making do”—and they contrive ways of avoiding the other, even when demonstrable obsolescence is a drag on production and avoidance of bankruptcy means the planned preservation of inefficient management and plant. The line of escape from both evils has all too frequently been into schemes for fixing prices and allocating production quotas, thereby avoiding, rather than facing and solving, the problems involved. This was the way British industry too often sought to meet its difficulties during the great depression—for example in coal and steel. It did so with the collaboration of the Conservative governments of those days. At the same time it resolutely resisted any pressure to reorganize.

This was considered the right and proper thing to do. You may say that exactly similar things were done in other countries. But it seems to me that there was one crucial difference which has acted to the special detriment of Britain. In other countries these things were done in a context of constantly rising productivity. The rate of production per man hour was on the up grade. In Britain this was not happening. The evidence is convincing that the productiv-



ity of the British worker has made shockingly little progress in recent years.

Look, for example, at what has happened in the centrally important coal industry, whose ability to produce efficiently and at low cost is vital not only to steel and steel-processing plants but to many other British industries. Taking the year 1913 as 100, output per man shift in British mines had only reached 113 in 1938, whereas in the Ruhr mines it had advanced to 164 and in the Netherlands mines it had reached 201! Or let us put it another way. In 1913 the British miner produced 1.016 tons of coal per man shift, the Ruhr miner only 0.93, and the Dutch miner only 0.807. But by 1938 the British miner had increased his output hardly at all—to 1.148, while the Ruhr miner had pushed his up to 1.523 and the Dutch miner had reached 1.619. The British were in last place. (The Ruhr and Dutch mines are considered most nearly comparable to the British. There is no objective reason why the Dutch and Germans should have left the British behind.)

The Technical Advisory Committee on Coal Mining, headed by Charles C. Reid, which reported in March 1945, showed that the British mines did make some progress in mechanization between 1913 and 1938. Since then, as shown in the report on mechanization which G. M. Gullick submitted early this year to the Ministry of Fuel and Power, there has been further progress under the stress of wartime manpower shortages. But the fact that the Coal Nationalization Bill provides \$600 million for mechanization shows bluntly enough that there is still a long way to go in modernizing the mines, and both the Reid and Gullick reports indicate that anything like an adequate program of mechanization will inevitably encounter difficulties which are deeply rooted in British life. Consider the following:

(1) Because under British law mineral rights belonged to the landowner, not the state, there was a strong tendency in the early days to lease out on a royalty basis numerous small tracts, often awkwardly shaped, to the coal digging companies. This was done with a view to speeding up royalty returns. But in time it prevented

the development of really large mines giving proper scope to modern techniques. Even when the British government bought out all rights in coal still underground, the faults of the leasing system were not corrected. The only change was that the royalties on coal went to a different recipient. This was simply another example of the recurring British effort to abolish some of the more untidy aspects of their inheritance from pre-industrial times.

(2) For many years the coal operators have been beset with the idea that low wages for coal miners were a fundamental necessity—that the only adequate incentive for the miners was the fear of imminent starvation. So the operators inevitably worked themselves into the habit of trying to get their profits through cheap manpower rather than through high machine productivity. This line was made relatively easy to follow by the chronic surplus of miners during the great depression. Actually this managerial foible put the British mines at a disadvantage in competition with German and also Polish mines for the international trade in coal.

(3) The attitude of the working miners became increasingly difficult, reaching the point where they came to hate the mines and those who owned and ran them. This made it hard to enlist their co-operation in any forward-looking changes, even in wartime. The miners got into angry snarls with the owners over even such mechanization as was carried through.

(4) The owners and directors of the mines were almost never men with technical understanding of mining, and hence they judged results not at all in terms of productivity but in terms of profits alone. And when profits slipped, they sought relief not so much in technical reorganization as in price-fixing and production control.

(5) In such a regime the mine managers, potentially the progressive technicians needed in every industry, increasingly became the agents of the owners in a struggle with the miners to keep wages down—until the managers lost their technological skills to a significant degree. (The Reid report, which of course outlines a program for modernizing British coal mines, declares that “unfortunately, there is a serious



dearth of mining engineers who possess the knowledge and experience necessary to undertake the far-reaching schemes of reorganization which are essential.")

## II

THE coal industry's predicament is not unique. The same sort of difficulties are to be found elsewhere. In cotton textiles, for instance, there was little change in the productivity of labor between 1900 and 1937. Let us look at the five points I have made about the coal industry in a somewhat wider context.

(1) *Inherited customs.* Allowing for differences of time and character, ancient customs influence conditions in almost all the older British industries; for example on such points as the organizational relations of the several stages of production, or processes of production, as in cotton. "Within the cotton industry," says the Platt report on cotton, "conservative forces of restraint rather than of freedom and development have prevailed." The very character of the industrial inheritance has imposed disabilities on British industry. This became vividly obvious when other countries began to industrialize. Since these other countries had no inheritance of equipment or of working customs, they tended to come into production at the highest level current at that moment. In many of them there was a marked willingness to scrap equipment, even if it wasn't worn out, in order to achieve still higher productivity—as for example in the United States. Britain's headstart in the industrial revolution was progressively reduced and, in some instances, slowly transformed into a decided handicap.

This was true even though British industries did modernize to a degree, for the pace of their modernization was not sufficiently brisk. The very fact that industrial equipment was actually in place became a difficulty; people paid too little attention to measuring its efficiency against later designs, and were reluctant to scrap it as obsolescent. An inheritance of industrial machines can become a handicap as well as a help.

Moreover, the lag became constantly greater and in industries like coal, cotton

textiles, and steel, the point was reached where the cost of thoroughgoing modernization was quite beyond the reach of the owners, save with special outside assistance. Here then is the final crisis induced by progressive obsolescence (or too slow a rate of modernization); or, perhaps better, too slow a rate of replacement of old machines and methods of management by new and more productive ones. This crisis confronts large segments of British industry today.

(2) *Manpower vs. machine power.* What originally made Britain the leader of the industrial revolution was the fact that Englishmen early perceived that machines could out-produce handicrafts. All the odder, then, that in their older industries the British should have lost sight of the point. But the fact is that low wages, kept low by policy and at the cost of normally human industrial relations, became a reason and an excuse for not investing in new machines. Thus today both coal and cotton are overmanned by American standards, as the Reid and Platt reports point out. It takes too many workpeople to attain even the production levels characteristic in Britain. Manpower—at low wages—is being substituted for machine power. The British carried their original perception about the machine a certain distance and then came to ignore its significance while the world went on to develop the principle to an ever higher degree. Fortunately for Britain this does not apply in the newer industries to the same degree. They tended to come into production at about the levels characteristic throughout the world. But still they have not kept pace with their rivals 100 per cent.

(3) *Labor attitudes.* The very bad labor relations in British coal mining, with the workers hating the job, are of course not typical of British industry in general. But British experts say that American workers more clearly perceive the connection between productivity and wages, and therefore are better prepared to accommodate themselves to changes which may be needed to raise productivity.

(4) *Owners, directors, and efficiency.* We here enter on a rather delicate subject and one where evidence is not of the best. Yet there is surprising unanimity among competent witnesses in Britain that the owning



and policy-making class must bear a heavy share of the responsibility for allowing productivity to fall, in the older British industries especially. It is insistently pointed out that the owners and directors have all too often lacked any special competence for policy-making for industry. As *The Economist* put it over a year ago:

... British business management is still dominated by the amateur. It is only in this country that the curious profession of the "director of companies" still exists. There are thousands of men in this country who make a handsome living by sitting on a large number of boards and directing the affairs of companies to no one of which they can give more than a small fraction of their time and attention. . . . That a sprinkling of such men would be an asset to any board is beyond doubt. But that so many boards should consist entirely of such men cannot be other than a handicap to wise, energetic, and far-sighted management.

To this generalized picture, Harold Wilson added a particular variation in his book *New Deal for Coal*. He said of the amateur in the coal industry that "the greater part of his or her time is given not to companies in other industries, but to the varied social and sporting pursuits of the country or town life." And *The Economist* rounded off the picture very succinctly when it returned to the fray with this observation: "What business, which may be interpreted as industry, commerce, and 'the City,' needs is a better supply of brains in managerial and high administrative jobs."

PERHAPS, however, that is being rather too hard on British business brains. The trouble may not be lack of brains, but lack of a reasonably good training for business. It has been suggested to me that the whole emphasis of British education has been unfortunate for British industry. The efficiency with which the old landed aristocracy assimilated the sons and daughters of the parvenu industrial entrepreneurs has often been discussed, usually with admiration. But what has escaped notice is that the terms and conditions imposed upon these descendants (chiefly through "public" school and university education) in considerable measure conspired progressively to unfit them for business careers under modern English conditions. Contrary to American practice, it should be noted, these rather miseducated men re-

tained not only ownership but also control; and, contrary to American practice also, they continued to dominate both their managers and their technicians, thus preventing these important servants of industry from doing their jobs to the best of their ability. It is perhaps an inevitable result that there is an undersupply of both managers and technicians of the higher types in England today, since such careers have never been made particularly attractive to brilliant and forceful men.

(5) *Shortage of technological skill*. This last point can be supported to the hilt by some quotations from the Report on Higher Technological Education, prepared by a committee headed by Lord Eustace Percy:

The evidence submitted to us concurs in the general view: first, that the position of Great Britain as a leading industrial nation is being endangered by a failure to secure the fullest possible application of science to industry; and second, that this failure is partly due to deficiencies in education. The annual intake into the industries of the country of men trained by universities and technical colleges has been, and still is, insufficient both in quantity and quality. . . . In particular, the experience of the war has shown that the greatest deficiency in British industry is the shortage of scientists and technologists who can also administer and organize, and can apply the results of research to development. . . . In a word, industry, and educational institutions training for industry, are not getting their fair share of the national ability.

It was pointed out to me that much of the university-trained ability that might have gone into industry in Britain, once the Church lost its appeal, went instead into the civil service. (It is here that we find the impelling reason for the constant movement of men of ability into the English civil service.) Now that the nub of the British problem is to increase productivity—best handled by skilled managers and technologists—the need for getting brains into these occupations today is very urgent. We may even see an effort to establish in Britain the equivalents of M.I.T. and California Institute of Technology.

### III

TO THE outside view the crux of the British production problem is to get more goods for export at a price which will enable British concerns to meet foreign



competition. An increase of commodity exports of 50 to 75 per cent over 1938 is urgently needed. This has been said over and over again and it is unquestionably true.

But what is not so generally realized in the United States is that rising productivity is needed for strictly domestic reasons as well. The essence of the British social reform program in recent decades has been to redistribute the national income. Much has been done along these lines through the income tax, but without abolishing poverty in Britain. Social reform might, if carried far enough, abolish that lack of the most meager means of subsistence which we call want. But not poverty. It was the strong British desire to abolish want that caused the outburst of excitement over the Beveridge plan for the social services and has now put the National Insurance Bill on the law books. Poverty remains, as is demonstrated in cold statistics and restrained prose in Mark Abrams' *The Condition of the British People, 1911-1945*. The only possible way to abolish poverty and continue to advance the living standards of those above the poverty line is sharply to increase the total national income, and the road to that end is to higher productivity. A bigger pie, even more sensibly divided, is what Britain now needs.

**B** RITISH domestic progress is therefore as closely tied up with rising productivity as is the British future in the export trade. The two are, of course, inextricably joined together, but the double reason for emphasizing productivity makes it all the more compelling. Productivity must therefore rise sharply enough to give Britain more commodity exports *and also* a larger national product for home distribution.

In fact, there is practically no public issue in Britain today which is not somehow related to productivity. Here are several which illustrate how central it is:

1. *Nationalization.* Will nationalization increase social efficiency? Will more coal be produced more cheaply under this system than under private enterprise? Differently put, could private enterprise have carried out the recommendations of the Reid report? Will they be carried out under nationalization? Britain must have

more coal and cheaper coal. It is imaginable that under the old system coal production would have failed very shortly to meet domestic demand even at high prices. Nationalization must reverse this trend. It must do so not only to save the coal industry from chaos and collapse but also to ease the pressure on the steel industry—to which high-priced coal is a deadly handicap—and, in turn, to guarantee the competitive position in the international market of the steel-processing industries by giving them cheaper steel. If nationalization cannot do these things it will have failed, no matter how successfully it may tidy up an unusually disorderly industry. Productive efficiency is the fundamental criterion of judgment.

2. *Full employment.* Britain is committed to a full employment program. But it is one thing to achieve full employment when manpower takes precedence over machine power, and quite another when there is a heavy emphasis on adding constantly to machine power. Under the latter condition, the problem of transferring manpower out of industries obviously over-manned will be constant. Insofar as Britain goes in for increasing productivity in over-manned industries like cotton and coal, she must, to guarantee full employment, constantly provide new ranges of employment for the displaced personnel.

3. *Wages and hours.* To better domestic conditions, British *real* wages must rise. In the final analysis this can be accomplished only by increasing productivity. Similarly, hours can be decreased only in that same fashion. Otherwise industry will get into the situation mentioned in the Platt report on cotton: "Over a period of 25 years, from 1914 to 1939, the working time per week has been reduced from 55½ hours to 48 hours, and production has declined accordingly. Production methods have shown little if any change and the same applies also to the productivity of labor. The trend within the industry, therefore, has been toward a reduction of productivity." Such developments can no longer be tolerated in Britain.

4. *Capital supply.* The demand for capital in Britain is developing at a furious rate. It appears that capital formation before the war tended to fall in favor of consump-



tion: in other words, people spent money which they might have invested. To get over the hump that separates their present condition from one of high social efficiency, the British may be forced to reverse this trend, at least temporarily. A responsible financial journalist told me that Britain needs a "Stalinist" policy on this point—that is, a deliberate damping down of consumption in favor of savings for capital investment. There is, therefore, an emerging struggle between the demand for capital in order to improve productivity and the natural and human desire to enjoy consumption goods freely once more after being so long deprived of them. (This is, of course, quite apart from the problem of how to allocate production between the export trade and the home market.)

5. *Private enterprise.* It must not be forgotten that Labor Britain, like conservative America, is and will remain basically dependent upon the dynamic powers of private enterprise for much of the economic health it will experience in the immediate future. Even in a Britain where professed Socialists rule, it will prove utterly impossible to rule successfully unless private enterprise is given every incentive to do its very best. The bulk of the economic plant will remain in the possession of private capitalists. But it must not only be operated full blast; it must also be operated efficiently.

The reason why such vital sectors of industry as the making of electrical goods, chemicals, artificial textiles, food processing, etc., are not now under the shadow of nationalization is that they are believed to be reasonably efficient, or suffering from nothing that cannot readily be put right. Under these heads come such famous concerns as General Electric Company, Ltd., Lever Brothers, Ltd., Imperial Chemical Industries, Ltd., Courtaulds, Ltd., British Celanese, Ltd., British Aluminum Co., and so on. It appears unlikely that the government will trouble the allegedly efficient concerns, but what about the inefficient ones? Well, thus far the only striking move is the institution by the Board of Trade under Sir Stafford Cripps of what are called working parties, composed of representatives of the industry, of labor, and the public, whose duty will be:

To examine and inquire into the various schemes and suggestions put forward for improvements of organization, production, and distribution methods and processes in the industry, and to report as to the steps which should be taken in the national interest to strengthen the industry and render it more stable and more capable of meeting competition in the home and foreign markets.

Among the industries being studied are cotton, pottery, furniture, hosiery, and boots and shoes.

Of course the final significance of the working parties will depend on the quality of the recommendations they make and the vigor with which the good suggestions are carried into effect. But for our present purposes it is enough to note that apparently the direct relations of private enterprise and the government will be largely governed by the degree of efficiency that private enterprise attains. Incidentally, I do not think much is to be gained by dwelling on the contrast between British and American productivity, although American figures have a target value and American methods may be of the utmost use. It would seem to me that Britain should today aim to win a place between Continental and American productivity levels, with a clear trend in the American direction.

#### IV

THIS Britain where increased economic efficiency is so greatly needed is under a Labor government. Is there a fundamental contradiction here?

First, what does the Labor government represent? Up to 1945, the Labor Party never captured as much as 30 per cent of the electorate (i.e., persons eligible to vote). Suddenly in 1945 the figure jumped to 40 per cent; and Labor won nearer to 50 per cent of all the votes actually cast. (It won 11,991,660 votes, the Conservatives took 9,983,906, and the Liberals 2,213,191.) The distribution of seats in the House of Commons became Labor 394, Conservatives 216, Liberals 11. The increase in the Labor vote, according to Margaret Cole's admirable pamphlet analyzing the situation, represented Labor's conquest "of the dormitory and the suburban areas peopled largely by electors of middle and lower-middle standard



of living. . . . This conversion of the dormitory population is one of the most remarkable features of the election." To this must be added the conquest of some rural constituencies. These were added to the solid core of Labor seats found in some urban areas and in the coal-mining districts throughout Britain. The total effect of the election has been not only to expand the support of Labor but to modify its character.

This is reflected to a degree in the character of the Labor members of the House of Commons. The proportion of trade union or "other paid officials" has dropped from 50 to 20 per cent and there has been a large addition of members of the intelligentsia—44 lawyers, 49 university and school teachers, 26 journalists, 15 doctors and dentists, and so on. It is also extremely significant, as Mrs. Cole points out, that "229 of the new M.P.'s and 45 members of the new government are members of the Fabian Society, which has always laid extreme stress upon the need for educational and social work." This gives an indication of the intellectual tone of the Labor members of Parliament.

IT is as impossible to give a definitive interpretation of a British election as of an American election. But it seems to me likely, after balancing all the views I have been able to collect, that British Labor now represents something of the same reformist outlook that gave the Roosevelt New Deal its original impulse. As it starts from a very different social base and operates in a very different environment, it stands a good bit to the left of the New Deal; nevertheless it is not, at its right and center—where the bulk of the members are probably found—an all-out Socialist party. The official stand is in favor of a mixed economy, with state enterprise playing a larger part in the mixture than would be palatable to most Americans as a prescription for their own country. Thus it is correct to say that while Labor is more anti-capitalist than ever the New Deal became, it has not by any manner of means finally abandoned capitalism.

But whereas the New Deal undertook to force some extremely bitter medicine down the throat of capitalism, allegedly

in order to rehabilitate it and set it going again, British Labor takes the line that only through state enterprise can the economic system be set going again in a truly efficient fashion. Therefore it proposes to take over from the capitalists certain key industries like coal, transport, and probably steel, to make sure that they are efficiently run. It is for this reason that an American in Britain frequently falls into an Alice-in-Wonderland mood. The Laborites condemn the capitalists for inefficiency in production and put state enterprise forward as absolutely required to achieve efficiency. Few Americans would argue the case against capitalism in these odd terms. For among Americans the productive efficiency of private enterprise is usually rated quite high; the indictment, if it comes, is in quite other terms. But it is obvious that Labor's line is the Fabian line, as developed by the Webbs and others since the 1880's. It should be recalled, therefore, that Fabianism derives not from Karl Marx, but from Jeremy Bentham—the greatest good for the greatest number—and from the later John Stuart Mill who came out for a vague something he called socialism (cf. his *Autobiography*).

Thus it seems to me that in Britain today capitalism exists, as far as Labor is concerned, on a curious kind of tolerant sufferance. If it can do a good production job, it can go on indefinitely. If those capitalist industries which are in bad shape but not immediately scheduled for nationalization can, with the aid of Cripps' working parties, pull themselves together, well and good. But it appears likely that if there should be a sharp crisis in the British economy, there would be a battle royal *within* the Labor Party over the issue of all-out socialism versus a continuation of the present mixed economy. It should be kept in mind that the Labor Party is not a monolithic party.

The degree of discipline enforceable within the Labor Party appears to depend upon whether or not the official opposition—i.e., the Conservative Party—threatens to return to power. At this moment the British Conservatives appear to be about in the position of the Republicans in 1933. They have been soundly and fairly defeated but there is no absolute



proof that they will not one day come back. In fact there are Conservatives who will tell you that Labor is bound to "throw in its hand" before 1950, when the normal life of the present Parliament expires, because of discouragement about solving the problems of Britain. This appears to me to be wishful thinking. Again, Quintin Hogg, writing in the *Daily Mail* under the title, "The Tory Rout Is Ending," takes great comfort in the points scored by the Conservatives in the debates over civil aviation and the coal nationalization bill; if this keeps up, he reasons, the people will return to the Conservative fold. I wonder. It is hard to win confidence by scoring points in debates, however good the points may be, when on the voting you are hopelessly defeated. Therefore it seems to me that while the verdict on the alleged death of the Conservative Party must be "not proven," the party will probably not recover enough vitality and prestige to be a real menace to Labor's power within the next decade. As recent American history shows, once people have made the plunge, they will put up with a lot of fumbling, bumbling, and downright idiocy from the reformers they have elected without being alienated to the point of voting the opposition into power. I think this will turn out to be true in England also.

If this is the case, then the Conservative menace to Labor will be at a heavy discount for some time. This will, as I have implied, encourage the dissidents in the Labor Party to express themselves; and their noise will vary in volume in proportion as things in general go well or ill for the nation. It is even imaginable—some Laborites advance this idea—that there

will be a split of the party into right and left wings which it will be increasingly difficult to reconcile in the absence of any strong Tory menace to the general Labor security. In this situation the Cabinet group of Laborites would be the right wing, still trying to hew to the mixed economy line, and the left wing would be the so-called "back benchers" calling loudly for all-out socialism.

**B**UT as of this moment the great question which underlies all surface movements is how the job of modernizing British industry is going to go. I should say that anyone interested in guessing the future of Britain should watch very closely what happens in the coal industry, where the government will demonstrate the truth or falsity of its basic dogma that state-owned enterprises can be more efficient producers than privately owned enterprises; and at the same time he would also want to watch what the private capitalists manage to do with the production of cotton textiles. If the government turns the trick in coal, while private capitalists fail in cotton, the Socialist position will be enormously strengthened, for the appeal of an actual demonstration of the truth of what is now largely a theoretical dogma would be politically overwhelming. If the government fails in coal, however, and private business succeeds in cotton, the Tories can pluck up courage. If both succeed, then the next great and enduring British compromise will be precisely that policy to which the predominant group in the Labor Party is today dedicated: a mixed economy strongly flavored with the vanilla of state-owned enterprises.



# ONE WOMAN'S HAT

JEANNE SINGER

**Y**ESTERDAY I bought a hat, and I think that if I could lay bare and clear the reasons for that purchase I would have understood and explained a great deal, not only about myself but also about women in general, and as a matter of fact about men too.

Almost any woman's hat would do as well for this purpose, but other people's hats are difficult to study. The facts about the events leading up to the purchase are not available and knowledge about the background of the purchaser is incomplete. For this reason, they often appear as inexplicable as the wall-jottings of some ancient tribe which gain meaning for us only as the archeologists reveal the history, the aspirations, and the resources of the tribesmen who made them.

I'm not yet quite sure whether this hat should be studied as a critic of the arts would study the wall jottings, since it is, after all, a creation of the hands of man, the form of which is not decided completely in terms of utility; or as the archeologist would study them, as hieroglyphs, since I am hoping that it will provide a key to a revealing and long neglected medium of communication. Probably it would be well to do both. In either case, I shall have to describe the hat and the circumstances of its purchase.

**I**N THE first place, I did not need a hat, inasmuch as I already owned cover-

ings for my head which provided adequate protection against the cold, the rain, and the sun. This hat, moreover, is not exactly protective, having a large hole cut out of its crown, and it has neither visor nor brim. Even if I allow myself a much broader definition of need, I did not actually need it, since I also owned hats to match or to "go with" my suit and my coat as well as with my dresses—four hats in all in active use.

(Of course, this broader definition of need, in itself, makes many unreasonable or at least unrational assumptions, since why in the world should an intelligent woman, aware of the state of this planet, feel compelled or even pleased to have a hat that matches or "goes with" her coat, her suit, and her dresses?)

I had just left my mother after a lunch which we had arranged to discuss a rather humdrum family matter. Next to the restaurant was a shop which had four deliriously flowery windows, full of summer dresses and bathing suits—the date was February—and I justified my stepping in, although I was late in getting to work that day, by the fact that I needed (broader definition of need, as above) a pair of gloves. The glove counter was next to the hat department, and whoever put it there assumed that I would do what I did do: that is, walk through this convenient millinery section to look at the hats there displayed. It is an assumption that has dic-

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tated the floor plan of department stores everywhere.

Most of the counters and stands were ornamented by a series of floral confections. On the far counter were a few almost unfloral hats. Mine was there. It attracted me at first by being the exact color of my favorite suit, although I don't, in general, approve of matching a hat to a suit. A too accurate assemblage of accessories seems to me a serious lapse in the art of concealing art. However, to find a hat on a counter, almost an exact match to a rather-unusual brown, as pale and warm as a good madeira, that appealed to my superstitions. I tried it on.

As I said before, it has a large hole in the top of the crown, and rests on the head as levelly and uselessly as a regal crown. The turned up edges of the felt are scalloped and bound with a white cotton material. So far, it is, in spite of the hole, a fairly reasonable hat, with some honest appeal because of the color and because it seems to be becoming as well as comfortable; but it has, also, rising slightly to the left of center, a little periscope of cotton daisies, brisk white flowers with yellow centers like the yolks of hard-boiled eggs.

The periscope, urgent and implacable, is the kind that used to ornament the hats worn in vaudeville by actresses impersonating humorous country bumpkins. Last year it would have been impossible for it to appear on this counter and impossible for me to consider it seriously, madeira brown or not. Now I found it witty, appealing, the very hat to make obeisance to the approaching spring, gay and unreasonably optimistic as the season required. By next year, it will probably be preposterous again. How was I prepared to accept, almost to require, this irrelevant, good-humored spike of daisies?

I HAD seen a photograph of such a hat in one of the fashion magazines, not in the advertising section, which contains pictures of hats already accepted and sanctioned by the multitudes through their presbyters, the buyers of the large department stores, but in the body of the magazine. In the body of the magazine there are photographs of actual women capable of giving authority to almost any garment

they wear, some by virtue of their social position (the fact that there is such a thing recognized in this country is assumed by almost every large circulation magazine), some by their accomplishments, some by their beauty. Most of the photographs are of wealthy women who happen to look like models, and have the disposition to act as models, or of professional models and actresses whose beauty is of such a cast that they look as we like to imagine women of wealth and social position do. There is an occasional handsome physician, congresswoman, executive, musician. These serve the function of the oxygen tank at high altitudes. They make the thin air, in which these magazines operate, breathable. If these ladies of purpose and accomplishment are here, perhaps all is not quite so indecent as it seems, and the cruise can continue in comfort.

The periscope, obviously custom-made at great cost, appeared over the particularly lovely brow of the wife of the president of a large corporation. It had pleased me at the time, although I had not consciously yearned for it. Within only a few months it had appeared on the counter of this New York specialty shop at a price I could consider. In a few more weeks it would be in the department stores, and not so long after in the mail order catalogues.

Not every hat so launched follows this course. I pick and choose among the photographs in the magazines, find this too trying, this gaudy, this impractical, in spite of the proud or lovely visage beneath it; and so do my sister shoppers. Neither I nor we can be forced. Since, however, I am even more opposed to eccentricity than to banality in dress, it is fairly safe to assume that the periscope which had such an appeal for me will follow the course of the snood, the beret, and the skullcap, from Fifth Avenue to the crossroads store; and in its history there may be found a parable of the democracy of the American woman. She is individual but subject to and capable of mass movement, mass emotion; impressionable but not coercible, not servile; susceptible in the mass, as individually, to honest, warmhearted wooing, but surprisingly skillful in recognizing and avoiding the supercilious manipula-



tor; not completely rational, but never completely silly either. She may balance a piece of inscrutable nonsense over one eye, but she will not hobble her knees, nor bind her feet.

This history might, on the other hand, less optimistically be called a parable of American snobbery. Let a bird of paradise appear in the proper box at the opera and it will not be long before an improved plastic bird will have spawned by the gross, tame enough to be captured by all but the most emaciated pocketbook and worn to offices, churches, and afternoons in the park, from coast to coast.

THIS brings me to an unpleasant part of this study. Having brought up the subject of snobbery, I am obliged to face it in myself, for I have promised to try to find out why I bought that hat, and snobbery—some kind of snobbery—is, I am afraid, always bound to be an element in the choice of clothes, even if it is only the inverted snobbery involved in the wearing of sweaters to cocktail parties.

That afternoon I was to go to a small cocktail party at which I would see several of my favorite former associates whom I had not seen for several months. I shall not try to anatomize my desire to appear well before them. Such desire will be recognized and can be analyzed at home not only by any woman but also by most men. I may have been particularly eager to do so because, in the interim, there had been a fairly drastic change in my circumstances which I wanted to feel had left me personally unchanged. I think I am not being unfair if I make the claim that this ambition was no more than a part of the courteous wish not to show disquieting emotion in public. I shall claim this decent reticence, at any rate, as the background of my choice, since I shall probably be confessing before long to a rather shoddy set of mediocre sins.

The desire to please is, if not a noble instinct, at least a useful one and not basically unpleasant. The desire to please by means of one's clothes always looks ignoble the minute it is stated, and yet clothing is certainly one of the most immediate weapons available. Perhaps this distaste depends on the motive for the

desire to please, and a distinction has to be made between the desire to please and the desire to make a specific and falsely padded impression, to look either richer, or younger, or busier than you are. Yet why should even these ambitions seem so unattractive when any woman who wears a lipstick or chooses one coat rather than another for any reason beyond warmth and durability admits to a desire to appear prettier than she is?

There have been many complaints that American women do not dress to please men but to impress women. This, like most popular generalizations, is partially true. It assumes, however, that there is a distinction between masculine and feminine taste in clothes, although I have never heard of a sunset or a symphony that appealed to one sex more than another. If there is such a distinction in taste in clothes, it must have a sexual rather than an aesthetic foundation. Examining myself as honestly as I can on the basis of this assumption, I will say that I dress to please men in such a way that my ambition will be concealed not only from the men but also from my fellow-charmers and competitors who have a sharper eye for obvious ruses. That is, I do not wear a blue dress to bring out the color in my eyes, nor wear it firmly fitted nor low cut, unless, of course, everyone's dresses are firm and blue and low this year. Then, of course, I do wear them occasionally as blue and as firm and as low as the law, as set down by the fashion industry for the year, and my personal peculiarities, allow me to wear them and still remain inconspicuous.

This, however, represents a very elementary and cinematic view of the American male which I obviously do not hold; for I knew at once that I would wear to the party the strictly tailored madeira brown suit I have mentioned so fondly before. I shall, moreover, do so again, in spite of the fact that, even with the addition of the frivolous hat, there was no swooning on the divans and the only detached man at the party has been derelict in his duty to pursue me further. In a sense, if its purpose was to charm men, it failed. Nevertheless, without denying the ubiquitousness of that ambition in any healthy female, I must say my costume pleased me.



It made me feel as I wanted to feel, and that is always the gauge of success for any costume.

## II

THIS brings us back to clothes as hieroglyphs, for it should certainly be possible to tell a great deal about a woman from the costume that makes her feel as she wants to feel. She may or may not dress to reveal her nature, but she must so reveal it to the trained and subtle eye as soon as she has combed her hair, made up her face, and dressed herself for presentation to her fellow citizens. It is not unsafe to say that her attitude toward her clothes can provide a key to her attitude toward many other things.

It is important, however, not to approach these hieroglyphs as if they were a simple legend, when actually they require interpretation. Pure logic and reasoning will often prove treacherous. Keys are required, and information. It is necessary to understand the habitat of the creature being studied as well as the habits of the group to which she belongs at the time when she is being studied.

For instance, a finely embroidered flounce at the neck of a blouse would mean entirely different things in the city and in the country, in New York and in the Middle West, this year or three years ago, or ten. It can be either a badge of submission or a banner of defiance; a mark of caste or simply a flowering weed of indifference. Even parts of the body change their meaning from time to time. In one decade, it is indecent to reveal an ankle, although bosoms are almost bare. In another, ankles and knees are everywhere, but the slightest hint of a bosom is unthinkable for even the most irresponsible.

Lipstick was once the mark of the hussy. A woman without a lipstick now is as apt to be a Bohemian. I remember a play in which Katharine Hepburn wore her fingernails without colored polish, but a deep shade of vermilion on her toenails. What a complicated tale those contrasting facts told of the exact degree of sophistication, of rebellion within a framework of conformity. One girl would have had both colored, another would have had neither, but to have toes and not fingers!

In interpreting these hieroglyphs, it may prove useful to try to divide them into groups. These groups too will certainly have shadowy edges and many overlaps, but the mere attempt at classification is always revealing even if, in the end, it proves nothing more than the impossibility of classification. I can think of six recognizable types, of which I have, myself, wandered in and out of three or four. They are: the chic, the would-be chic, the expensive dowdy, the careless dowdy, the pretty-pretty, and the arty. There must be, I already see, also a seventh group since my personal ideal does not fall into any of these categories. We may possibly end up with a name for this seventh group. I do not know it now.

I HAVE, myself, lacked the time and the ambition to become a member of the chic first group. That is, I have never been one of those startling creatures with an *avant garde* coiffure and an unfamiliar but obviously proud and self-righteous cut to skirt and sleeves. Money may have something to do with it, because this sort of thing does run into money, although in general money has less to do with clothes characterization than is generally supposed. All the other categories can be filled at almost any figure from the two hundred dollars or thereabouts that the average American working girl spends on her clothes a year, to the many thousands it must cost to maintain a position on the list of the ten best dressed women in the world.

Great chic may represent many things. It does certainly require competence to bring it off. Such a woman is not careless, nor stupid, nor without strength of mind. If she has deficiencies, they are likely to be of ideals rather than of character, which may be, if anything, all too firm. She is disciplined as an athlete in diet and stance. If she is acquisitive, she must also be ruthless in selection and discard. She must be able to refuse anything from a creampuff to an untimely ruffle at the wrist.

She must be as alert to trends as a gambler in securities, for we have already seen that the ruffle which she discards today may be the very cornerstone of her elegance on Tuesday. She requires a hunt-



er's ear for the slightest rustling in the shops, an eye for the faintest glint of admiration, nerves immediately aware of the first shimmering glaze of boredom, and all of this must be combined with the accurately calculated daring of a trapeze artist. She must have patience for fittings and often physical fortitude not only for fittings and for diet but also for those years when all of her furs must be piled around her neck, leaving the lower two-thirds of her anatomy protected from the March winds by no more than a layer of silk and a layer of cloth. She must be able to walk gaily through a winter night almost as ill-protected in her suede sandals as the Chinese soldier in his paper boots.

While most of these women devote most of their lives to the achievement and maintenance of this state, there are some who can do it in the remnant of time left over from other jobs. These are masterly women indeed, but I think a man will probably do well to be wary of them all. He is more than likely to discover among the traits listed above, self-absorption, excessive respect for appearances, extreme need for general approval, and a special kind of prissiness.

**I**T is for this reason that the next group, the would-be chic, is the least likable, the least attractive of them all. In walking through a museum it is possible to feel tender, superior but nevertheless tender, toward the old lady who is trying to reproduce on her canvas the pure sunlight of a Vermeer, but there is nothing to do but turn away in embarrassment from her neighbor's failure to imitate some murky ancient picture that has nothing to recommend it but the fact that it hangs darkly and respectably in a museum. Since the selection of an ideal has been faulty, the faulty technique used in its pursuit is an uninteresting anti-climax. These women with their too smart hats, their one too many jewels, their sharpened ambitious faces, are apt to be restless bores, except in those rare cases where it is no more than exuberance that has betrayed them. It is characteristic of this group to travel in packs.

Into this category, as into all of those following, there occasionally wanders, like

a breath of sweetness, another sort entirely. There are some people whose speech is so changeable that you can tell whom they've had lunch with by their accent at dinner. There are some women so impressed by every attractive and forceful person they meet that they vacillate between the artist's smock and the sportswoman's sweater, unable to refuse the schoolgirl's curls nor the swirled draperies of the mannequin. They go back and forth between severity and sweetness, comfort and novelty, presenting a hodgepodge of colors and tastes. A woman of this group is apt to be excessively agreeable, wanting always to go to the restaurant you like best, insisting on giving you the last candy in the dish, spouting a constant stream of apologies which are all too often justified by her speech and her behavior. There is hardly a more lovable or more irritating woman in existence. She is all yearning and no peace, all travel and no arrival, and the whole trip a constant fuss with the baggage and wonder if some other route might not have been better.

**D**OWDINESS, which is the other extreme, has three main subdivisions. There is the expensively dowdy woman who is really afraid of beauty, taking refuge in the ideal of quality. A passion for hand-sewn seams and leather from the dead center of the hide are the obeisances she makes to the ideal of feminine fastidiousness which she is both afraid to follow and afraid to deny. She wishes to be plainly and immediately placed in her class by her audience, to characterize herself for them at once as a playwright tries to characterize a creature by her first speech. Her expensive and dreary clothes immediately announce her a lady, superior to display, with no need to charm, and a temperamental distaste for pleasure. She can be recognized at some seasons by rough and mealy tweeds, at others by a piece of old lace awkwardly and unanatomically situated. I shudder to consider her politics, since she feels safe with nothing that would not bring a smile of pleased recognition to the lips of her mother or, in extreme cases, even of her grandmother. She is afraid of color, of the shape of the human body, of byways and excursions of all



kinds. She will arrive punctually, but fidget with her watch all through tea—she seems characteristically dressed for tea—lest she stay too long or leave too soon.

Her more vigorous sisters fall into the other two categories of dowdiness in which most of us will discover a large number of our dearest friends.

The careless-dowdy woman is capable of perverting the best as well as mediocre original choices by a drooping slip, a split seam, or a spot she has economically and optimistically decided she can remove at home. She finds it more troublesome to change over the contents of her purse than to carry one of the wrong color. She deludes herself into thinking that a dress fits properly by tucking it into her belt or standing in unnatural and exaggerated postures. She has not quite enough strength of mind to avoid being sold things she does not care for, but too much to give them or throw them away unworn. When she finds a dress that appeals to her, she does not stop to think what it will do to her coat.

The true example of the indifferent-dowdy, the busy woman who buys the first thing she sees or neglects to buy anything at all until she is cold, or in rags, or is obliged to be guest of honor at a testimonial dinner, is extremely rare. It would be graceless to deny her existence just because I have been unable to achieve such high-minded austerity. I believe in her and I admire her, but I also believe that the majority of the pseudo-samples of this group are really just too lazy or too shy to take up a demanding art. It is a safe bet that these pseudo-samples all indulge in daydreams of being, in the classic phrase of Dodie Smith, naked with a checkbook; but even their reveries do not give a complete inventory of their requirements. Besides this paradisiacal start and fiscal freedom, there is an element of ambition, a certain optimism required. The necessary discrimination supplied by the seeing eye and the hearing ear can so easily be lost by habitual disuse of those crucial organs.

THE pretty-pretty category—I call it this to indicate excess and in order to disassociate myself from any unfavorable criticism of prettiness as such—con-

tains many fairly pretty women. The member of this group is likely to have some particularly pretty feature, such as curling, fair hair, or large eyes, or a milky skin, of which she is so deeply enamored that she cannot refrain from pampering it. It is difficult to decide whether her fatal flaw is lack of reticence or lack of judgment. She is all curls and ruffles and roses and tulle, a pastel confection always looking wistfully for some lost Fragonard and Boucher world in which she could be at home, with fans, and fat cupids bringing iced drinks, and lads in blue jackets ogling from a distant bush. When she does not get what she wants, she can easily degenerate into a weepy shrew.

She does not care if she is detected in her wiles by other women, because she does not really believe that other women exist. No system of communication has been set up between her and other women. In fact, I'm afraid I cannot be very helpful in the interpretation of this set of hieroglyphs since, being a woman, I find her absolutely inscrutable.

ALTHOUGH I am a writer, or possibly because I am a writer, I have always been particularly wary of falling into the next category, the arty, with its bangs out of season and peasant embroideries, cosack hats, mandarin jackets, or Greek draperies. This list cannot fail to conjure up the image of a woman who must insist on her intellectuality, on her emancipation, must italicize her individuality by refusing to be fashionable, by actually flouting fashion. She is not shy but has only that confidence in herself which must be constantly buttressed by a repetition of vows, by recurrent testimonial acts. She has enough skill and assurance of one kind or another to want to exhibit herself, but not enough to be able to sit quietly and wait for inevitable discovery.

Such a woman is rarely beautiful. If she is, no one will complain of this any more than of any other minor foible or justifiable vanity. If she is really ugly, there is also strong justification for her costuming. There are two possible ways of handling physical ugliness. One is to try to hide it, to act ashamed of it, to play it down by dull colors and dreary lines; the other is to



flaunt it, to insist on it, call it beautiful by framing it elaborately and boastfully. This method is often successful. In fact, one generation's ideal of beauty may be transformed into its opposite by a willful woman's courage in stressing an unpopular feature of her anatomy. Rosebud mouths, once required for beauty, are now insipid. Beautiful noses are alternately long and short, straight and upturned. Venus is now lean and spare who was once plump and fullblown. A costume sufficiently odd and consistent can make even the dumpy and the lumpy, the spidery and the shrill look as if they were as they wanted to be; and assurance, in sufficient quantity, often has the effect of charm or beauty.

### III

WHEN I bought my hat, I did not want to fall into any of these categories. I was charmed by novelty yet I had no ambition for chic. My confidence depended a great deal on the solid tailoring of my suit but I felt strongly the need of relieving, of distracting from, its ladylike conservatism. Indifferent dowdiness I cannot hope for and careless dowdiness I did not fear, for I never keep an appointment, not even go to the grocer, without some consideration of what I will wear. Stupid dowdiness I can only arbitrarily deny. Pretty-pretty and artiness are temptations that do not attack me.

There must, then, be a seventh category which I, and probably most of the women still reading, recognize as our own or as the one we would like to make our own. Let us call its members, quite simply, well dressed. Since this is an expression of praise, or at least of appraisal in terms of value and not of significance, this seventh category has taken us away from hieroglyphics and brought us back to art.

As in all other arts, excellence here involves a series of paradoxes. It calls for the oldest of the new, of course, and the newest of the old; it may well be simple, but it must not be bare; it must be inconspicuous but rewarding to scrupulous and informed notice, personal but not odd, neither queer nor trite, becoming but only as if by chance. Dress must be appropriate but not overspecialized, for overspeciali-

zation suggests a wardrobe with too many subdivisions and is a kind of boasting about what you've left off which is almost worse than showing off with what you have on. Success here differs from that in other arts, however, by demanding moderation even in excellence, in addition to every other kind of moderation.

As an aspirant to membership in this last category, these, then, are my ideals. How were they formed? What are my assumptions, what are my problems, what is my goal?

I assume, for one thing, that it is good to be well dressed. I do not often try to conquer or subdue my interest in clothes. Although my intellectual friends may occasionally consider it excessive, my smart friends call it meager. I would always be wary of a woman who claimed to be indifferent to her clothes, unless her compensating interests were plainly visible. She probably also does not care what she eats or gives her friends to eat. She lives her life short of one dimension, or of one color, which is fairly drastic when there are only three of each.

I once listened to a woman in an office talking on the telephone and growing angrier and angrier as the person on the other end of the line prolonged some explanation. When she finally hung up with a snap, she said to me. "That will teach me the danger of doing business with innocents." It was a startling idea at the time but once she had phrased it for me, it was confirmed time and time again. You are more likely to have your toes stepped on by an awkward or frightened creature who doesn't know what to do with his feet, than by a malevolent fiend who wants to see you suffer.

A woman's clothes may supply the first hint of this general insensitivity. If her clothes are inept, either too good or too bad, that ineptitude may also hurt your feelings or ruin your business or break your heart or, at any rate, clutter up your life with even more errors and complications than the awful realities require. I would on the whole, then, rather take a chance on a well-dressed woman. Although there are risks, which I have only partially described, there is always the chance of finding her an artist whose sense of seemli-



ness and of beauty expresses itself in this one form of art available to all women.

It was because of my uncensored interest in clothes that I walked through the millinery department and was susceptible to the charms of the periscope of daisies; but what caused me to accept the periscope and escape the snood? What thinking or prejudice formed my picture of the good hat? Many philosophical questions must be resolved before even so partial an ideal of conduct can be formed. For a single instance, there is the question of the value of simplicity. We have come to use the word *simple* as a term of praise for a design or for a plan or for a description of the universe. It is true that an uncomplicated, a simplifying statement about the world may be great and richly suggestive, but it may also be purblind, willfully ignoring all the values and complications that would show up its simplicity as foolish. *Foolish* is a synonym for *simple* in some contexts.

Although for a long time the houses and the furniture and in many cases even the pictures most admired have grown barer and barer, nevertheless simplicity, bareness, may reflect a barrenness of soul, the unvarying virtue of the thin-blooded. We cannot fail to concede some additional virtue to the lavish multiplication of ornament in some of the most deeply spiritual and completely organized paintings we know. If a saint's face is passionately complete in its painting, is it any more than an extra generosity of the artist's to give us, over the saint's shoulder, or through the shadow of the arch in which he prays, a picture of a castle or of a pleasant valley through which a tiny procession makes its way. And why should a hat not have a useless periscope of daisies?

This question of the value of simplicity is just one of the many considerations involved. A woman must make thousands of decisions a year about her clothes and the general adornment of her person. She could not possibly take the time to think each one through. At least nine-tenths of the time she decides without conscious thought. Her character and her training dictate each choice and are revealed by it. I dress to please myself and what

pleases me, in casual as well as in crucial decisions, is one definition of what I am.

WHEN I came into that shop that afternoon of the cocktail party, with all of these considerations and influences somewhere in my bloodstream, although none of them in my mind, there was only one other customer there. She was an elderly lady who sat before a pile of floral arrangements upon which the saleslady continued to plant ever new layers of pastel blooms. She tried on first one and then another and another, returning to the second before proceeding to the fourth. The saleslady's eyes wore that glaze of tortured patience which is so infuriating when it is put on for you but which seems so wonderfully justified when she is waiting on someone else. In the midst of this elaborate trial, during which the poor creature pursued her hunt for the one hat which would make her look like Hedy Lamarr or Billie Burke or whoever it was that represented the possibilities of beauty to her at the moment, I tapped the saleslady on the shoulder and said, "I'd like this one, please."

This purchase probably represents a record for speed both for me and for the store, and yet several thousand words to describe the facts and conditions that ruled my choice leave the subject far from exhausted. Who knows what the lady so sadly torn between the flat pink with touches of blue and the piled-up yellow with spires of purple was considering: what anxieties of her own, what fetish or phobia of her husband's, what distant mothering or lack of it, what girlish affair missed or too soon consummated, what hope of the future or fear of the past, what sexual, commercial, or social ambition? The saleslady knew approximately what she had in stock, and what *they* would be wearing this spring. A complete study of the customer would take special training, remarkable opportunities, and months of effort; and yet, as I left the shop, the unhappy customer was staring at her own face under its crown of hyacinths and asking the weary attendant, in a voice thinned with petulance, "Which do you think?"



# *Preference*

WILLIAM T. GAY

I PREFER Montgomery to Birmingham  
I was born in Montgomery  
Educated people to illiterates  
I have three degrees  
Adults to adolescents  
Now that my birthdays arrive too rapidly

Goats prefer goats to people  
Indifferent that truth runs well in reverse  
Apes prefer apes  
Of their own race  
Chimpanzee, gibbon, orang, or gorilla  
Prefers chimpanzees, gibbons, oranges, or gorillas  
Others being also apes with ape obligations and privileges

Like apes and goats gregarious  
People are not in a hurry to die  
Contemplating angels  
With no more envy than a worm eyes butterflies

I prefer Christians to Mohammedans  
Alabamians to Ohioans  
Americans to French  
White people to Malaysians  
Earthians to Martians  
However superior Martians may be

Those like me are right  
Those unlike me in any way are in that way wrong  
But I cherish their right to be wrong  
Equal to and essential to  
My right to be right

Like apes, goats, lions, rabbits, cows, geese, kangaroos,  
illiterates, Ohioans, Mohammedans, and Malaysians  
I like those like me  
Those unlike me I do not dislike  
I am merely more congenial with my own kind

Neither boasting nor apologizing  
I see from the point of view behind my own eyes.



# WANTED: AN AMERICAN MILITARY POLICY

HANSON W. BALDWIN

**D**URING the past year or two we have been trying to work out the future military policy of the United States piecemeal—as if the problem of bases, the problem of compulsory training, the problem of Army-Navy unification, and all the other questions which face us could be answered one by one, unrelately. This is folly. For all these problems are phases of a larger problem, and only after we have grappled with it can we tackle them. In essence we face today one over-arching question: what sort of *overall* military policy shall the United States follow in the years to come?

Our answer to this question must be based upon three premises. First, it must be in harmony with our foreign policy. Second, it must take account of the new weapons which are revolutionizing the whole nature of warfare and making museum pieces of many of our traditional military ideas. And third, it must be in harmony with our aims and practices as a democracy. No system which cannot meet these three tests will serve the safety of the republic.

**L**ET US look first at our foreign policy. What are our commitments? What must we defend?

There is one basic rule to guide us: we cannot with logic or safety be internation-

alist in war and isolationist in peace. The plane, the rocket, and the atomic bomb have completed a process begun long ago: the United States now has worldwide interests and in at least one sense—its obligation to peace—has worldwide commitments.

To be more specific, we must lend all efforts possible to the construction of an international organization with real power to hold war in check. And although the United Nations Organization seems today to be no more than a somewhat sickly infant, we must do all we can to strengthen and sustain it. Presently we shall be called upon to contribute to it air, naval, and perhaps land forces. The United Nations police force will not be, as things stand now, a truly internationalized force; each of the United Nations will simply be asked to keep a part of its regular armed forces available upon call for United Nations use. Just what size the American contingent will be is not yet certain, but in any case it will represent only a part of our operating fleet and air force, and that contingent will be available for training and regular peacetime duties along with the rest of our armed forces except when called upon by UNO for specific policing duties. The military implementation of our obligations to UNO will not, therefore, form an *addition* to our military forces,

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but will form part of the regular forces that we shall in any case maintain.

But our commitments to peace do not begin and end with UNO. Far from it. UNO, as now set up, can prevent or stop small wars—if the great powers agree—but cannot prevent large wars. In effect, therefore, the real basis of peace at present is not UNO, but how well the great powers get along. Not only can we not afford to put all our eggs in the somewhat frail basket of international organization; we shall make our best contribution to peace by being so strong that we can *prevent the upsetting, on any large scale, of the balance of power.*

This does not mean that new powers must not emerge; it does not mean complete maintenance of the status quo: but it does mean that the great powers must not encroach upon the strategic areas which other great powers consider vital. And this in turn means that we must not only be non-imperialist ourselves, but strong enough in the areas strategically important to us to prevent any marked shift in the system of regional groupings upon which the "new world" is being built.

What are these areas? One traditional American policy, the Monroe Doctrine, declares that the western hemisphere is such a regional grouping or "sphere of influence" which it is vital for us to defend. Another, the Open Door, means in effect that China must not be dominated or monopolized by any other power. Two other policies, not officially stated but implicit in recent years and still basically sound, are that no one nation shall be permitted to dominate the western sea frontier of Europe, and no one nation shall be permitted to dominate the eastern coast of Asia. If any one nation controls all of western Europe and any one nation controls all of eastern Asia—and particularly if the same nation achieves both conquests—the world system of power will be thrown into violent unbalance and the world might well be faced with a war of the hemispheres.

British policy, of course, is similarly opposed to domination of western Europe by any one power; this, in time, would make the British Isles strategically un-

tenable and politically secondary. To this extent our policy in western Europe may run parallel to British policy, just as in the Orient our own interests coincide in many (though not all) strategical respects with those of Chungking China. But this is not necessarily true in southeast Asia, India, Africa, the Mediterranean, or the Middle East. Politically and economically we have interests in these areas (particularly the oil of the Middle East), and of course we are vitally interested in preventing any violent shifts of power which might endanger world peace. But western Europe and eastern Asia are of more direct concern to the United States.

To sum up the dictates of our foreign policy, then, we must back the United Nations Organization, be prepared to contribute to it part of our armed forces, and meanwhile, by way of insurance, be able—while renouncing any imperialist aims for ourselves—to bring commanding force to bear, not only in this hemisphere, but also at points across the oceans. Those are very broad and heavy commitments.

THE second premise upon which our military policy must be based is our new strategical position as the result of the development of the plane, the aircraft carrier, the submarine, and airborne troops, and especially of those newest inventions, the new submarine, the atomic bomb, and the missile (rocket or jet-propelled, traveling faster than sound). These have utterly changed the requirements of national "defense" since 1941 and 1942.

Prior to this war we had no "live" frontier. Our land frontiers with Canada and Mexico needed no fortifications and no troops, and otherwise we were protected by the oceans. But tomorrow, in the atomic age, the "live" frontiers of the air surround us. The forests and muskeg of Canada and the Arctic wastes of the Polar region are no longer ramparts across our northern reaches; rockets and planes can soar far above them. And our sea defenses—already somewhat weakened by such recent developments as the German submarine type 26, with "*schnörkel* breathing tube" and phenomenal underwater speed and endurance—may presently be spanned by jet-propelled robot



bombs, capable of moving across the Atlantic at better than 1,000 miles an hour. Already trans-oceanic bombers, lighter bombers launched from carriers, and robots or light planes launched from submarines are all feasible; and in time all of these types will be capable of carrying atomic bombs. It may be argued that many of the actual or potential weapons here described could be destroyed by defensive means that we already know something about. That is true. But it is also true that one atomic bomb dropped on a large American city would produce such terrible results that any enemy would feel his offensive effort worth while if ninety-nine out of a hundred of his missiles or planes were destroyed. Moreover, the attempt to provide even a fifty per cent defense against such weapons would probably involve such costly and difficult measures—dispersing our urban areas, putting factories underground, and setting up far-reaching systems of radar warning stations, launching sites for defensive jet-propelled missiles, sonar buoys, and underwater submarine locators—as to militate against any sound development of offensive weapons and indeed against sound economic development.

This means, therefore, that the best way to defend America is to be prepared to deliver a smashing offensive against any nation on aggression bent. Here is the basic paradox of the atomic age. Until now, non-imperialist democracies have had no occasion to build up large offensive forces in peacetime. But now the best "defense" has become the capacity to retaliate—not in kind, but in a bigger and more terrible way. And that has also become the greatest present hope of outlawing the atomic bomb and of reducing the frequency of wars: war has become so frightful that it will be a bold nation indeed that unleashes the fury if it knows it can expect effective retaliation.

In my opinion, therefore, the great emphasis in our military planning should be upon *offensive weapons, offensive tactics, and a military organization geared to deliver a swift and terrible blow to any aggressor.*

To this principle there is an important corollary. We are accustomed by this time to thinking of the United States as an

arsenal for the mass production of weapons and war equipment; we are not yet accustomed to thinking of it as an *operating base*—although during this last war the Commander in Chief of the U. S. fleet, the command headquarters of the B-29's, and the Joint and Combined Chiefs of Staff were all in Washington, whence they directed strategy all over the globe. From now on we must not forget that few islands can fulfill all the varied requirements of a strong base against the weapons of the new age. Moreover, the Navy's "floating base" system and the Army's ocean-spanning planes, used so successfully in the Pacific, make largely unnecessary the installation of heavy land equipment, docks, warehouses, etc., at *temporary* advanced bases. A few major permanent outlying bases with full facilities will still be needed; but even they will be of subsidiary importance to the *main operating base*—which will inevitably be the United States itself, because of its less vulnerable continental position.

Here we have a second paradox: though not even a continental stronghold can be made impervious to grave damage from without, and the only logical defense of it will be by means of an offensive, the offensive *must operate from this same stronghold*. That underlines the absolute necessity for victory; for if the offensive fails, there will be little chance of withdrawing behind impregnable barriers and achieving a stalemate. Our main operating base—our country itself—will become vulnerable to destruction. A full-scale war may well be on a win-all or lose-all basis.

OUR third premise may be stated briefly. The military policy of the United States must be geared to the processes of democracy. The greater the influence of military men in government, the greater the tendency toward militarism in government. Democracy has demonstrated during the war the strength and validity of its concepts, even in the military sphere. Totalitarianism and dictatorship lead to delusions of grandeur which defeat judgment. One-man rule is not only a danger to democracy but the way to military failure. The growth of a sound military policy in this country must, therefore, be



linked with the growth of democracy; the military must be strictly subordinated to the civilian.

With these three premises in mind, let us turn to some of the specific military questions which face the country.

### I. BASES

Despite the new emphasis on the importance of the continental position, outlying bases are still needed. Particularly in this interim period when the range of planes still has not reached the round-the-world optimum, advance bases extend our offensive reach and strengthen it. And even in the days of trans-oceanic robot missiles, distance will be a factor. For accuracy and weight of attack, particularly the former, vary with distance, and generally speaking the closer the launching point (in the case of missiles or artillery) is to the target the greater is the accuracy. Moreover, bases are essential for outlying radar and radio stations—warning stations. If a more simplified defense against missiles and planes is developed than now appears possible, such outposts can serve as interception stations too. And certainly they are needed as anti-submarine and submarine bases.

But the character of a desirable base has changed greatly. The nineteenth-century race for naval bases has now become the twentieth-century race for air bases. A good harbor is no longer enough. Nor, in the future, will a small island be very useful. The little coral atolls of the Pacific, like Palmyra and Tarawa, are fixed installations on which any enemy rocket-launchers can be zeroed in. One atom bomb—or perhaps two—could devastate one of them, and might indeed start a tidal wave of radioactive water which would surge over the entire island. The smaller islands may serve a purpose in the immediate future as stepping stones to the larger bases, and later as small radio and radar “picket” chains and weather stations, each perhaps manned by a few men, or equipped with automatic instruments.

But tomorrow's ideal advance base will probably be a large island, if not a continental position. In islands like Guam or Okinawa, or particularly the Philippines,

dispersion is possible, and thick forest cover and high mountains offer opportunities for concealment and for vital underground installations, without which no modern base can be considered adequate.

Since last fall, when the Navy gave out a long list of proposed Pacific bases, there has been a tendency to review our requirements. It is agreed that our main Pacific bases—with permanent docking, repair, and aviation facilities—ought to be in the Hawaiian Islands and in the Marianas (both sizable groups and rugged), with secondary bases in the Philippines, Bonins-Volcanoes, Okinawa, the Aleutians, and the Canal Zone. Virtually all the rest of the islands in the Marshalls, Carolines, Palaus, Ryukyus, Aleutians, Bonins, and Volcanoes would be developed but slightly, if at all, although all of them would remain under our strategic control, according to present plans.

These are sensible plans. We certainly do not need airfields and dockyards on scores of Pacific islands. The mobility of modern naval and air forces, and the floating drydocks, shipboard machine shops, and mobile supply devices developed during the Pacific War make unnecessary any extensive system of secondary bases, though we should have a few air strips and refueling provisions on some of the smaller islands. It is essential—lest our main bases be neutralized—that all of the groups enumerated be under U. S. strategic control.

Such a base program will help to protect our air-sea routes across the Pacific, and will extend our own offensive reach in the years immediately ahead. The Philippines and Okinawa in the Ryukyus lie squarely across the sea-air approaches to the China coast; as long as we retain our interest in China, we must retain bases in these islands. But we do *not* need Manus or other bases south of the equator; no threat can come from that direction.

In one other respect I part company with the program of the armed services. The services have argued that the Marianas, Marshall, Caroline, and Palau islands must be under absolute U. S. sovereignty; they are willing, however, that the Ryukyus and the Volcano-Bonins



should be under UNO trusteeship exclusively administered by the United States. I cannot see much material military difference between U. S. sovereignty and exclusive U. S. trusteeship; and if only to give UNO a somewhat better atmosphere in which to breathe I feel that *all* these islands (except the Marianas and those which were U. S. possessions before the war) might be put under UNO trusteeship, exclusively administered by the U. S. And if Russia were willing to put the Kuriles under a joint trusteeship I would see no great objection to putting the Ryukyus under similar UNO control.

**I**N THE Atlantic, the base problem is somewhat simpler from the trusteeship viewpoint. We retain, of course, our base rights in Newfoundland, Bermuda, and the British West Indies. Newfoundland and Bermuda are of considerable strategic importance, but most of the Caribbean bases—though useful as radar warning stations for the defense of the Panama Canal and as interim stepping stones to South America—are of very limited strategic usefulness and not much money should be spent on them. It goes without saying that the Panama Canal and its outposts must be well defended, and the whole project of a sea-level canal paralleling the present "Big Ditch" ought to be carefully considered. The bases on the bulge of Brazil, which the Brazilian government has given us the right to use, even in the piping times of peace, are important, and we should aid Brazil to keep these bases maintained and developed; but I see little need, at present, for the much-agitated base at Dakar or in the Canary islands.

Further north, we should retain base rights, if not active operating bases, in Labrador, Greenland, and Iceland, and should negotiate for the use of a military base in the Azores. And some time within the next ten years joint arrangements with Canada ought to be completed which would enable the development of a considerable string of bases and radar warning stations from Alaska-Aleutians across northern Canada.

In the past war, the British Isles themselves were the most important of all bases for the prosecution of the war in

western Europe. If it is still to our vital interest to prevent any one power from controlling all of western Europe, the British isles are still of major base importance to this country. American bases in Britain in peacetime are redundant, but arrangements with Britain for the use of British base facilities there in return for British use of certain American bases in the Pacific might well be made.

## II. INTELLIGENCE

**S**ECOND only to the need for outlying bases and warning stations is the vital need for an efficient and extensive U. S. intelligence service. The combat intelligence of the services during the past war was often good, and the interception and decoding of enemy radio messages ("magic"), developed largely because of the quiet and self-sacrificing work of a few officers in the prewar years, was unequalled. It must be kept so, for in the years to come radio and radar will form a considerable part of the composite intelligence picture. (In the last months of the war, for instance, British radar stations plotted many of the positions of V-2 launching sites in Holland.)

But combat intelligence is by no means enough. A continuous and orderly flow of political, economic, and particularly technological and military information is essential, not only to sound military decision, but to political judgments. Neither the Army's G-2 nor the Navy's Office of Naval Intelligence can fit all the pieces together or analyze them adequately. The Office of Strategic Services was created during the war to fill the yawning gaps of G-2 and ONI, and to co-ordinate and analyze all sources of governmental information. The idea was eminently sound; and if the execution was sometimes brilliant, sometimes amateurish, this is understandable; an intelligence service cannot be built in a day. That is why the recent organization of the new National Intelligence Authority to replace the wartime OSS is, in my opinion, one of the greatest advances made in national defense since the war's end.

As now set up, the authority will be dependent on the State, War, and Navy departments for funds, perhaps for per-



sonnel, and anyhow for co-operation. This is a weakness which must not be allowed to hamstring the authority's work, for if the Pearl Harbor inquiry has taught us anything it is the need of a central intelligence agency independent of the services.

Public support for such a program must be firm and unwavering, for today *not the Air Force, not the Navy, but an efficient intelligence service is the first line of defense*. It may be too much to ask of any intelligence service in the atomic and rocket age that the country receive much warning of actual attack, but it is essential that the country should receive ample warning of the approach of any political crisis anywhere in the world.

### III. RESEARCH

THE fundamental importance of research and development has needed no emphasis after August 6, 1945. The various projects for the co-ordination of research in and out of the armed services are good, but I would not limit too much the competitive spirit. Separate service research projects on the same weapons or instruments may not be economic but they often produce more results than a unified project. The Navy concentrated prior to the last war on the air-cooled aircraft engine, the Army on the liquid-cooled; both were needed. Both services worked on rockets; the Navy turned up with a better aircraft rocket, the Army with a better artillery rocket. Though co-ordination is essential, the main elements required for research are money and personnel, and, in basic or pure research, freedom of investigation and experiment. The program of Dr. Vannevar Bush of the Office of Scientific Research and Development, which has been transmuted in legislative terms into a proposal for a National Science Foundation, is sound and must be adopted.

Largely because of the shortsighted policies of the services during the war, this country badly needs more scientifically-trained engineers and more research scientists, who must be assured freedom of investigation in basic research and reasonable exchange of information. Military control (in this country) of the development of atomic energy is neither safe nor

desirable, though the military interests must be represented on any national atomic energy control commission that may be set up, and must at least share in whatever development of atomic energy for military purposes is undertaken.

Meanwhile, the United States should work for the adoption of a program to internationalize the control of atomic energy (and to outlaw its use in war) or to direct and limit its uses; this should contribute to a favorable atmosphere for UNO. But we must remember, too, that we may depend upon our scientists for national survival. Therefore a very large part of the defense dollar—perhaps 25 per cent—ought to go for research, pure and applied.

### IV. SIZE AND COMPOSITION

WHAT should be the size and composition of the armed forces?

Someone has aptly said that war is a struggle for communications, air, sea, and land. The basic problem of the "defense" of the continental base of North America is the control of the air and sea approaches to that base—not absolute control, for there has never been any such thing except over relatively small areas for relatively short times, but "majority" control over the approaches to our continental base and "majority" control over the sea-air routes from that base to the enemy. Unless we have that, defeat is certain.

No one weapon and no one service, in my opinion, can insure such control. Today, the B-29 with the atomic bomb, the carrier task force, and the amphibious force backed up by a mobile mechanized army still retain military validity. But of one thing we can be certain: tomorrow's war will be nothing like the past war, and for the sake of our own self-preservation we had better develop within the course of the next five to twenty years new weapons to replace the weapons that won this war.

First priority in our setup for an "offensive-defense" should go to air power, and specifically to trans-oceanic, supersonic robot missiles, and long-range, high-speed bombers in great numbers. The purely defensive types—target-seeking, intercepting rockets, and fighters and in-



terceptor planes—should not be neglected, but by far the major emphasis should be put upon offensive weapons.

This is not to say that the armed surface ship is obsolete. Far from it. As General Dwight D. Eisenhower has said, as long as surface ships must carry the bulk cargoes of the world, there will almost certainly be need for armed surface ships to protect them. The heavily *armored* vessel may, indeed, be on its way out, for modern projectiles, the "Tiny Tim" rocket, torpex-warhead torpedoes, and particularly the atomic bomb, would seem to have decided the age-old race of projectile versus armor with some finality in favor of the projectile. But the aircraft carrier, though its role in the distant future is uncertain, will be a powerful offensive weapon in the near future. And some type of vessel, with high speed and great cruising radius instead of armor, and with capacity to carry and launch aircraft and robot missiles, may be the capital ship of tomorrow's fleets. Such ships, if hit, would be more easily destroyed than a land base, but unlike land bases they would possess the tremendous value of strategic mobility. The first salvo of enemy rockets might easily neutralize a land base but the problem of finding and hitting a hundred or more ships, traveling at high speed and widely dispersed over thousands of miles of sea, would be far more difficult.

Perhaps the principal naval weapon of tomorrow will be the submarine, rather than the surface ship. Our own submarines used during the past war were excellent for the job they were designed to do, but in imaginativeness the Japanese with their tremendous aircraft-carrying underwater submersibles were well ahead of us; and in speed, maneuverability, submerged endurance, and engineering and general characteristics, the latest-type German submarines were far ahead of our own. We must use similar imaginativeness and advanced engineering practice in developing the submarine of tomorrow. Using the German "*schmökel*" or breathing tube device, the German hydrogen-peroxide engine, or possibly an atomic engine or water-jet, the submarine of tomorrow will be able to cruise submerged across oceans and will have maximum submerged speeds

of twenty-five knots and higher. Its strengthened pressure hull will resist depth charges and will enable it to submerge hundreds of feet beneath the surface. Equipped with rocket launchers and piloted or robot planes, it can be a formidable weapon, not only for attack on an enemy's commerce and naval ships, but for assault upon an enemy's cities.

Land armies probably are not yet obsolete, but here, too, the tactics and weapons of today must be radically adapted to the atomic age. Other things being equal—and if the respective belligerents do not wipe each other out first—the struggle on land would ultimately decide future wars. But here again the emphasis must be upon striking power, speed, mobility, and specialization. Well-trained amphibious forces may well be needed, particularly if any war should last for any protracted period, but airborne transport and airborne supply must be the spearhead of any striking force. An airborne army ought to be able to follow hard upon the heels of trans-oceanic rockets. Far greater development than occurred during the war of the difficult techniques and tactics of airborne troops is required, particularly a closer co-operation between aircraft designers and the designers of ground weapons. The C-82 Fairchild "Packet," first plane specifically designed for airborne use, points the way to the unlimited possibilities in this field.

THE tactics and organization of the armed forces now demobilizing can well serve as the pattern of our defense establishment for the next five to ten years—with progressive modifications looking forward to the development of new weapons and new tactics. But how big should these armed forces be in peacetime?

Until the base problem is settled and until the type of weapons and tactical organization of the armies and navies of tomorrow is worked out, it is impossible to answer that question precisely, and in any case the size of a nation's armed forces should directly reflect the world political situation. For this *interim* postwar period, when the world is still unsettled, when UNO is not yet really functioning, and when we still have certain occupation



and policing duties, the estimates of the Army and Navy that they will need about 1,736,000 men are not, I think, excessive. But some of the figures they are using as yardsticks of their *permanent*, peacetime strength do seem to me too large.

The Army Air Forces want about 360,000 men and 40,000 officers for a seventy-group 6,000-plane program. The Navy wants some 500,000 enlisted men, 58,000 officers, and 108,000 marines plus a reserve of more than 1,000,000. The Army's ground forces have not published (at this writing) the exact estimate of their post-occupation needs, but the tentative figure is believed to vary between 300,000 and 600,000 men, plus a National Guard eventually numbering about 622,000. These figures add up to a total of between 1,366,000 and 1,666,000 men, backed up by a National Guard of 622,000, by a Naval Reserve of 1,000,000, and by other reserve components of as yet undetermined strength. If the peacetime draft should go through, the youths trained annually under its terms would be *in addition to* these figures.

Many Army and Navy officers view the above estimates as "ceilings" only, and most observers agree that Congress will not appropriate funds for such a large establishment over any protracted peacetime period, unless the international situation worsens materially. In addition to the need for economy—a need which will become pressing in this nation in the postwar period—a valid argument against armed forces of this size can well be made on the international basis: if we are really to hope for peace, *we must—while guarding our own vital security—provide some kind of an atmosphere in which peace can bloom*. Permanent peacetime forces more than 1,500,000 strong are probably not needed for American security unless, of course, a real international crisis looms. The Navy's estimates are too ambitious and the other services could also be cut. The overall figure might well be reduced, without danger to us, by perhaps one-third.

## V. ORGANIZATION

**T**oo much time and energy has been given to the Army-Navy fight over "unification"—the merger of the War and

Navy Departments into a single Department of Defense. Compared to the other defense issues before the country, this problem seems of minor importance. An organization is never any better than the men who run it, and it is the leaders of our postwar military system that count, far more than the organization itself. Theoretically the idea of one military department is sound and in principle the merger of the War and Navy Departments, as proposed by the President, is deceptively simple and attractive. But we Americans love simple solutions to complex problems; we shun the harder ways and like to build the roof before the foundation is dug.

There are three major objections today to the merger of the War and Navy Departments. The first is that the bulk of the Navy is violently opposed to it, and a shotgun wedding would mean disunity and bickering for years to come at the expense of other elements of our national defense. The second objection is that if there were unification without education, one or the other of the armed services might be submerged. There have been many instances in past history of overemphasis upon one service at the expense of another—in Germany the air force suffered at the hands of the army and the navy at the hands of the air force; in Japan the army virtually controlled naval strategy. The third objection is that the Truman plan does offer some danger, no matter how slight, to our democratic system. It tends to substitute one-man control for the committee system—theoretically a very commendable advance, but in a practical military sense a somewhat dubious advantage, and a definite backward step politically. Under the proposed plan, the military chiefs of staff would virtually control the budget-allocating power for the single department; the Secretary might well be a mere figurehead. And finally, I doubt whether centralization makes for efficiency, especially if that centralization comes by a forced merger instead of by evolution.

It seems to me, therefore, that the creation of a separate air force or the continuation of virtually autonomous air forces within the framework of the War Department, and co-ordination of the three serv-



ices at the top, will provide freer play for the development of atomic age weapons by any service, insure the development of each service and the subordination of none, and be more in line with our present form of government and our democratic processes.

But while we must guard against the undue subordination of any service, we must also provide some mechanism for properly assessing from year to year what proportion of the defense dollar ought to go to the Air Forces, what to the Navy, what to the Ground Forces. This is now done—practically—by the Bureau of the Budget and by Congress. Under any plan which hews to the line of democracy it must ultimately be done by Congress; but it would be advantageous and of aid to the defense picture and to Congress if a joint budget, carefully considered and duly weighted by technical considerations, could be prepared.

For this purpose, and in general to provide that co-ordination with all government departments which real national defense demands, the Navy's so-called Eberstadt plan seems pretty well adapted. The Eberstadt plan, which represents an adaptation and development of the British War Cabinet and Committee of Imperial Defense organization, is somewhat cumbersome and it depends frankly at the higher levels upon co-ordination rather than compulsion, with the President as the final arbiter, but it does seem to offer a working blueprint geared to our traditions and adapted to the fluctuations of the atomic age.

Whichever plan is adopted there must be unity of command in the field, in theaters of operations, and at advanced island bases.

New legislation is probably not necessary to insure the latter; the Joint Chiefs of Staff, which must be continued regardless of the organization of the departments, must select which bases are to be under Ground Force command, which under Air Force, which under Navy, etc. In time it may prove to be absolutely necessary to put the "continental base"—the United States itself—under the command of one military man responsible to the President, but in time of peace at least

I would prefer to see the President himself exercise whatever military authority is necessary.

It is quite possible that the experience of the next ten years will dictate a merger far more absolute and comprehensive than anything yet proposed—the establishment of a single service, with a common uniform and common basic training. But if that is to come, the way must be paved by education.

## VI. LEADERSHIP AND EDUCATION

THIS subject is too complex to deal with adequately in the space at my disposal, but I should like to make a few observations in passing. I believe that West Point and Annapolis paid dividends in victories during the war; though service leadership was often poor in the middle and lower brackets, it was often excellent in the upper brackets, and in any case the West Point and Annapolis graduates provided strategical and tactical brains, professional competence, and often managerial ability and real leadership which non-professional officers lacked. They were not of uniform excellence; some were stuffed shirts and "spit-and-polish" experts, but West Point and Annapolis have proved their value. There should be changes, however. All appointments to the academies should be by competitive examination only and character qualifications must be emphasized. Men should be instructed in personnel management and in how to get along with civilians. The present rivalry—even friction—between the academies should give way to a much closer co-ordination, and this should extend throughout the subsequent training and education of officers, with Army men taking courses in naval techniques and vice versa. And all must become better acquainted with national and international politics, labor relations, and industrial mobilization, as well as with the specialized technique of their profession; that is why the new National War College, which is to be inaugurated in Washington in the fall, represents the greatest step forward in military education in this country for decades. In addition, the present plans of the services for drawing leaders



also from the ranks and from civilian life—through ROTC courses, etc.—seem to me sound.

## VII. TRAINING

THE problem of training our permanent peacetime forces, like the problem of organization, seems to me to have been over-emphasized. Generally speaking, one can train a mass army or navy faster than one can equip it. I do not believe that our military needs call for the maintenance of a mass army or navy in peacetime, and I am certain that peacetime conscription is not—politically or psychologically or, I dare to say, militarily—a constructive step. Whether or not we shall need another great land army in case of a future war the atomic bomb makes more uncertain than ever before; but even if we do, we shall probably be able to train it before we can produce the weapons to equip it. Peacetime conscription will build up a large reserve, but it will be a reserve trained largely in the methods of the past war—much of it, when the emergency comes, useless.

Moreover, peacetime conscription would be likely to require so much of the defense dollar and so much of the military energy of our regulars that it would militate against far more important measures, for instance research and intelligence. It might set up a psychological "Magenot Line." It would increase tremendously the political strength of the military in this country, and internationally it would only add to the air of strain and tension, against which UNO already has to struggle. A House resolution proposes the worldwide abolition of conscription; if we really want to encourage UNO we would be well advised to push such a proposal to the maximum as the first step in the limitations of armaments and of war.

And for the security of this country I would far rather see the bulk of our training energies expended upon the fashioning of a finely trained—though small—professional team, and to the development of new tactics.

From the practical point of view, conscription—in the minds of most realistic service men—is already, as a permanent peacetime measure, a dead issue (though

the wartime draft must be extended during part of this transition period). Both the Navy and the Army Air Forces not only are sure they can secure enough volunteers for their peacetime forces, but they *prefer* volunteers. The Army Ground Forces still hold faintly to the hope of conscription but they, too, are turning more and more to the idea of a professional volunteer army. In such an army, the National Guard and organized reserves would be "fed" by men who had served a regular hitch, or served a tour of active duty with the regulars. Enlistments would be on a sliding six-year scale—three years in the regular Army and three in the National Guard, or one in the regular Army and five in the National Guard, for example. This, or some modification of it, is a sensible scheme, but we must realize that even with increased drill time, less political influence, more Federal aid and supervision, the Guard is not likely to be a first-line force, ready to start shooting on M-Day.

When we think of training, we cannot think, in this atomic age, in terms of military training only. It may be that in the years to come we shall have to think of disaster training and of air-raid training for our civilian populations, particularly for factory workers and urban dwellers.

## VIII. OFFICERS AND ENLISTED MEN

THE bitterness of the GI, and to a lesser extent of the sailor, who served in this war, is a familiar phenomenon to all who have had close acquaintance with the armed services. There are many and varied causes for it; not the least of them is the fact that the bulk of our services were composed of civilians who did not want to fight, and who often resented the enforced change of life which war demanded. There has been, too, much talk of the "caste" system in the Army and much of it is justified. But it does not seem to me that the phrase "caste system" epitomizes the root of the trouble. The real and basic cause for the GI's rancor has been poor leadership, particularly in rear areas. The abuses of privilege have been many, and no rules or regulations can correct that; only better leaders.

There are, however, a number of re-



forms that need to be made; some of them are already well started. There is space enough here only to mention a few: modernization of the Articles of War and of Army and Navy regulations; a better system for redress of enlisted men's grievances; revision of court-martial and inspection procedure; more certain protection for the enlisted man against arbitrary and tyrannical acts of his seniors; equalization (as between officers and men) of liquor rations and family travel allowances; better-looking enlisted uniforms; terminal leave or its equivalent for enlisted men as well as officers, etc.

What is needed is not softness; there has been far too much in the Army already; but each man must know that he will be fairly dealt with, that he will have an equal opportunity for promotion, that he will get the same punishment as another offender for the same offense, and that officer-offenders—because they dishonor their leadership—will be more, not less, severely dealt with, than enlisted offenders. The Army particularly, and the Navy to a lesser extent, need to build up the esprit which has made the Marines famous. Americans must be proud—and the press and the public have their obligations in this respect—to wear the uniform.

## IX. INDUSTRIAL MOBILIZATION

**L**AST, but certainly not least, of the cornerstones for a sound "defense" is an adequate plan for rapid industrial mobilization. The United States today has the finest facilities in the world for fighting the last war. How many of them will be useful for fighting the next war no one really knows. Have we, for instance, enough manufacturers of steels to produce the peculiar metals capable of resisting the extremely high temperatures of rocket or jet engines? Have we enough columbium to provide the necessary alloy for such steels? An entirely new survey of our industrial facilities in the light of atomic engineering and the technological revolution is essential.

But a survey is not enough. Industrial mobilization is perhaps the most com-

plicated job on earth; it is far more difficult and necessarily more protracted than the training of men. We must have men in the armed services who understand this job and men in industry who understand the armed services. That is the purpose of the now broadened Army-Navy Industrial College, and it is a purpose which must be kept constantly before the American public. For lack of a policy and an incentive too many of the Army's best minds in this field have left the service, and it will be no easy task to replace their bitterly acquired knowledge. And we must forever remember that the past war was won by American factories; victory was a direct product of the mass production of a free-enterprise system, a system in which a laborer can rise to plant management, a system in which the industrial "know-how" and managerial ability of foremen and factory superintendents have made America pre-eminent in turning out the most fastest. If we ever forget this lesson, we shall have sold our birthright for a mess of pottage.

**E**VEN this brief and groping survey of some of the things that need to be done to survive in the modern world is an index of the complexity—the terrible complexity—of the national defense picture of 1946. Any survey of such magnitude is far too large an order for one article, or for that matter one man. Time and again a commission to study the changing needs of our national defense in the light of the technological revolution in war has been suggested. Last fall the Joint Chiefs of Staff recommended such a special study "to examine and report to the President on the problems of national security in the light of recent and prospective developments in the weapons of warfare." Ample information has already been accumulated on the present and potential effect of the technological revolution upon our tactics and techniques, our lives and mores, to justify the start of some such study as that suggested by the JCS. Yet no such study has been made, much less authorized. It is, I think, the most pressing problem before the country today.



# TROUT IN THE QUICKENING RIVER

## A Story

SALLY CARRIGHAR

ONLY a sharpened, seeing look in the trout's eyes proved that he had wakened. No shift of the eyes had flashed their crystalline shine. The wrongness of some sound had roused him. He peered from his nook along the west shore of the pond. Was there a glisten of wet fur in the polished darkness? Or did he see the pale clouds hung in the water, moonlight, which had turned to luminous froth the bubbles clinging to the underwater plants?

His shelter was a groove among the sticks of the beaver house. He was holding himself as still as the sticks, so quiet in their tangle that a slippery ooze had grown upon them. His breathing lightened until the water drained through his gills with no perceptible beat, no pulse to send its circular waves out through the pond, revealing that he lay at the center of them.

From the edge of the beaver's sunken pile of aspen boughs a string of small globes, faintly silver, smoked to the top. Some animal must have touched a branch and rubbed out air that was held within its fur. The water swayed; the creature had begun to swim. Its stroke was not familiar to the trout, not one of the rhythms that he knew as harmless or a threat. It had more pulse than a beaver's paddling or the striding of a moose. It was rougher than the swimming of a fish and heavier than a muskrat's sculling. At first the trout had

to steady himself with his fins to keep from being slapped against the sticks. But the underwater waves diminished. The last of them struck the shores and clattered back, a liquid echo. The only motion in the pond was its regular mottling flow, a current from the brook to the beaver dam.

The surging had torn the film of sleep from a thousand little minds. After it ceased, constrained breaths made the pond seem lifeless. But hunger was a danger too. It rose above the fear of the animals, one by one—of the smallest first. Soon the twinkling prowls of the mayfly nymphs, the quickstrokes of the water-boatmen, and the foraging of even tinier creatures mingled in a hum like that of insects in the air; but louder. The lightest sounds were wave-beats in the pond. To the trout's ears came the twanging of minute activity.

Night was nearly over. The trout knew by the brightening of the water, by his own hunger, and the stiffness in his muscles. He saw the webs of the pelican start to push the bird's breast over the top of the pond. Its wing-tips dipped in the water, the webs were shoveling back with greater vigor, the breast was shrinking upward. Only the kick of the feet now broke the surface. When the bird was gone, the fin on the trout's back stood a little higher, and a ripple scalloped from its front edge to the back.



The beaver swam to the entrance of the house and climbed in onto the floor. His angry voice came through the wall. He was driving from his bed the muskrat he allowed to share his home. The feet of a mother moose and her calf had waded off the bank. They dragged their splashes down the shore to a patch of horsetail. The big soft muffs plunged beneath the surface, closed around the plants, and pulled them dripping from the water. Even yet the trout would not risk showing himself. He was the wariest of all the animals in the pond.

BESIDES the stranger's threat, a more familiar danger kept him hiding. Three times a day an osprey dived in the pond for fish. The trout's good time-sense held him under cover when its strike was due: at dawn, as soon as the hawk could see its prey; at noon; and at sunset, with the first receding wave of light. Most mornings the trout went out for an early swim, returning to his nook before he would be visible from the air; but not on this day.

His wait was an exquisite balancing of instincts. Hunger was sufficient reason to start forth, and the pond's flow was a stimulation. The current, passing through the walls of the beaver house, divided around the trout. All night its touch had slid along his skin, from nose to tail, as though he endlessly swam forward. Now he was awake to feel the fine strokes down his sides—the touch of moving water; only the sight of moving prey could be more quickening to a trout. But he submitted to the quieting urge. He stayed in his groove, with ears and lateral lines both listening for the hawk.

The fluffs of moonlight disappeared in a tremulous green shine. No wind rocked the surface now, but the trout could see the current draining toward the dam. It was a checkered wavering, unhurried and unaltering. Daylight reached the bottom, where the water's ripples had been fixed in sandy silt.

Directly over him the trout could look into the air. His view was circular, and small; his own length would have spanned it. Beyond that opening the surface was an opaque silver cover, stretching to the shores. Reflected in it were the floor of

the pond, the swimming animals, and the underwater plants. The trout could see the lustrous belly of a leopard frog spring past. He also saw, in the mirror spread above, the frog's bronze spotted back. The pond was a shallow layer of the world, with a ceiling on which its life was repeated upside-down.

Upon the surface crashed a huge light-feathered breast. Claws reached and speared a bullhead. A brown throat, then a beak and head came through the top of the pond, and wings and tail. A shower of bubbles scattered downward as the long wings lowered in a sweep. The wings began to lift the osprey. A final thrashing took him out of the surface, leaving the reverberations of his dive.

The wariness of the trout released its check. He floated from his groove. He still seemed motionless, as if the current had dislodged him, but slowly his fins commenced a ribbonlike stroke. His tail pressed gently on the water, left and right.

Freeing his entire strength in a tail-thrust then, he was across the pond. A spinning turn, and, energy closely held, he slanted toward the bottom silt—the touch, and a spasm of upward speed had flung him into the dangerous, dazzling air.

A slicing dive back deep in the pond, a glimpse of another trout, and he whipped in its pursuit. But just before his teeth would have nicked its tail, he whirled, and the trout ahead whirled too, in perfect unison.

He cut forward in the channel of the current, throwing his tail from side to side as he tried to find in his own speed some full outlet for his strength. The water of the pond would nowhere give him more than a mild and yielding pressure. He was a native of the Snake, a turbulent, swift river, but the placid pond and little brook that fed it were the only home that he had known. In the early summer of the year the beavers built the pond, his parents had come up the brook to spawn. The new dam trapped them and their offspring. The river poured along the east side of the marsh, so near that the trout could feel its deep vibration. He had not seen it, but his spirit cried for its stronger flow, its more combative force.



Yet idle swimming could be pleasant. He glided to the backwash past the brook, toward food not scented, seen, or heard, but certain to appear. Sculled by his tail, he wove through bare elastic water-lily stalks, beneath a cover of translucent leaves. He was at rest in motion, fins outspread to ride the smooth support, his slippery skin quick-sliding through the wetness. But he stiffened, shot ahead, bent nose to tail, kicked back the tail in a sharp return, perhaps to savor the grace of a body incapable of awkwardness in an element incapable of angles: beautiful play.

He saw a streaming like fine grasses drawn by the current—dace! With a forward spring he snatched a minnow at the side of the school. Alarm flashed through them all, and the leaders swung to flee into the brook. The milling of the others would have made each one available to the trout, but he swerved away.

He'd seen a pair of reedy, jointed legs, seeming to be rooted in the silt, but still, not quivering as reeds would in the flow of the pond. The dace swam toward them. The dace had left the safety of the shallows because a harmless moose was splashing there. The trout had captured one, and now the great blue heron certainly would catch another. But would not catch the trout! Already he was far beyond the stab of the bird's beak. He had fled, although the heron could not take so thick a fish into its gullet.

The water near the shore was swishing with the feet of ducks. A quick look; no mergansers' feet, with paddle-toes for diving, there among the webs of mallards, pintails, and of baldpates. The trout swam under them. He need not dread an enemy's unexpected dive here while the feet were moving the ducks about in search of food, while they were easy, pushing webfuls of water back and folding in and drawing forward; not while one foot hung, a pivot, and the other swung an oval breast; or both of a duck's webs splashed at the surface, holding him bill-down. As long as no fear tensed the feet, the trout felt safe.

THE long stripe on a pintail's neck shone white as it lowered the bird's head, swanlike, to the bottom. But swiftly it was pulled above the surface. Now all

the feet were quiet, spread from the feathered bellies, ready for a leap. The trout, alert, poised in midwater.

He did not learn what animal had frightened the ducks. While they continued their wary wait, the white keel of the pelican dipped through the surface, slid ahead, and, checked by its wide webs, glided to a stop. The trout streamed down to the floor of the pond. He left the watchful ducks; yet years had passed since he became too large for a pelican to bag. His caution was a habit.

When he was a young fish, nearly every animal he saw seemed hungry for him. One by one then he outgrew the threat of frogs, kingfishers, snakes, and larger trout. He learned the tricks of human fishermen. Minks and mergansers chased him still but could not capture him. No other creature in the pond was quite so swift. And he was almost too heavy to be carried by an osprey. Soon the trout would reach security that few wild creatures know, unless the alien of the early morning proved a danger.

Every instinct whispers some command; for him the loudest command was always, *live*. He listened for it, always deferred his other urges to it. Survival was so strong an impulse in him that the most involuntary workings of his body helped him hide. The sheen on his pale belly matched the cover of the pond, to an eye below. One watching from across the surface might confuse the iridescence of his scales with the scales of sunlight on the ripples. The black spots spattered on his skin disguised his shape when seen from any angle. To a mate or rival he might show two crimson gashes on his throat, but usually he folded them beneath his jaws.

After he dived from the pelican, he started to the beaver house. First he passed a bank of sedges. In summer when their shade was green, the trout had turned to emerald here. This autumn day the grass was tawny, and its color, focused in his eyes, had caused the grains of yellow in his skin to scatter out and tint him olive. If the inborn guardian in his tissues could arrange it, he would live. Yet other animals also had ingenious aids, some useful in attack.

He circled an island near the dam, now



slipping through a tunnel of fowl-grass, bent with the tips of the blades awash. The sun was laying gold bars over him. He moved with a little flourish; it seemed that he was really safe. Beyond the far side of the island a floating log pressed down the top of the pond. He started under—and was circled with a crash.

Escape! Escape to a nook in the dam! He split the water and was there. Wheeling, he shot in the hole and flung out his fins to check him. The water bulged in after him, as the one who chased him surged to a stop outside.

He had not seen what creature dived from the log. But his dash to the shelter, finished between heartbeats, was long enough to tell him that the other gained. Gained! Did panic echo, now, from days when the rush of most pursuers swept upon him like a wave?

His refuge was a space in the roots of a cottonwood, a dead tree anchoring the dam. Through interwoven fibers he could see his enemy, an animal he did not know, an otter. The creature darted around the root-maze, trying to peer in. His eyes would show in one place, reaching for the trout. A drive with a quick foot and the brown-furred face would push into another hole. Eagerly it was weaving forward, cocked ears sharp as claws. The otter found a looser tangle, which his paws began to tear. The water was tainted with the scent of his excitement, acrid in the nostrils of the trout.

Close beside the trout's face now a lean webbed paw had grasped a root. The claws were scratching, as the toes kept tightening in convulsive grips. The otter tried to burrow through, but the tangle held. Should the trout attempt to reach the sturdier beaver house? No longer was there safety in a flight. He tensed his tail for a great thrust; yet he hesitated.

As suddenly then as if the otter had smelled a more accessible fish, he drew back out of the roots. The trout could see him swim with a vertical sculling, so that each roll took him to the top. The pulses in the water matched the surging that had stirred the pond at dawn.

The water beat for some time with his swimming and with others' startled movements. When the trout could feel the light,

quick overlap of wavelets nearly spent, he knew that the otter had gone to the far end of the pond. Then he could have fled to the beaver house, but he was waiting for the osprey's midday dive. His new fear had not blurred his sense of the older menace.

The osprey's perch was in the tree whose roots now hid him. He could not see the hawk in the boughs, but when the spread wings glided out, they came into his air-view. He watched, as he never had from the beaver house, the way the osprey hovered high above his victim, and how he plunged, so slanting his dive that he dropped from behind an unsuspecting fish. The trout could recognize the jolting of the pond, the splashing as the osprey struggled from the water, the sudden quiet, and the widening of the echoes. The hawk returned in his air-view, carrying a mountain sucker to his branch. After he ate the fish, he flew back down to clean his claws. The trout could see them cross the pond, thin hooks that cut the surface, trailing silvered sacs of air.

At last the water near the cottonwood roots sucked up, a motion meaning that some heavy animal was climbing out. A gust of drops fell onto the surface, as the creature shuddered the moisture from its fur. Feet ran over the top of the dam. As they passed the base of the tree, a sift of dirt fell through the roots and briefly stuck to the mucous coating on the skin of the trout.

THE pond was all in motion, for the wind had risen. The wind had stirred the marsh for several days, with brief lulls. The trout sensed that it brought a change of season. He could even taste the proof of summer's end, as dust, seeds, crumbling leaves, and bark washed through the pond.

Bright-edged shadows of the waves were racing over the bottom silt. They swept across the underwater plants and seemed to shake them. The surface layer of the pond was blowing to the upper end. There the water turned below, to sweep back down along the bottom. At the dam this flowing sheet rolled up again. It lifted beneath the trout's fins, as a breeze will lift against the wings of a bird.

Whenever the wind would press the top



of the rigid dead tree, he could feel a pulling in the roots. Suddenly they began to writhe, to tear. The trout was out of the maze and back in the beaver house as if the water had parted for him.

The osprey's tree, upturned by the wind, fell into the pond. Billows met rebounding billows, whirls and eddies struggled, surges rocked the trout. Gradually the violence quieted. Through a cloud of mud he dimly saw that the trunk of the tree was under the surface, propped up from the bottom on its boughs.

HE SETTLED himself to feel the current's long touch on his sides. But what disturbing change was this: the water's stroking soon was regular, yet took a new course—not from his nose to tail, but downward now. The water's pressure was becoming lighter and its color rosier. The top of the pond was falling.

Inherited memories warned him that the change was ominous. But he did not leave his shelter. For it seemed that a greater danger threatened: the otter had returned. Sometimes he was in the water, sometimes out along its narrowing shores. Victims were everywhere, as the animals, distracted, tried to flee from the pond. The trout would not be caught through panic. He lay in his nook and watched the drop of the surface over him.

Only when it reached the nook itself did he nose outside. Hearing the otter near, he turned down to a refuge lower in the wall. The top of the pond descended on him there. He hovered in the entrance. The water, draining off the bank beside the house, was roily. He could not see where he would go, but he entered it and let its motion guide him.

The currents were not flowing in familiar paths. They all converged in a powerful new suction. Since the cottonwood tree had braced the dam, its fall had torn apart the beavers' masonry of mud and sticks. The whole marsh seemed to be swirling toward the gap and plunging through it.

The trout turned back against the pressure. He would escape to the brook. He sensed that he must leave the doomed pond and would seek the water's source, as the other fish had done. He could not

reach it. While he, the one most wary, had stayed in the house to avoid the otter, the pond had fallen far below the mouth of the brook. Now the only water that connected them was a thin sheet crinkling over a pebble bar.

Gone, lost above the surface, were the undercut banks of roots, the grassy tunnels, brush, and other shoreline hideaways. The trout returned to the lower end of the pond. He glided with his fins streamlined in the depressions in his sides, and with so slight a sculling that he might be trying to make smoothness hide him. As he approached the dam, he saw the otter. Dodging up the bottom toward the island, he slipped beneath the log, which drifted now with one end resting on the silt.

The otter was walking on the floor of the pond, moving with a swing from his shoulders to his high arched rump. He somersaulted to the surface for a breath, then looped and tumbled through the water. He straightened toward the hole in the dam. The fluent column of his body merged with the strands of the current, and he vanished.

The surface soon was shattered by a splash. The otter was back. He had climbed up over the dam, beside the gap. He dived in, disappeared through the break, and again returned. A plunge, a joining with the water's sweep, and a swift ride: he had found a game.

The trout was holding down his top fin, tense with fear. He spread it, and it struck the under side of the log. Yet his belly touched the silt. The log was the pond's last refuge, but the water soon would leave it.

Nothing in the trout's experience could help him. He only could give himself to the instinct that so intensely pressed to have him live. He waited until the otter had dived and once more swung into the hole. Leaving the log with a jet of speed, the trout had reached the gap. A gushing force took hold of him. It hurled him through the break. Too quick for thought he dodged the wreckage of the dam. He leapt to pass the brink of the fall and dropped in the foam beneath. He stayed with the current pulling out. The tumult slowed. He found himself in a shallow creekbed, moving over cobblestones.



His high emotion quickened his choice of route: to the left, through streamers of emerald algae; right, along a slit between the stones; here a turn to miss a piece of driftwood, there to pass a boulder. The air was close above him. Sometimes he drew a breath of it, and it seared his gills with dryness. Avoiding one by one the unfamiliar hazards, he progressed.

His lateral lines were jarred by a new sound, a tremendous, heavy pouring. He swam around a bend in the creek and slid across a bar. And there a torrent plunged upon him, water more swift than any he had known. He was in the river, the violent flood of the Snake. It nearly overwhelmed him, but he found a milder flow along the bank.

A curve there held a pool as in a shell. The pool was covered by a sweeper, a willow with its caught debris. The trout discovered the refuge, entered it, and spiraled down in cool green quiet.

**T**HROUGH the afternoon he stayed there, gaining back his poise and fitting his spirit to the strange new shape of his life. Most of the time he hung in the water, motionless, but now and then a ripple ran through his fins, and he chopped his breaths as with excitement. When the first gray wave of dusk washed over the pool, he rose to the top.

He swam along the bank, where small waves pattered into crevices among the roots. The motion of the water here was light and peaceful like the pond's. Turning out, he met a crisper current, stimulating as the pond had never been. But a greater challenge growled from the center of the river, from grinding rocks that yielded to the push of water irresistibly strong. The trout began to slant his strokes into the torrent. With a leap he sprang to the very heart of its taut pressure. Enormous weight bore down upon him, but he gripped it, driving his way against it with exultant power.

To fight! To fight the turbulent river! To sharpen his nerves on its chill; to cut quick arcs through the weaving water; to throw so much force into his muscles' swing that they could drive him upstream, past the rocks beneath, with the whole flood pounding toward him; to fling him-

self into the air and see the river under him, a river wider than the pond, wide for his play—all this, the heritage of a trout, he knew now for the first time.

He faced the flood and, sculling exactly at the current's pace, remained above the same stone. Swirling past were many insects, blown in the river. He stayed only to take a cricket, for exhilaration sang in his nerves. He leapt—

But stopped, caught. Talons had stabbed into his flesh, were now locked through it. They were holding him in the center of a splash. A feathered throat was lowering before his eyes. Wings were sweeping down at the sides, enclosing him. The osprey, forgotten in his conquest of the river, had made its sunset dive.

**H**IS torn nerves stung the trout to action. The claws were powerful that bound him, but his thrashing bent their grip. They almost rigidly resisted, but they did bend. They were a pressure, like the river's force—to fight!

His instinct focused on one urge, to get himself in deeper water. Arching his body downward, he furiously tried to scull from side to side. The hawk's wings beat, attempting to lift his own weight and the trout's. The wings and the driving paddle of the trout's tail pulled against each other. So far the trout had not been able to drag the bird down, but he held him under the surface of the water.

The torrent was aiding the fish. For the hawk was growing desperate for a breath. At first the spines on the pads of his feet had pierced the skin of the trout. They no longer pressed their hold. And the trout could feel the talons in his flesh release their clutch. The hawk was trying to withdraw them, but their curving points were caught securely.

The bird and fish were swirling downstream. They jolted to a stop, snagged by the willow sweeper. The water's force was beating them. It poured through the osprey's feathers. The push of the wings was weakening. They suddenly relaxed, awash in the flow. And the claws were limp.

The trout had fought another pressure, his exhaustion. When the straining of the talons ceased, he too relaxed. For long enough to gather a little strength, he



waited. Then he began an intermittent thrashing. With bursts of effort he tried to jerk himself away. One by one the claws worked out, some slipping loose but more of them tearing through his sides. Finally a twist of his body sent him forward, free.

He turned down under the willow, lower and lower in the dark pool. With his flesh so cut, his lateral lines no longer caught so well the echo of his motions, thus to guide him. So he was careful not to swim against the bottom. His chin touched, and he sank upon a stone. It was smooth, and soft with slime-coat algae. Soon he had drifted over on his side. His eyes were dull and his fins closed. His consciousness sank lower.

THE stimulation of the torrent had induced him to ignore his innate caution. But now he was listening again to instinct, not to the water's roar. As he lay and waited for his strength to seep back into him, no creature could be alive and yet more passively obedient.

The water's cold had numbed the anguish in his severed nerves. It would draw his wounds together. Already it had put in winter sluggishness the parasites that possibly would enter his exposed wounds. And gradually, as he rested, the cold became a tonic to his temper. Cold was as sharpening to him as the warm sun is to insects. By midnight he was swimming experimentally around the bottom. He circled higher. The osprey was gone from the willow. The trout moved out of the pool, but stayed in quiet water.

He found a backwash near the bank and held himself on the edge, where a smooth flow passed. Moonlight, falling on the surface, showed that a drift of small

debris was swirling by. Drowned insects should be in it. His eye discovered a bright bit up ahead. He swayed forward. His mouth opened, touched it, and it broke with a singing snap. More came floating toward him—little round stars. Some winked out. He let the others pass.

But here was what he liked, a mayfly. Earlier in the day the year's last swarm had left the river for their brief erotic life. Now their delicate spent bodies would be nourishment for the trout, if there would be enough of them. There were. After his hunger had been satisfied, he took another, shot it out of his mouth for the chance of catching it again, of biting it in two and tossing out and snapping up the pieces.

He was no longer shaped like a smooth wedge, for the cover of one gill was hanging loose, and his sides were ragged. And so his balance in the turns of the water was not perfect; his fins were all spread, needed now to aid his sculling tail. Yet the fins were rippling with an easy motion, easy as a creature can be only when it feels that more of living is ahead.

The winter, when a trout was quiet, would be long enough for his wounds to heal, and for his nerves to sharpen. Soon the last migrating osprey would be gone, but would come back. And otters might be hunting here. The trout must learn the dangers of this flood, and learn to be wary even while he was exhilarated by it. He would. The wisdom of instinct, as of intelligence, can be disregarded, and it also can be drawn upon.

By the time he would be ready to try his strength once more against the river, the Snake would be a slapping, dodging, driving, wild spring torrent.



# WESTERN HALF-ACRE

THOMAS HORNSBY FERRIL

I FEEL like Marco Polo on a treadmill. I've just come in again from walking my dog around City Park lake in Denver. I make the trip nearly every evening, around three hundred times a year. Twelve years with old Drum, the spaniel, and now three with Loper, the bull terrier, must account for 4,500 miles on the same beat, watching the same trees grow up and the same mountain ranges wear down a little, and if I were to go back to Dobbin, Nogs, and all my boyhood mongrels, my dog-walking would be well over 10,000 miles on the same clockwise trek. It takes about twenty minutes and when I get home I usually have some sense of where I've been—talking perhaps to John Bright about how nations drift into wars, thinking about Nuremberg or Hiroshima, thinking about Andersonville prison or Dachau, Patton or Hamilcar, or maybe puzzling about why water attracts tourists like myself.

When I get off my lakeside treadmill, actually going far enough to take my toothbrush, I have some difficulty in knowing where I've been. I want to see so much and feel so much that I only bring back what Thomas Wolfe used to call "little apples." If I take notes they amuse and perplex me afterward. Going through Pittsburgh, for example, it will occur to me that springtime in Pittsburgh must be the most beautiful in the world because a little green would go so far, but I'll jot down in my notebook: "Neon sign says Iron City Beer." A notation "sunset chalk" is supposed to remind me of a house in Rensselaer, New York, that should have

been painted by Burchfield at Bonneville, Wyoming. With my mind cluttered up with such oddities, it always embarrasses me to return from a trip and have my friends inquire of things I really ought to know about. I'm not sure that the world is getting as small as we think. Disappear for two weeks and everybody wants to know what it's like on the other side of the mountain.

Returning from Washington in February, I was asked all sorts of questions: Would Truman make it? What about the Senate filibuster on FEPC? Pearl Harbor? The Supreme Court? Unfortunately, I'd hardly read a newspaper. I had to rely on earlier preconceptions formed on the banks of City Park lake. But simply because I had been on the ground where things were supposed to be happening, people listened to these preconceptions most attentively. I didn't add my own details. It would break the sense of truth if I were to say that the filibuster reminded me of nothing so much as the keep-away end of a weary basketball game, just pushing the ball around, one man to another, or that the Supreme Court building is just about the prettiest thing ever, a perfect example of a pretty piece of architecture growing beautiful by default.

WHEN I'm away I do, of course, want to "see the elephant." I want to go to the top of the Empire State building, the top of the Capitol dome, I want to see the Senate and all the zoos and planetariums, look a cobra in the eye, stare at Cézannes, count the gills on man-eating



sharks, and crash in on White House press conferences. I've been to them now under Coolidge, Hoover, Roosevelt, and Truman. Why they still call them conferences I don't know; the congestion is frightful, worse than bank night in a Reno theater lobby, and when the thing winds up at the signal "Thank you, Mr. President," the stampede to the telephones is hazardous. On tiptoe I could just see the top of Mr. Truman's head, so I had to satisfy myself with the things on the walls, prints of triplanes and biplanes, a Remington painting, and Mr. Roosevelt's keepsakes locked in a niche behind a jail screen. When the stampede to the telephones started, a lady next to me hollered "Ouch" and grabbed her rib while the 200-pound correspondent who bumped her said as sympathetically as possible, "But goddam it, lady . . ." and whizzed on past.

Except for this 200-pound correspondent I noted no giants at the conference. This pleased me. At a Roosevelt conference I'd been attended by an outsize Bela Lugosi twelve feet high if he was an inch and solicitous as an old chum of my every need, but one false move and he could have heaved me across the Potomac. I missed the giants and I missed the Four Freedoms hewn of marble in the press waiting room, four figures on a single base but not too well balanced when I saw them last. Each seemed about to jump as if saying, "One for the money, two for the show . . ." They must have jumped.

The Four Freedoms are now replaced by an aquarium of guppies with a noisy little compressor on the floor to bubble in enough air to keep them from suffocating. I wish them luck. Maybe they'll get luck from the enormous golden horseshoe mounted on purple velvet over Mr. Truman's door which, I must say, worried me a little. It didn't look much safer than the sword of Damocles. If I'd put it up I'd certainly have used a lag screw or a quarter-inch toggle bolt. The guppy room is protected from incendiary bombs by a red sand bucket and if you're not concerned with guppies you can read Mr. Truman's huge scrapbook which somebody started with the best of intentions October 1, 1945, but hasn't kept up. Everything was

homey and relaxed. I felt very comfortable. I'd forgotten my credentials but got in on my Colorado fishing license and driver's license, which didn't jibe as to my height, weight, or the color of my eyes.

**W**HITE HOUSE press conferences always impress me, but the only one that surprised me was Mr. Truman's. I'd expected him to hem and haw or maybe read something at that declamatory 115-word pace he uses on the radio as if he'd been coached by the same teacher who taught us to recite Burke's "Conciliation with America" at East Denver High School. I'd never been more mistaken. The warm spontaneity with which he picked questions out of the mob and answered them quickly and concisely was admirable. He was telling his kind of truth so well that it had to be anybody's, and that's the best truth there is outside of physical science.

Some of the questions were pretty special. One point, on how far to feed out a hog amid diminishing grain supplies, he couldn't have handled better if he'd been reading aloud from Henry & Morrison, the livestock feeder's bible, yet it was all quick and kindly conversation. What's more, the boys were putting the hooks into him on Ickes, Pauley, steel, wages, strikes. He was on the spot. My face would have been red as the rump of a mandrill, but Mr. Truman chirped up like a robin. To the edge of my mind came Bismarck's saying, "I will disarm them by telling the truth," but I pushed it out as unfair because Mr. Truman was disarming without trying to be.

But being there didn't add much to my many Truman conferences beside City Park lake back home. Rarely, however, had they started with Mr. Truman. More likely I'd begin with what goes through the mind of a powerful, exhausted president picking a vice president—weighing personal continuity against consequence to others. I'd ask Lincoln how he'd like to be an ordinary citizen under Andrew Johnson in the inevitable chaos of reconstruction, or I'd ask Roosevelt how he'd like to be one of 130 million under Truman in this astounding world denouement. After inaugural Lincoln lived six weeks,



Roosevelt twelve. They couldn't know, yet we now know that Roosevelt had more reason to feel the chill of sunset than Lincoln, to whom death had become a mental obsession. But if Lincoln was as convinced of his own doom as he seemed to be, why was he willing to sacrifice the able Hannibal Hamlin for Andrew Johnson? Was an extra handful of border votes worth the gamble? Apparently so: continuity speaks louder to the heart than consequence, and when immortality seems to be closing in on a living man he can't help trying to live up to it. I guess it's the fanatical mountain climber in us, eyes too fixed on that last inaccessible height to give much thought to the fate of the rescue party.

But politically it works to our advantage and I'd even argue it in what happened under Andrew Johnson. Those very compulsions that make a great man too great, that warp too many institutions away from the people and into him, are the same compulsions that make him indifferent to succession. Quick catharsis restores everything to the bewildered people who created him. The vice president has to unlock secret cabinets to find out who he is and, in Mr. Truman's case, what international promises he has to live up to. With Truman in, the dangerous unity of our country, for so I considered it, was suddenly shattered into articulate segmentation: average politicians were back on the job and political problems were being washed out, however awkwardly, at rudimentary levels. If you believe in a republic—and I prefer republic to what democracy has come to mean—you must tolerate, even cherish, much that you detest in the workings of these rudimentary solvents—lobbies, pressure groups, pork barrels, vote swapping, propaganda bought and paid for. You might be happier in purer air that permitted no Farm Bureau lobby, no CIO lobby, no steel lobby, no intolerance pressure groups, no tolerance pressure groups. You can have it, but I'll take America. So when I hear them pouring it on to Mr. Truman for what he isn't, I like to stretch my mind back out to how he got there—and I'm not unthankful.

**N**OR did my visit to the Supreme Court add much to the ideas of justice I get

from my lakeside court sessions in City Park. My court is a sort of walking trance in which pleadings are often conducted by some cockeyed act of empathy. Perhaps a duck swims up with old John Marshall's jug of corn whiskey, or a carp slithers by in quest of Aaron Burr's overt act, or I'll whack the dry seeds of a box elder tree to watch the Dred Scott decision come fluttering down. If the procedure is a bit fey, I get along all right with the conclusions. Justice is a very simple thing. Justice is only what you always thought it was up to the time you were about fourteen years old; you know it as a terrier knows a rat. The farther you stray from fourteen-year-old intuition, which heroically takes in too much ground in order to be sure of enough, the farther you stray from justice. Unfortunately you grow up and your mature wisdom prudently abstains from deciding more than the most immediate point.

Yamashita's case was up the day I climbed the marble steps of America's prettiest building. I wasn't surprised to learn that the highest tribunal in the world was not concerned with the guilt or innocence of the Tiger of Malaya, but only with the lawful power of the military commission to try him. Not concerned with guilt or innocence! I looked around the room. Moses, Hammurabi, Solon, Confucius were looking down on us. To my mind it was like telling a fellow who claimed he was being railroaded: "Be of good cheer, we'll be sure that the train is on the right track!" I got considerable comfort from the dissenting opinions, Mr. Justice Murphy saying:

No military necessity or other emergency demanded the suspension of the safeguards of due process. Yet petitioner was rushed to trial under an improper charge, given insufficient time to prepare an adequate defense, deprived of the benefits of some of the most elementary rules of evidence, and summarily sentenced to be hanged.

and Mr. Justice Rutledge saying:

At bottom my concern is that we shall not forsake in any case, whether Yamashita's or another's, the basic standards of trial which, among other guarantees, the nation fought to keep.

Mr. Justice Jackson wasn't there that day. He was in Nuremberg. When I got home a headline in the *Denver Post* said: JACKSON DEMANDS WAR CRIMES CONVICTION OF 2 MILLION NAZIS, and elsewhere



in the paper it told of how much food we'd have to send the Germans to keep them from starving. On my first walk around the lake I wondered if we couldn't save something by cutting down on the food, yet that would be wrong; you should never deprive a reporter of the right to type out his favorite sentence: "The condemned man ate a hearty breakfast."

As my lakeside court goes back into session, I find myself dissenting here and there with the dissenting opinions of Messrs. Murphy and Rutledge. I can argue for ten minutes that I admire what we're up to—this new American mood that seems to violate so much of our own past. What I like is this: we're trying to catch up with the feelings of that fourteen-year-old boy who knows what justice is. These horrible things in this, the cruelest of all centuries, have simply got to stop and we're getting hysterical about it. We won't stand for it, we'll indict a country-side, we'll repudiate our own legal traditions, we'll be just as Carthaginian as the Nazis themselves, but we're for life and they were against it! Isn't that what we're up to—trying to pioneer some beautiful justice for the twenty-first century and what's left of this most sorry one?

We've blundered, it seems to me, into a most righteous mess of precedents: we've now got to say that we'd hang Robert E. Lee for Nathan Bedford Forrest's senseless butchery of Negroes at Fort Pillow. We've got to say that we'd hang Grant, even Lincoln, for Sherman's cruelties from Atlanta to the sea. And what's wrong with it? After all, war crimes are only eddies in the atrocious maelstrom of war itself. Are we telling the professional soldier that from now on he's under a cloud? That if he doesn't win he may be hanged? It seems so to me. Why did he decide to be a soldier?

I don't even mind if it makes him sly and crafty, out to promote super-armies to protect his position. What I like is this little variant slipping into our legal folkways discrediting more of the art of killing than it intended. Anything that inches in, even obliquely, to change the long approved patterns of war might conceivably have some influence on war itself.

But I won't argue it more than ten minutes. I don't think we're morally prepared to turn this holy pioneering in on ourselves. We're still frantically looking for external mechanisms to make the other fellow behave.

## *The Jangle You Hear*

THE catch is that while we live in one world—that is why the attempt to divide it again into segments causes unbearable tension—we do not live in one time. The jangle you hear is not so much national anthems out of tune as clocks out of time. Even American clocks strike different hours, even the little timepieces that each man carries within himself.

The primeval tomtom still beats while the atom bomb ticks. Russia is straddling the centuries, in victory more than ever pounding backward to Peter the Great and racing to overtake Henry Ford and Henry Kaiser before she has caught up with Thomas Jefferson. The clocks of Europe are turning back and the clocks of Asia are turning forward. And there are places where time stands still because the night does not lift and there is no tomorrow.

*Anne O'Hare McCormick, in a talk under the auspices of the New York Times, March 19, 1946.*



# CAN ATOMIC ENERGY BE CONTROLLED?

JOSEPH M. JONES

PHYSICAL scientists are the vogue these days. No dinner party is a success without at least one physicist to explain, this side of General Groves' veil, the nature of the new age in which we live. Gatherings of political scientists and groups concerned with international affairs inevitably feature addresses by one or more atomic scientists. Men who in the pre-atomic age were considered hopelessly out of touch with affairs outside the laboratory now find themselves consulted as oracles on questions ranging from the supply of nylons to international organization. And, recovering with remarkable speed from their surprise at being asked, the scientists are giving answers.

Rarely have senators been so deferential as the members of Senator McMahon's Special Senate Committee on Atomic Energy in their questioning of the scientists who discovered the secrets of the atom. "Pray tell us, you who unchained this awful force, what shall we do to save us all?" they asked in effect. Replied the scientists, "You must institute international control, with inspection." "But *how* can we create a control that will work, an inspection that will relieve nations of the continuous fear of sudden attack?" "That," replied the scientists, "is a political question, and we are but physical scientists." "Please give us your advice anyway," pleaded

the senators. "We need your help."

And so the physical scientists have followed the Truman-Attlee-King line, and have given us detailed schemes of international inspection and control as the answer to the problem of atomic energy. Non-scientists have been too awed with the technical aspects of the problem to speak out with any confidence, except to declare that world government is necessary if civilization is to survive. But at the practical level of political consideration the idea of control and inspection by the United Nations Organization has held the spotlight. At the Senate hearings, all the scientists who testified—including Urey, Oppenheimer, Szilard, Compton, Simpson, Morrison, Bush, Langmuir—advocated such control. The Federation of Atomic Scientists went all out for it. The Atomic Scientists of Chicago got to work on the problem and published a number of useful papers on the technical feasibility of inspection. And the best ideas of the scientists were included in the State Department's plan for international control and inspection submitted to the Senate committee on March 25.

Two basic assumptions underlie all proposals for international control: first, that all nations will agree to permit UNO inspectors to have unrestricted access to their territories; and second, that the pro-

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duction and use of fissionable materials in all countries will be a government monopoly, so that the UNO inspectors will have to cope only with a single centralized authority in each nation rather than with a number of private operators.

GRANTING these assumptions momentarily, we find that a reasonably good case can be made for inspection and control. If the development of atomic energy were restricted by international agreement to laboratory research, control would be relatively easy. It would still be possible—though admittedly more difficult—if large-scale production of fissionable materials for industrial purposes were permitted in government-owned plants.

Briefly, the techniques generally advanced are adapted from those long in use in enforcing national laws dealing with mining and industry. For example:

(1) *The stationing of United Nations Organization inspectors at all mines producing uranium and thorium, keeping check on the movement of each pound to the ultimate user.* It is not likely, scientists say, that nuclear fission will be produced soon from materials other than uranium and thorium. In lighter and more abundant elements there are good theoretical reasons why any extensive fission process is not likely. Raw material control may thus be restricted to uranium and thorium. Moreover, while uranium is present in the earth's crust and in sea water at the rate of a few parts per million, the task of separation is so prodigious, so costly, and would require such extensive and detectable engineering that for practical purposes control may be limited to concentrated deposits of these two minerals. The principal known deposits of uranium are in Colorado and Utah; at Great Bear Lake, in Canada; Skinkolobwe, in the Belgian Congo; Jachinov, in Czechoslovakia; Urgeirica, in Portugal; Cornwall, in England; Mount Pointer, in Australia; Kvarantorn, in Sweden; Fergana, in Russian Turkestan; and Kirovsk, in Russia; and there are possible deposits in the Russian Caucasus. The principal deposits of thorium are in Travancore, India, with lesser deposits in Brazil, Australia, the Malay Archipelago, North and South Carolina, and Idaho.

It would not be a difficult task for UNO inspectors, aided by aerial reconnaissance and aerial photography, to check regularly all the known but unworked deposits, as well as areas of possible discovery, to make sure that no unauthorized production is occurring. During the war aerial photography advanced to such a point that it is now technically and economically feasible to make periodic aerial surveys of all significant land areas of the earth. Modern photogrammetric methods make it possible to detect even small changes in terrain. And against modern photography, camouflage is virtually impossible. If nations should permit inspectors to enter their territory freely, inspect all mines, and conduct aerial and other surveys, having for the purpose free use of airfields, evasion of raw material controls could hardly occur without detection.

(2) *Free circulation of the scientists of all nations in all countries, a circulation promoted by large public sums spent on travel, exchange fellowships, and the like.* The scientists feel that this would constitute the most effective form of inspection, especially if free interchange of ideas were required by international agreement and scientists were protected by the UNO. Some even go so far as to suggest that scientists be made international persons, with special protection by the UNO, with special privileges for travel and research, but also with special obligations toward the UNO: they would be required to carry out the terms of any international agreement, and would be punished by the UNO in case they should engage in any activity, on behalf of any national state, prohibited by international law.

While these two controls would probably be sufficient if development of atomic energy were limited to the laboratory or to international plants, and if international relations were in good shape, there are other checks that might be established if desired. For instance:

(3) *Visual inspection, by UNO agents—with the aid of aerial photography—to make sure that no unauthorized facilities are constructed for the production of fissionable materials.* Plants now used for making such materials are enormous, distinctive in design, located near a large water supply, and



they possess high smokestacks. If the existing pattern were followed, the construction of such plants could be easily detected by a reasonably efficient, periodic, special inspection. But Mr. Oppenheimer testified before the Senate Committee that fissionable material could be produced in a building 100 feet square and 80 feet high, though for substantial production several such buildings would be needed. Visual inspection of production facilities is, therefore, not as simple as it might seem. If conducted with sufficient staff, however, it might be a useful auxiliary to the inspection of raw material sources.

(4) *A periodic check on high-grade machinery plants*, to make sure that specialized machinery and equipment for uranium and plutonium separation is not produced.

(5) *Checks on imports, exports, and freight movements of uranium, thorium, and pertinent machinery used in the production of fissionable materials.*

(6) *Checks on any new and unexplained increase in the consumption of electric power.*

(7) *Checks on radioactivity in the air and water, and in suspicious industrial plants.* (This check, which to the layman might seem most useful, is not regarded by scientists as being very effective, for radioactivity may successfully be concealed by shields, and there are ways to keep radioactivity out of the air and water around plants producing fissionable materials.)

SUCH techniques as these would be required even if there were an international agreement to limit the development of atomic energy to the laboratory or to internationally operated plants. But if national atomic power plants should by international agreement be permitted, the problem of inspection would be enormously complicated. All of the checks and controls mentioned above would have to be instituted in elaborate form; *and in addition*, permanent inspection would have to be established in all atomic power plants in order to prevent diversion of radioactive materials for illegal purposes. Scientists admit that the quantity of fissionable U-235 and plutonium that can be produced from a given amount of uranium by

any of the several known processes cannot be exactly determined in advance, but they nevertheless maintain that the variations are not so great that standards of output for each process cannot be determined with reasonable accuracy. They think that inspection could probably insure that no substantial quantities of the fissionable product were being diverted.

Assuming that the nations of the world would all agree to permit such inspection and to afford the necessary facilities, a control system *could*—theoretically, at least—be devised that would enable the UNO to know at all times the amount (down to a few pounds) of all fissionable material in existence and the location of all plants for producing fissionable material. Such a system—contrary to some of the pseudo-scientific claptrap which has been publicized—would require no magic detectors to be used in airplanes flying over uranium deposits or factories. Furthermore, the scientists deny that the services of so many top-flight physicists would be required for the job of inspection that the scientific profession would suffer. They assert that a scientific inspectorate would no more ruin the scientific profession than the FBI, which selects and trains chiefly young lawyers, ruins the legal profession. A relatively small force of competent investigators of scientific background would suffice. Top-flight scientists would not be necessary.

Careful inspection is standard procedure in the mining and metallurgical industry. In other fields the Federal Bureau of Investigation works efficiently—and without much intrusion upon private affairs. Meat inspection, food and drug inspection, inspection of weights and measures, insurance inspection—these and many other kinds are carried on discreetly, efficiently, without disclosing trade secrets. The bogey that some people conjure up of the countries of the world being overrun by snoopers discovering and giving away industrial secrets, seems to be unwarranted. And if there *is* such a danger, it is one that industry will have to risk in the general interest. As Mr. Compton told the Senate Committee, the danger of not inspecting is so much greater than the dangers of inspecting, that our choice is obvious.



## II

UP TO now we have been considering merely whether measures of international control and inspection could be devised that would assure a peacefully inclined country that its neighbor was not manufacturing atomic bombs or secretly constructing greater facilities for manufacturing fissionable materials (for power purposes) than mutually agreed upon. The scientists answer in the affirmative. But we have yet to consider *whether any agreement between sovereign states for the control of atomic power, even if accompanied by a perfect system of inspection, will materially reduce the probability of an atomic war in this or the next generation. To that question, unfortunately, the answer must be no.*

There is danger, therefore, in the line that official and popular consideration is taking on the question of security from destruction by atomic power. International inspection and control of atomic energy development, having been launched as a technical problem that can be solved, is being widely appropriated as a refuge by people who, though terrified at the prospects of atomic violence, have not the courage to pay the price for security in the atomic age. "International control and inspection! Why, we'll let the United Nations Organization do it. And in the UNO we have a veto, and we don't have to give up our sovereignty, and we can keep our Army and Navy and Air Force just in case."

This is not the fault of the scientists. They have merely been talking about what they know about. Everything they say about the feasibility of control and inspection may well be true. *But such a system will be effective only as the instrument of a new world political setup.*

It might therefore be a good idea for Senator McMahon to call those political scientists to the witness stand after all. He would probably have to interrupt their lectures on the necessity for world government. And members of the Senate Committee might have some difficulty in drawing from them specific suggestions on how to get from *here* to *there*. But the political scientists might inject greater balance and realism into public discussion of atomic

energy control. For it can be figured out on a purely logical basis that if you take the political companion measures to atomic energy inspection and control, and if you create a system that will have a chance of preventing another war—this time with atomic weapons—you will have a world government wielding preponderant power, with national states disarmed.

Scientists agree that if a country possesses facilities for producing fissionable materials as a power source, whether the production be under national or international auspices, it would be seventy-five per cent of the way along toward the manufacture of atomic bombs, and it could go the rest of the way in from six to nine months. Moreover, they agree that the manufacture of fissionable materials is neither secret nor difficult, that with the basic principles known it is merely a high-grade engineering problem. They also agree that there are at least eight or ten countries in the world with the engineering ability and the economic power and resources necessary to produce fissionable materials within the next ten years.

Assume, then, that ten or fifteen years hence atomic power plants exist in several countries. These plants, let us say, are either internationally operated or subject to an inspection by the United Nations Organization insuring that the fissionable material produced therein is actually "burned" to produce power, and none diverted to the manufacture of bombs. But assume that nations have retained all their other armaments—planes, rockets, navies, bombs, standing armies—and that neither the UNO nor individual nations possess atomic bombs. Assume further that international relations deteriorate, tensions and fears rise, and at a certain point Country A decides an attack on Country B is the only way to protect its honor, preserve its way of life, or achieve its national objectives. Country A then attacks B with rockets and tanks and non-atomic explosives, and suspends all international atomic controls. Plants in both countries (or within reach of their armies) which have been producing denatured plutonium under international auspices will immediately be converted to produce atomic explosives. Through inspection,



the peoples of the world will have gained only a few months' respite from atomic warfare—that is, if the control and inspection has been perfect.

Even if sovereign nations should agree to allow only laboratory development—and if the controls were perfect—the respite gained from atomic warfare would be two or three years at most. At the moment of international blow-up, that is, at the moment when nations either attack (with non-atomic weapons) or defy controls and start building atomic plants on a large scale, the race will begin, using techniques developed in the laboratory. And when the atomic bombs are made, they will be used, for the advantage in warfare will be too great to forego.

UNO control and inspection of atomic energy development is not protection, then, against the probability of atomic warfare in this or the next generation. *Even if entirely successful, control and inspection are at best a delaying device.* The UNO makes no fundamental change in the relationship of sovereign and armed states. Sovereign states have always found some necessity for going to war. Inspection and control would mitigate somewhat the daily fear of attack by atomic rockets, or of destruction by some crank who might leave an atomic time-bomb in a hotel room. But as an instrument of UNO as presently organized, it has no chance of diverting mankind's history of recurrent and increasingly devastating wars. The problem of security in the atomic age is just what it was in the age of TNT: the problem of lawless and armed sovereign states, filled with very human and erring people. But in the atomic age the penalty for human error leading to war will be the destruction of half the human race.

ATOMIC energy control falls into better perspective if one tries to recover his frame of mind before August 6, 1945, when the world first learned about atomic energy. War even without atomic energy had reached the point where civilization was threatened, and war casualties numbered tens of millions. During the first World War the character of war changed, as Hanson Baldwin has pointed out, from battles between professional armies to wars

between conscripted national armies. World War II brought civilian populations into the firing line. This is the change that threatens civilization; the discovery of atomic energy merely means that civilian populations will be killed more quickly and efficiently. The problem to be solved is that of war. If there is another war involving the greater powers, atomic weapons will be used no matter what measures of inspection and control are used between wars.

The Truman-Attlee-King statement of November 15, 1945, on atomic energy control recognized that not only atomic bombs should be "eliminated from national armaments," but also "other weapons of mass destruction." What weapons? Poison gas and bacterial weapons, surely. But how about two-ton, four-ton, ten-ton, twenty-ton, fifty-ton bombs? How about flying fortresses, rockets, V-I's, V-26's, that convey explosives? It is difficult to see how a line can be drawn.

And if "mass destruction" weapons are "eliminated from national armaments," with violation precluded by an effective system of control and inspection, how about the problem of the manufacture of these weapons by sovereign states *after* the next war has started with eighty-ton tanks, flame-throwers, and the like, or even with millions of trained men with tommy guns? When war begins, all controls will be off.

The only answer is that the United Nations Organization must possess enough of the weapons forbidden to national states (including atomic bombs) to give it a clear margin of power over any likely combination of national states. UNO must have power to stop aggression of any kind at the start. And if UNO is to act, the single power veto on UNO action must be abolished, and the Security Council empowered to move swiftly and effectively.

This is the minimum required by the people of this earth for security against modern weapons of war in their human pugnacious hands. And we might as well face it: this means world government with power, and national disarmament with inspection.

THE intellectual gyrations that intelligent men indulge in in an effort to avoid



this conclusion are extreme. Dr. Leo Szilard suggested to the Senate Committee on Atomic Energy that the large-scale production of fissionable materials for peaceful power purposes might be concentrated under international authority on internationalized territory, preferably some deserted region outside the boundaries of large states. The initial power source could be stocks of U-235 and plutonium already in existence; and the production of fissionable material would increase in geometrical progression. At first, all production would have to be used as a source of energy to produce more fissionable materials. But over a period—say ten or fifteen years—a supply would be built up. At that time, the international authority could begin to distribute the materials to individual countries, under proper inspection, to be “burned” in electrical plants.

This proposal makes sense only if an international authority has the superior force to protect international uranium facilities from seizure by any one or more national states. But listen to this dialogue found in the hearings before the Senate Committee on Atomic Energy:

*The Chairman:* . . . I would like to ask you one more question. You stated that one of the methods that might be suggested would be to have this manufacture of fissionable materials in an international territory, in some desert part of the world. . . . Assume that that was done, and then assume an abrogation of the treaty under which it was set up. Can't you foresee the greatest Storm of Gethaim that ever was in the nations trying to get at that site first?

*Dr. Szilard:* Yes, but that site might be exceedingly vulnerable to bombing attacks from the air, and could be destroyed by any one nation, by any of the major powers. It could be mined in advance and blown up. Every power that has a veto right could have the right to blow it up at any moment after giving half an hour's notice to everyone to get out.

*The Chairman:* You say if they gave half an hour's notice. The very giving of the notice by Country A, if Country B suspected, would give Country B time to marshal its forces and see that it wasn't blown up and grab control of it.

*Dr. Szilard:* . . . You might not provide in that site for any facilities which are needed for the chemical work on uranium. You might have two sites, one in which you manufacture it and another to which you transport it, chemically work it, and transport it back again, so that the possession of that site alone would be of little value. . . . I have not thought through this proposal very care-

fully. I just wanted to indicate that we ought to think somewhat along that line, and see if that is not a possible solution in order to get a compromise between, say, Dr. Langmuir or Dr. Urey, who would be willing to give up atomic power, and those who would not like to do anything now which will deprive us from atomic power ten years from now.

### III

WHAT is the likelihood that the U.S.A. or the U.S.S.R. would agree to disarm and confer preponderant power upon the UNO? Practically none. At Yalta, Stalin was the author of the big power veto, and at the first session of UNO in London the Soviet delegate was outraged at the idea that the big power veto might be given up. The Soviet Union has arrived at a condition of expansion and absolute nationalism that most countries reached in the nineteenth century. Public pronouncements of the Soviet Union's leaders about “manning” the country's “borders,” about arming for “any eventuality,” would be simply laughably old-fashioned in the age of the airplane, rocket, and atomic bomb if they were not the possible heralds of the next war. And the expansionist tactics of Soviet nationalism in the Middle East, in China, in Germany, in the Balkans, in the Mediterranean, create an atmosphere in which disarmament in other countries and progress toward One World is effectively discouraged.

But even if the U.S.S.R. were co-operative, ideologically compatible, and non-expansionist, there is strong reason to doubt that the United States, at the peak of its power and influence in the world, would agree to disarm and endow a world agency with power to maintain world order. The hysteria about “protecting the bomb secret,” in spite of assurances of scientists that there is no secret process that cannot be duplicated by scientists in many countries, is perhaps a true measure of American internationalism in 1946.

It is not even likely, for entirely different reasons, that the U.S.A. or the U.S.S.R. would agree to forego atomic power development with the idea of postponing atomic warfare two or three years from the date of violation of controls. For the United States it would mean not only not build-



ing any more plants such as Oak Ridge, Hanford, or Los Alamos; it would mean destroying Oak Ridge, Hanford, and Los Alamos, and destroying our stocks of fissionable materials. It would mean turning our backs upon a tremendous new source of energy that might go a long way toward abolishing poverty. "There is not one chance in a million," wrote Senator McMahon for the *New York Times*, "that the American people would be willing to throw away the perhaps truly fabulous increase in our standard of living that may well result from its peacetime use, even if we could find some way—which we have no likelihood whatever of being able to do—of bringing scientific progress to a standstill throughout the world." If the history of the human race is any guide, men will always risk an uncertain danger for a certain benefit.

Even if the United States were to agree to ban atomic power development, it would be even less likely that the Soviet Union would agree. It would be against the tradition, the policy, and the practical need of the Soviet Union to ban the development of atomic power. Stalin and Molotov have committed the U.S.S.R. to its rapid development. And if the United States should urge such a ban, we can be quite certain the Russians would turn the proposal to propaganda value in the world public opinion market.

On all counts, then, banning peaceful power development is no solution. Even if it could be agreed upon, which is highly unlikely, it would deprive the world of a great possible good and create an illusion of security in which real progress toward genuine security from atomic warfare would be retarded.

**I**S THERE no hope, then, of avoiding atomic warfare in this or the next generation? Very little indeed. Man's ability to produce instruments of destruction has completely outstripped his ability to create political instruments of control.

There is only one hope: the more men

know of the destructiveness of the atomic bomb, the more desperate they are in their efforts to arrive at a solution to the problem of control. The scientists who created the bomb, normally the most detached and politically inactive of people, are now the loudest in their demands for adequate control.

It is possible that this feeling of frustration, this cumulative horror, will take hold on people, will increase geometrically as they live with this problem, as easy solutions recede. It may be that as other countries develop atomic bombs, install rockets in place, with atomic bomb warheads, trained on our cities—ready to be fired at the push of a button—it may be that mounting daily terror may drive many peoples through the narrow escape channel of a genuine and powerful world authority, and national disarmament.

We seem at the present time, however, to be surrounded with walls—*almost* solid walls. Senator Tydings, after two weeks of listening to witnesses before the Senate Committee on Atomic Energy describe the horrors to come and suggest mechanistic and easily shatterable means of control, cried out with emotion: "The general statement of what is going to happen if we don't do something—we are all sold on that. What I am taking home with me every night is, 'Well, how do we start this thing; how do we get rid of it?' I want to get rid of the feeling of frustration. I want some door open some place in the room where I can get out of here and get into an atmosphere where I am making progress."

A door open to progress. That a man must have. A few weeks after his outburst, Senator Tydings made an impressive, statesmanlike speech in the Senate advocating world disarmament, a world authority—UNO—wielding preponderant force, and inspection to make sure nations keep disarmed. It is possible that when others live for a while on intimate terms with the problem of survival, they may come to the same conclusion.



# THE BATTLE OF THE SPOIL BANKS

ALFRED H. SINKS

SAY "strip mining" in any of the five states that produce the bulk of our coal, and you start an argument. There, and in a good many lesser mining districts, those are fighting words. The boundaries of the battleground can be accurately drawn around all the areas where the coal lies not too far below the surface, say 80 or 90 feet. There tempers are touchy, the pros and cons fly thick and hot, and a farmer is more than likely to "have the law on ye" if he thinks you're a land agent for a coal company.

To strip, according to the dictionary, means "to remove the overlying earth from a bed or vein." Doesn't sound very exciting. And the idea isn't new. The Egyptians mined copper that way even before Alexander the Great swept into the Nile Valley. Ohio strip mined iron ore during the Civil War. The practice caused very little excitement.

A new breed of mechanical monster has changed all that: a power shovel that picks up a carload of earth and rocks as easily as you'd pick up a pebble. This behemoth has a voracious appetite. In a year's time it can easily chew up an entire 300-acre farm to a depth of 75 or 80 feet—pasture, orchards, hills, and valleys—and it isn't a tidy eater. If time had turned back a million years and a herd of armored dinosaurs came clanking down over hill

and dale it could cause no greater alarm than it causes when some peaceful farming community gets its first glimpse of these new juggernauts. It's in places like Cadiz, Ohio, that the clamor starts.

Cadiz is one of those picture-book communities beloved of novelists and Hollywood directors. One of the oldest towns west of the Alleghenies, it was already famous during the Civil War as a producer of prize shorthorn cattle and the best grade of domestic wool. An oil strike in the eighties and nineties made it "the richest little city in the world!"

Scores of Harrison County farmers grew rich, retired, and moved into town. They built sumptuous homes. The business section boomed with four hotels, eight banks and savings and loan societies. The *Cadiz Republican* proudly announced that there was \$2,000 on deposit in Cadiz for every man, woman, and child in Harrison County.

One bank and one rundown hotel are plenty for Cadiz now. The fact that the old prosperity has gone is not entirely the fault of coal. The oil wells are dry, and the soil of the surrounding farms isn't as rich as it used to be. But if you take a look at the country round about you can see why the more excitable citizens blame it all on coal. You might even get a little excited yourself.

*Alfred H. Sinks, a former newspaperman, became interested in the problems of strip mining while doing public relations work in Ohio. His most recent published work has been concerned with advances in science and technology.*



Cadiz is like a town under siege. On three sides loom the earthworks thrown up by the stripping shovels. And on each of the three sides the shovels are moving in on the town. In one or two spots they have practically reached the edge of it. And the path ahead is clear enough to anyone who looks at a geologist's map. Cadiz sits right over the middle of a rich vein of shallow coal. To someone who has never seen it, it's a little hard to describe the landscape in the wake of the advancing shovels. It looks as though a Paul Bunyan 300 feet tall had plowed the fields with a blade that bit 80 feet deep and left furrows 40 feet tall. But the furrows are not the rich brown topsoil of the adjoining fields. They are dusty ridges of clay, boulder, and broken shale.

The farmers who gave Cadiz its trade and its fame are selling their land to the coal companies and moving to the western part of the state, where there isn't any coal. Those who haven't moved are getting restless and suspicious of their neighbors. It wouldn't take much to send them on their way. "Coal's been a curse to this community!" one farmer said to me with a break in his voice.

From Cadiz the alarm has spread over the entire state. It was the clamor in and around the little southeast Ohio town that first forced state legislators to face the problem. Frank Lausche, Ohio's conservation-minded Democratic governor, has rapped the strip miners' knuckles again and again. The last session of the legislature debated two bills, either one of which the coal operators claim would have put them out of business. Both bills failed to pass and the governor appointed a commission of nine men to look into the whole mess, warning them at the start that they were dealing with "apostles of greed and despoliation!"

The fight in Ohio is almost a carbon copy of the battles that have broken out from time to time in West Virginia, Pennsylvania, Indiana, and Illinois, with fainter echoes in many other places where strip mining is on the increase. In all there are 22 states where coal is mined by this method. Because it takes in a large part of the country and because it is focusing a spotlight on issues of conservation much

broader than the industry itself, the war of the spoil banks may soon become a national issue.

To anyone who sees a big strip mine for the first time, emotional hysteria is a natural reaction. Some of the loudest protests come from those who know least about the subject. So it is a good idea to look over the battleground carefully from both sides.

STRIP mining is an engineer's dream of simplicity, speed, and efficiency. No burrowing under the crust of the earth. No intricate underground railroads to be built and operated. You just move aside everything that's on top of the coal. If there's a river in the way, the big shovel just cuts a new bed for it and you move it over a mile or so. If there are roads, buildings, orchards, woodlands, they go as well. However varied the landscape may have been before the shovels dug in, it all looks the same after they have passed.

The deep miner always loses from a quarter to a third of the coal in the vein. He has to leave that much standing in "pillars" to keep the roof from falling in on him. But the strip miner takes it all. He needn't worry about flooded shafts, about gas, cave-ins, or mine explosions. There are no disasters in strip mines. The few accidents have resulted from the fact that someone got careless with his dynamite or tried to start an argument with a 25-ton coal truck.

Last year in Ohio the deep-chested, out-in-the-air miners earned nearly double the annual wage of the fellows who still burrow "down in the hole." Man for man they turned out nearly five times as much coal.

Underground production of soft coal has been erratic. Only during the recent war did it approach the peak attained in 1918. There have been years when production was less than half that figure. But strip mine production has risen steadily. Ten years ago it was insignificant. Today it is five times as great as in 1934: nearly 100,000,000 tons last year. Add to that 11,000,000 tons of Pennsylvania anthracite hefted right out of the ground by shovels. Coal mining is crawling out into the daylight.



Early strippers worked in small patches, went down 20 or 30 feet. Now they commonly carve out a canyon 150 feet wide, 80 or 90 deep, and miles long to lay bare a seam of coal. In Pennsylvania within the next year they will be going down 300 feet and more. One company there plans to move 2,000,000 carloads of earth to get at 10,000,000 tons of hard coal.

Figures make it clear that strip mining is not going to stop now that the war emergency is past. It is far too profitable. New machinery gives it an increasing advantage over deep mining, even though deep mining itself leans less on human muscle and more on machinery with each succeeding year. As stripping shovels grow bigger—and some now being built are even bigger than those already working—it becomes profitable to go deeper by the strip mine method. Fields that are now marked off for deep mining may actually be strip mined instead, when their turn comes.

All this has some pretty exciting implications. Two-thirds of American industry depends on soft coal for power. One industrial crisis after another has followed a labor tie-up in the bituminous mines. As head of the United Mine Workers, John L. Lewis has his hand on a switch that says stop or go to the industry of the entire country.

The picture of a coal miner as a mole burrowing underground with his lungs full of coal dust is a familiar one. His leaders have seen to it that the public knows the hazards of his job. When he has struck for higher wages, vacations, better and safer working conditions, portal-to-portal pay, he has carried the sympathy of a large part of the public with him.

But strip miners work above ground and earn high pay. They rarely live in ramshackle company towns or trade in company stores. They generally drive their own cars to the job, where they can park within a few yards of the actual work. They already produce a big enough share of the coal to make a big difference when a strike stops production in the mines.

Most of them belong to the UMW and during the war, as a matter of union discipline, they stopped work when the deep miners stopped. Will they always be will-

ing to do that? Possibly not. And that is quite an ace in the hole for the strip mine operators.

## II

I MADE a long swing through the mining districts to find out whether strip mining was really the vicious practice it was said to be. To judge by some reports, vast stretches of our Central states are being laid waste as though they had been plastered with atomic bombs. According to others stripping is a thinly disguised blessing and a boon to mankind.

I still cannot tell you that stripping is a good thing, or an evil one. I can tell you it is a big thing, an important thing, and a soul-stirring thing to see. I can tell you that, for better or for worse, there's going to be a lot more of it. What follows is a composite of what I learned at a score of mines scattered through half a dozen states, and in the communities affected by strip mining.

The big shovel man is a new breed of coal miner. Maybe you bump into him first sauntering down Main Street in the evening. He has an air of being one of the lords of creation. But you understand that, remembering how he makes his living. The way God arranged things on the face of the earth makes very little difference to him. The big shovel man rearranges them to suit himself. He tosses the landscape around without so much as raising a sweat. In conversation he's taciturn, with the quiet self-assurance of the highly skilled and the highly paid. Sure his job's monotonous. But he earns five thousand dollars a year by running a shovel! You make up your mind to run out tomorrow and see him on the job.

You find the big shovel down in the "cut." You can just see the tip of its slanting, 110-foot boom over the edge of this new-made canyon. One side of the canyon is a precipice; the miners call it the "high wall." The other side is the conglomerate heap of rubble that came out of this particular cut. Miners call that the "spoil bank." Every few seconds the big scoop bites into the base of the high wall, picks up enough dirt to fill a freight car, swings around and dumps it on top of the spoil bank. (See illustration in P & O.)



This is one of the newest and biggest shovels. It weighs 1,600 tons on the hoof, cost roughly half a million dollars, and was shipped here in parts, packed in 60 freight cars! Though the brute has a lifting power of 385,000 pounds, it is delicately balanced as a pair of weighted scales. Experience, a sharp eye, and a feather light hand on the controls are all the operator needs.

The scoop that picks up the dirt is big enough to park your car in comfortably, with enough room for you to stand alongside it. The big juggernaut crawls about the canyon—surprising, too, how fast it can move—on caterpillar treads higher than your head. Back of it trails a kind of umbilical cord, a heavily insulated high voltage cable that connects with a power line somewhere in the neighborhood. Above the caterpillars, on a huge turntable, the cabin that houses the hoisting machinery is bigger than an average two-story house. Its lower right-hand corner is a glassed-in control room, arranged like the cockpit of a bomber.

You can shinny up a series of steel ladders, hang on to the rail of a steel platform seven stories up. Up there the monster rolls and bucks like a tough old ice breaker smashing into a heavy ice floe every time the scoop bites into the high wall.

Nothing slow about this big baby. In a month it can move a million tons of rock and earth, enough to fill a train of freight cars 180 miles long.

The shovel can pile dirt only so high. It is limited by the length of its boom. So the depth at which stripping can be done with a shovel alone is limited. For that reason many strip miners swear by another new monster called a "walking drag line."

The scoop on a drag line is attached to a steel cable that runs over the end of the boom. Working above the cut, instead of inside it, the drag line can lift dirt to almost any height. The latest and biggest do literally "walk"—on two enormous flat feet shaped like pontoons. Far better than caterpillars for getting over rough ground, the miners say, and the walking drag line has to clamber around on top of the spoil banks.

The strip miner usually works in from the edge of the coal field the surveyors

have marked out. His first cut may be anywhere up to three or four miles long by the time the shovel turns and works back, cutting out a second row and piling a second spoil bank next to the first. The big shovel rolls ahead on the level roadway of the coal seam itself.

A smaller "loading shovel" follows close on the heels of the giant. The coal floor of the canyon is blasted loose. The loading shovel picks up the loosened coal and dumps it into 25-ton Diesel-powered trucks, which haul it away to the cleaning plant and tipple. As the stripping shovel adds row on row the spoil banks multiply behind it, a featureless no-man's land of dun-colored ridges slowly covering the entire field.

In West Virginia the stripping is in comparatively small patches where the great, seven-foot-thick Pittsburgh Seam crops out along the flank of a hill. When the overburden becomes too heavy the shovels stop, and from that point on mining must go underground. Conditions are like that in Pennsylvania too. But in the gently rolling country of southeastern Ohio or the flat prairies of Indiana, Illinois, Missouri and Kansas, it's another story.

There the shovels will chew up mile after mile of flat countryside. Man-made badlands near Arthur, Indiana, already cover one patch of 2,200 acres, with enough coal still left to keep the shovels working for another 15 years. Near Cadiz itself stripping has isolated one area of 16 square miles.

AMONG the strip miner's natural enemies are farmers who are attached not just to their own land but to the physical aspects of the countryside round about. There are the conservationists and the simple citizens who are horrorstruck at the wild and desolate look of land that has been stripped. Some attacks have been instigated by deep mine operators who fear competition from the more efficient strip mines and in one state at least organized labor spearheaded the attack. They foresaw that a growth of strip mining would mean a sharp decline in union membership and influence. Though conditions differ from field to field and state to state, charges hurled against the strippers



follow the same pattern everywhere. These eight are typical:

1. Stripping makes the land unfit for farming; you can't grow corn on spoil banks! If you could, you could never get around over the rough, treacherous ground to cultivate or harvest it.

2. Tearing down the hill slopes and their cover of natural growth leaves the land below unprotected against the downrush of rain and melting snow, and so opens it to erosion. Every acre stripped—according to the bitterest critics—endangers two to four acres of adjoining farm land.

3. Stripping lowers the water table and so hurts the productivity of adjoining land. For the same reason it raises the danger of flood in nearby river valleys.

4. The last cut left by the stripping shovels eventually fills with water. The iron pyrites generally found near coal turn that water into weak sulfuric acid. It is nasty yellow in color, poisonous to cattle, poisonous to anything that tries to grow in the vicinity. Further, it may seep into clear streams and pollute them.

5. Stripped land is bound eventually to go into default on the county's tax books. And who would buy it, even for back taxes?

6. Stripping overruns public roads and highways, cuts off one neighbor from another, isolates whole stretches of countryside.

7. Then, there are those awful gob piles! Gob is the waste coal not worth picking up. It is highly acid and so may pollute the neighboring water supply. It is also highly inflammable. Once it catches fire—and it nearly always does—it will burn for years and nothing will put it out.

8. Finally, spoil banks are an eyesore in anybody's language. Agitation in most states has demanded that strippers level off the spoil banks while the big shovels, the bulldozers, and the skilled men are still there to do the job.

### III

**T**O MOST of these charges, the coal operators have answers. Exceptions are Number Five, which lies in the realm of the crystal ball, and Number Six, which is the plain truth and so unanswerable.

To begin with, strippers know the position of the coal seams as well as you know the boundaries of your back yard. And the land with strippable coal under it makes up only a small fraction of the total—only 94 square miles in the state of Illinois for instance—so what's all the shooting for? Further, it happens to be true that very little of the farm land overlying the coal beds is of good quality. Much of it has been classified as marginal or submarginal.

On submarginal land—these figures are from Indiana where the coal seam is not particularly rich—it would take 500 years to grow enough corn on an acre to pay for the coal under it. On a fair grade of farm land it would take 250.

It is true that you can't raise field crops on spoil banks. But in many places trees and pasture grasses do grow on them. Within 20 years, coal operators claim, 'spoil banks can be paying a bigger return in forest products than they ever paid in field crops.

Instead of lowering the water table, miners insist, stripping actually raises it. Especially is this true where the shovels follow the natural contours of the surface. Spoil banks hold back the runoff and keep surrounding farm lands moist. Coal operators insist that levelling would destroy this safeguard against floods and droughts. They say that the loose soil of spoil banks, if levelled, would be more susceptible to erosion and, since in any case the topsoil is buried at the bottom of the heap, they would be no more suitable for field crops than they are right now.

The final cuts often form reservoirs, of value to farmers for miles around. Though some of them are sulfurous, many others are crystal clear. Many operators take the trouble to push some dirt back into the final cut, enough to cover the gob and the exposed coal that may cause pollution, though some refuse to go to this extra expense. Actually, I have seen a number of such newly formed lakes in Indiana and Illinois which teemed with fish and whose banks were covered with flourishing vegetation. I found deer tracks leading down to the water, for the rough spoil banks, now beginning to cover over with trees, shrubs, and grass, were becoming a perfect refuge for wild life.



To the final charge—that stripping ruins the natural beauty of the countryside—your stripper snorts in loud contempt. He points to the undisturbed slope of a hill nearby. Ruthlessly cut over and burned out by generations of shortsighted farmers and lumbermen, such slopes are ragged and scrubby with sumac, oldfield birch, and worthless, second growth trees. Your miner points out a farmstead typical of the mining country. The roof of the barn sags, scrub cows graze on both sides of fences that need mending. The soil is pitifully thin. The buildings are in sore need of paint. "Where is all this natural beauty you've been talking about?" he demands.

Then he drives you out beyond the fresh spoil banks to an area mined several years ago, where his company has planted the older spoil banks with hundreds of thousands of trees. You identify several varieties of pine, some black locust, black walnut, oak, elm, and maple. Volunteer cottonwoods and sycamores have sprung up and are flourishing. "Now how about this?" your miner crows. "Can you honestly say it's an eyesore?"

You still have reservations. It is the beauty, not of Nature but of new skin grafted on an old scar. For generations the land itself will remain too rough to cross except on horseback. It will be hard to work and easy to get lost in. But it is satisfying to discover something is being done.

**Y**OUR miner friend is a young engineer. You discover he's just about as much interested in geology as he is in mining, and just about as much interested in forestry as he is in geology. "We're learning things about soils that farmers and foresters never knew," he declares, and points to river birches and willows growing right on top of the spoil banks as proof that such banks hold moisture.

"Some varieties of trees actually take hold and grow faster on spoil banks than on the undisturbed land around here," he insists. "Those pines have grown as much in five years as the same variety grew in eight on a nearby hillside."

He gives you his theory of why the trees do so well. Here, as in many coal fields,

there is a thick layer of limestone just on top of the coal. In the spoil banks that limestone begins to break up. The other land hereabouts is poor in calcium but the spoil banks are rich in it. In fact some big strip operators are beginning to supply farmers both with limestone for roads and with powdered lime for their fields. Typical spoil banks, your friend tells you, contain all the chemicals plants need except nitrogen. Planting them to a legume like black locust or red clover fixes nitrogen in the loose earth and furnishes a balanced soil for growing other crops.

"That's the theory we work on, anyway. But some of the government conservation men were through here the other day. They just looked at these trees and scratched their heads. Said they just couldn't understand it; it wasn't according to the rules. When it comes to growing things in spoil banks you've just got to throw the old books away. It's a new science."

Out in Fulton County, Illinois, a husky, middle-aged mine boss named Byron Somers thinks he's proving that most people are dead wrong about spoil banks. He's having a lot of laughs at the calamity howlers' expense. Somers grazes about 200 head of blooded steers on his spoil banks; his profit has been as high as \$50 a year on each animal. In a year's grazing on spoil banks his yearlings put on about 100 pounds more flesh than they gain in a year on ordinary pasture. In summer, red clover grows up to six feet and higher on the rough land of the spoil banks. In addition, a two-and-a-half mile, crystal clear lake has carried Somers' farm through droughts that burned the surrounding countryside to a crisp. It's a strip mine cut, of course.

Kansas has sheep ranches, vineyards, and fruit orchards as well as young forests growing on spoil banks. The head of one of the oldest companies has carried on a continuous program of land reclamation for years. He is stripping now on land that was homesteaded by his grandfather in 1868. After it has been stripped it is going back to crops again. "This land has always provided a livelihood for this family," the owner declares, "and coal or no coal, it always will!"



THERE have been some fly-by-night companies in the coal stripping business. Road contractors and construction outfits with idle machinery trooped into the coal fields to take advantage of the inflated wartime demand. Such outfits created serious problems. They sold unsorted and unwashed coal. They did nothing to mitigate the desolation their shovels left; "strip and skip" was their way of doing business. But the big strip mine operators are, on the whole, serious and farsighted. They are sensitive to public criticism, for they hope to stay in business for a long time. In some places they were shrewd enough to foresee the alarm that would be caused by stripping and they have been experimenting with spoil bank reclamation for many years.

The land they strip is an asset they mean to develop for further profit. Hence the best of them are becoming experts on land use: forestry, farming, land conservation. Recently they have subsidized studies and courses in reclamation work at the University of Illinois and at Purdue. They hope that research just begun by the Central States Forest Experiment Station may find the answers to some of their problems.

Yet I can't forget the Cadiz farmer who, in his earnestness, grabbed my lapel. "Suppose they can make trees grow on spoil banks," he exploded. "Suppose they *are* good enough for sheep. This is my home, Mister. It's been my family's home for a long time. And when my kids grow up I hope they can have the kind of neighbors we always had—people, not sheep!"

## *Death Indeed*

MARK VAN DOREN

SO CLOSE death flew that when I walked away,  
 Still trembling, still stopped about the heart,  
 I walked as two men, and the livelier  
 Was he that had been stopped for good—yet came on  
 Standing, and revisits now all places  
 With someone lesser, with myself, the seen one.  
 Nobody notices. Which makes me wonder,  
 Had the wing beat been final, whether death,  
 And death indeed, is not the walking on,  
 Just this way, of the selfsame legs and shoulders  
 And the fool's face of yesterday; yet lighted,  
 And with each weakness gone. For him I see  
 Is perfect in decision; him I hide  
 Is errorless, is angel. And I ponder,  
 After so many deaths, how full the world  
 Must be of his companions; for till then,  
 That day, I heard no rustle; and now even  
 Nothing I do reveals him, nothing I watch  
 And wince and cannot copy. It is death  
 Indeed that will unfasten him, my friend  
 Whom no one else can see; and some day no one.



# THREE SHORT STORIES

## *I. Grandpa Was Her Mirror*

JESSAMYN WEST

IT WAS only five o'clock, but for Myra and her father who had had a long, sad day it seemed later. They sat in the breakfast nook eating raisin-bread toast and drinking tea. The steam of the kettle had condensed on the cold window and was running down the glass in tear-like trickles. Outside in the orchard the man from the smudge company was refilling the pots. The greasy smell of last night's smudging was still in the air. Myra watched her father eat his toast, nibbling up to the crusts, then stacking them neatly about his cup like a snake fence.

"We'll have to call Chapple, Myra," he said finally. "Father's likely not to last the night. You two are his only grandchildren. You ought both to be here."

Myra ran her long yellow fingers through her black hair. "Chap's not going to like being called away from school," she said. "And she'll make my work twice as hard. Underwear, hairpins, books tossed everywhere."

"We'll have to call her," Mr. Norby persisted. "It's the only thing to do." He swirled the last of his tea around in his cup so as not to miss any sugar.

"Grandpa's liable to lapse into unconsciousness any time," Myra argued. "Chap'll hate coming, grandpa won't know whether she's here or not, and my work will be twice as hard."

"Her place is here. This is where she belongs. You see to it that she helps you. Chapple's ten years younger than you, Myra. You ought to have a little control of her."

Myra smiled at her father sardonically, but said nothing.

"I'm going to long-distance her now. She's a bright girl and it's not going to hurt her to miss a few days' school. What's the school number?"

"I don't remember," Myra said. "Just get long distance and ask for Woolman College."

She watched her father stand, still tall in spite of his sagging shoulders, and wipe a clear place on the steamy window pane with his napkin. He peered out into the green twilight. "I can't ever remember having to smudge before in February. I expect you're right," he added as he sidled out of the breakfast nook. "Chap's not going to like it."

CHAP didn't like it. It was February, the rains had been late, and the world was burning with a green fire; a green fire rolled down the hills and burst shoulder high in the cover crops that filled the spaces between the trees in the orange orchards. There had been rain earlier in the day and drops still hung from the sickle-shaped grass leaves. Chap squatted



down to look into those crystal globes that held both the grass's green and the sun's red. Walking, again, under the eucalyptus trees, silver drops stung her face, cool and burning at once. Meadow larks sang in the fields just beyond the campus.

Chap thought: no one loves the meadow lark's song as I do. Not grieving nor amorous nor lost. There's nothing to be read into it. It's simply music. Like Mozart. Complete, finished.

"'Oh it is rain to listening ears.' " She spoke aloud, for she was not only full of poetry but never without an imaginary audience. She capered and danced, seeing how she would look to a watching eye; her tongue rippled like a snake's with desire for words which she did not possess, and for ears, not present, to hear her speak them.

But for Old Boatswain, the college gardener, who was eyeing her hopping and strutting across the campus, she didn't give a hoot. He was old. She felt less akin to him than to a bird or toad. She hopped on as carelessly as if a rock had eyed her.

There were lights burning already in the dorm windows. She could see Ardis and Nina still at their tables, finishing up their Ovid perhaps, or looking up a final logarithm. But between five and six most of the girls in the dorm stopped trying to remember which form of the sonnet Milton had used, or when the Congress of Vienna had met, and dressed for dinner. They got out of their sweaters and Norfolk jackets and into their silk poplins, their voiles, and marquises: soft, bright dresses made by the girls' mothers, rich with shirrings and lace and French knots. Chap was planning to wear her green voile that night and she knew just how she would flow down the stairs into the dining room, looking like the merman's wife.

The minute she opened the door she began to hear the dorm sounds and smell the dorm smells: the hiss and rush of the showers, the thud of the iron, a voice singing, "Dear old Woolman we love so well," the slap of bare feet down the hall, the telephone ringing.

And the smells! Pears' and Cashmere Bouquet frothing in the showers; talcum powder falling like snow: Mavis and Love Me and Devon Violet; there were rubber-

soled sneakers, too, and gym middies still wet with sweat after basketball practice and the smell of the hot iron on damp wool.

But while she was still listening and smelling Edith shouted from the top of the stairs, "Long distance for you, Chap. Make it snappy."

Chap took the stairs three at a time, picked up the dangling receiver, pressed it to her ear.

"Placentia calling Chapple Norby," Central said.

"This is Chapple Norby speaking."

Then her father's message: Grandfather dying. Catch the 7:30 home. He would meet her at the depot.

"What's the matter—Chappie—Chap?" Edith asked.

"I have to catch the 7:30 Pacific Electric. Grandfather's dying."

"Oh poor Chap," Edith cried and pressed her arm about her.

Chap scarcely heard her. Why were they calling her home to watch grandpa die, she thought, angrily and rebelliously. An old man, past eighty. He'd never been alive for her, never more than a rough, hot hand, a scraggly mustache that disgusted her when he kissed her; an old fellow who gathered what he called "likely looking" stones and kept them, washed and polished, to turn over and admire. It was silly and unfair to make so much of his dying.

But before she could say a word Edith was telling the girls who were crowding about her. "Don't cry," they said. "We'll pack for you. Be brave, darling Chap. Remember your grandfather has had a long, happy life. He wouldn't want you to cry."

"Brave Chappie—Chap," they said. ". . . just frozen."

THE Pacific Electric was hot and smelled of metal and dusty plush. It clicked past a rickety Mexican settlement, through La Habra and Brea, where the pool hall signs swung in the night wind off the Pacific. An old man in a spotted corduroy jacket, and his wife with her hair straggling through the holes in her broken net, sat in front of her.

Neat, thought Chapple, anyone can be neat, if he wants to.



Her father, bareheaded but in his big sheepskin jacket, met her at the depot. It was after nine, cold and raw.

"This is a sorry time, Chapple," he said. He put her suitcase in the back of the car and climbed into the driver's seat without opening the door for her.

Chap got in, wrapped her coat tightly about herself. The sky was clear, the wind had died down.

"I don't see any sense in my having to come home," she said at last. "What good can I do grandpa? If he's dying, how can I help?"

"I was afraid that was the way you'd feel about it. So was Myra."

"Oh Myra," Chap burst out. "She's always trying to put me . . ."

Her father cut her off. "That'll be about enough, Chap. Your place is at home and you're coming home and keeping your mouth shut, whatever you think, and if not helping Myra at least not hindering her."

There was nothing more said until they turned up the palm-lined driveway that led to the house.

"I don't suppose it means anything to you, Chapple, but you're your grandfather's namesake. He's been asking for you." But in the face of Chap's cold indifference her father couldn't go on. "Come on in," he said harshly, "and remember what I said about helping Myra."

Myra met them at the door, sallow and haggard in her Indian design bathrobe.

"Chap," she said, "grandfather's conscious now. I told him you were coming and he's anxious to see you. You'd better go in right away—this might be the last time he'd know you."

Chap was standing by the fireplace holding first one foot then the other toward the fire. "What am I to say?" she asked. "Does he just want to look at me?"

Her father shook his head, as if with pain. "Aren't you sorry your grandfather's dying, Chap? Haven't you any pity in your heart?"

"He's an old man," Chap said. "It's what we must expect when we grow old."

Myra gave her father a meaningful look. "Warm your hands, Chap. Grandfather's throat bothers him and it eases him to have it rubbed. I'll give you the ointment and you can rub it in. You

won't need to say anything to him."

Chap slid sullenly out of her coat and went across the hall with Myra to her grandfather's room. There was no sign of his thin old body beneath the covers; his head, with its gray skin and sunken eyes, lay upon the pillow as if bodiless. The night light frosted his white hair, but made black caverns of his closed eyes.

"Grandfather," Myra said. "Grandpa, grandpa." But he didn't move. There was nothing except the occasional hoarse rasp of an indrawn breath to show that he was alive.

MYRA pulled the cane-bottomed chair a little closer to the bed. "Sit here," she said, "and rub this into his throat and chest." She opened her grandfather's nightshirt so that an inch or two of bony, grizzled chest was bared. "He says that this rubbing eases him, even if he's asleep or too tired to speak. Rub it in with a slow, steady movement." Myra went out, leaving the door a little ajar.

Chap sat down on the chair and put two squeamish fingers into the gray ointment; but she could see far more sense to this than to any talking or being talked to. If they had brought her home from school because she was needed in helping to care for grandpa, that she could understand; but not simply to be present at the death of an old man. What had that to do with her?

She leaned over him, rubbing, but with eyes shut, dipping her fingers often into the gray grease. The rhythm of the rubbing, the warmth and closeness of the room after the cold drive had almost put her to sleep when the old man startled her by lifting a shaking hand to the bunch of yellow violets Edith had pinned to the shoulder of her dress before she left Woolman. She opened her eyes suddenly at his touch, but the old man said nothing, only stroked the violets awkwardly with a trembling forefinger.

Chap unpinning the violets and put them in his hand. "There, grandpa," she said, "there."

The old man cupped his hands about the flowers as if they were alive, and tried to speak; but his voice faltered. Chap went on rubbing his throat. Finally in a dry, faraway whisper which she had to



strain to hear, he said, "I never used to plow North Hill because of the yellow violets." Tears filled his faded eyes and spread over the tight skin of his cheek bones. "Now I have to leave them."

As he spoke, Chap felt the knowledge of death enter her heart like a knife, like a fire. Something gave way as if cut, something melted as if warmed. Grandpa had been a live man, perhaps young; he had climbed North Hill in the spring, he had picked yellow violets. There was no use pretending death had nothing to do with her. It would come to her, too, separate her from the green dress, the meadow lark's song, the smooth flesh. Death was what had been creeping toward grandpa all these years; it had grayed his skin,

made him turn to the stones of the field for his solace; it had heated and hardened the palm of his hand. It had at last caught up with him. It could catch up with her.

"Grandpa, grandpa," she said over and over again. "Grandpa, grandpa." With all her heart she wept for herself and her own mortality. She put *her* hand, which would soon, too, be dust, over grandpa's hand which still held the flowers.

"Oh, oh," she sobbed. "I can't bear it."

Myra and her father, at the sound of Chap's crying came noiselessly to the opened door. As they turned away Chap's father said, "You see, Myra, the girl has a tender heart after all."

Myra looked at her father quizzically, but made no comment.

## II. *The Austrian Woman*

HOLLIS ALPERT

LIEUTENANT PIERCE had brought out a chair from the house and was sitting outside in the mild evening sun, watching his friend Anderson's attempts to photograph a small, nondescript dog, when the Austrian woman came around the side of the house. She was evidently in search of them, and she carried a plate filled with freshly laid eggs. The two American officers who were billeted in the small house had long ago given up the idea of ever being able to understand the woman by means of language, and their communication was usually by means of strained smiles, pointing, and nods or shakes of the head.

This time the woman smiled at Pierce, pointed at the plateful of eggs, and

nodded, all at practically the same time.

"I'll be damned," Pierce said, "she's giving us some eggs."

Anderson looked up from his efforts, and a kind of light came over his face. "Look at all those fresh eggs," he said.

"*Danke*," Pierce said, accepting the plate from the woman. "*Danke*," he repeated, it being the one word whose meaning he was certain of.

"*Bitte, bitte*," she said, smiling embarrassedly. She stood before them, anxiously observing their reactions to the gift. She was a stocky woman, with a perpetually flushed face, and was perhaps in her late forties. Although it was her house, she lived with her husband and daughter in some rooms on the second floor of a barn-



like structure a hundred yards or so to the rear of the house. She came in during the day to clean the rooms of the officers, and she used the stove in the kitchen to do her cooking. Pierce had noticed the food was potatoes cooked in varying ways, along with some garden vegetable. Very rarely did he notice any meat being prepared. At one time three lieutenants had used the house, but one had already returned to the United States. Pierce and Anderson had too few discharge points to worry much about the possibility of getting home soon, and so they tried to make their occupational stay in the small Austrian town as pleasant for themselves as they could. Their duties at the regimental headquarters failed to keep them fully occupied.

Every morning the Austrian woman cleaned their rooms, and once a week she changed the bed linen. The pillows were fluffy and down-filled, and the only thing wrong with the beds was the fact that the mattresses seemed to be filled with straw. A picture of a good-looking boy in German uniform was framed on a table in Pierce's bedroom, and he allowed it to stay there, assuming that it was her son, who evidently, to judge by the time that had elapsed since peace had come, would not return. The woman's husband was quite old, and the daughter was stout and homely. They had little interest in her.

But the woman they'd come to appreciate. She seemed quite anxious to do anything she could for them, and one service they could always depend on was the washing of their clothes. All they had to do was to leave a bundle of dirty clothes outside the door of a room, and by the following day the clothes would be back, fresh and pressed and neatly placed on the bed. In return, they gave her some candy bars, and occasionally a pack of cigarettes for her husband. When this happened she smiled at them gratefully, and her face grew more flushed than ever. Anderson once told Pierce that he thought the old girl had had a lot of life in her ten or fifteen years back. And she did look almost girlish when they thanked her for doing their laundry, or hanging their clothes neatly in a closet. "*Bitte, bitte,*" she would say, and then hurry to get from their paths as they went out of the room.

PIERCE noticed Anderson staring with a sort of fascination at the eggs, and was about to get up and take them inside, when all at once Anderson said, "I've got a wonderful idea."

"What's that?" Pierce asked.

Anderson counted the eggs, then said, "Ten eggs. Just right for an eggnog. What do you say we mix an eggnog?"

"I'm right with you," Pierce said, "but how do we do it?"

The woman kept on smiling at them, and when Anderson motioned Pierce to follow him into the house, she let a respectful distance elapse, then followed too. Anderson opened the cupboard in the kitchen where they kept a few "C" rations and canned milk, which they used when they got up too late to catch breakfast at the mess-hall.

"We've got practically everything we need," Anderson said, "if we can use brandy in it. Do you think that bottle of German brandy will go good in it?"

"Don't see why not," Pierce said, "it's got alcohol in it, and it's the right color. All we can do is try."

Anderson went to his bedroom and brought back the bottle of brandy. "We can use the canned milk, and maybe add a little water. But what do we do for sugar?"

"In a 'C' ration can," Pierce said. He took from the shelf a can that contained crackers, powdered lemon extract, and a packet of sugar.

Pierce saw the woman stare at them curiously as they got two bowls from the cupboard, cracked the eggs, poured the contents into the bowls, and then whipped them furiously with forks. When the eggs were beaten to a uniform yellow, Anderson brought out a large pitcher from the cupboard. "Pour the milk in first," Anderson said.

"Is that the right way?" Pierce asked.

"Who knows? I wonder if we ought to add water. Might dilute it though."

He pried open the can of condensed milk and poured it into the pitcher. Anderson stirred, while Pierce slipped the eggs in.

"Now the brandy," Anderson said.

Pierce pulled the cork from the bottle and poured the liquid slowly into the pitcher, while Anderson kept on stirring.



WHY do you think she's watching us?" Pierce asked.

The woman still stood in the doorway, looking at them with an odd, puzzled expression on her face.

"Maybe she wants a drink," Anderson said.

"Maybe she thinks we're crazy," Pierce said. He felt a little ill at ease from her presence.

Anderson dipped a spoon into the mixture and tasted it. "With a little sugar it'll be fine."

When the sugar was added they both tasted the result. The finished product was creamy and yellow and had the familiar look of eggnog.

"Just a little, tiny bit more sugar," Anderson said. He sifted more sugar into the pitcher, then they both tasted the eggnog again.

"Perfect," Pierce said. "Just perfect. We ought to get some of the boys."

"Let's have a little drink by ourselves first," Anderson said. He went to the woman's cupboard and brought out three wine glasses. Pierce filled each with eggnog, then he ceremoniously lifted one of the glasses and brought it to the woman.

She stared at it, as though it was some-

thing strange, but made no move to take it.

"Here," Pierce said, holding it closer to her.

He noticed suddenly that tears had come into her eyes, watched her with surprise as she turned quickly, went from the kitchen and out the back door of the house.

"Well, I'll be damned," Anderson said.

"That's funny," Pierce said, "what's gotten into her?"

"Maybe she thinks it's poison. Well, drink up."

They lifted their glasses and toasted each other solemnly.

"To the States," Anderson said.

"To China, you mean," Pierce corrected.

Each took a long sip of his drink, then looked at each other almost happily.

"This is really something," Anderson said.

Pierce nodded, but his face was reflective. "Now what do you think she acted like that for?" he said, "I wouldn't like to have her stop doing our laundry."

"Don't worry about it," Anderson said, "let me fill 'er up."

He refilled Pierce's glass with eggnog.

### *III. Grade 5B and the Well-Fed Rat*

FRANCES GRAY PATTON

DEAR PARENT," said the mimeographed letter from the Parent-Teacher's Association of the Oaklawn School, "In this atomic age the future safety of civilization depends upon a truly scientific atmosphere. The boys and girls of today will be the men and women

of tomorrow. At our meeting, Wednesday November 14, Miss Oates' grade, 5B-1, will take over the program to show we parents how our little folk are progressing in this direction."

Mrs. Potter sighed when she read it. Her daughter, Elinor, was in grade 5B-1.



MRS. POTTER made a point of staying away from schools. They depressed her. The very odor of their halls was an undertow to her spirits. It sucked her back into that nervous dullness of childhood from which she, by the grace of time, had thankfully escaped.

Her first two children were boys. They seemed fond of their mother, and not abnormally ashamed of her. They accompanied her on bird-walks in the woods, and sometimes even to a movie—though they did not sit with her there because, they explained, they could see better from the front row. They talked openly to her about sex and tropical fish and airplane motor frequency. But they did not discuss their school affairs. And on the rare occasions when she was obliged to come to their school (to bring forgotten notebooks, for instance, or raincoats when the weather had changed unexpectedly), their embarrassment was pathetic. They greeted her vaguely, like people who “know the face, but can’t recall the name.” It suited Mrs. Potter.

But Elinor was different. To Elinor school was the stuff of life, and she brought it home with her. She remembered in detail the appearance of her teachers. She discovered, somehow, their private histories and philosophies. She recounted everything at the dinner table.

“Miss Oates had lipstick on her teeth again today,” Elinor would remark. “It was probably her mother’s fault. Miss Oates lives with this old, old mother, and sometimes she beats Miss Oates to the bathroom in the morning and she stays in there so long—you know how old people are!—that Miss Oates doesn’t have time to fix herself up before school. Poor Miss Oates! I don’t like lipstick on teeth.”

Or she would lean forward, pudding spoon halfway to her mouth, and announce solemnly:

“Miss Bangs, our new music teacher, loves God. She really *loves* Him.”

Elinor liked, also, to share her homework with her family. Her eyes shone as she recited the multiplication table or the trials of the Jamestown Colony. Her voice was full of proud emotion when she read her compositions aloud. One of these ended with a fine, confident flourish:

“After reading this chapter in *Tales of Distant Lands*,” declared Elinor, “I know that if I woke up tomorrow morning in the middle of the Desert of Sahara, I would feel perfectly at home.”

(She probably would at that, thought Mrs. Potter. Anybody who feels at home in a public school would feel at home anywhere.)

It was entertaining. It might have been entirely charming if Elinor had not begun urging her mother to visit the school. Other mothers came all the time; wasn’t her mother interested in education?

“Miss Oates thinks the school and the home should co-operate,” said Elinor. “And besides,” she added, “everybody wants to see you. I’ve told them you look like a pin-up girl.”

This bit of flattery was irresistible. Mrs. Potter, though well-preserved, was plumpish and close to forty. She promised Elinor that next time her class was on the program she would attend the P. T. A. meeting. It had seemed then something far-away and rather unlikely to happen.

Now, with the letter in her hand, she knew she was caught.

On the morning of the appointed Wednesday Mrs. Potter awoke with a heaviness, like a cold, undigested pancake, on her stomach. Then she heard her husband gargling in the bathroom and she took heart. Maybe, she thought, he was coming down with a strep throat, and she would have to stay home and nurse him. But he said he was all right—he was just gargling as a precaution because there were some colds in the office.

“I guess this is it,” she said bleakly, and went down to the kitchen to start the cereal.

Elinor was too excited to eat much breakfast. She was to make the longest speech of all. She had not said the speech at home because she wanted it to be a surprise for her mother, and now she was afraid she didn’t know it. She stared down at her plate and kept mumbling something about rats.

“Mama,” one of the boys said at last, “don’t let her go crazy right here at the breakfast table. She takes my appetite away.”

“Suppose I forget something,” said



Elinor, trembling, "before those thousands of people!"

"I don't suppose there'll be many people," murmured Mrs. Potter soothingly.

It was the wrong thing to say.

"You mean we won't have a good audience?" demanded Elinor. In a gesture of despair she clapped her hand to her head. "My hair!" she moaned, holding out a yellow wisp in her fingers. "Oh, I wish I had some glamour. I have to get up there on that stage—without any glamour!"

She moaned again as she gathered up her books. But it was a moan, Mrs. Potter knew, made half of ecstasy.

"Wear your new girdle, Mama," said Elinor, "and use enough lipstick. Don't get it on your teeth."

BEFORE the meeting Mrs. Potter went downtown for a shampoo and a manicure. She disliked painted fingernails, but this time she permitted the manicurist to give her a brilliant polish called *Frozen Flame*. She was not going to let Elinor down. Then she went to a department store where she bought a red rayon carnation to pin on her coat. She thought she looked very nice. She almost believed she was going to enjoy the meeting.

After all, she told herself, her attitude of aloofness toward her children's education was self-indulgent and anti-social. More than that, it was ignorant; it was based upon some infantile fixation of her own. Times had changed. The public school must have changed with them, and—witness Elinor's enthusiasm—for the better.

But when she went into the school it did not smell very different. It did not look different, either. The walls were painted the same pale tan—a faintly nauseating color—and on the wall the same peasant girl still listened to her lark. As she walked down the concrete hall Mrs. Potter heard the echo of her own footsteps tapping behind her, like some hopeless monotony that would shadow her all her life.

At the door of the auditorium she was welcomed by Miss Oates. Her teeth, Mrs. Potter saw with relief, were clean as the proverbial hound's. Miss Oates, when Mrs. Potter introduced herself, exclaimed in evident surprise: "Are you *Elinor's* mother?" She gave her a long look,

equally appraising and disappointed.

Mrs. Potter found a seat among the score of other mothers who were, she saw, as carefully coifed, as resolutely complacent as she herself. There was time only for the briefest interchange of compliments on one another's "darling children" before Miss Bangs began playing the piano. (Mrs. Potter found herself thinking irreverently that God might have rewarded that lady's devotion with the gift of greater talent!) Thirty children filed out upon the stage, singing "We march, we march, to vic-to-ree," in fresh, tuneless voices.

The children all looked healthy and clean. The boys wore white shirts and dark knickers. The bright, starched dresses of the girls belled out like field flowers. Their eyes were steady and serious, as if some transcendent emotion arose to sweep the least trace of frivolity from them. They made a touching picture.

Her Elinor, Mrs. Potter observed, was pale. She looked as if she had been crying and had just washed her face. But she seemed composed. She stood primly, with her hands crossed, like little limp fish, over her middle. When she caught her mother's glance, she shot her a swift, tremulous smile.

Miss Oates mounted the rostrum. She was a thin, tall woman. She curved her body a little from the waist, as if to reduce the impression of its length. She fingered her pearls as she talked, and her features assumed the languid lines of patronizing whimsy. But her prominent blue eyes were coy and restless. Mrs. Potter felt sorry for her, and sorry, too, that she did not like her.

"*Ave!*" said Miss Oates cheerfully. "In this day of racial unrest and the atom bomb—"

Mrs. Potter shivered. Suddenly the pretty children on the platform looked unsubstantial, doomed, like the over-bright figures in a nightmare. What earthly relevance had the race problem to the matter in hand, and why drag in the bomb at this juncture? The woman was a plain fool. Mrs. Potter bowed her head in vicarious shame.

"In this atomic age," Miss Oates continued, "this time of changing val-yews, we must dare to change our methods also.



Therefore, when the fifth graders took up the study of nutrition, we did not give them dead books, but live, vibrant material. The Health Department kindly donated two white rats. We named one of them Wiffles, and the other one Squiffles."

She paused, smiling graciously. The audience made a sound that Mrs. Potter supposed might be called "an appreciative titter."

"Wiffles," said Miss Oates, "had his private cage, and Squiffles had his. But while Wiffles was fed milk and eggs and vegetable stew, Mr. Squiffles received only cookies and coca-cola. At first we thought Squiffles was the lucky rat, but we soon changed our minds. Wiffles began to look like a great big Marine sergeant, and Squiffles was just a poor little 4-F. But I'm going to let our young scientists tell you the rest. I know you want to hear, in their own little words, just what they've learned with their honest, inquiring little minds. So, ladies and gentlemen," here she dimpled at the principal, a bald, sleepy-looking man, "and mothers of the fifth grade, I want to introduce somebody you already know—The Class of Five B One."

Miss Oates retired into the wings. Everybody clapped. A stout, pink-cheeked boy came forward. He gave his bulging pants a hitch, and began to talk in challenging, uninflected tones.

"In this atomic age," he said, "we must all be scientists."

Mrs. Potter did not listen closely to him. She did not pay much attention, either, to the girl who maintained that, since the discovery of the airplane and the atom bomb, it was necessary to learn the rules of health. Mrs. Potter was waiting for Elinor.

Elinor, whose job was to sum up the results of the class experiment, was the last to speak. Mrs. Potter thought she was infinitely better than the others. In the first place, she looked exactly the way a ten-year-old girl ought to look. Even her straight hair, with its bothersome cowlick, had all the weedy grace of childhood; it made the ringlets of the other girls look artificial. And she spoke her piece in a rapid, businesslike way, without any hesitation or any fancy frills.

"The characteristics of the well-fed

rat," said Elinor, "are different from the characteristics of the poorly-fed rat. The well-fed rat is heavier. The fur of the well-fed rat is soft and creamy. The poorly-fed rat has sore eyes, and his fur is very ratty. The poorly-fed rat is maladjusted, and he also has a bad disposition. He is ready to dart out of his cage whenever the door is opened. The well-fed rat has a calm, kind disposition. He is contented with his surroundings and does not wish to leave his cage. His tail is pink and waxy."

AFTER the program was over Mrs. Potter stayed to congratulate Miss Oates upon the performance of her pupils. The children were marching off the stage through a back door, but Elinor darted from the line (like the poorly-fed rat, thought Mrs. Potter), and bounced over the footlights to her mother's side. Miss Oates came down, too, but by the steps.

"We're glad to see Mummy, aren't we, Elinor?" she said. There was something subtly menacing in her tone.

"It was really remarkable, Miss Oates," said Mrs. Potter. "I'm sure *we* were never so poised in the fifth grade." Then, in an attempt to add a friendly, adult note to the conversation, she added flippantly: "But it's sad, isn't it, that the well-fed rat liked his cage. Is the desire for freedom only the desire for food?"

Miss Oates curved her lips slightly. It was the sort of smile, Mrs. Potter remembered, that teachers kept for parents who tried to be funny.

"That's what the chart told us," Elinor said. "It said the well-fed rat liked his cage. It wasn't that way with our Wiffles."

She gulped on the last word. Miss Oates gave her an uneasy look.

"But, Elinor," said Mrs. Potter, "I thought you said in your report—"

"You see, Mrs. Potter," said Miss Oates, "the Health Department furnished us with a chart on rat nutrition to help us find our facts, but the rats didn't always cooperate. Squiffles, *our* poorly-fed rat, just cowered in a corner—"

"With a blank expression on his face," said Elinor contemptuously.

"—while Wiffles, who was supposed to feel all comfy, was forever trying to get out. Once he did escape, didn't he, Elinor?"



"Yes, Miss Oates," said Elinor, "and bit the blood out of Randy Adams when he caught him."

"We disinfected Randy's finger with iodine," Miss Oates said quickly.

Mrs. Potter was honestly puzzled.

"I thought," she said, "that the class just observed the rats first-hand, and drew its own conclusions."

"That's right," said Miss Oates patiently, "we observed them for a month. We fed and weighed them every day. Then, with the chart as a guide, we made out our reports."

"I see," said Mrs. Potter. But she wondered if she did.

"But," said Miss Oates, "when we compared our findings with those on the chart we saw that something, somewhere, had gone wrong. Maybe there was something funny about the rats to begin with. Or maybe we didn't follow directions properly. I don't know." She shrugged helplessly. "Frankly, I've never been good at science. I was always more the esthetic type."

"I know," said Mrs. Potter vaguely.

"Anyway," said Miss Oates, "our results weren't exactly what we'd expected. We had promised to give this program and we simply didn't have time to do the experiment all over again. But we knew from the Health Department what facts we *ought* to have found, so—well, we just decided to take the bull by the horns and go ahead and find them! In this atomic age, we can't afford to be narrow about facts, can we? I mean we have to realize their broader implications. And after all," she finished, on a note of inspiration, "things often don't turn out right the first time—even at Oak Ridge."

"Indeed they don't," agreed Mrs. Potter.

"Now," said Miss Oates briskly, "I've dissipated long enough. I must go see what my class is doing. I believe in trusting children, you know. In times like these they have to learn self-reliance. And then I check up on them. Elinor, would you like to spend five whole minutes alone with Mummy? Be sure to ask her to come again."

"Maybe Elinor could show me the rats," suggested Mrs. Potter.

A glint of something like exasperation shone in Miss Oates' eyes.

"I do wish she could," she said, "but the truth is we've had a minor tragedy in our midst. When we took the covers off the cages this morning we found something that made us all feel dreadfully blue." She pursed her mouth ruefully and dropped her voice. "The well-fed rat was dead."

She began to back off with her eyes fixed warily on Elinor.

"Bye-bye," she said, and was gone.

**I** HATE her," said Elinor, grinding her words between her teeth. "She is a cold, black-hearted woman."

Mrs. Potter was dismayed.

"Oh no, darling—you don't!" she cried. "You don't *hate* anybody."

"I hate Miss Oates," said Elinor flatly. "She wouldn't even let us have a funeral for him."

"But she was so busy," said Mrs. Potter. "And she has that poor old mother!"

"I feel sorry for Miss Oates' mother," said Elinor. "Imagine thinking you were going to have a nice baby, and it turning out to be Miss Oates! She has no feeling for children or rats or anything. Mama, I loved Wiffles. He was a sweet rat."

"Maybe he's happy somewhere," said Mrs. Potter. It seemed the only thing to say.

"He didn't look happy," said Elinor. "He looked awful dead. He was lying on his back with his feet up in the air. His body was still warm." She began to sob quietly. "We wanted to cremate him like we read in the paper Jerome Kern was cremated. We were going to build a funeral pyre on the playground, and dance around it singing hymns. But ole Quaker Oats wouldn't let us. Do you know what she said?"

"What did she say?" asked Mrs. Potter, aware of an ignominious sympathy for Miss Oates.

"She said: 'In this atomic age we have no time to play funeral with rats.' And then—" Elinor's voice shook with grief and scorn—"she picked him up, by his pink, waxy tail, and gave him to the janitor."

Mrs. Potter kissed Elinor and patted her on the shoulder. She wiped her wet



cheeks with a handkerchief.

"I guess you'll have to go now, baby," she said. "It was a lovely program, anyhow." She fished a nickel out of her purse. "After school get yourself an ice-cream cone—or a coca-cola."

As she saw Elinor's face brighten, Mrs. Potter felt like crying. The quick shift of a child's mood, like sunlight running up the beach on the heels of a cloud, had always been a thing to move her deeply. She had an impulse to snatch Elinor out of these borogoves of pious confusion and set her free in the simple light of day. But of

course she did no such thing. She only smiled and watched her little girl skip jauntily off to Miss Oates' home room.

And a minute later when she, herself, walked down the hall, Mrs. Potter felt comforted. The old smell of chalk and peanuts, the hollow, reverberating sound of her own shoes, the pastoral rapture—expressed in sepia—of Millet's rustic, all managed to put reality smugly in its place. Life seemed inept and innocent and debonair. Even the split atom lost its terrors for the moment and became just something people talked about at P.T.A. meetings.

## *What Goes On Here?*

**W**E PRINT here, side by side, the opening paragraphs of an editorial written and set up last summer for the *Free Philippines*, OWI-Army newspaper published by PWB, GHQ, OWI unit at Manila for the Filipinos, and the same as published after being revised on orders from officers at General MacArthur's headquarters. Original copy on the left, censored version on the right.

### A FUNDAMENTAL DIFFERENCE

The words of General Eisenhower Tuesday at a dinner honoring the men of Russia, Britain, and the United States who fashioned victory in Europe illustrate something fundamental about this war.

The words were spoken by a man who commanded the most powerful, the most destructive army ever put on the field by the western Allies. Yet not a single line extolled the glories of war, the pride of arms, the thrill of conquest. Instead, there was only a humble, heartfelt plea for lasting peace, simply told.

"All of us," he said, "want the common man of all nations to have opportunities that we fought to preserve. They want opportunities that will let all nations that have been engaged in this war to go forward together to greater prosperity."

[*The rest of the editorial, in both versions, contrasted such sentiments with those of Nazi and Italian leaders.*]

### A FUNDAMENTAL DIFFERENCE

The words of American generals, who along with their Russian and British colleagues, helped fashion victory in Europe, illustrate something fundamental about this war.

The words were spoken by men who commanded the most powerful, the most destructive armies ever put on the field in Europe. Crowds in London, in Paris, in Washington, in Chicago, in Los Angeles thronged to pay tribute to their achievements. Yet, in none of their addresses could one find a single line extolling the glories of war, the pride of arms, the thrill of conquest. Instead, there were only humble, heartfelt pleas for lasting peace, told through tears.

They asked for "the common man of all nations" the opportunities "that we fought to preserve—opportunities that will let all nations engaged in this war to go forward together to greater prosperity."





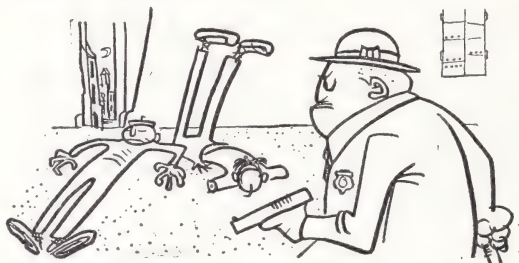
# PEEKABOO PENNINGTON, PRIVATE EYE

JOHN BARTLOW MARTIN

*Decorations by Robert Osborn*

ANYONE whose prior acquaintance with private detectives has been limited to the heroes of detective novels would have a hard time recognizing William V. Pennington as the foremost real-life private eye of San Francisco. Fictional private detectives fall into two groups: the erudite thinkers and the toughies. Philo Vance and Nero Wolfe, the descendants of Sherlock Holmes, think very hard, though they make it look easy, and they do most of their crime-busting from armchairs, rarely stirring from their studies and their exotic scholarly hobbies. Clever crime fascinates these stu-

eschew studies to mix it up with the unsavory criminals whom they are after and from whom they frequently are almost indistinguishable. Their hobbies are liquor and nymphomaniacs.



These fictional detectives are, one student has noted, "brutal, grasping, lecherous 'heels.'" Such a shamus is always finding a body, knows many hoodlums, kicks in a lot of doors, has innumerable angles, most of them illegal, and is constantly dealing with murder, revenge, phony wills, crooked politicians, family quarrels, and adultery. In a single Hammett novel the detective shot and stabbed one man to death, helped shoot another dead, was himself attacked with dagger, gun, chloroform, and bomb, fought off a ghostly manifestation barehanded, wrestled with five women, cured a girl of narcotic addiction, and in addition was obliged to deal with one seduction, eight murders, a jewel burglary, and a family squabble. This is about par for the course.



dents, slaughter bores them. On the other hand, Sam Spade and Ned Beaumont, who work for Dashiell Hammett, and the detectives invented by Erle Stanley Gardner and Raymond Chandler, among others, would just as soon operate in an abattoir as a drawing room, and they



Almost invariably the tough detective lives alone, drinks a lot, double-crosses the cops, and narrowly escapes jail; invariably he is a disenchanted character. The toughies, rather than the brainy heroes, are generally considered to resemble real-life private detectives. It has been said that Hammett, once a private detective himself, drew on his own experiences when he wrote. If so, his experiences were unusual.

Writers of the hard-boiled school like to set their novels on the West Coast, more especially in San Francisco, perhaps because its hills, fogs, waterfront, and proximity to the Orient provide suitably dramatic props for violence. Frequently the chase leads into Chinatown, into the arms of a blonde, or into the clutches of a sinister figure from the Levant or the Balkans. William V. Pennington, a successful real-life private detective in San Francisco, never put anybody in jail, never shot or shot at anybody, never was shot or shot at, never stabbed or was stabbed, never was chloroformed, never had a study to think in, never made serious love to a blonde, never saw a ghost, never drinks on the job and sparingly off it, gets along with the cops, lives quietly with his wife and three children in a suburban house, has no hobby except taking his family fishing, studies nothing, reads nothing (not even detective stories), knows no hoodlums, can be described more accurately as a Babbitt than as a "brutal, grasping, lecherous 'heel,'" has had but one case in Chinatown (he flopped completely), and no case involving anybody from the Levant and only one involving anybody from the Balkans.

**T**HIS man from the Balkans was not sinister (at least not by detective novel

standards): he had come to San Francisco as an adviser to the Yugoslav delegation to the UNO convention. More, probably, than any other this case lifted Pennington to the top of the heap among San Francisco private detectives. Pennington had been hired by a gentleman from Oakland to follow his wife. Pennington discovered her in the room of the Balkan diplomat in the fashionable Fairmont Hotel atop Nob Hill. This case was strictly routine. Pennington's only remarkable achievement was getting past the Military Police, FBI agents, Army investigators, and other vigilant characters who swarmed all over the Fairmont during the Conference. (He had the man from Oakland speak in Yugoslav in front of the guards, creating the impression that he was a delegate.) But the case attracted international attention, precipitated a crisis between the Tito and Mikhailovitch factions, and made Pennington famous. Jack McDowell, a newspaperman friend of Pennington's, referred to him in a story as "Peekaboo" Pennington, and this turned out to be magic.

Today if you tell almost anybody in San Francisco that you have just come from lunch with a private detective, he is more than likely to say, "Not that fellow they call Peekaboo?" This is like money in the bank to Pennington. Though he professes an earnest desire to elevate private detecting to respectability, Pennington has never been heard to object to being called Peekaboo. (He is acutely conscious of the value of publicity and cultivates his newspaper friends assiduously, distributing numerous modest gifts at Christmas and other times.)

Three years ago he was just another of the twenty-five private detectives listed in the Bay Area classified directory, hard-





working, little-known, far from affluent. Last year his income "ran into five figures," as he puts it, adding with some pride that he hired a CPA to figure out his income tax. He has two cars and a summer place at Lake Tahoe and he intends to buy a Chris-Craft this summer. He won't touch a case for less than a \$100 retainer and recently he collected a single fee of \$5,000. He refuses all but the most lucrative cases. Among his clients have been some of the wealthiest people in town. Successful divorce lawyers consider him tops. One told him recently he was hiring him simply to scare the opposition. He gets more publicity than all the other private eyes in the Bay Area combined. Newspaper writers refer to him as "purveyor of gum-shoed information to society," "the noted Bay Area love nest expert," and "the private eye whose specialty is throwing thorns on beds of roses."



It is not surprising that the public, misled by novelists, has the wrong idea of a private detective's mien and activities. One of Hammett's operatives said he worked "with the object of putting people in jail." Nothing could be farther from Peekaboo Pennington's mind. Not long ago an excited woman phoned and wanted him to come over immediately because somebody was trying to climb through her bedroom window. He referred her to the police.

## II

WHEN Allan Pinkerton was appointed a deputy sheriff in Chicago exactly a hundred years ago, public law enforcement was poorly organized, and he and the private agency he soon formed to fill the gap unquestionably put a lot of people in jail, however much he romanticized his adventures in his published works. But today if private detectives had to make a living off

crime they would starve to death. They could not hope to compete with the police. Their province embraces the vast body of wrongdoing which does not come under the penal code, together with a lot of other things that worry mankind and cannot even be termed wrongdoing.

Of course private detectives sometimes catch criminals. But an agency which uncovers an arson conspiracy while working for an insurance company is more interested in voiding the arsonist's insurance claim than in jailing him. Similarly, the prime objective of a private detective who tracks down a jewel thief is to retrieve the jewels. If an agency unmasks a dishonest bank teller, the bank, rather than bother to prosecute him, simply gets its money back and fires him. Most of these crimes are small and hard to prove. The police handle the big cases that result in prosecution. When private detectives do solve a big case it is usually because, privately paid, they could afford to carry on after the case went cold and the overworked cops, harassed by new depredations, were forced to drop it.

Detectives like Paul Drake in Erle Stanley Gardner's novels work the other side of the street. They try to build up a defense in criminal cases. Detectives do this mostly in books. There is so much feeling—and so much law—against witness tampering that most defense attorneys won't let a private eye touch a case. Anyway, defense has come to be pretty much a matter of (a) crying police brutality or (b) confessing everything and invoking the unwritten law. A defense lawyer needs a dramatic coach more than he needs a private detective. However, Pennington has done a little criminal defense work. Once, working for a sailor accused of killing a peace officer with his own gun, Pennington discovered the officer had a reputation of being quarrelsome while drinking. The sailor pleaded self-defense and was acquitted. Some years ago Pennington, posing as a surveyor, obtained from children's gossip evidence that beat a charge of attempted rape against his client. Only once has he been arrayed with the prosecution: when a stranger tried to use him as the fall guy in a blackmail and arson plot, Pennington called the police, who investigated and arrested the man.



SOME private detective agencies specialize in skip-tracing, that is, locating persons who have chosen to disappear. Skip-tracing is a good example of a hole in the law that the private detective plugs. Obviously, if a woman tells the cops that her husband has disappeared, they are likely to say, "He's free, white, and twenty-one." Similarly, the disappearance of a girl of, say, fifteen fails to excite the police unless evidence of crime is discovered. Skip-tracing is one of the most difficult branches of private detective work. Pennington has tried it a few times, but most of the tracing he has done has been incidental to his divorce work.

Many detective agencies provide plant guards and patrolmen. Others make what are called "personnel surveys" in stores, hotels, night clubs, restaurants, banks, and transportation systems. In plainer words, they find out how much the employees are stealing. Some detectives check on job applicants, make credit reports, or investigate personal injury claims for insurance companies and common carriers.

The big agencies depend largely on industrial accounts. This sometimes gets them into strike-breaking. Pennington claims he has never handled a labor case, and the long memories of San Francisco labor men bear him out. Indeed, he says he has turned such cases down when they were offered. "I'm sympathetic to labor. Besides," he added ingenuously, "I couldn't afford to touch a case like that." Like a politician he hates to make enemies.

But business investigation does not always involve labor disputes. It was an investigation of hidden assets for a receivership that led Pennington to set himself up in shop as a private detective. Most of this investigation was paperwork, though he actually followed a few men to locate safe deposit boxes or pieces of property they had concealed.

However, business investigations usually require a large organization composed, like the FBI, chiefly of accountants and lawyers. For a private eye operating alone, the fireworks—and money—in the private detection industry lie in divorce. Some of the substantial agencies like Burns and Pinkerton will tell you they refuse divorce cases, because unscrupulous lesser detec-

tives, employing such subterfuges as the badger game, have made a racket out of adultery. Nevertheless, few agencies have not handled divorce at one time or another, and a hot divorce case is to the detective what a crackling criminal case is to a bored lawyer. Today Peekaboo Pennington handles nothing but divorce.



### III

PENNINGTON is forty-five, blue-eyed, rather slight—150 pounds, five feet eight and a half—and white-haired. "I grayed early," he has said. "It helps me. Women have confidence in me, they'll confide in me." His size helps him too: in shadow work a man who is either unusually large or small is conspicuous. There is nothing striking about Pennington's appearance except his peculiar crablike walk, acquired by riding horseback as a boy. A prospective client exclaimed, when she first saw him, "You're not Mr. Pennington, are you? You look like a preacher." To others he looks like an aging salesman. He has the monotonous sing-song way of speaking affected by some ministers when they talk about sin, the quick professional sympathy of an undertaker, and a politician's ready chuckle and habit of talking around a point. He wears glasses and in consultation appears judicious and deliberate, but while at work he is tense and nervous. Small, he is likely to jump up and down, birdlike, to look over the heads of a crowd for the man he is tailing.

His ambition is to write and though recently he has had no time for it, he once wrote a lot of poems with such titles as "Children's Day at Our House," "Worry-in'," and "The Ship of Life." None has been published except in a column of comment he formerly wrote for six weekly newspapers in the Midwest. One night not long ago, watching a love nest from his darkened car, Pennington said, "I have no social inclinations. My family means more



to me than to any man alive. Mother and I have been married twenty-four years. I guess that's a record out here. I try to lead the kind of life I'd like to see others lead. I guess if they did it'd close up my business, hah, hah, hah." Strange words for a real-life Sam Spade.

He frequently takes friends along on his jobs, partly to keep him company, partly because he knows they are interested. Most people on meeting him ask how he happened to become a detective, and when some of them ask, a peculiar gleam comes into their eyes, as though secretly they'd like to try it too. Probably they would; schools which advertise "FOLLOW THAT MAN" enjoy substantial enrollments. Whenever a big crime breaks hundreds of people try to solve it, thereby getting in the way of police investigation. Every private detective knows the spouse who sheepishly admits he has sought professional aid only after his own efforts have failed. Usually by this time the case is hopeless.

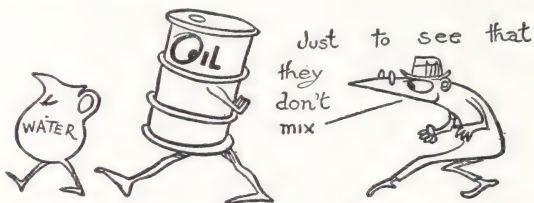
When people ask how he became a detective he usually replies, "I guess I'm just naturally inquisitive by nature." If they press him even a little, he tells his life story. He enjoys this, because it is a success story. Usually his hearers are satisfied; but they have no reason to be, for in Pennington's life story there is not a single clue to how to become a successful detective.

HE WAS born May 8, 1900, near Smith Center, Kansas. In high school at Colorado Springs, Colorado, he distinguished himself as a debater and orator; characteristically, he made this ability pay off by spending his summers guiding sight-seers through the Cave of the Winds and other wonders. "I can still give the spiel," he said recently and did. After three months in the Army and a few weeks of college he married a girl who had been born and reared a few miles from him. They settled on one of his father's large farms; his father was a wealthy farmer with other extensive financial interests.

"I was living in the lap of luxury," Pennington has said. But soon bad times came. "Then the grasshoppers, the chinch bugs, the drought. It was the start of the Dust Bowl." His father was going broke.

So in 1926 Pennington moved his family—his son William was three—to Smith Center and borrowed \$6,000 and bought the only motion picture house. He made money when the talkies came. "Then a chain theater came in and opened up right next door and built a big modern theater and they broke me. I lost my home, lost one of my cars, and my business. And I was broke flat."

Like many another victim of adversity in the troubled early thirties, Pennington entered politics. He ran for the state legislature. Alf Landon was running for governor, and Pennington rigged up a public address system in his car, using movie sound equipment from his closed-down theater, and stumped western Kansas. Landon won, but Pennington lost. He went to Topeka. Landon rewarded him with a job as an oil inspector, preventing oil bootleggers from dodging the state tax. The state police had already done the real detective work; Pennington was simply an administrator who ran a Port of Entry, checking cargo, destination, and seals of oil trucks. True, he sometimes followed suspected trucks; but he never caught a bootlegger that way.



HAVING saved \$300 out of his state salary of \$125 a month he put his two children and his pregnant wife in his 1930 Chevrolet and headed for California where, as a hay fever and allergy sufferer, he had always wanted to live. Looking back on that time he said recently, "I got to San Francisco in 1934 just as the waterfront strike was on. Streets barricaded. Men fighting for jobs. I wasn't well. So when a man comes West and he's sick and he's broke and he's got a family it takes a lotta guts to go through with it, I'll tell you that."

His brother got him a job selling electrical appliances for Montgomery Ward on a \$16 a week guarantee. He went to night school and became a real estate broker (he still holds a license) and quit



Montgomery Ward. Some days he worked as a ships' clerk, checking merchandise on the waterfront. Simultaneously he attempted a third job: working for a private detective agency for 75 cents an hour. His sole experience had been his year as an oil inspector.

His first assignment was to find out where a wealthy Oakland married man was living and what he was doing in a house in San Francisco. To find out, Pennington did what any other layman would do: parked near the house and waited. Soon a good-looking young woman drove into the basement garage and closed the doors. This occurred several times. Sometimes the car stayed in the garage a long time. She never parked on the street. "Being of an inquisitive nature I wondered why the car was being driven direct into the garage. I deducted there was some reason for that. I've always maintained you're either a natural for this business or you'd just as well get out of it." One day, following her car away from the house, Pennington saw a man get up out of the back seat. She took him to another house and let him out. To avert suspicion Pennington first canvassed nearby homes for the names of the occupants, carrying a big black notebook and saying he worked for the City Directory; then he called at the house the man had entered and thus identified him as the wealthy Oakland husband. That was all the agency had wanted him for. He got paid about \$30.

FOR about a year he continued to work as a part-time real estate broker, part-time ships' clerk, and part-time private eye. In 1937 a lawyer friend got him the job of hunting hidden assets. This paid \$250 a month and lasted four months. When he left he was a full-fledged private detective. This meant he had invested \$70 in a bond and license, had listed himself in the phone book as a private detective, had had some cards and blotters printed, and was going around telling people he was a private detective.

About once a week he called on all the Oakland attorneys listed in the telephone directory, working some office buildings from top to bottom, distributing his blotters, which read:

### A COMPLETE DETECTIVE SERVICE

WILLIAM V. PENNINGTON

Bonded Investigator

Civil and Criminal Cases—Scientific Surveillance—Dictograph Service—Motion Picture Photography with the finest Bell-Howard Telephoto-lens Camera in the Bay Area—Trial preparation

Reference, Piedmont Police Department

133 Ramona Avenue

Piedmont, California

Piedmont 5353

Olympic 7846

He had got the Police Department reference through a cop he met at the local Legion post. He had bought the movie camera to take pictures of his children. The address in Piedmont, an East Bay suburb, was the eight-room house which he occupies today. He still has no downtown office or secretary. His office is a former breakfast nook in his home with flowered wallpaper, a begonia plant, pictures of the children, a framed homily. His wife leaves the kitchen—they have no maid—to answer the phone.

A private detective has almost no capital investment. A file of city directories, a street guide, a couple of guns (which he rarely carries), a car, a movie camera, a \$10 Brownie with a photoflash attachment (Pennington's flash camera gets smashed too often for him to use an expensive one), a filing cabinet, a flashlight, a typewriter, a screwdriver, a notebook, a pencil, some stationery, perhaps a microphone—those, rather than such exotic items as fingerprint kits and disguises, are the only tools a shamus needs.

"I felt if I could sell myself to the attorney he would then employ me. A man can pull himself up if he tries hard enough."



Attorneys began to use Pennington. His fee was \$1.50 an hour plus expenses. He



did a lot of personal injury work for the traction company—finding out whether persons who sued the company were faking their injuries. (Such faking is a highly-organized racket in some cities.)

His first big case was a personal injury case for a powder company. Two miners had sued for \$75,000, claiming that explosives manufactured by the company had detonated prematurely, nearly blinding one man and crippling the leg and back of the other. They were living in a small town in central California. Pennington went there, got a room in the only hotel, and discovered they hung out in a bar across the street. As assistant he hired a man who was renowned for being able to drink anybody in the county under the table. Separately they went to the bar. Pennington drank cokes while his assistant bought drinks for the plaintiffs.

Pennington's assistant brought the "blinded" plaintiff to his table. Pennington began to read aloud a newspaper story about a \$125,000 lawsuit; interested, the "blinded" plaintiff finished reading the story, though the light was bad. The assistant later induced the two men to display their agility by sparring with him out on the sidewalk while Pennington surreptitiously took movies from his hotel room. Pennington's assistant got the men drunk, and they told him how the "premature" explosion had been caused by their own carelessness. They passed out; Pennington and his man took them to their room, where Pennington picked up damaging letters from their families. The suit was settled for nuisance value.

PENNINGTON soon saw that California was a fertile field for a divorce lawyer or detective. New at the work, he toiled harder for a hundred dollars than he does today for a thousand. In 1942, afraid the government was going to requisition all private cars, he sought a military commission, was refused, and went back to the waterfront as a ships' clerk, for a private detective without a car is like a dentist without a drill. By the time this scare blew over, other private eyes had grabbed the warplant guard jobs, and attorneys for embittered wives and husbands were crying for a detective. It was then that Pen-

nington moved across the Bay into San Francisco, into the big time. The UNO case made him. Today he is sitting pretty. When an expensive divorce lawyer thinks of a private detective he thinks of Peekaboo Pennington. Many more experienced operatives, now tagged as sabotage experts, face a reconversion problem.

Attorneys value Pennington because he performs as well on the witness stand as in a love nest. He is a hard witness to rattle. Moreover, unlike many less lyric operatives, he writes an excellent report. This he attributes to the experience he gained as a Midwest columnist. Perhaps most important of all, says Jake Ehrlich, one of San Francisco's highest-priced divorce lawyers, is Pennington's ability to think like a lawyer. "He knows what evidence is," Ehrlich had said. "He knows what a lawyer wants. Most detectives just follow a guy around. Pennington plans a campaign like a lawyer."

#### IV

PROBABLY ninety per cent of divorce work is shadowing. Police detectives employ two techniques: the loose tail, in which the operative risks losing his subject rather than be discovered, and the close tail, in which the detective follows the subject closely at any cost, including discovery. In divorce work the detective often must use the close technique, since the intimacies he hopes to observe are fugitive and cannot be seen from long range. However, if the subject appears suspicious, the loose technique can be used, for an errant husband, unlike a criminal, is easy to pick up, again if the operative loses him.

Not all detectives can shadow people successfully. Pennington once tailed a man



*The Close Tail*



*The Loose Tail*

intermittently for two years without being discovered. Shadowing requires judgment, fast thinking, a great deal of patience, and various special skills, such as recognizing a car at night from the rear by its tail light alone, or driving a car with great skill; in following somebody through heavy traffic the detective must choose frequently between losing his subject at a red light or making himself conspicuous by running the light. Working on foot Pennington sometimes changes overcoats during the day but he doesn't think this makes much difference—"either you can shadow a man or you can't." He never wears sun glasses, perhaps the amateur's favorite disguise: they make one conspicuous. Patience is the tail man's greatest ally. Frequently Pennington sits in his car outside a suspected love nest for a week, eight or ten hours a night, before he observes a kiss or anything else he can use.

Sometimes Pennington spends half a foggy night crouched beneath a bedroom window to which he has affixed a microphone. He has never been caught at this. Yet, unlike fictional detectives, he is not infallible. Once a husband he was following spotted him, led him out into a country lane, made a fast U-turn, and bore down on Pennington's car head on; Pennington drove off through a walnut grove and, pursued hotly by the man he was supposed to be following, raced twenty tortuous miles before he was able to escape ignominiously in traffic.

## V

IT MAY be interesting to watch Pennington in action. Late in 1945 Guy E. Ashley, a wealthy San Francisco undertaker,

sued his wife for divorce. Mrs. Ashley's attorney, Phil F. Garvey, called in Pennington, who interviewed Mrs. Ashley in her home. She said her husband had moved out and she thought he might be carrying on a liaison with another woman, though he was living with his mother. She suspected no particular woman. All Pennington had to work with was his subject's name, description, business address, mother's home address, and the license number of his blue-green Oldsmobile sedan, 14 C 237. Not much. But what he found out is unblushingly set forth among the herein-aboves and herein-afters of Mrs. Ashley's cross-complaint in the divorce action.

Here, in substance, is the story as disclosed in that document. On December 7, 1945, Pennington parked near the Ashley and McMullen Mortuary. When Ashley arrived, Pennington identified him from description—a big, well-dressed man of about fifty. Pennington studied the heavy traffic and the street layout. He found a way to park a block away so he could follow Ashley whatever way he went. At 3 P.M. Ashley came out and drove to Pinellis Flowerland a few blocks away, then went back to the mortuary. He stayed there till 5:10 when he emerged with a man, drove him to Second Avenue, and

*Patience . . .*



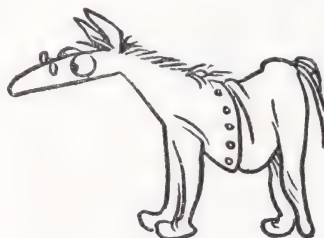
then drove to his mother's home, a large house overlooking the Pacific. Pennington parked a block and a half away and waited. Ashley did not come out by 8:30, so Pennington called it a day.

When Pennington arrived at the mortuary next morning Ashley's car was not in sight, so Pennington phoned the mortuary, asked for Ashley, and was told he was due back at 1 P.M. Pennington attended to some other business and returned at about 12:30. Ashley showed up at 12:55. He went to a near-by delicatessen, and Pennington's hopes rose: perhaps Ashley was going to take the afternoon off for a picnic. At 4:55 P.M. Ashley came out of the mortuary with an elderly woman. When Pennington followed them to 45 Sutro Heights he realized she was Ashley's mother. At 6 P.M. they drove across Golden Gate Park, stopped at a drugstore, then proceeded southward. Pennington dropped them.

Pennington, having cased the job, conferred with Mrs. Ashley. She said her husband usually took Thursday off. The following Thursday Pennington, after a twenty-mile drive, arrived at Ashley's mother's house at 6 A.M. It was still dark. At 8:40 Ashley came out and drove to the mortuary. On the way he stopped at no less than six grocery stores, remaining in each only a few minutes, almost trotting in and out, driving away rapidly. He bought nothing. At 9:10 A.M. he walked to a barber shop. Pennington went to a café from which he could watch the barber shop and ate a sandwich and a bowl of soup—for he didn't know when he might get another chance to eat. ("When they get a barber to fix them all up they usually are going somewhere.") Ashley was well dressed in a brown mottled suit, blue overcoat, and gray hat. At 9:45 he went to his car, opened the glove compartment, then went into the mortuary. At 9:50 he drove to a grocery, bought something, and took it back to the funeral home. At 11:25 he came out, backed his car around a corner, and headed downtown. After stopping at a liquor store he parked in front of a building in the financial district.

Presently a woman came out and got into his car. She was tall, good looking, well dressed, some ten years younger than Ashley. They drove down Bayshore High-

way and stopped at the Alamo cocktail lounge. Pennington followed them inside; they were at the bar; Pennington stood around killing a few minutes, then went outside. He put the telephoto lens on his motion picture camera, parked his car at an angle at the curb beyond the parking lot, and waited. When the couple came out, Pennington photographed them.



They went to Bay Meadows race track. In order not to lose them in the crowd when they bought tickets Pennington had to keep very close to them. "When you're starting out in this business you're apt to stay too far back and lose him; just because you can see him you think he'll see you. He won't." He got a good look at the woman and jotted down her description—125 pounds, a little shorter than Ashley, medium brown hair, prominent nose, about forty, wearing a leopard-skin fur coat of medium length, a rust-colored dress, black felt hat with gold sequins, black shoes, gold earrings. He stayed right on them as they moved through the crowd, made two-dollar bets, went up into the grandstand. Several times he took motion pictures of them from only fifteen feet away; he would shoot out toward the track and people near him would crane their necks to see what could be going on between races; but his subjects never spotted him. The sound of his camera was lost in the crowd. A few times they surveyed the crowd for familiar faces but they were not unduly suspicious. Once they split the bottle of whisky he had brought; Pennington pocketed the near-empty bottle a moment after Ashley tossed it in a trash barrel.

ABOUT 4:30, to insure picking them up when they left, Pennington went to his car. He tailed them to Stockton and Pine in a neighborhood of expensive apartment buildings near Nob Hill. They walked to the Stockton Court Apartments.



Pennington followed. The woman opened the door to the lobby with her key.

Here Pennington had to gamble. This apparently was her home but he didn't know her name. When they went through the door, he blocked it from closing with his foot. They got into the elevator. He shoved the door open, hurried inside, and bolted up the stairs, watching the elevator from floor to floor. Running out into the sixth floor corridor he almost bumped into them as they got out of the elevator. They stared at him. He walked past them, turned down a side corridor out of sight, and waited. If they came this way, he would have to knock on a door and have some story ready. If by ill chance he happened to pick on her door, his story would have to be a very good one indeed.

But they went the other way; he heard the door of an apartment beyond the elevator close. The apartment doors were of translucent glass. There were lights on in 603 and 604. It was one of these two. Pennington went back downstairs and took up his vigil from the street. At 7:50 the lights in 603 went out; a few minutes later Ashley and the woman came out and went to the car. Pennington was pretty sure 603 was her apartment.

They went to a restaurant. Though hungry, Pennington was afraid to follow; they might spot him this time. At 8:55 p.m. they drove past the San Francisco Yacht Harbor onto the Golden Gate Bridge ramp, circled Funston Avenue, drove through Golden Gate Park to Lincoln Way, and thence out to Robert's Night Club, where the surf was plainly audible. Pennington picked up a folder advertising Robert's and waited outside. He wanted to take a flash picture of their car but was afraid of attracting the attention of carhops. When the couple drove away, she sat so close to Ashley that her head covered the rear view mirror, which was a break for Pennington. They went back to her apartment. Pennington, waiting outside, saw the lights come on in 603 for a minute, then go out. It was 10:30.

Nobody came out. Pennington figured they would stay put for awhile. He went around to the rear but there wasn't any unlocked back door as in most apartment buildings. He waited at the front until

another tenant came out. Pennington went in. M. Collins was the name on the 603 mail box and buzzer button. He went out and took a time exposure of Ashley's car. At 11:15 the lights went on in 603. Fifty minutes later Ashley came out and drove away. Pennington got home about 12:45, having tailed Ashley for more than eighteen hours. He marked the whisky bottle and night club folder for identification and got out his city directory. He found Mrs. Mollie F. Collins listed at 530 Stockton Street. Next day he made sure she was the woman in 603 by canvassing other tenants, posing as a city directory interviewer.

SUNDAY night he made a spot check but the apartment was dark. Thursday he went to the apartment at 6:45 a.m., taking an assistant with him. At 8:25 a.m. Mrs. Collins came out and walked to work. During the day the detectives kept checking. At 4:40 p.m. they saw the lights were on in her apartment. At 4:50 she raised the blinds. At 4:55 Ashley arrived. From the trunk of his car he took several packages, some wrapped as Christmas gifts; then he went in. Pennington phoned Mrs. Ashley several times, couldn't reach her, and left word for her to meet him on the street corner as soon as possible. He maintained his vigil. At 9:55 an Army officer and a woman emerged from the building. Ashley, in his shirtsleeves, and Mrs. Collins waved and called farewell to them from the window of 603. Soon the lights went out. Presently Mrs. Ashley arrived, accompanied by her daughter and son-in-law. Pennington described the setup to them. Mrs. Ashley wanted to go in and break the door down. That was what Pennington had in mind. When a tenant came out, Pennington went in. Then he admitted the others. They waited in the lobby while he went out and got his camera.

Outside the door of 603 they paused. They could hear voices, a man's and a woman's. But Mrs. Ashley was almost sure the man's voice was not her husband's. Pennington was dumbfounded. Had he





been following the wrong man all along?

They all stood in the corridor and watched and listened for more than an hour. According to Mrs. Ashley's cross-complaint, this is what happened next: at five minutes to midnight they saw, through the translucent glass door, the figure of a nude woman. They heard the woman say, "Sweetheart—now I can call you sweetheart." Again she crossed behind the door, this time wearing a robe. A few minutes later the door opened part way. Mrs. Ashley at once recognized her husband, dressed for the street. Pennington thrust the door wide open. Barefoot and clad in a white print robe, Mrs. Collins asked, "What are you doing in here?" He told her he was a detective in the employ of Mrs. Ashley. Ashley said, "Of Mrs. Ashley?" Mrs. Ashley, according to her cross-complaint, ran at Mrs. Collins and pulled at her robe; she was wearing nothing else. Mrs. Collins screamed, "Mrs. Ashley!"

Pennington was taking pictures with his flash camera. He asked Ashley "what sort of a party was going on," and Ashley said, "Oh, a couple of friends just dropped in for a visit." Mrs. Collins ran for the kitchen. Everybody ran around the apartment awhile: Mrs. Collins went to a corner and hid, Pennington took a picture of the rumpled bed, Ashley sat down in the breakfast nook, Pennington picked up a phone bill, some letters, a poem, and a "bottle-shaped package" which lay under the Christmas tree and bore a card "Holiday Wishes to Mollie from G," and Mrs. Collins, sobbing, asked whether there would be any publicity.

There was a scene between the Ashleys, and Mr. Ashley said, "It's only a shakedown."

Pennington said, "Now, Mr. Ashley, if you will only keep your composure now and talk with your attorney in the morning it will be better all the way around. I have a job to do and I don't propose to argue the merits with you."

Whereupon Ashley called Pennington a cheap detective, and Mrs. Collins said, "Please, Guy, don't talk to this man like that," and Pennington said, "I don't mind, Mrs. Collins, I am used to it."

Such colloquies are not uncommon on

Pennington's raids. Pennington, perhaps out of a Kansas-bred distaste for this aspect of his work, usually explains apologetically that he is just earning a living. Once when he did this, the man cursed him, and Pennington knocked him down.



V

**T**HOUGH Pennington makes raids in less than half his cases, it is his use of the raid that sets him apart from most private detectives and lands him so often on page one. It also is almost the only activity that gives him any resemblance to Sam Spade and other fictional detectives. Only in recent years has he employed it. He charges a special raid fee, and never makes a raid unless his client goes along, and never kicks in a door unless he is certain of what he will find behind it. Once a client asked Pennington to raid a house he was sure was occupied by his wife and another man; Pennington, cautious, knocked first instead of kicking in the door; it turned out the client had the wrong house. Here caution probably saved Pennington from a serious damage suit. But when he is certain of his ground Pennington does not hesitate. A raid puts the victim in such a hole that he dares not file charges against Pennington. A smash requires nice timing. Recently Ehrlich, the attorney, was asked what would happen if Pennington kicked in a door and found the man and woman fully clothed, playing checkers, and the bed unrumpled. Ehrlich replied, "Then he wouldn't be working for me and his name wouldn't be Pennington."

Pennington never carries a gun on a raid. He frequently takes along a husky assistant. During the war he had trouble getting help; his raid men went to work in shipyards. Sometimes he takes his son, who used to be a University of California football player. Sometimes his wife goes too. Mrs. Pennington, an attractive, graying, happily-married woman, maintains a slightly superior attitude toward Penning-



ton's clients and victims. Except on raids Pennington rarely employs any other operative than her. She is useful as cover—a middle-aged couple is not suspect—and in other ways. She can follow a woman into a restroom; if she and Pennington get into an elevator with a subject and Pennington calls a floor and the subject gets off first, Mrs. Pennington can get off with him and observe where he goes. No doubt all this would seem disgustingly folksy to a Hammett heel. But it works.

Pennington has had one or more ribs broken on three raids. One time he hit a carved door with his side instead of his shoulder. When he broke down a door in one wild raid, the woman ran into a dark bathroom; he had to force that door too, and she fought him. When he got her out, her lover took a swing at him. While they fought, the woman ran to the window and opened it and threw one leg over the ledge. Her lover yelled, "She's going to jump." "Let her jump," Pennington said and grabbed the man. The woman reconsidered. By then one of Pennington's ribs was broken. He got the third broken rib fighting the man who cursed him when he apologized for a raid. These have been Pennington's only injuries while practicing his profession, although he has received a number of telephoned death threats.



SOMETIMES Pennington uses finesse, not force, to gain entry. Once, working on a man with a tough reputation, he rang the buzzer of the love nest and told the man his wife had just committed suicide. When the man came out to meet him in the hall, his wife, Pennington's operatives, and Pennington were waiting. He had a gun beneath his bathrobe. Pennington told him to put it down and, badly shaken, he did. Since then Pennington has asked his lady clients whether their husbands carry guns. The marital tangles of detective fiction end in devious murder. In real

life a cuckold usually either exterminates his wife and forthwith surrenders or else he hires a lawyer and a private detective—and if he is the kind who hires a shamus he's probably not the kind who murders.

Nevertheless, Pennington's raids have touched off free-for-all fights which frequently involve hair-pulling. Once Pennington took a client, another husband, to a small hotel where his wife was occupying a second-floor room with a man. The husband wanted to kill his rival. Pennington saw this was no time for a raid. He took the husband home, then drove around the corner and parked. The husband came out in a few minutes and got into his own car and drove back to the hotel fast. Pennington followed and parked where he could see into the room. The lights came on. Pennington could see the two men fighting. The husband threw his rival out the window. He landed on the sidewalk. As a crowd gathered, Pennington joined it. The man looked dead. But he wasn't.

Pennington tries to preserve an attitude of lofty neutrality in his cases. Nevertheless, perhaps because of his Midwest rearing, he cannot always refrain from taking sides. Of one case he said righteously, "She broke up his first wife's home to get him and now some other girl's taking him away from her. So I don't have too much sympathy for her." He refuses to handle cases where either party is a friend of his.

Some of his divorce clients have been reluctant to pay him. After one became reconciled with her husband, Pennington collected a \$2,500 balance on a fee only by suing her and threatening to testify to what he had found when he kicked in her husband's door. Since then he makes his clients sign contracts. "In this business you can't trust anybody," Pennington says gently. "Not even your own clients." This disenchanted conviction is about the only thing he has in common with Sam Spade.





# The Easy Chair

*Bernard DeVoto*

AMONG the centennials which the West celebrates this year is that of the birth of William Frederick Cody, aide-de-camp to the governor of Nebraska and therefore colonel in the National Guard, guide to army officers and rich sportsmen, buffalo hunter, occasional Indian scout, bullwhacker, and pony express rider. Bill was a good man at the jobs he knew, he became a superb showman, and the courage of his old age ought to atone for the lies his press agents told. He will do more for the West's tourist trade this summer than he was ever able to do for himself or for the broken-down companions to whom he felt a loyalty that brought him closer to the old West than anything the chambers of commerce will produce under his name. Three cities mourn Cody dead that robbed him while he was alive, and their investment in the old man has turned out to be a bonanza.

It is not suggested here that Buffalo Bill was a phony. He was born into a diminishing West, one that was already beginning to contrive its spectacles. And he lived too long, helping to organize a completely phony West, the West of *crêpe* hair beards, chorus girls in *chaparejos*, and derring-do with a Sixth Avenue label on it. His ashes are entitled to more peace than they will get, and this column is not intended to deplore him but only to recall a man whom the chambers of commerce never heard of. A man who did more for the West than Bill and all the thousands of costumed shills who have helped to debase Bill's memory.

Cody took his Wild West show to England and on to Europe in the year of the Queen's Jubilee, 1887. Just forty-seven

years earlier, six years before Bill Cody was born, the first Wild West show opened in Egyptian Hall, London. Its proprietor had brought from the United States six hundred paintings of Indians and the plains, eight tons of exhibits, and two live grizzly bears. He was never able to show the bears and ended by selling them to a zoo. But he set up the rest of his collection and all England hurried to gape at tipis, travois, lances, bows, war shields, scalping knives, warbonnets, drums, rattles, whistles, pipes, medicine bundles, parfleches, moccasins, prayer sticks, buffalo robes, elkskin shirts, pemmican, prairie turnips, shongsha and kinnikinnick, horn spoons, bladder pouches—in short the entire material culture of the Plains tribes, with specimens from all the other tribes Mr. George Catlin had visited, which were a good many. The show was a sellout. Dukes and members of the Royal Society, M.P.'s and Mayfair hostesses, Oxford professors and the civil list, novelists and editors—all the revered names in England hastened to sign testimonials to its impressiveness and authenticity. George Catlin became a celebrity. When he was not lecturing on the West at Egyptian Hall he was either addressing learned societies or dining with the nobility.

It was a static show, however, and among the ferments of Catlin's genius was the same instinct that carried Bill Cody to his fame, the showman's instinct. So presently he hired a group of men and boys, stained them brown, dressed them in costumes from his collection, and set them performing what the period called *tableaux vivants*. The Piccadilly Indians stalked one another down the warpath, ambushed



their enemies and took their scalps, danced round the scalps, invoked their gods through medicine men, played lacrosse, and performed the complicated ceremonies of the Plains tribes. The Duke of Sussex and many thousands more roared their admiration. Presently a Canadian speculator arrived with nine genuine Chippewas and Catlin took them over. They were forest Indians whereas his show was the Wild West, and he had to train them in the culture of the Plains, which he knew much better than they. But they were incomparably superior to the English supes.

Then some Iowas came to England and he had the real thing at last, the true Wild West. There were genuine warwhoops now, genuine scalp dances and chants to the morning star, medicine dances of which the more obscene details must have escaped Victoria's subjects, and all the panoply of Western barbarism. Indians are the best actors and these Iowas at once mastered the art Catlin invented for them. They worshipped their supernaturals and counted their coups before the gas lights of Vauxhall, and the English had never seen anything so savage. Benjamin Disraeli held a levee for them; they saluted a great war chief, the Duke of Wellington; and Catlin took them across Europe, blazing a trail for Buffalo Bill. It was a triumphal procession and anyone you please became a guarantor, from Louis Philippe to Baron von Humboldt. But in the end misfortune overtook Catlin. He lost his exhibits and even his paintings and abandoned show business forever. In 1852 he returned to the career he had begun more than twenty years before, as a painter of Indians. He kept it up till he died, and probably painted more pictures of Indians than anyone else in history.

**T**HIS career, particularly its earliest phase, is what counts, not the Wild West show that he invented half a century before Bill Cody, Frank North, and Jack Crawford. There has been astonishingly little recognition of it. Our art critics and historians have hardly heard of Catlin, our cultural historians never mention him, and what the occasional art museum that glances at him says is invariably wrong.

He was not a very good painter but he was one of the most important that America has produced. And at that he was not so bad a painter as the occasional museum that catches a rumor of him makes out. He has been hung twice in exhibitions of the past few years. The Museum of Modern Art picked four of his canvases at random, three of them from the worst quarter of his stuff and the fourth not much better, called him a romantic, and was content. He was as literal a painter as ever drew breath and the romanticism in those pictures consisted of the Museum's failure to clean the varnish. Then the Art Institute of Chicago and the Whitney Museum hung three small canvases as representative of the Hudson River School. They represent the Missouri River School which Catlin founded, and this reporter, who happened to be fresh from studying some seven hundred Catlins, decided that the exhibitors had undertaken to determine the worst three of all and had magnificently succeeded.

A painter has some right to be represented by his best work, not his worst. And should not art museums, which yip like coyotes when someone calls attention to a hole as big as Hell's Canyon in their scholarship, be requested to learn a little about the men they show? When I remarked last fall that our art museums are a poor place to study this period of our painting only the director of the Metropolitan Museum agreed. His colleagues and the art columnists boiled me in oil. All right, I give them George Catlin.

**C**ATLIN was born in Pennsylvania in 1796. He studied law but did not practice it long, turning to portraiture instead. He painted a number of celebrities and his portrait of Dolly Madison became well known, but he seems to have attained his greatest skill as a miniaturist. But from his earliest boyhood he had been fascinated by Indians and there grew on him one of the ideas that make history. The Indians, he thought, had better be painted before their culture degenerated altogether, and since no one else seemed willing to paint them except when tribal delegations came to the settlements, he would paint them in their own country.



There was greatness in that idea and Catlin dedicated his life to it. If there was an element of charlatanry in him, if he had vanities and arrogances, if he made mistakes and sometimes compounded an intellectual felony, they amount to nothing in the light of what he accomplished. Till he died in 1872 he was painting Indians, their culture, and their landscapes. He supported the enterprise first by the hack work of the itinerant jack-painter of the period and for fifteen years by his Wild West show, but he did not support it adequately and he died poor. He painted Indians everywhere in the United States (except the Rocky Mountains), in South America, in his studio and his exhibition hall, on railroad trains, in bed—and produced more canvases than anyone will ever list or even count. His first great collection should have been bought by the government but Congress would not pay a dime for it, though willing to beg the loan of the collection which succeeded it for some years. Finally, most of the first collection, after moldering in storage for a quarter of a century, became a public possession at last, his creditors giving it to the government which still saw no reason to pay cash. Over five hundred of these paintings are now in the National Museum. (Note to art columnists: this is not a misprint for National Gallery.) About two hundred later ones are at the American Museum of Natural History. The copies he did by the gross are scattered over Europe and the British Isles and, by twos or threes or the half dozen, here and there in this country. But almost never in art museums.

His first six years are the most important and of these the crucial ones were 1832, when he went up the Missouri River, and 1834 when he crossed the near Southwest. For in those years he studied and painted the Plains Indians, the Indians of the West. He wrote almost as copiously as he painted and what he wrote has also been incorporated in our cultural heritage. The romanticism he was not skillful enough to put on canvas suffuses his books. He was Rousseau's heir and the Indians always seemed to him the happiest estate of man; they were noble gentlemen, with austere virtues, a rigid honor, and elevated spirit-

ual life. He saw them through the lens of his preconceptions and sometimes the most grotesque errors resulted. He wrenched some things far from their context and the truth is he faked some other things. But he told as much truth about the Plains Indians as anyone who ever saw them in their vigor, far more than anyone else except Maximilian of Wied-Neuwied who went up the Missouri a year later than he, and much of what he said has proved permanently useful. The ethnology of the Western Indians as a modern science rests on a tripod. One leg is Maximilian, one is the incidental information embedded in the journals of explorers and fur traders, and one is Catlin.

ALL this is important—but less so than Catlin's paintings. As has been said above, he was not a very good painter—though it must be remembered that he worked under stupendous difficulties, carrying his materials up rivers and across deserts, painting when and where chance offered, under pressure, at the caprice of savages, frequently at the risk of his life. But that he was not a great painter does not excuse the all-embracing ignorance of critics and historians of American art—and American life. The only effort to write about him comprehensively was published in 1885; it is invaluable but also inaccurate and quite uncritical. Less than a dozen short articles now a generation old discuss limited aspects of his work, and the best of these is useless because it ignores the original collection of his paintings altogether. A qualified ethnologist is now working on his biography and so he will eventually get his due. But neither historians nor art critics have seen any reason to interest themselves in the man who taught the American people to look at the West.

That is the point. It is important that innumerable details of American ethnology rest on his recording of what he saw and was not skillful enough to romanticize. It is more important that the daily life of the Missouri River tribes and their neighbors found an illustrator before the decay began. In consideration of these facts it does not matter much that Catlin's drawing got cruder the farther he de-



parted from portraiture, that his innocence of perspective and technical idiom might have persuaded the Museum of Modern Art to present him as a modern primitive like any retired street-car conductor out of Brooklyn, that his palette was narrow and simple, that many of his Indians come in identical sets and have little expression (unless they are in the center of the canvas) and become mere stick-men at the edges. But it is most important of all that his paintings and especially the landscapes (which technically are the poorest of all) told the United States what its West looked like. For the first time.

FOR whatever Catlin's defects may be, he gave the expanding nation sight where it had been blindfolded. His first exhibition was in 1836, the year when white women crossed to Oregon for the first time, drawing all history after them. The nation had quickened with the great desire that took it to the Pacific. Thousands of minds felt the intensifying energy that was to be communicated to increasing thousands every year and was to produce a chapter of our history that remains fabulous. Not the least fabulous aspect is that the nation which was moving on the West as on some mythical Lyonesse did not know what it looked like. All the images in the national mind were imaginary, invented, fictitious, false.

But now there were images signed "Geo. Catlin." His landscape was only the margin of the far West but it was Western, it was real, and it was true. Here were the badlands, the plains, the foothills, the little rivers and the great ones, the desert. Here were grizzlies, prairie dogs, bighorn, antelope, elk, wolves. Here were the Western Indians in their own country. Perhaps more important still, here were the first buffalo herds ever painted. (Oh, three or four fantasies of herds had come down from Upper Canada: the buffalo looked like llamas, the pursuing Indians looked like Swiss peasants, and all were faked.) Cat-

lin gave American iconography and the American imagination their buffalo herds, their buffalo chases, their dying buffalo, their charging buffalo—the buffalo as American painting and sculpture know it to this day.

From Catlin on the national consciousness had a core of truth to build on—and art had conventions. The four or five painters who went all or part-way West in the 1840's were more skillful than he—and sagacious enough to take over his work whole. In the 1850's still others went West and the printmakers, especially Currier & Ives, began to work the West for the gold in its hills, and their observations, perceptions, groupings, lines, compositions were sometimes by better men but always by men who had good memories. "After Catlin" was added to some captions; in large or small type it should have been added to them all. Throughout the nineteenth century whenever painting of the West had any truth in it, it also had at least a little Catlin.

He is there today, if not in the painting then in the way you and I and Westerners see the West. The visual instruction he began in 1832 has proved permanent. When the barkers in phony beards and ten-gallon hats mount their platforms this summer and begin summoning us to their sideshow, they will have shaped its tableaux in some degree according to the models he drew for them. The thrilled come-ons will gaze at the spectacle with instruments of thought and feeling on which "Geo. Catlin" is still faintly stamped. Like so many of the men who made the West he was a little crazed, and like so many of them he went broke. But neither of these facts should deny him study and commemoration. Maybe those who go on profiting from the work that bankrupted him should spend a little of their take and give him a statue or a bronze plaque—in a West that has set up so many thousands of both to celebrate complete nonentities. And maybe some art museum should take him up.



# REVENGE COSTS TOO MUCH

JOHN BARKER WAITE

CHARLES RIZZO knew where to lay the finger on a paymaster who was easy making for a stickup. Tony Dorio could get an automobile; Tom Milo and John Tomasello had pistols. The four combined their assets and went after the money. But Rizzo's timing was off. Rao, the paymaster, had already been to the first place they tried; he had not yet reached the second. They went to the bank where he got his money, but Rao had left. While they were on the way to another place where he might be found, the police, suspicious of their activities, picked them up.

In due course, a grand jury indicted all four for attempted robbery, and a trial jury after hearing the evidence convicted them. Dorio, Milo, and Tomasello took their medicine and went to Sing Sing; Rizzo appealed. The judges of the Appellate Division approved his conviction and he carried his protest to the New York Court of Appeals. That court began its written opinion:

The police of the City of New York did excellent work in this case by preventing the commission of a serious crime. It is a great satisfaction to realize that we have such wide-awake guardians of the public.

Then the court set Rizzo free:

He intended to commit a serious crime, the court agreed; he had prepared to commit it and would have done so had he been able. But he had not yet got to the techni-

cal point of having "attempted" robbery. So the court turned him loose on the public.

Of Rizzo's companions Judge Crane, who wrote the court's opinion, added:

Two of these men were guilty of carrying concealed weapons, pistols, contrary to the law, for which they could be convicted. . . . Two of them, John Tomasello and Thomas Milo, had also been previously convicted, which may have had something to do with their neglect to appeal. However, the law would fail in its purpose if it permitted these three men, whoever or whatever they are, to serve a sentence for a crime which the courts subsequently found and declared had not been committed. We therefore suggest to the district attorney of Bronx County that he bring the cases of these three men to the attention of the governor to be dealt with as to him seems proper in the light of this opinion.

These three men also were promptly set free.

In that judicial decision the function of the criminal law today is epitomized. It asks not, is a man dangerous to the public safety; but only, does he deserve punishment and if so, how much. Its very definition of crime is: an act which is punishable; its procedure is a process of imposing punishment.

The law imprisons or sets free regardless of what the man is; indifferent to what he may do; looking only to the legal character of what he did. The wisdom of the law needs thoughtful reconsideration now, when every authority predicts a heavy increase in crime.

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II

Ask a man on the street why the law punishes criminals and the answer will probably be, "To prevent crime, of course." Ask him how effectively it prevents crime and the answer will be profane. Certainly, as a preventive, punishment is in truth a farce.

Eddie Murphy recently made the headlines by his one hundredth conviction in a Detroit criminal court. But there are a hundred other petty criminals like him. Some have already beaten his record; some merely have not had time—Frank Evans, 54 years old, 76 convictions; J. W. Tyrrell, 50 convictions of crimes ranging from misdemeanor to felony, and imprisonments from Eastern jails to California's San Quentin; Kate Russell, 50 sentences in 30 years, nine years spent in jails. Eddie himself would undoubtedly soon have begun his second hundred had not the last conviction been for snatching a woman's purse—robbery—for which he was sentenced to a penitentiary term that will hold him from crime for several years. But most of Eddie's offenses, like those of any man who commits so many were not serious. Not callous enough for a killer, nor bold enough for a robber, he was just a con-founded social nuisance. His record merely demonstrates that even trivial offenses may not be stopped by punishment.

Records of repeated punishment for more serious crimes obviously cannot run so high in a lifetime, though some criminals accomplish much. This is James Griffnor's:

1907, burglary, 2 years; 1908, burglary, 2 years; 1910, burglary, 5 years (all periods of confinement reduced by "good conduct" allowance, or parole); 1914, homicide, 10 years to life (escaped); 1915, rape, 12 years; 1923, burglary, "indeterminate" sentence; 1929, assault (penalty not recorded); 1933, burglary, 1 year to life.

I have a list of 95 similar instances of persistence in crime despite punishment, and police files everywhere are full of them. But one cannot draw sound conclusions from specific instances, numerous as they are. The proof that punishment does not prevent repeated crime by the very

persons who are punished rests in the mass of data of general scope.

When persons are arrested on a serious charge, their fingerprints are often sent to the Federal Bureau of Investigation. During the six months just preceding the war, the Bureau thus examined the records of 288,107 persons and found that 76,626 had already been punished a total of 231,015 times.

PENITENTIARY records are likewise illuminating. Thorsten Sellin, in his studies for the American Law Institute, discovered that more than half the inmates of our penitentiaries have been in penitentiaries one or more times before. The repetition is nation wide: 58 per cent in California and Indiana, 59 per cent in West Virginia and Pennsylvania, 64 per cent in Massachusetts, and 70 per cent in the District of Columbia. This is not the jail population, where the inmates run their repetitions into scores, but that of the penitentiaries wherein only serious offenders are confined. Moreover, it is the general average of young and old; of first offenders who have not yet had opportunity to repeat, as well as the few who may not. Studies of narrower range show still more shocking percentages: 65 per cent of the now imprisoned killers and robbers have been previously imprisoned; 75 per cent of the swindlers. Localized figures may go even higher. In seeking to learn which of the two Pennsylvania state penitentiaries was preferred as a place of sentence by the state judges, an investigator incidentally discovered that of 12,370 persons sentenced, 12,028 had already served one term, 1,235 had served from two to five previous terms in one or the other of those penitentiaries, and there was no available record of their punishments in other places.

Yet these striking figures understate the reality; they show only prisoners who are *known* to have been imprisoned before, and not the many whose previous convictions have not been learned. The Federal Bureau of Investigation figures indicate an average of more than three times. But British figures officially published by the Secretary of State for the Home Department show that 20,384 offenders were



actually punished by imprisonment the incredible total of 124,534 times.

When Sheldon and Eleanor Glueck studied, not the past records of men in prison, but what happens to criminals after they are released, they found that of 422 selected at random, 333 had within five years committed fresh offenses to a total of 1,014 times, a third of them serious crimes.

Small wonder that from many such data Mr. Sellin draws the pessimistic conclusion that punishment, instead of preventing crime, leaves men *seven times more likely to offend than those who have not been punished*. Thus from out of punishment—whether despite it or because of it—comes a stage-army of criminals, through the courts, into prison, back to freedom, through the courts, into prison, back to freedom; offending, punished, offending, punished again, again, and again until age itself ends the parade. It is pleasantest to express the evil lightly, in the rhymed philosophy of Ogden Nash:

He who has never tasted jail  
Lives well within the legal pale,  
While he who's served a heavy sentence  
Renews the racket, not repentance.

### III

THE reason for punishment's failure is not difficult. Men do not expect to be caught and punished. That is only an aspect of the self-assurance that what happens to others will not happen to one's self, which enables men to go over the top into withering gunfire, to work in soft coal mines, to drive automobiles on the wrong side of curves—and to commit repeated crime, unafraid of its consequences.

Never in history have men been stayed from grasping at gain by the threat of pain or death. They sought Spanish gold in the face of the Inquisition and the exquisite pain of Comanche tortures. They climbed the Chilkoot Pass to the Yukon over the frozen bodies of their predecessors. In the days when punishment for theft was loss of an ear there were hundreds of men with both ears shorn. Pickpockets were active in the crowd at Tyburn watching the hanging of a pickpocket. No wonder, then, that crimes are committed somewhere in the country every minute and a

half, many of them by men who have been in prison.

Effective prevention requires something other than punishment. Not something in addition to punishment; not correction by punishment; but an outright substitute for punishment. Punishment *and* prevention cannot exist together. Prevention needs methods which, while they may incidentally cause pain as a surgeon's knife in amputations causes pain, are specifically designed and intended for prevention instead of for punishment. It can operate satisfactorily only upon four basic principles, each one of which is emphatically antithetic of punishment and inconsistent with it, namely:

That some offenders shall not be imprisoned at all;

That others shall never be allowed their freedom;

That in all offenders the causes of their criminality shall be sought for and if possible eliminated by any humane method;

That offenders who have been given their freedom shall be not merely watched lest they offend again, but shall be actively assisted to abstain from fresh offense.

Often, as a *preventive* measure, it may be both unnecessary and unwise to imprison a convict, as punishment would do. There is inevitably the danger that by imprisonment comparative innocence will be contaminated by wickedness, unsophistication be educated by experience, and what was mere casual or negligent wrongdoing be encouraged by evil association to an all pervading viciousness. In this respect, punishment has in fact yielded to prevention somewhat—but narrowly, grudgingly, and erratically. Connecticut and Florida allow convicts to be put on probation without imprisonment, not, oddly enough, when the interests of crime prevention so require, but whenever in the court's opinion the ends of justice do not require that he suffer a penalty. Generally, however, but with much state variance, probation is forbidden for most of the commoner crimes—burglary, rape, armed robbery, and the like. Wisconsin, in addition, insists on punitive imprisonment without



exception for desertion of a wife and child; Texas absolutely requires it for bigamy, incest, or abortion; Iowa demands it for certain liquor law offenses—and in Iowa the convict, whatever his offense, must be imprisoned unless he is free from venereal disease. Thus the penalty of imprisonment, regardless of its danger to the future in particular cases, is demanded or dispensed with by various state laws without rhyme, reason, consistency, or true regard for prevention.

ON THE other hand, punishment cannot logically keep an offender in prison for longer than his offense "deserves," no matter how dangerous he may be to the public. In this respect, punishment has yielded little if anything to prevention. Eddie Murphy is an illustration. After, shall we say, his twentieth demonstration of incapacity to live in conformity with group necessities, prevention would institutionalize him indefinitely—to the protection of society and, I suspect, to his own greater happiness. But punishment can do no more than imprison him briefly for the relatively light penalties his minor offenses deserve.

Dominick Piccone is an illustration of more serious evil consequences. When he had spent in a Michigan prison the four years of punishment which the court thought he deserved for attempted rape of a Negress, the psychologists recommended against his release. He was not frankly psychotic, they said, and hence was not committable to an institution for the insane, but he was "definitely assaultive and potentially homicidal." But Piccone had served his sentence and the authorities, against their will, were compelled to set him free. Within two weeks, he had murdered three good citizens. The only difference between Piccone and a thousand others, punished but not prevented, is that he killed three; they only assaulted, robbed, and raped.

Not even the so-called "fourth offender" statutes of many states are a manifestation of intent to prevent, through continued segregation, rather than merely to punish. They do, it is true, provide for life imprisonment after a fourth conviction of felony. But their purpose is primarily to

scare the devil out of others by the harshness of their threatened penalty, rather than to keep provedly dangerous persons out of circulation—otherwise they would not be made to apply indiscriminately to every fourth offender, regardless of the circumstances or the high improbability in special cases of another offense. The very harshness of the statutes as punitive measures is the basis of criticism which is already driving them from the statute books. The only statutes I am aware of which seem really designed for prevention rather than punishment are those of nine states which, with greater or less limitation, contain the substance of the Michigan law that "any person who is suffering from a mental disorder and is not insane or feeble-minded [in which case he could be confined in an insane asylum], which mental disorder . . . is coupled with criminal propensities to the commission of sex offenses" may be ordered confined after conviction of such an offense "until such person shall have fully and permanently recovered from such psychopathy." In these few states, the conventions of "deserved punishment" have given way to prevention insofar as the protection of womanhood is concerned—but to that extent only.

WHEN a criminal is in custody, whether in prison or out, the common sense of prevention suggests that every effort be made to find the cause of his criminality and eliminate it. That can be done; not always, of course, but sometimes. The Rochester police were bothered years ago by a series of irrational burglaries. None of the stolen things appeared through fences nor in the pawnshops; the crimes did not look professional. Eventually a sixteen-year-old boy whom I shall call Joel Bagsby—that is not his real name—boasted too loudly and the police gathered him in. The loot from the burglaries was found in his closet, neatly packaged and labeled with time and place. Joel came before a juvenile court judge who was not obliged to inflict punishment and who was shrewd enough to see what was wrong. The boy was bald as an egg, and the constant butt of his fellows' ridicule. He defended himself by insistence that if he had less hair



than they, he had more guts; which he sought to prove by burglarious daring. To have "punished" that boy would have made him a lifelong criminal. The judge ordered him given the realest wig obtainable and moved to the home of an aunt where nobody knew him. There is no record of further Bagsby crime.

In another case, a youngster who persisted in stealing money for candy, despite repeated chastisement, was, quite fortuitously, discovered to suffer from serious lack of sugar content in the blood stream. A sugar-inducing diet stopped his thievery. An adult's career of sex offenses was ended by discovery and surgical reduction of a chronic inflammation in his urethra. How many similar causes of repeated crime might be corrected by psychology, psychiatry, surgery, or other science, no one knows—because "punishment" is not concerned, and no attempt to find out has ever been made.

Punishment, indeed, is incapable of turning its victims back to freedom better able to live honestly than before. If it begets a strengthened will to refrain from crime, which I doubt, it does not develop a greater ability to do so. On the contrary, it releases its subjects as physically defective, as mentally backward, as psychologically obsessed, as subject to all the causes of crime as before it touched them. They go forth, in fact, even less equipped to withstand the pressures of economic competition than before—the mechanic untutored in the development of his trade, the accountant's skill rusty from disuse, the laborer too soft for a full day's work.

The period following release is a critical time, when abstention from crime or repetition hangs in the balance. Prevention demands every reasonable provision for helping the individual to abstain. But "punishment" cannot help. Nor does it.

Michigan and Iowa, most generous of the states, give the released convict a suit of clothes, \$25 in money, and a railroad ticket, which Michigan fears to trust him with but hands to the conductor. Indiana gives him ten dollars and a "durable" suit of clothes, which "shall not cost to exceed six dollars." Florida presents him with "five dollars to provide the necessities of life until he can procure work"! Then the

state washes its hands of the ex-convict.

A Luke Lea, released from prison, is met with a brass band, a banquet, and presumably a job. A Whitney is offered employment as manager of a friend's estate. A Scarface Capone can retire to his own sea-island estate. A Tenerowicz is sent to Congress. But where does the run-of-the-mill offender find shelter and help? With his five dollars or his twenty-five dollars, his shoddy clothes, his prison parlor; with no money for union dues in union-occupied trades, no money for the tools of his craft if he has one, no means of transportation to places where work may possibly be found; barred by his fingerprints from employment in many industries, unwanted in others, distrusted everywhere; he must turn perforce to the friends, the environment, the conditions which sent him to prison before and which will probably send him back.

#### IV

THE man on the street today justifies the use of punishment by the cliché that we want to prevent crime. The philosophic contemporaries of Kant and Hegel justified it as a "religious duty"; as "a fulfillment of those metaphysical laws the meaning of which man, as a finite being, cannot comprehend but to which he must conform," and as "a resolution of the discord with which an unrequited misdeed offends our sense of harmony and aesthetic consciousness." Hammurabi and the writers of Deuteronomy more forthrightly decreed evil for evil without offering a justification. Childish indifference to subtlety says simply "Tit for tat."

The frank truth is Sir James Stephens' assertion that "The criminal law stands to the passion of revenge in much the same relation as marriage does to the sexual appetite." Nothing else will explain the now conventional legislation which punishes a successful crime twice as harshly as an unsuccessful attempt; the West Virginia Supreme Court's statement that a convicted murderer was to be hanged "in expiation" of his crime; or New Jersey judges' refusal to deal with a murderer who had struck his blow in New York, on the ground that "if New York does not



choose to avenge the killing it is not for us to step in and do it for them." Nor will anything but the notion of punishment as the exaction of expiatory suffering, fit in with every newspaper's repeated reference to the convict who "has paid his debt to society." Revenge must be accepted, I think, as the real basis of the law's punishments.

That is why, when surgery or psychiatry is advocated for the correction of wrongdoing, when training of convicts in trade skills is seriously attempted, when material assistance in right living after release is urged, the demand for continuance of punishment fills legislative halls with opposition to making country clubs and hospitals out of penitentiaries, to turning prisons into schools whose admission fee is crime, to openly encouraging wrongdoing by rewarding the offender with advantages unavailable to the poor but honest. The advocacy of prevention is shouted down.

Will the man on the street, to whom legislatures look for approval, never forego the satisfaction of punishment and approve the measures of prevention? He has declined so far not, I think, because he is incapable of recognizing the value of prevention, but because the advocates of prevention have obscured the issue. They have overcautiously advocated new methods *within the framework of punishment*—probation as a mere exemption from punishment; long-continued segregation as an increased penalty; trade-training within the penitentiaries; penal-rehabilitation; penal-correction. All of which is penal-nonsense. The two ideas—prevention and punishment—cannot be combined. Their methods may at times look alike, as the breath-inducing slap on a new-born baby looks like the buttock slap of discipline; and as preventive segregation closely resembles today's mild penal incarcerations. But punishment and prevention are in truth by their natures and requisites inconsistent and uncombinable. To talk in the terminology of both is to advocate neither effectively.

**C**RIME *can* be more effectively checked. But not by tinkering with the penal laws. Those laws must be boldly discarded.

Crime must no longer be defined as an act which is punishable, but as something which demonstrates that the criminal is socially dangerous. "Shall be punished by imprisonment in the penitentiary" must be translated into "shall be treated in a manner designed to prevent further injurious activity." As thus stated, the one is specific, the other vague. It is the vagueness of brevity, however. There is no reason why prevention cannot be reduced to specific, practicable, operative detail.

In the punitive system certain legally specified activities make the offender subject to penalty. Following conviction the trial judge determines who shall go to prison, where, and for how long. Some judges rely upon pre-sentence investigation by a probation officer; some speculate on the criminal's looks and the evidence at the trial; one sometimes acted on the number of dried peas unpocketed by three fingers. One federal judge used probation in 62 per cent of his cases; another, on the same court, trying the same type of case, in four per cent. One judge's sentences of imprisonment averaged 851 days each; another's 40 days. After judicial commitment to prison a parole board takes over and determines how much less than the sentence a prisoner need stay. It cannot, however, hold him longer. Nobody at all is charged with responsibility for finding out why the convict offended and how he can be prevented from offending again. With rare exceptions, nobody attempts it. What help may be given a convict after release is likewise anyone's business—and no one's.

In a preventive system, I imagine, essentially the same specified activities—with some extension to cover persons who have clearly demonstrated a purpose toward evil such as was shown by Rizzo and his companions—will make the offender legally subject to study and treatment. But the judge, trained only in law, instead of determining the treatment himself will commit every convicted person to the custody of a carefully chosen, highly trained, and well paid commission, sufficiently financed by the state for its purposes. It will be the commission's function, through its agencies, of course, to study each offender, not once, but continuously; to keep relative innocence apart from contaminat-



ing viciousness; to search out the cause of each convict's wrongdoing and the possibilities of correction; to set up facilities for the use of preventive medicine and psychiatry, for training toward economic self-sufficiency, and for whatever else may be requisite to effective prevention; and actively to assist convicts in law-abiding life after discharge.

The commission will release its wards so soon as release is safe—more wisely because more advisedly than parole boards do now. But so long as release affirmatively appears unsafe the commission will retain its control, by supervised freedom or actual confinement as necessity dictates. A power like that could be abused. But I assume that its exercise will be safeguarded carefully; more carefully than today's power of the judge, who can, under some conditions, in his own sole and unrestricted discretion, choose whether a man shall spend the rest of his life in prison, or only fourteen years; who has power to keep a young boy confined as he himself thinks wise from a day to a decade.

Certainly the commission will be pre-

cluded from holding anyone more than a limited time except after a hearing in court and judicial approval. An Eddie Murphy will be given opportunity to convince the court, if he can, that despite a score of repetitions he is unlikely to repeat again; a Dominick Piccone may successfully dispute the opinions of psychiatrists. There will be no forgotten man in a sound preventive system. More costly initially, before its measures take effect, than the process of mass punishment, it need never be so potentially unfair to the individual.

This proposal for scrapping the traditional notions of the criminal law is revolutionary, I concede. But only so can society attain what it deserves from its Rizzos, Murphys, and Piccones, and displace the futility of seeking only what the Rizzos, Murphys, and Piccones deserve. Although for four thousand years we have sought satisfaction in punishing men like these—and have been dissatisfied—I think that we shall forego punishment when we truly appreciate the meaning of prevention and the cost of revenge.

## *Elephants' Bones*

JAMES HALL

CORD HULL has returned  
To Tennessee.

Ex-Secretary of State Cordell Hull,  
Who outlasted three undersecretaries from New York,  
Is writing his memoirs in Carthage,  
Tennessee.

(In Carthage, Tennessee, the red clay has advanced far  
in toward the courthouse square,  
And only the U. S. Post Office [PWA, 1934]  
Resists a universal architectural decay.)

Others came from  
Palo Alto, Northampton, Hyde Park—  
But Cord Hull, who conducted foreign affairs,  
Knew the great, and outlasted three undersecretaries,  
Writes his memories in Carthage, Tennessee.



# EXIT KING COTTON

PETER F. DRUCKER

THE Deep South is entering upon a process of change as dramatic, as rapid, and as profound as any of the major waves of the Industrial Revolution. During the next decade both the geographical distribution and the nature of cotton farming will shift sensationally. The backward and poverty-stricken agriculture of the old Cotton Belt is likely to become efficient and moderately prosperous. But in the process millions of people—especially Negro tenant farmers and sharecroppers—will be driven off the land, with results which will deeply affect the social structure of this nation, North as well as South.

The basic reasons for this change? Mechanization and a flight from cotton.

The mechanical cotton picker is no longer a promise or a threat, it is a reality. Last year, for the first time, fully mechanized cotton was grown on commercial farms in the South, with planting, thinning, weeding, defoliating, and picking all done by machine. The rapid spread of the cotton picker in the old Cotton Belt was temporarily checked by wartime shortages which restricted the supply to a few dozen machines, but the engineering problems have all been solved, and mass production is about to begin. In Texas, Oklahoma, New Mexico, and Arizona, where the much simpler mechanical cotton stripper<sup>1</sup> can be used, mechanized farms already account for more than one

quarter of the total crop. And almost the entire sugar crop in Louisiana and Florida is now being harvested by the mechanical cane cutter which was introduced just before the war.

Yet mechanization of farming is only one of the major changes that are going on in Southern agriculture today. There is a wholesale shift away from cotton. All through Alabama, Mississippi, and Arkansas, cotton land—even good cotton land—is being converted into pasture or sown to small grains. In many counties, particularly in central Alabama, livestock has become the major product. Three big grain elevators—rightly regarded by Southerners themselves as the symbol of an agricultural revolution—have been built by Quaker Oats in the very heart of the Mississippi Delta. And in the Piedmont the badly eroded and depleted small hillside farms are being abandoned in entire districts and the land turned into forests.

THE new farm economy which is emerging now should not only give the Southern farmer a much higher income, it should also slow down soil erosion and restore the fertility of land sadly depleted by the continuous growing of cotton and

<sup>1</sup> The cotton picker picks only the ripe bolls. The stripper takes all bolls off the stalk in one simple raking action and can thus be used only where all bolls ripen together, that is, on the semi-arid high plains of Texas, Oklahoma, and New Mexico, or on irrigated desert land in Arizona and California.

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corn. It should do away to a large extent with the wicked system of Southern land tenure, destructive alike of land, landlord, and tenant. And while cotton should continue to be one of the major crops—the foremost one on good cotton land—Southern agriculture should become well diversified. Twenty years from now Southern agriculture might well be a system of thoroughly mechanized and efficient factories.

But the price to be paid for these gains is very high. Because Southern farming has been very largely done by unskilled hand labor on uneconomically small plots, the South has had not only the lowest farm income but also the densest agricultural population in the whole country. Hence the transformation of Southern agriculture will push off the land the major part of the small farmers, tenants, and sharecroppers; as many as one to one and a half million families—five to eight million people—may, within the next decade or two, lose their homes and their livelihood. And the bulk of these refugees from cotton will be Negroes. The economic and social structure that was founded on one machine—Eli Whitney's cotton gin—is being razed by another—the cotton picker. And as a result we are facing one of the most severe and profound social dislocations in the history of the country.

During the past fifteen years we have been trying to cope with the problems of the cotton South by bolstering the *status quo* through subsidizing cotton farmers and cotton prices, buying up surplus crops, and forbidding the extension of cotton growing to the new cotton lands of the West. Even the farm pressure groups most responsible for this policy admit that it has not solved anything; on the contrary, it has made a real and radical solution both more urgent and more difficult. It is true that the New Deal cotton policy was successful, at least until 1940, in its main goal of preserving the old structure, though at increasing cost and against increasing obstacles. Today, however, the disintegration of the old Southern pattern can no longer be prevented; it can hardly even be slowed down. The Cotton Belt is in that truly revolutionary situation in which every measure designed to preserve the

old system only hastens its downfall. This is the result partly of major technological developments, but above all of the change in the international and domestic position of cotton.

## II

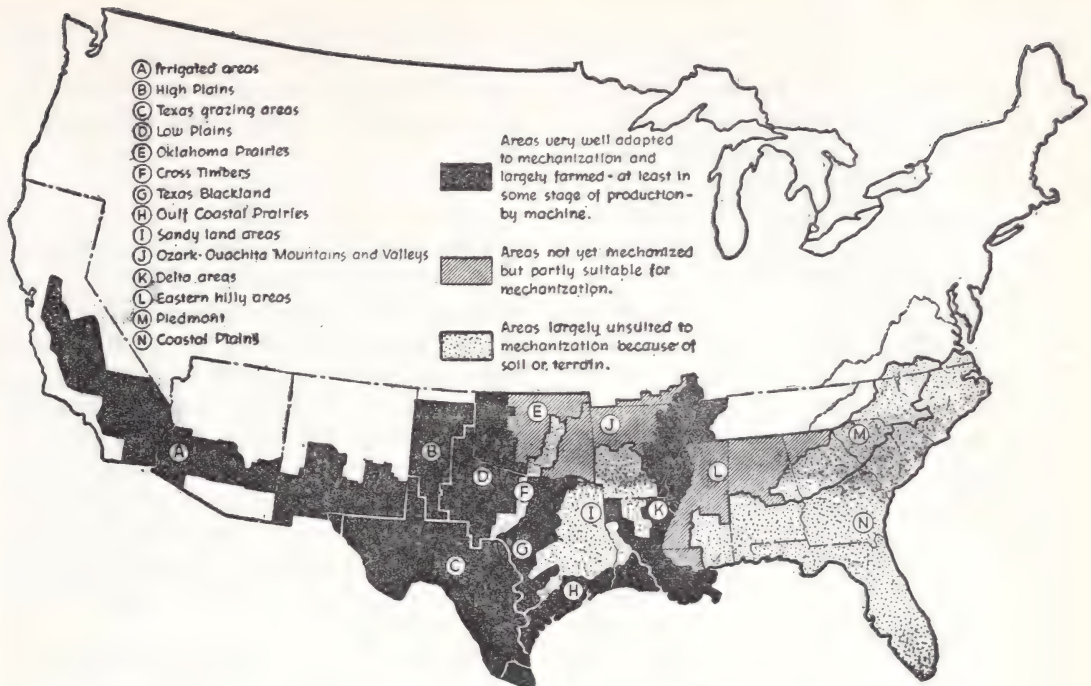
THE choice before American cotton is a very simple one indeed: either cotton sells at a fraction of its present price of 25 cents a pound, or it loses more and more of its market. At the same time the cost of producing cotton, except on the very best land, is going up rapidly.

Whether American cotton can be sold abroad in quantity is very dubious, whatever the price; it depends on the world supply of dollars—that is, on American purchases abroad, especially in Great Britain and on the European continent. But we can hardly sell any cotton, probably not even against a loan, if the price is much higher than 10 or 12 cents a pound. At home, sales can hardly be maintained at their prewar rate, much less expanded, at a much higher price than the same 10 or 12 cents a pound—for cotton will face sharp competition from paper, rayon, nylon, and other synthetic fibers. Furthermore, the new markets for cotton (such as insulating material) can be won, the lost markets (such as bagging) can be recaptured, only if cotton sells at an even lower figure, perhaps as low as 8 cents.

This does not, of course, apply to the next two or three years, when cotton will be desperately needed all the world over and when we shall finance our exports through reconstruction loans. But these years will be only a breathing spell which should properly be utilized to make the cotton South able to face competition at much lower prices.

If we allow the price of cotton to find its natural level in order to restore its competitive position, total production will probably not decrease very much. It may even increase as new, fertile cotton land in the West is taken under cultivation—a development that was prevented only by the ban on new cotton growing under the AAA. But cotton production will be concentrated in the areas with the most favorable soil and climate: the rich level lands of the Delta, the Gulf Coast





### THE WESTWARD SHIFT OF COTTON

During the next few years, as machines come into wider use, the shift will be from the areas tinted light gray to those tinted dark gray, and still more so to those tinted black.

especially around Corpus Christi, some of the hill counties of Alabama and Mississippi—wherever a yield of more than one bale an acre is possible—and the new, irrigated cotton land of New Mexico, Arizona, and California, where cotton can be grown for as little as four or five cents a pound on fully mechanized farms. The low-yield, high-cost regions—all of South Carolina, Georgia, and eastern Texas, most of Arkansas, Mississippi, and Alabama—will be forced out of cotton. And it is in these regions that more than half of all cotton farmers live—primarily small, poor farmers who have no alternative cash crop and neither the capital nor the training to develop one.

We may—and we probably will—attempt to keep the small farmer on poor soil in cotton farming by a return to the subsidies of the New Deal. Under this policy the cotton price was left undisturbed; but the farmer received the difference between the market price and the price “due” him in soil conservation payments or in the form of non-collectible parity loans.

Such a policy—especially if we also restore the prewar ban on the westward

move of cotton—would indeed keep the small cotton farmer going, though only temporarily. But at the same time it would greatly speed up the displacement of sharecroppers and tenants, by throwing large profits to the owners of the large farms and providing them with the capital to buy machinery all the more rapidly. Indeed, the main difference in social effect between a free market without a subsidy and one with a subsidy would be racial: a subsidy would shift the immediate burden of adjustment from the white, small owner-farmer to the mostly colored croppers and tenants on the large cotton plantations. (Of course, this racial effect makes it all the more likely that we are going to return to the subsidy; for it is the whites who have the votes in the Cotton Belt.) But the subsidy cannot prevent the dislocation of very large masses of farm workers, nor can it even slow down their dislocation to any considerable extent.

**B**UT even if we return to the prewar policy and subsidize cotton-growing, the shift from cotton to other farm products will continue. In the past the cotton farmer has usually had no alternative to cotton;



if he wanted a cash income he had to stay in cotton even if the mounting cost of fertilizer ate up all his income, including the subsidy. Today his land can be utilized profitably to grow new cash crops which bring in a much higher return, especially on land unsuited for cotton. The most important of these new crops are timber and improved pasture for livestock.

Climatically the Cotton Belt is ideally suited to livestock breeding, as outdoor grazing is possible ten months in the year or longer. In the past the South has not had good pastures or a sufficient supply of the essential carbohydrate feeds. (Corn, on which livestock breeding in the Midwest is based, grows very poorly on Southern soils with yields only one-third of those in Iowa.) But today the South has developed excellent improved pastures; and while the cost of improving pasture land is high—up to \$500 per acre—the return on the investment is good. And the South has also largely overcome its carbohydrate problem through the development of a process to convert sweet potatoes into a fodder able to compete with corn. Hence there has recently been a tremendous development of livestock raising throughout the South.

Undoubtedly this movement will slow down as soon as meat prices and feed prices go down—that is, after the immediate war and postwar shortages have been overcome. But at the same time more and more of the depleted cotton land of the Piedmont will be turned into timber.

Pines will grow on almost any Southern land. They require no cultivation, except spraying against pests, which can be done from the air. In the South there is no need for elaborate reforestation programs; for if a few trees are left standing after cutting the forest will reseed itself rapidly. And—most important—the Southern pine grows so fast that it can be cut for saw mill timber after twelve to fifteen years and for pulping after five to eight years.

It is the use as pulp wood which is particularly important, as the demand is bound to increase sharply—for paper, rayon, for building materials, and plastics. And the South is the only region in this country which can satisfy the demand for pulp wood. Also timber not only gives

the highest return on labor and investment, it is also the best crop to check further erosion and to restore soil fertility; for pines are the natural cover of Southern soil.

### III

WE MAY be able to slow down the new development in the South by subsidizing the inefficient one-mule cotton grower but we cannot prevent or even long postpone the shift to mechanized cotton raising, livestock farming, and timber growing. The difference in cost, efficiency, and return between these new methods and products and the old sharecropper economy is too great—both because the old method is singularly inefficient and because the new methods are extremely efficient.

Technologically, cotton farming as it has been practiced in the South is two hundred years behind the times. The sharecropper works only about ten weeks in the year but has to be kept, fed, and housed all the year around. The social system of the South—the one-year tenant contract—was never designed to be permanent: it was a temporary structure, built hastily in the chaotic days of Reconstruction. But it has not been repaired nor rebuilt since. Even on very good cotton land, where the cost of fertilizer does not eat up an increasing part of the return, the system is so inefficient and results in such a high cost of production that only the absence of an alternative method of cotton-picking prevented its collapse fifty years ago.

This obsolescent system now finds itself suddenly face to face with the most mechanized and most efficient method of production; consequently the impact of mechanization is stunning. On farms in the Mississippi Delta mechanization has cut labor requirements 80 per cent—from 160 man-hours per bale on the one-mule farm to 28 for mechanized equipment. Even on the high plains, where hand cultivation has never been used except for picking, the installation of a mechanical stripper brings down labor hours per bale from 54 to 15. Very few crops in this country can be raised with as little labor and cost as cotton on a large mechanized farm



where there is no hand operation from sowing to harvesting.

Similar savings result from the shift to livestock or to timber. To raise beef cattle requires about one-quarter of the labor force that is required for cotton; to grow trees requires very little labor at all except at cutting time, that is, once every eight years.

But the savings are possible *only on a large farm*. Under the old system of cotton farming there was one sharecropper to every 10—at the most to every 15 or 20—acres of cotton land. The minimum for mechanized cotton cultivation is 150 acres of cotton land, equivalent—with wood lot, pasture, and land in food and fodder crops—to a farm of 300 acres, which can be run by the farmer and one hired hand. The acreage required for efficient livestock farming or timber land is even larger. Hence the conversion to efficient farming means that there will be no room for the bulk of the present farm population.

A few examples show this very clearly. The farm agent of a cotton county in the Mississippi Delta has converted his land entirely to small grains. This has made it possible for him to build attractive houses for his workers, to pay them a decent wage, and to give them long-term contracts. But instead of eighteen tenant farmers, he now has only three.

An Atlanta businessman recently turned the whole of his land into timber. As a result he will get an income, almost for the first time since he inherited the farm twenty years ago—but the six cropper families who used to till the cotton are gone and their cabins have been torn down.

One of the directors of the Mississippi Farm Bureau who owns, together with his brother, a thousand acres in the southern part of the state, now raises some of the best beef cattle in the country. His stock is so good that he is concentrating almost exclusively on cattle for breeding purposes. But instead of twenty-five tenants, he now has only ten men working for him. And this list could be continued almost indefinitely.

Hence as much as one-half of the Southern farm population will be surplus in ten or twenty years and will have been pushed

off the land. In itself a forced migration of such proportions would be a nightmare of social and economic dislocation. It would threaten not only the social and political stability of the South but it would endanger the stability of the nation as a whole. For one thing, it is likely to explode the shaky structure of the Southern Democratic Party and to provide a fertile field for demagoguery, because the people who are dislocated will be chiefly those who are unskilled and untrained and who will be bewildered and lost outside their accustomed environment.

But what will complicate things even more is that a large proportion—probably the majority—of the dislocated will be Negroes, partly because most of the sharecroppers on the big plantations are colored, partly because the Negro is always the first to go when the economic pressure is on. The old pattern of Southern race relations, which, vicious as it was, at least gave both white men and Negroes a fixed rule of conduct, is bound to be destroyed. Unless handled courageously and determinedly, the Southern agricultural revolution will inevitably lead to extreme racial bitterness and will nullify the gains the South has been making toward a solution of its most burning problem, the race problem.

#### IV

THERE is thus far one plan to handle the conversion problem of the cotton South, a plan drawn up by the Bureau of Agricultural Economics about a year ago. This plan—one of the best of government documents and, in view of the terrific pressure of the cotton interests, one of the most courageous—proposes to abolish all cotton subsidies within five years (or maybe ten) to enable cotton to compete both at home and abroad. Each year the cotton subsidy would be cut by one-fifth (or one-tenth). At the same time the government would finance the conversion of Southern farms into economically efficient units.

Within ten years, under this plan, the South would have an agriculture in which cotton would only be produced on good cotton soil and on large farms. At the same time the production of livestock, dairy



products, and vegetables would go up sharply, the increases ranging from about 50 per cent in the case of milk, to 29 per cent for beef, 30 per cent for truck crops, etc. The average size of the farm unit in the South would go up from 110 acres to 170 acres, while the average number of people employed on such farms would probably drop from five or six to two or three. The whole program, at least as far as expenditure on the farm is concerned, would not cost more than the present cotton subsidy—and of course it would taper off year by year as the new farm pattern is established, whereas the cotton subsidy would have to be constantly increased.

The drafters of this plan intentionally made optimistic assumptions: a cotton price of 13 cents and full restoration of prewar exports. But even so the plan has met with violent opposition in the South. It is true that the more intelligent Southern leaders realize the seriousness of the situation; and as stalwart a defender of cotton's royal prerogatives as Senator Bankhead apparently supports the plan. But to the Southern Democrat who raised the roof when OPA dared propose a ceiling of 25 cents for a pound of cotton, the mere mention of a 13-cent price is pure treason.

Actually, the Bureau of Agricultural Economics has been far from radical; its plan fails to go far enough. If put in effect it would indeed provide for an orderly conversion of Southern agriculture. It might also, in a small way, cushion the impact of the conversion on the Southern Negro; for it would probably slow down somewhat the "flight from cotton" in the plantation regions of the coastal plains and the Delta. But it would not help the small farmer—on the contrary, its main aim is to enlarge the individual unit, with 150 acres as the minimum size for the Southern farm. And it is the small farmer who would feel the squeeze worst.

So there have been proposals to complement this plan by a program that helps the small farmer to stay on the land and in economical production. These proposals aim basically at a return, on a much larger scale, to the prewar policies of the Farm Security Administration, the Rural Electrification Administration, and the

TVA. They are sponsored by men out of the old Wallace stable—altogether perhaps the ablest and most public-spirited group of government officials this country has ever had. While there are considerable differences between individual plans, they all propose to settle small farmers in organized communities. Each farmer would own and cultivate a small plot—maybe 30 or 40 acres—on which he would raise the food for his own subsistence or specialized cash crops such as vegetables and fruit. A large plot—maybe 500 acres for ten families—would be farmed co-operatively either in cotton or in some other cash crop.

That such ideas are not confined to what may be called the "Left" is shown by the fact that in as conservative a group as the Mississippi Farm Bureau a plan is seriously discussed to achieve the same end without what they would describe as the "Communitic" co-operative ownership of land and equipment. Instead, each family would own its plot, but, following the practice of Midwestern corn growers, a group of small farmers would co-operatively rent mechanized equipment for the harvest. Either plan—and the difference is small—would preserve small farms, though they would still be considerably larger than a great many of the present units. The income of these co-operative farmers would be substantially lower than the incomes of the large farms envisioned by the Bureau of Agricultural Economics, which hopes eventually to raise Southern farm income to the national level; but the small co-operative farmer would still make about twice as much as he made before the war.

At best, however, few of the small farmers of the South could be rescued by such a co-operative program. And, like the Bureau of Agricultural Economics program, the co-operative plan would be restricted almost exclusively to owner-farmers, that is, to whites. For only the owner-farmer has enough land to go in for diversified farming; and he alone—if any small farmer—has enough skill, both technical and managerial, and enough ability to learn, to be successfully converted into a diversified co-operative farmer in as short a time as five to ten years. The average tenant and sharecropper, especially the



Negro with his low educational standard, simply cannot be expected to be able to make such a tremendous switch in so short a time. (Also there would be the most determined political opposition in the South against any attempt to buy out white farmers in order to provide land for Negroes.) Nevertheless, it seems definitely worthwhile to make the attempt to keep as many small farmers on the land as possible. It may cost a lot of money, but it would be money well and profitably spent.

It is probably far too optimistic to expect that these two programs—the plan of the Bureau of Agricultural Economics and the complementary proposal to resettle small farmers in co-operative communities—will be put into effect early enough and on a large enough scale. But even if fully effective, the two plans, singly or together, would not solve the main problem created by the Southern agricultural revolution: the re-employment of the masses of farmers and farm hands who will be crowded off the land. If Southern agriculture is to be sound, the labor force on the farms will have to be cut 40 per cent during the next ten to fifteen years; even then the South would have a farm population 50 per cent higher proportionately than the rest of the nation. This means that the non-agricultural labor force would have to be raised by 5 millions. An increase of more than 60 per cent in total employment off the farm would be needed within the next ten or fifteen years.

The rate of expansion obviously depends primarily on the speed of industrialization; for it is industrial employment which creates the job opportunities in the trades and services. It is reasonably certain that, barring a severe depression, the South is entering now upon a period of rapid industrial expansion. But it is hardly likely that its rate of expansion will be much greater than it was during the twenties, the period of most rapid growth up to now, when industrial employment in the Cotton Belt expanded by 28 per cent in ten years. To expect more than a one-third increase—against a needed increase of more than two-thirds—is to expect a miracle.

Even the absorption of one-half of the

uprooted and dislocated ex-farmers will require great efforts. It will require a major training program. Union restrictions on apprenticeships will have to be removed or modified. A special wage scale will have to be drawn up to make possible training-in-industry of large numbers. Also, many of these new workers will have to be moved within the South; the best industrial locations are quite a distance away from the probable centers of dislocation. And that means organized employment services, new housing, schools, hospitals, etc. But after all this has been done, there will be left a surplus population of 500,000 to 750,000 families—two to three and a half million people—for whom there will be no livelihood in the South. And they will be predominantly Negroes, who are both the first to lose and the last to find employment—particularly as, so far, Negroes have rarely been employed in Southern factories or in the trades and white-collar jobs, except in the most menial capacity.

Even if we have full employment—and all these figures are based on this assumption—we thus face a tremendous migration of the Negro from the South to the industrial centers of the North. Few people in the South doubt this—though they do not know whether to regret the loss of so large a share of the South's human assets or to welcome such a drastic reduction in the size of the Southern race problem. Responsible Negro leaders, such as Dr. Johnson of Fisk University, are credited with the belief that the migration will be even greater and that, with the mechanization of cotton farming, four million Negroes and more may leave the South during the next ten or fifteen years. And it is not even considered very improbable that fifteen years from now the majority of the nation's colored population will be north of the Mason-Dixon Line. Hence the Southern agricultural revolution poses serious problems for the North—not only quantitative problems of employment but problems of race relations in the industrial cities where racial hatred and discrimination have been rapidly growing these past ten years. Even if we have full employment and the fullest co-operation from unions and managements, it will be very difficult to integrate such large groups of colored



workers, especially as the Negro tends to gather in a few urban areas.

IT is easy—and very popular in the Deep South today—to see only one aspect of the technological revolution through which the Cotton Belt is passing: the removal of the dead hand of the cotton economy and plantation society, the establishment of a sound agriculture and of a better balance between industry and farming, higher incomes, better living standards, the end of sharecropping—in short the final emancipation of both white and colored from slavery. It is also easy to see only the other aspect: the dislocation, the suffering, the uprooting of millions of people who will lose their homes and their livelihood. However, the full picture, as in all technological revolutions, emerges only if both—the better life for those who can adjust themselves and the suffering of those who are pushed out—are seen together and at the same time.

In one very important respect, however, the Southern prospect differs radically from this standard pattern of revolutionary economic change: the sufferings are not altogether inevitable. We cannot possibly hope to be able to avoid the uprooting and

dislocation. But because the Deep South is part—a comparatively small part—of a large, fully developed, and rich nation we have the means to cushion the shock and to make it bearable both for those affected directly and for our society as a whole.

To do this would require an abandonment of our policy to preserve the Southern *status quo*, a policy which can no longer be successful. Instead of subsidizing the Old South, we ought to spend the same amount of money on the reconstruction of Southern agriculture to a point where it is on a sound economic structure and fully able to compete. The Bureau of Agricultural Economics plan is the first step in this direction. Also we will have to spend a great deal of money and effort on the training of displaced farmers and on their relocation. And we shall have to do much educational work—both with Negroes and with whites—to enable large masses of Southern Negroes to live a decent life as industrial and white-collar workers, especially in the North. An honest and courageous policy could clear up much of the terrible mess left behind by the Reconstruction period. But if the challenge is not met, the South, and the nation, will be in for real trouble.



# Harper's

## MAGAZINE

### THE BEAM IN OUR OWN EYE

CLYDE EAGLETON

**Y**ou can criticize the Russians all you want to (and we have already got ourselves into a frenetic state doing it), and at various points I might be able to add some items to the indictment. But not now. Russia may enter into this article by way of counterpoint; but what I am concerned with at the moment is to try to show what others see as they watch us Americans at our democratic antics. This glimpse, I am afraid, will show us trying to have our cake and eat it, too; or, to use another famous figure of speech, it will show us riding our horse off in all directions at one and the same time. We want peace and security in the world, so we say, and we are inclined to blame others because we do not feel sure that we have it; but what are we, the American people, contributing to the sense of security and trust among nations?

**T**o begin with, we said that we wanted an international organization which would provide security; and we can fairly claim credit for having made the United Nations Charter what it is. This is not necessarily a compliment, for we deliberately made it as weak as we could. We

rejected the international police force for which the Russians had asked at Dumbarton Oaks, and thereby left Russia with a security system not quite so strong as she had hoped for. We upheld the veto of the Great Powers in the Security Council, and thereby made it impossible for the Security Council to take action against the only states which could be dangerous to us, and the only ones able to make the atomic bomb. We did not do this to appease Russia, though doubtless she wants the veto as much as anyone does; we did it to appease the American Senate and the American people. It was one of the many places in the Charter where we gave with one hand and took away with the other.

We rejected the compulsory jurisdiction of the International Court of Justice, which means that we refused to obligate ourselves even to submit our legal disputes to impartial adjudication. We insisted that the security organization should not be allowed to deal with anything which a sovereign state might say was a "domestic question," and would not even consent to have it decided by any organ of the United Nations, or according to international law, whether or not a ques-

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tion is a domestic one—thereby practically nullifying the whole Charter. We agreed in principle to contribute armed forces for the Security Council to use against an aggressor, but only on condition (Article 43) that each state should reach an agreement some time in the future as to the exact number and kind of forces it should supply. Until the undetermined time when these agreements shall have been made, the Security Council will not be able to take military action against an aggressor, because it will have no forces to employ.

There can be no doubt that at San Francisco we did an excellent job of preserving and protecting our national sovereignty, if that was what we were after; but complete freedom of action is not the usual foundation upon which one builds a system of law and order such as we claimed to be building. The UN is too weak today to assure us of the security which we wish; and for this result the American people cannot pass the buck to Russia or to any other state; they cannot even pass it to the Department of State. The President and the Department of State were doubtless too timorous and might have shown more courageous leadership; but you cannot blame them for being timorous when you recall what the Senate and the American people did to the League of Nations in 1919 and to the World Court in 1935. The President has not dared to submit any treaty of importance to the Senate since the latter date, until the Charter of the United Nations came up; it is no wonder that he was careful to prune it down so that it would not be rejected as the others had been. It is no wonder; but it is a bad situation. This is a democracy, and the executive cannot bind the American people to fundamental changes of policy without their consent; and the American people did not speak up for a strong UN, and they are not yet speaking up for a strong UN.

## II

WHAT have we been doing since San Francisco to encourage international peace and to support the United Nations? We used to talk about the United Nations as a joint enterprise in which we were all to consult and co-operate with one an-

other, against a common enemy. The United Nations is by the Charter definitely excluded from anything to do with the enemy states; they are to be handled by "the governments having responsibility" therefor. Who are these governments? President Truman suggested some months back that it was time for the United Nations to handle things; and Secretary Byrnes went to the Council of Foreign Ministers in London and argued that the affairs of Europe ought to be handled jointly, and not by just one nation. That was fine, but unfortunately it was inconsistent with our own national policy. We had already made it pretty clear that we were going to run the Pacific area all by ourselves, and when various states demanded that we apply to Japan the same principle which we wished to see applied in Europe, we would not hear to it; and MacArthur is still settling the affairs of Japan all by himself—though graciously consenting occasionally to hear advice offered by the Far Eastern Advisory Council. If the United States is to have exclusive control in Japan, why should not Russia have exclusive control in eastern Europe, or in Manchuria?

Still on the line of joint and sympathetic United Nations co-operation, we were all upset a few months back at the way the British were using their armed forces in Greece and Indonesia, and practically frantic about the way the Russians were using their forces in Iran. At the same moment, we were caught in the same sort of a situation in China—that was when the Communists were howling into one ear, and ex-Ambassador Hurley was howling into our other ear. Britain and Russia and we had troops in these areas by common agreement; trouble was to be expected in each area, and the troops were there to maintain order. (It was sheer luck that it was the British rather than we who were on the hot spot in Indonesia, for the Combined Chiefs of Staff had only a short time before transferred control in that area from the United States to Great Britain.)

When the Soviet Union was brought up before the Security Council, she promptly countered by bringing Britain up on the same charges. Mr. Gromyko could, with



as much reason, have hauled the United States before the Security Council because of what we were doing in China; he probably refrained only because the current policy of his government was to be tough with Britain and nice to the United States. If we can accuse Russia of using her forces in Iran to spread her Communistic system there, Russian can—and she may do it yet—accuse the United States of using American forces to defeat Communism and uphold our capitalistic system in China.

Try another viewpoint. One of the things for which we criticize Russia is the fact that she is trying to build up a sphere of influence—though of course we do not use so mild a term—in the Near East. At the same time, and for years back, the United States has been building up a sphere of influence reaching from the North Pole to the South Pole, and we are now talking of extending it from Dakar to Okinawa. Mr. Molotov at San Francisco, after watching how the United States worked with the other American republics to get Argentina admitted, intimated that Russia could anticipate a solid bloc of some twenty American nations, led by the United States, to vote against his country in future United Nations decisions. With half the world in our sphere of influence, the efforts of the Russians in their part of the world look positively puny!

Now, let's take a look at trusteeship. Trusteeship is surely anti-imperialistic; and if the American people are anything, they are anti-imperialistic. The Atlantic Charter began with the words "we seek no aggrandizement, territorial or otherwise"; and good Americans have been busy condemning British and Dutch and French imperialism, and demanding that the colonial possessions of these countries be put under trusteeship. They have not suggested, however—not loud enough to be heard—that any American possession be put under trusteeship. On the contrary, we are trying to grab more territory in the Pacific and not put even it under trusteeship. This issue is not officially decided; but the American people and members of Congress are saying "Our

boys fought and died for those islands, didn't they? Well, then, they are ours!" That is imperialism as baldly as it has ever been put—might makes right! It is bad enough to disregard the principles which we accepted in the Charter of the United Nations, but the proposal to take illegally the mandated islands of the League of Nations in the Pacific is really shocking. Of course, if we want to take those islands, no one is going to stop us—we are too big; and this, you may recall, is exactly what we complain about Russia's doing in eastern Europe.

Whether we are turning imperialistic or not—as some of our foreign friends are beginning to wonder—we are giving the Soviet propagandists an excellent opportunity to charge us with it. Inevitably, therefore, they present the Soviet Union as the champion of downtrodden peoples everywhere against the imperialistic, capitalistic nations. This should give even the most nationalistic of our patriots something to consider seriously.

There is another angle to all this. If we are going to claim Pacific islands on the ground that we conquered them and that we need them for national security, we could as well claim lands which we conquered elsewhere or which we need as bases, and which might be even more useful to us. How far—other states may be asking—does the United States intend to go with this strategic base idea? We are bargaining to get Iceland into UN, provided she will let us have bases there—another vote for us; Australia and New Zealand are worrying about bases in that part of the world; and what is going to happen with regard to the string of air bases across Africa? What are all these bases for? Of course, we Americans know that these bases are not for aggressive purposes, but how is Russia to know? I know that the dog is not going to bite me, but does the dog know it?

AND what about the atomic bomb? The United Nations was not strong enough to provide security before the bomb came along; much less can it take care of this added and difficult problem. This was recognized in the ABC declaration, issued by President Truman and



Prime Ministers Attlee and King, in which they offered to turn over the bomb secrets to the UN provided adequate safeguards could be established. Presumably, such safeguards would mean a considerable strengthening of the United Nations security system; but there was no evidence to show that the United States, which had made the UN weak, was now ready to make it any stronger. While everyone was puzzling over this, and wondering if the United States could be stalling, the Secretary of State's Committee on Atomic Energy released a report which disregards the UN entirely as regards security.

The owner of so terrible a secret is bound to be looked upon with suspicion by his neighbors; so what might our neighbors think of this report? They would probably say that it contains novel and constructive and perhaps well-intended proposals; they would perhaps be a little skeptical as to the possibility of ownership and operation of atomic energy facilities by the UN; but surely they would ask: where is the security we are all looking for? All the report says is "strategic balance of power among nations," and "danger signals." It seems to mean that UN will locate its atomic materials and plants inside the borders of several nations, so that if one nation illegally seizes what is within its territory, other nations can illegally seize what is within their territories and, if they feel like it, can hit back at the aggressor with what they have seized. This does not sound like collective security through the United Nations; it sounds like the old game of national action and power politics. Doesn't the United States trust the UN, or intend to use it? It may well seem doubtful to those who note the care with which our proposal for the international control of atomic energy reserves to us the right to continue manufacture of the bomb—until we voluntarily decide to stop.

As this is being written, the Security Council has overridden the Russian request, and also a memorandum from the Secretary General of the United Nations, and has decided to leave the Iranian matter on the agenda. I helped in the making of Chapter VI, and I think the

general position taken by the Secretary General was correct. Whether it was or not, the argument was disregarded by the Security Council on the general ground that the important work of the Security Council ought not to be impeded by slavish devotion to procedure. We taught those Russians a lesson this time! And what was the lesson? That the claim of the accused to constitutional procedures under the Charter will not even be considered; that the Charter is of no importance, and that the impartial and expert opinion of the Secretariat is to be spurned, whenever a big enough gang in the Security Council wants to put something across. These are precedents which may be used against us some day. Yes, we showed those Russians where they belong—and that place, they might conclude, is outside the United Nations. It may be even more important to show a Great Power, than to prove to a small state, that it will receive fair treatment under the Charter.

### III

WHICH way are we going? If we are not going to strengthen the UN and increasingly rely upon it for security, why should we expect Russia to do so? If we are going to depend upon our own national efforts for security, and set up United States instead of United Nations bases, why should not Russia build up her national strength and claim Spitzbergen or Tripolitania, or such places? If we consider that our national safety requires the Panama Canal to be under our own instead of international administration, how can we expect Russia to want international control of the Dardanelles? We have committed ourselves to collective security through the United Nations by signature, but everything that we do indicates that we rely upon our national, and perhaps on our regional, strength rather than upon the UN. We seem to be trying to impress our strength upon the world: our Navy is sailing around displaying itself in various places; we are planning a tremendous demonstration with the atomic bomb, which no other nation could afford; our soldiers in various places manifest, sometimes in appalling fashion, the



unrestrained might of the United States. Yet, at the same time, the unwillingness of the American people to go in for conscription—or even to extend the draft—makes it very doubtful whether we could actually, with any degree of safety, rely upon our own national strength to protect us.

You say that the statements made above are exaggerated and unfair? Naturally, you would. I think so, myself; I wrote them so. Nevertheless, they are no more exaggerated than the charges which we are making against other states, and very probably they underestimate what others are saying about us. But there is a much more constructive reason for saying these things than the mere pleasure of exposing our vagaries and inconsistencies. It is time to stand up firmly against the Soviet Union; we are, in fact, beginning to do so. But we cannot do it effectively unless we have a firm foundation of consistent policy upon which to stand; unless the policy offers reasonable security and a fair amount of justice to Russia; and unless our course of conduct is one which would give Russia some reason to trust us or the UN.

There is no use asking what Russia will do—that depends upon what we are going to do. The first question before us is not Russia, but ourselves. If we will take a responsible lead, a lead which clearly shows that we intend to give to the United Nations the support which it must have if it is to succeed, we can get most of the world to follow us; and if we show that

the United Nations will not be used against Russia unfairly, there is little doubt whether Russia will continue to support it. It would be very difficult for her to stay out, with most of the world behind us. We have a definite advantage over her, for she needs security above all, and she does not have so many friends on her side; and she is quite well aware of these facts. She could not afford to stay out; if she did stay out, she would have the world organized against her. She would, that is, if the United States makes the United Nations into a real security system. If we don't do that, if each nation must depend upon itself for security, some of them will line up with Russia.

THE problem is not Russia; the problem is us. Whatever Russia wants or does not want, nothing can be done until the American people make up their minds to a definite and consistent policy which they are willing to support and for which they are willing to pay the price. It is the United States which now blocks advance toward real security. That is our problem; the problem of Russia comes later. We are now in a vicious circle, and there is no use arguing whose fault it is or who began it; someone must cut through it. The responsibility for taking the first steps in this direction is ours; we are the strongest and most influential state in the world at the moment; the UN cannot be made stronger unless we do it; and we have the bomb.



# THE GIANT WORLD OF TEXAS

## *And Its Politics and Politicians*

JOHN GUNTHER

**T**HAT Texas has a quality all its own—spacious, militant, hospitable, beaming with self-satisfaction and vitality—is known to everybody. It is, of course, the only American state that, after nine years and 301 days as an independent republic, entered the United States of its own free will, by treaty, and on what were pretty much its own terms. And it is the only state that, without consent of Congress, may split itself into five different states at any time. Not that there is the slightest likelihood of such a self-division; no Texan would dream of it—because then Texas would no longer be Texas, enormous, overflowing with euphoria, and unique. Its most precious guarded attribute is its bigness.

Of Texas jokes there is no end, and most of them have to do with the state's monstrous size. There is, for instance, the story of the girl, daughter of a great Texas rancher, who went East to school. Asked where she came from, she said, "Nueces County, Texas," and when asked where that might be, she replied, "It's the northwest corner of my grandpappy's cow pasture." And the anecdote about the New Englander who, visiting Texas, found a lobster in his bed. Tactfully, and fully aware of Texan propensities to the grandiose, he said to his host, "Look at this Texan bedbug." Whereupon the host

shook his head doubtfully and answered, "Must be a young one."

The Lone Star State is, in all conscience, big enough. I don't know any remark more relevant than one attributed to Pat Neff, an ex-governor who is now president of Baylor University, that Texas could wear Rhode Island as a watchfob. Its largest county, Brewster, is, quite seriously, six times bigger than Rhode Island; the second largest, Pecos, is more than twice the size of Delaware and is within a shade of being as big as Connecticut; of the total of 254 counties, actually 59 are as large as Rhode Island or larger. One out of every twelve square miles in the United States is Texan.

Then consider some Texas firsts. The state wears the biggest hats in the world, and it has more pretty girls per square inch than any other known segment of the earth's surface. It has produced more movie stars than any other state except possibly California (Ginger Rogers, Joan Crawford); it has the nation's largest naval air station (at Corpus Christi), the nation's biggest permanent military post (at San Antonio), and by far the largest military school in the nation (Texas A. & M.). The deepest hole in the world (an oil well reaching 15,279 feet) is in Pecos County, and the world's largest wheat farm is in the Panhandle. Texas is

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the first state in the union in petroleum, natural gas, beef cattle, helium, sulphur, cotton, sheep and goats, pipeline mileage, and a long list of other products, from onions to polo ponies. And I cannot resist mentioning that when I told Texan friends that I was writing a book on the United States many immediately suggested that there should be two volumes, one on Texas, the other on the other forty-seven.

**T**HERE are at least four points to be made about Texas at once. First, it properly belongs neither to the East, nor to the West, nor even to the Southwest; it is an empire, an entity, all its own.

Second, despite its fantastically great economic power, it represents a kind of "exploitative" or "colonial" economy: it lives, and lives well, basically by the multifarious production of raw materials—cattle, cotton, sulphur, oil, a hundred others—but most of this reservoir of production is owned outside the state, not in. Texas is probably the richest "colony" on earth, India excepted; and although all its citizens will band together to assassinate anybody who says so, it has been badly fleeced by outsiders in its time. Even Pappy O'Daniel once called it "New York's most valuable foreign possession." Although the state is the greatest American wool producer, it possesses only one wool-scouring plant. Only two per cent of its textile mills are owned at home; about two-thirds of all electric power is controlled through subsidiaries by Electric Bond & Share; the biggest firm supplying oil-well machinery is a subsidiary of U. S. Steel; not a single Texan is on the board of directors of the two most important sulphur companies; and the greatest single industrial enterprise in the state, Humble Oil, is 72 per cent owned by Standard of New Jersey.

Third, Texas has a far more virile "nationalism" than any other American state. All sorts of stories are apposite; for instance, the sign I saw in Fort Worth in May 1945: "Buy Bonds and Help Texas Win the War." And it is notorious that the San Antonio post office has three main chutes for mail, marked "City," "Texas," and "Other States and Foreign Countries." Yet this acute local patriotism has not pre-

cluded an intelligent preoccupation—of course preoccupation is too mild a word—with world affairs. Partly by reason of the cotton business, which naturally produced close ties to Great Britain, Texas was probably the least isolationist state in the union, and certainly the most interventionist state in the West. So many Texans went to Canada to enlist before Pearl Harbor that Montreal wags talked of "the Royal Canadian Texan Air Force." And during the war itself, the contribution of the state to the armed forces was spectacular. I will choose only one illustration out of hundreds: 19 of the 79 men who took part in the Doolittle raid on Tokyo were Texan.

My fourth point has to do with a complex of intellectual, cultural, and social values. To put it baldly, it is that Texas, an immensely stalwart adolescent, is growing up; it is now facing for the first time a resolution of various intellectual dilemmas that might well have been dealt with earlier. For instance, the people want badly to maintain intact the industrialization brought by the war. Yet at the same time powerful forces in the legislature are violently anti-labor; there was even an attempt last year to force through a bill outlawing the closed shop. Apparently it had never occurred to plenty of Texans that, to fulfill an industrial program, you must have not merely machines but men to work them. You have to give up either your precious new aircraft industry or your antipathy to labor, unwelcome as the choice may be; you cannot have your cake and eat it too. As another example, take the great dispute over education. Texas wanted, and wants, the greatest and richest university in the world. Yet it did not quite grasp that no university of any dimension can be worthy of the name without application of a principle that many conservative Texans feared—academic freedom.

**P**ERHAPS one should add a word about the newness of Texas, its youth as what might be called "a great power," and the crazy speed and fortuitousness with which wealth was created or accumulated. For this has had considerable social consequences. In 1884, Texas had \$84,000,000 in bank deposits; in 1914, \$246,000,000;



in 1944, well over \$2,500,000,000. A kind of *nouveau riche* psychology swept the state. Of the 254 counties about 200 produce (among many other things) oil; and vast and instantaneous wealth struck a great variety of people, from sharecroppers up and down. That plenty of the newly rich should have done crazy things was inevitable; that the wave of wealth should have produced a certain obscurantism was also inevitable. Another item: not only did Texas become rich; it was, and is, the only former member of the confederacy that did so. Hence, one sees in Texas a remarkable fusion of old "Southern" characteristics, *plus* big money; atop the cattle and cotton reactionaries was imposed a layer of corporation owners, fantastic gamblers in bootleg and "hot" oil, and neo-carpet-baggers from the north.

Another item worth mentioning is the power of Texas in the national capital. At one time no fewer than eleven chairmen of Senate and House committees were Texans; today, though somewhat less, the figure still exceeds that of any other state. And Tom Clark, the attorney general, is a Texan; so is Maury Maverick, formerly of the Smaller War Plants Corporation; and so are Eisenhower, Nimitz, and a fantastic number of **military** chieftains.

## II

I CLIMBED the University tower at Austin—which, incidentally, is one of the most charming cities I have ever seen—and a friendly professor showed me the view. A low black-green line to the west is the Balcones Escarpment, a great geological fault that all but splits the state; on the east a river valley leads placidly through black soil to brush country and then the sea.

Roughly—very roughly—one may from this vantage point divide the state in two; the imaginary demarcation would stretch from the southeastern corner of the Panhandle to a point midway up the Rio Grande. And between these two Texas—east and west—the differences are profound. The east is, by and large, cotton country, with tenant farming, a Mississippi Delta culture, mushrooming industries, big towns, "poor whites," most of the state's Negroes, and, of course, oil. The west

(and part of the south) is the Texas of what used to be the open range, drugstore and other cowboys, great Hereford herds, dust, the high plains, mechanized agriculture, windmills, sheep, mountains (Texas is supposed to be "flat," but it has plenty of mountainous country and not less than 80 peaks over 5,000 feet), and of mesquite and desert.

There is today a very considerable intra-state migration. East Texas is losing population to west Texas, partly on account of soil erosion; much soil in east Texas has worn out. Also, the west has fewer Negroes, and many Texans move out there for this reason. Much of the eastern portion of the state appears to be draining slowly toward the less thickly populated west.

Cotton cultivation, which is of transcendent importance, is another index of the differences between east and west. In the east, where Texas is most "Southern," cotton is still farmed largely by tenants, working by hand on small tracts. But in the west it is produced for the most part by fairly big owner-operators on fairly big plots of land who use machines. And let it always be remembered that Texas produces about one-third of the total American cotton crop, which means about **one-seventh** of that of the entire world.

EACH of the great divisions of Texas, east and west, may, of course, be further subdivided. In the east there is the coastal plain around Houston, the "piney belt" centering on Tyler, and the great black soil region which sweeps through the state like a scythe and contains Dallas, Austin, Waco. The piney belt is almost indistinguishable from Arkansas or North Carolina, with huge timber deposits and red clayey soil. Here are the most backward Texans; here are roses, rain, and the hinterland of Martin Dies. To the south are still other subdivisions: first the great expanse of brush and cattle country, second the irrigation-made garden known everywhere simply as "the Valley," i.e. the valley of the Rio Grande. This is a Texas still heavily underlaid with Spanish culture, and of wonderful fruit and vegetable farms, politics at their most corrupt, and a lively frontier spirit. Here, of course, the state meets Mexico. And it should not



be forgotten that Texas fronts on more of Latin America than any other state in the Union.

West Texas we may in turn subdivide—again very roughly—into the marvelous upland known as the Edwards Plateau, of deeply eroded limestone, which possesses what is called the finest climate in the world; the “Central Plains” and the “High Plains,” which nowadays tend to grow sheep and wheat as well as cattle; the Panhandle which merges into Oklahoma; and, to the extreme southwest, two tawny “provinces” of almost uninhabited semi-desert, known as “Trans-Pecos” and the “Big Bend.”

### III

WHO runs Texas? There is no single boss, no real machine; the state is too big for that, too various. The question necessarily demands a composite answer.

For example, look at Houston, the biggest city in the state and—with the possible exception of Tulsa, Oklahoma—the most reactionary city in the United States. The man who “owns” Houston is, of course, Jesse Jones (though its richest citizen, and reputedly the richest man in Texas, is an oil operator named Roy Cullen). And Jones is to a considerable degree responsible for Houston’s giddy industrial growth in recent years, because as head of the RFC he was able, quite legitimately, to locate wartime industry in the Houston area. As to Jones’ own holdings, they are immense. He owns the *Houston Chronicle* and its radio station KTRH, and he is believed to control the *Houston Post* also. He owns or operates the three leading Houston hotels; he is the chief stockholder in the National Bank of Commerce, normally the city’s richest bank, which in turn owns the Gulf Building, its tallest skyscraper; he has very large real estate holdings, which include most of downtown Houston; his family owns the controlling share in the powerful Bankers Mortgage Company. Oddly enough Jones, a builder, has never paid much attention to oil. Many people, Texans as well as non-Texans, hate Jesse Jones; and hatred often snaps out of his own cold eyes. Meeting him I thought that he carried a stronger note of the sinister than anybody I had

ever talked to in American public life. But as far as politics are concerned Jones cuts little ice in Texas, even in the Houston area; his political interests lie outside.

That is one pattern of personal influence—financial and administrative. For an example of another pattern, look by contrast at San Antonio, which—next to San Francisco, New Orleans, and possibly Boston—is the most colorful, most “romantic” city in America. San Antonio is at once a businesslike metropolis; a slum (its West Side Mexican population constitutes the largest solid bloc of the underprivileged in the United States); a German town (one out of every six citizens is of German birth or descent); an Army town (Kelly and Randolph Fields and Fort Sam Houston); and a Negro town (nine per cent of the people are colored). Politically, San Antonio is run by the ranchmen plus the gambling interests plus two men, P. L. Anderson, who is the police and fire chief (and who wears a diamond in his necktie that looks almost as big as a peanut), and Owen Kilday, the sheriff of Bexar County. Kilday was in part responsible for beating Maury Maverick when Maury—incontestably the best mayor San Antonio ever had—ran for re-election in 1941. The way to play politics in San Antonio is to buy, or try to buy, the Mexican vote, which is decisive. Maury Maverick won when he carried the West Side, and lost when he didn’t carry the West Side. But Maury played it straight. The Mexicans voted for him because they liked and admired him and knew that he would do for them what he could, and not because they were bribed or purchased.

In several southern counties there are strictly local political machines which enjoy great power. In Duval County, for instance, there was a man named Archie Parr whose “monarchy” was broken up by a revolution after (as I heard it put) he had “served as state senator since God was a boy.” Parr’s son still carries on to an extent. Consider the Duval County vote in the Democratic primary in 1940: O’Daniel, with Parr’s backing, got 3,728 votes, and seven other candidates got 181 between them. That’s really turning out the vote. Another border county, Starr, is run substantially by the Guerra family; in the



1944 primaries this county gave Coke Stevenson 1,396 votes; eight other candidates got just two!

But none of these varied knots of power and influence extends throughout politics on an all-state level. I have heard it reliably said that there is no local machine with more than 5,000 votes, and that all the machine votes together do not total more than 80,000. When we turn to the politics of the state as a whole it is *personal* loyalties, such as to old Jim Ferguson (of whom more later) that count; *personal* loyalties to a large extent run Texas. But the recipients of these loyalties cannot easily throw votes to another man, or to their successors. Each political campaign starts new-born. To understand how the pattern works, let us begin by considering the governorship and the present governor, Coke R. Stevenson.

PRACTICALLY anybody may run for governor in Texas; for instance, in the 1930 race there were no fewer than twelve candidates. And no governor in the history of the state, though in theory he may be re-elected indefinitely, has ever served for more than two terms (each term is two years); the partisanship is too spirited, the competition too acerbic. But, be it noted, the Ferguson *family*, Pa and Ma between them, served four terms. Another point is that most governors step up to the post; Stevenson and Hobby were lieutenant governors; Hogg, Allred, Moody, Culbertson were all attorney generals. And Texas was the first American state—after Wyoming—to elect a woman. The chief power of a Texas governor lies in his capacity to make appointments; no state, except perhaps Oklahoma, permits such concentration of executive authority.

The history of modern Texas begins with the governorship of a great man, Jim Hogg, who served from 1891 to 1895. All over the state I heard not merely that Hogg was the best governor Texas ever had, but that it has never had a really good one since. Hogg, whose daughter (named Ima) is still a considerable influence in Houston, was a people's man, who set out to break the stranglehold of the great corporations; he was a kind of Texas equivalent of California's Hiram Johnson. Also,

he reflected the ascending influence of the rural communities, the small farmers as against the towns.

In 1915 what might be called the Ferguson era began. James E. Ferguson was (and is) a kind of peasant demagogue who did some things well (for instance, in rural education) and who constantly got entangled in his own folksy ego; he was impeached in 1917 when it became known that the brewery interests (prohibition was a raging issue) had "lent" him a large sum. The impeachment verdict included a proviso that Ferguson could never again hold public office "in Texas." So, when things quieted down a bit, his wife ran for governor in his stead—and got elected—while Ferguson himself was content merely to be a candidate for the presidency of the United States!

"Ma" (Miriam) Ferguson served from 1925 to 1927; of course her husband was to all intents and purposes the actual governor. In one period of twenty months, the Fergusons issued more than 2,000 pardons—which was one way to build up popularity. "Ma" got in largely because she and Pa had guts enough to fight the Ku Klux Klan, which is to their credit. From 1927 to 1931 a useful governor named Dan Moody held the office; he had been a "boy-wonder" attorney general. Ma ran for governor four times more (and Pa ran once for the U. S. Senate but got licked), and made it once, in 1933. The governor from 1935 to 1939 was another useful man, James V. Allred; he was succeeded by the incredible W. Lee O'Daniel (of whom more anon), who was in turn succeeded by Coke Stevenson. That the Fergusons had a good deal to do with O'Daniel's first victory and with Stevenson's is usually accepted. In other words, from the time of Jim Hogg at the turn of the century to the present, the most conspicuous figures in the public life of the greatest state in the Union were an amiable pair of old folks who did some commendable things but who were in essence dilapidated buffoons.

COKE STEVENSON is, of course, a different matter. No one ever accused him of being an intellectual giant, but he is not a buffoon. A cool customer if ever there was



one, with curiously opaque eyes, a good infighter politically, someone who never rocks the boat, a compromiser about whom it is said that no hole is too small for him to go through, Coke is the only man in Texas history who has been speaker of the legislature twice, lieutenant governor twice, and governor for two terms. Some people call him an errand boy for the vested interests; some deny this by asserting simply that he has never taken a stand for or against *anything*. But in the past year or so, practically every appointee to whom he gave important office was a Texas Regular, i.e. someone who bolted the party against Roosevelt. Once, when Stevenson was asked to intervene in the university dispute which was fiercely raging, he replied that he was too experienced a rancher to burn his lips on a hot coffee pot. Professor J. Frank Dobie, just back from a visit to England, replied that he had seen a lot of folks get burned by something much worse, people who were fighting for the same thing as the university—freedom.

Coke lives today (when not in Austin) near the town of Junction, in rugged and beautiful hill country. He owns a "small" ranch; that is, it runs to 14,000 acres. He worked hard as a boy, punching cattle by day and studying law at night; he was variously janitor, bookkeeper, and cashier in a bank; he is a solid, healthy man, six feet two and with a tidy waistline; personally, nobody could be friendlier, a better host, or more likable. He wears a small diamond stickpin shaped like a stirrup. The secret of his success probably resides in the frontier from which he came. In Jeffersonian times he would have been a real democrat; that is, he is opposed to government *per se*. But today this is only too apt to mean that, by pretending to ignore government, a man plays into the hands of special interests that may destroy it.

The lieutenant governor of the state, John Lee Smith, is an erudite student of Texan history and a pleasant man to talk to; he is also one of the bitterest reactionaries I ever met, with a hatred of the New Deal that is almost pathological. He is angrily anti-union; once, after visiting Pennsylvania during a coal strike, he said, "There's no trouble up there that couldn't be settled by a firing squad."

Turn now to the legislature, with 150 members in the house and 31 senators; of the total of 181, all but one (an independent) are Democrats. Normally it meets biennially, and legislators get a wage of \$10 per day for 120 days; if the session lasts longer the pay drops to \$5, and since most members are eager anyway to get back home, sessions tend to end quickly as the 120th day approaches. The hall of representatives, big and flat with large windows, looks exactly like a schoolroom.

#### IV

ONE eminent Texan told me, "The politics of this state are perfectly simple—it is run by about twenty corporations." I am inclined to think that this is an exaggeration, but from a negative point of view a case may be made for it; certainly it is difficult to think of any legislation that the corporations do *not* want that gets through. In the corporate group, oil is dominant for the simplest of reasons; the oil industry contributes about 60 per cent of the total Texas income, direct and indirect. The oil lobbyists work in any of a dozen ways. A simple method, perfectly legal, might be to pay a prominent politician a sound fee for "drilling rights" on his ranch, even though there was no probability of oil's being there. And associated with oil are the railways, the utilities, lumber, natural gas, and the sulphur interests.

The churches are extremely powerful in Texas; so, on the other side, are the liquor interests; so is the Texas Manufacturers Association; so, as everywhere in the South, is the *county* (as distinguished from the big city) vote. Newspapers play less of a political role, I should think, than in any other important state; labor is a slowly rising influence. And there are other miscellaneous factors. (In Austin I heard that 3 B's control the legislature—Bourbon, Beefsteak, Blondes.)

After the great corporations the biggest and most potent lobby is that of education. Texas has always had a great zeal for public education; \$20,000,000 a year was spent on the schools (not including state universities) in 1920, and not less than \$68,500,000 in 1944. Consider this latter figure. It is a whale of a lot of money. It is as



much as the entire national budget of a country like Cuba. It has to be found somewhere. And Texas has no income tax. The schools get along mostly through the occupations tax, of which 25 per cent—by terms of the constitution—is set aside for school use. This can lead to intricate political maneuvering. Similarly of the state gasoline tax (four cents) one cent out of each four goes to the schools.

Finally, since Texas is to all intents and purposes a one-party state, we must turn to what is behind the entire political picture, namely the Democratic party itself. And this leads us to the story of the Texas Regulars.

NOWHERE in a recent trip throughout the United States—not even in Vermont, Wall Street, or the Republican epicenters in Michigan and Pennsylvania—did I find such a perfervid hatred for Mr. Roosevelt as in Texas. I met lifelong Democrats who had hoped strenuously that a coalition Byrd-Bricker ticket would save the country; I met men who had been unfalteringly convinced that if F.D.R. won again, “it would mean that the Mexicans and niggers will take us over.” This emotion included more than F.D.R. himself. It included all that he stood for and all those that stood with him; I brought away with me some campaign verses about Mrs. Roosevelt which can be called nothing more or less than examples of sheer intellectual deformity. And when Mr. Truman, campaigning for vice president, visited San Antonio in November 1944, the Mayor (Gus B. Mauermann) and the town boss, P. L. Anderson, refused to go to the station to meet his train.

Since Texas is a one-party state, a lot of dissidence is inevitable *within* the Democratic party; there is no other place to go. This makes for frayed nerves. But the same thing, *mutatis mutandis*, is true in all Southern states; why is the fissure so much more pronounced in Texas, the intensity so deep? I dare say that one reason is that Texas is so much richer than the South; the big-money interests have more at stake. Another is the independent tradition and spirit of the Texan frontier. Then there are purely local sidelights, such as the lingering effects of the Ku

Klux Klan, and the fact that many people, loyal to Jack Garner, were apt to say, “If F.D.R. couldn’t get along with as good a Texan as Cactus Jack, there must be something gravely wrong.” And Elliott Roosevelt’s business activities in Texas didn’t make the family popular.

All this came to a head in 1944. In a presidential year Texas (again so grandiose!) has two conventions, not merely one. The first, which is always held in Austin, round about May, selects delegates to the national convention and names the electors. The second, held in September in a different city each presidential year (in 1944 it happened in Dallas), selects the state chairman and state committee and adopts the platform. This all goes smoothly as a rule. But in 1944 all sorts of complications came.

First, a group of fiercely anti-F.D.R. Democrats led by George Butler (who is Jesse Jones’ attorney and nephew-in-law incidentally) organized a definite bolt away from the party, calling themselves the “Regulars” though of course it was they who were irregular. They captured the Austin convention and named their own electors. This, of course, meant, if they got away with it, that pro-F.D.R. voters in Texas would, in effect, be disfranchised. And the resultant fight aroused national excitement, because Texas has 23 delegates, and it seemed conceivable at the time that the “Regular” insurrection might throw the national election (Roosevelt versus Dewey) to the House of Representatives. The Regulars intended to vote for Byrd, or some similar candidate; they would ostensibly “represent” Texas at the national convention in Chicago, and the Texas voters who were *for* Roosevelt would have no votes at all.

So a lot of folks, including the CIO, got busy. There was an appeal to the courts. Then came the Dallas convention and a critical roll call on seating a group of F.D.R. electors. It won by just 29 votes out of 1,600, and the pro-F.D.R. boys were able to unseat some Regulars. But it took an hour and forty-five minutes to announce the vote, and the Regulars, stalling, put up Martin Dies to speak, hoping to kill time until county delegates, proxies, and so on could be frantically rounded up. But Dies



was booed to such an extent that he could not make the speech, and the Roosevelt forces won. Then the Texas Supreme Court unanimously ruled that the F.D.R. electors chosen at Dallas, superseding the Regulars named at Austin, should duly represent the state.

But the Regulars, still fighting bitterly, refused to concede defeat; they split the party, bolted, and ran on their own third ticket. Finally at the polls they were overwhelmingly squashed. F.D.R. got over 800,000 votes, the Regulars 135,439. The Regulars even ran behind Dewey, who had 191,000.

After Roosevelt's death the Regulars formally dissolved themselves as a party, but they exist still as a force and a spirit. They control big elements of the state organization, and probably would carry the state Senate, though not the House. One way to put it would be to say that the Regulars have been pushed back on their haunches; another, to say that they have been driven underground.

A footnote to this tale. Jesse Jones, though his agent Butler was a leading Regular, supported Roosevelt on the record. So did Will Clayton, who like Jones was a powerful member of the F.D.R. administration. Yet the offices of Clayton, Anderson & Co. in Houston (the largest cotton brokers in the world) were the spiritual headquarters of the rebellion. But also they were something else. All three treasurers of the three rival parties worked in Clayton, Anderson! Yet, despite the fiercest political passion, they did their jobs amicably side by side—which is something typical of the United States, and which few Europeans can understand. Lamar Fleming, Jr., was treasurer for the Texas Regulars, Harmon Whittington for the Republicans, and a lady named Miss Cline for F.D.R. And Mrs. Clayton—who at the time was national chairman of the Women's Democratic League—is one of the staunchest liberals in the land.

## V

**A** GREAT many eminent Texans serve the nation in Washington—Senator Connally, Speaker Rayburn, Assistant Secretary of State Clayton, Hatton

Sumners the chairman of the judiciary committee of the House, and able representatives like Wright Patman and Lyndon B. Johnson. But there is another Texan now living in Washington whom it is impossible to pass over. I mean Pappy.

Pappy (Wilbert Lee) O'Daniel, a spurious hillbilly and a flour salesman turned "statesman," a non-Texan who came to represent what a lot of foolish people thought were "Texan" qualities, is a kind of American March-on-Romer who never marched. His career is a spicy example of the rise of a man from nothingness to serious power in the U. S. Senate, through demagoguery, the credulity of people, and their dissatisfaction with the ordinary run of politicians.

O'Daniel is in his middle fifties. He was born in Ohio, and moved to Kansas at an early age, where he built up a milling business. There is good reason to think that he was a Republican in those days—an example of the easy way Americans may hop party lines. During his latter years he made much claim to religious inspiration (though he was never an overt evangelist like Billy Sunday or Aimee Semple McPherson), but apparently he never belonged to any church till 1938, when he joined the Christian (Disciples of Christ) Church in Fort Worth, twelve days after he announced for governor. And though Pappy has always claimed to represent the masses, through the democratic process, there seems to be evidence that he never bothered to register or vote—for anybody or any party—until he was over forty. Finally—to complete this record of dubious allegiances—his campaigns were based on cowboy songs, and of course O'Daniel, who is in reality a city-slicker type, has never punched cattle in his life.

Pappy (so-called because of the publicity he gave his children) moved from Kansas to Texas, got into the flour business, learned the technique of selling flour by radio, and worked for a time as a radio announcer too. He organized a hillbilly band, with his children in the ensemble, wrote songs and ditties, and sold his own brand of "Hillbilly" flour, with "Pass the Biscuits, Pappy" as his slogan. One theory is that he went into politics purely to get a bigger audience and hence a bigger mar-



ket for his flour; his own explanation is that thousands of listeners urged him to run for governor. Anyway, the hillbilly band grew into quite a thing. By the time O'Daniel was running for senator a crooner named Texas Rose was part of the group; he toured the state in a sound truck (cost \$15,000) with a replica of the Texas capitol dome on top; a flour barrel stood on the stage for contributions.

This Texas Kingfish became the greatest vote-getter in the history of the state. One Houston friend, when I asked him to explain this, replied, "Because Pappy is a carpetbagger, and so are we all." But this is surely only a fraction of the truth. O'Daniel appealed mostly to the farmers, who have so often taken a beating in Texas, and to the old folks who in every Western state are a capacious reservoir of votes. At the beginning, his entire campaign platform was the Ten Commandments! Nothing else. And so he got part of the Baptist vote, the Methodist vote, the Christian vote. He attacked the corporations; he promised \$30 per month in state relief to everybody over 65; he said that he would drive the old-style politicians out of Austin. Of course, if we examine his record in the light of his various promises, it becomes laughable. After attacking the corporations he managed to get along with them; and Austin is still full of politicians. His technique with the legislature, as described by Professor S. S. McKay in a massive biographical study, was in general to submit legislation that he knew could not possibly pass, then blame the legislature to the people when it didn't.

Pappy first ran—for governor—in 1938. He got 50.9 per cent of the votes in the primary, and went on to beat a Republican opponent in the general election by 473,526 to 10,940. In the runoff, moreover, he threw his support to Coke Stevenson for lieutenant governor, and Stevenson's vote rose from 258,625 to 446,441—an illuminating example of Pappy's power. Running for re-election in 1940, O'Daniel won overwhelmingly.

NEXT came the U. S. Senate. It makes a choice little episode. The veteran Texan Senator Morris Sheppard died in April 1941. Pappy was thereupon presented with

a quandary. He could at once resign the governorship, on the understanding that Coke Stevenson, succeeding as governor, would then appoint him to the federal Senate. But he might just possibly lose the special Senate election that would have to be held—in which case he would have lost the governorship, too. What Pappy did was something else. Even his closest friends were stunned. He appointed to the U. S. Senate the 87-year-old son of General Sam Houston, also a general. To say that this Houston was senile is to put it mildly. The Lone Star State was to be represented in Washington by a scarcely-alive octogenarian. The special Senate election would be duly held; and Pappy would run against the old general and of course beat him, even granted that he was in shape to run. Pappy could thus hold onto the governorship for a time and become a senator both.

It took some time for General Houston to pull himself together and get to Washington. He arrived at the capitol on June 2, and duly took the oath of office, the oldest man ever to become a senator. Then on June 26 he died—of old age!

So Pappy had to begin all over again. This time he simply ran for the job himself. And it became clear why he had done so much conniving. He had begun to slip. The record had begun to show. Pappy just squeezed in.

When he arrived in Washington he made his maiden speech on the second day, thus outraging convention, and announced that he would outlaw strikes, "purge Congress if his anti-strike bill was not passed, rescue Roosevelt from the professional politicians, . . . and take care of the federal debt." He voted against extension of the draft, and said (in a speech in Texas), "I don't think we are near war. We hear a lot of howling in Europe, but they aren't going to do us any harm over there."

He may have contemplated "rescuing" F.D.R., but when 1944 came around he stumped Texas for the Regulars, and attacked him with the most ferocious vigor. One instrument of this campaign (which was purely to try to beat Roosevelt in Texas—Pappy was not running for anything himself) was the newspaper pub-



lished by his wife and sons, the *W. Lee O'Daniel News*. The Senate Campaign Expenditures Committee investigated the paper's financial backing and found that one contributor of \$25,000 was H. R. Cullen, the Houston oil man; another was E. H. Moore, Republican senator from Oklahoma (*New York Times*, October 19, 1944).

When O'Daniel—following the complete failure of his 1944 campaign—speaks in the Senate now, it is as if chalk were scraped on a blackboard. Sample of his prose style, from the *Congressional Record* of February 1, 1946: "We are simply debating the merits of this nefarious, communistic, brain abscess No. 101, known as the FEPC bill."

## VI

**F**EW Texas politicians are better known nationally than Martin Dies; but he appears now to be a spent force. What beat him can be summed up in a single word—industrialization. Texas, it isn't always realized, is the twelfth manufacturing state in the Union, and this has, of course, served to produce a strong, still limited, but growing labor movement. The great airplane factories between Dallas and Fort Worth, the explosive boom in East Texas oil, and the expansion of the whole Houston area naturally brought a labor influx. And for the first time in Texas history this brought in a lot of labor votes.

Martin Dies represented from 1931 to 1945 the Second Congressional District centering on Beaumont. This had for years been an extremely apathetic region politically; Dies had gone to Congress (like his father before him) on about five per cent of the total potential vote. In 1944 the anti-Dies forces decided that he could be beaten. The CIO in particular went out to get him, and Carl A. McPeak, the regional director of the PAC, went down to Beaumont in April 1944 and organized something called the Citizens Protective League. The labor people were shrewd enough to pick a good candidate; they chose a man who was *not* a laborite or a newcomer but a country judge, J. M.

Combs, greatly respected in the community. Combs did not stand merely for labor; he stood for everybody who was mortally sick of Martin Dies, which meant the reputable citizenry as a whole. Dies explored the situation, knew that he would be beaten, and simply withdrew from the race. Nevertheless, a few people voted for him in the primary. He got exactly *five* votes! Judge Combs got 34,916.

Dies then stumped the state for the Texas Regulars in 1944 but he made only two speeches out of ten scheduled, because audiences simply refused to listen. It is a perhaps relevant point that I never once heard his name mentioned in all the time I was in the state, except when I specifically asked about him.

**T**O CONCLUDE this attempt to give a broad general picture of the most spectacular American state and its politics, we must return—if only for a sentence—to the permanent realities. It must never be forgotten that Texas is, above all, three things: the greatest repository of mineral wealth in the United States, the heart of cattle culture, and the most successful cotton-producing area in the world.

As to trends, the simplest thing to say is that the whole place is in a kind of ferment. The center of political gravity is shifting, albeit slowly, and the issue that cuts through all other issues may be expressed in one word, liberalism. Behind Texas is the frontier, all the Gasconade, the cattle rustlers, the romance, the gunplay, the swaddling clothes. Ahead is something more prosaic perhaps—the education of the propertied class to social responsibility, a shift in politics caused by labor, the breakup of feudal privilege, and the development of what the state needs above all—small, home-owned, decentralized industry. Texas is tossing like a mighty giant; the picture is almost classically that of early manhood struggling with itself. Texas has outgrown the Solid South; it is outgrowing the old colonial economy; it is becoming ashamed of people like Dies and O'Daniel; it is trying to say hello to the world of tomorrow.



# IS IT ANYONE WE KNOW?

AGNES ROGERS

ACCORDING to the advertisements which liberally adorn and, to a large extent, support the numerous newspapers and magazines of the United States, the typical American woman is young, beautiful, well dressed, beloved, and very, very happy. Statistics, or a look at your friends, do not bear out this radiant picture, but the picture remains, and with good reason. The men who plan and produce the ads are a highly intelligent and skillful lot and they are, after all, in business. The women they present are what American women like to think they are, or could be; otherwise the products wouldn't sell.

The illusions of a society are often contradicted by cold figures, but the illusions have their own reality which, in a way, complements the statistical tables, and you need to look at both to round out the scene. The world of ads may be a dream world, but it's been concocted with the eager endorsement of the women who read the ads—and act on them. For example, the census reports tell us what occupations American women are engaged in. The advertisements reveal which of these occupations American women approve of. A vast number of women work in factories, but you never find them in the ads. (During the war, to be sure, women in war plants were much in evidence, but after victory was won they retired from the scene, presumably to go back home where

they belong.) There are some two million domestic servants in the United States, but you will look in vain for an advertisement that shows one. Shopgirls, beauty parlor operators, elevator operators, seamstresses, waitresses—none of these occupations is considered fit. Apparently nobody wants to be identified with these useful but unglamorous jobs. Of the service occupations, that of air-transport hostess is admitted, and occasionally a switchboard operator is shown—that noble girl whose vision of her high duty makes her look a little over your head; but that is about all.

The office worker, however, belongs to an approved group and is well represented in the advertisements. She is about twenty years old, rather small, brunette, and dressed well but modestly in a neat suit or shirtwaist type of dress. Her hair is perfect, her complexion flawless, her stocking seams straight, her blouse immaculate. A very lovely girl and definitely wholesome. She is very happy indeed. And why shouldn't she be? Doesn't her boss provide the finest and newest office equipment? What more could a worker want when typewriters, carbon paper, water cooler—even the paper towels in the washrooms—are of the finest quality? No wonder she smiles all day long. No dissatisfaction over salary, hours, or overtime mars the cheerful efficiency of advertisement office life, where all the girls are the same age and all are equally contented.

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Nor does sex rear its pretty head here. In those parts of the magazine devoted to editorial matter, you will find plenty of stories about the "office wife" who is a formidable rival to the legal one, and about the secretary who marries her boss; but nothing of the sort is permitted in the advertising sections, where the relationship between management and labor is innocent of such goings on. The American business man (in the ads) is a family man of impeccable personal habits, sometimes a card, but never predatory, and the business girl knows her place—and his—you may be sure.

Occasionally a career woman appears. Her occupation is not defined but she has an air of command and you can tell from her clothes that she must receive a high salary. She is older than the office worker—an elderly twenty-seven possibly—and sits at a handsome desk and telephones. She dresses very smartly and may even wear a hat in the office. (In real life, this is the mark of an editor of a fashion magazine or a wealthy volunteer worker for a worthy charity.)

**C**ERTAIN professions are on the preferred list. The movies, of course. Photographs of real movie stars appear frequently, with noted actresses endorsing this article and that, which by inference is responsible for their beauty, art, popularity, earning power, or whatever stellar quality the reader would like to possess.

The trained nurse (imaginary, not actual) is another familiar figure. She is a little older than the office worker, and, if possible, even more wholesome. She too smiles, but not so widely as to show her lower teeth. This is natural since she represents hygienic satisfaction in the purity of the product recommended, which is, after all, a more sober reaction than the pure thrill of handling that wonderful carbon paper. The nurse has also an air of experience (no, not worldly) that is lacking in the stenographer.

Of late, the woman doctor has begun to be recognized. She is not on a par with men doctors and so far has been entrusted only with baby cases in families too poor to consult a real doctor, but she has a solid, substantial look and obviously knows what

she's about. She is not beautiful, not even pretty—an exception to the rule that all American women are beautiful. This shortcoming is permitted because she has character, which, though of limited value, is clearly OK in a woman doctor.

Curiously enough the largest professional group—the teachers—is not represented at all. Nor will you find any librarians, social workers, or researchers in the advertisements. Too bookish, no doubt. For the women in the ads do not read. They take a book (and a box of candy) when they travel, but they don't open the book. Newspapers are for men; and magazines, to which these women owe their existence, are read in secret if at all.

The professional model, on the other hand, gets a fair amount of attention and appears to be catching up with the movie star as the embodiment of charm. These girls have a lot more than pretty faces and figures. One current campaign is built around actual models who are also mothers, and thus combine the best features of glamorous professional life and devoted motherhood. They have talents to spare. Not only are they models, mothers, wives, housekeepers; they are also skilled at ballet dancing and music or dress design.

A few other living people are admitted to the world of advertisements. Besides movie stars and models, certain photogenic young women whose names are listed in the *Social Register* are seen from time to time in the ads. They are either engaged to be married or are young matrons, famous for gracious entertaining. It is comforting to see that these well-placed young women are marked by a sense of *noblesse oblige* as well as faultless taste in face creams, cigarettes, coffee, or whatever. They do their duty to society by serving on charitable committees, and during the war they contributed to the morale of the armed forces by working in canteens and in other ways devised by the Red Cross.

**B**UT the occupation most frequently portrayed (and in this the advertisements and the census concur) is that of housewife, and it is here that the American woman is at her most radiant, most healthy, most energetic. The number of



things she manages to pack into a morning! Getting the breakfast, washing the dishes, making the beds, cleaning the house, marketing—all of these chores she tosses off in the twinkling of an eye. Of course she has all that household machinery, and occasionally the children lend a hand. Her eight-year-old daughter *likes* to help make the beds and dry the dishes, and if the playful scottie runs off with a pillow case or grabs one end of the dish towel it's that much more fun for everybody.

She has no servants, not even an occasional cleaning woman or laundress. She does the family washing, to the envy of the neighbors who lean over the fence and cry out in wonder at the snowy sheets flapping on the line. She cleans and waxes the floors, pausing at times to explain to a friend how *easy* it is with this wonderful new polish. She even makes professional-looking curtains and slip covers and occasionally paints furniture. (Her husband does the larger pieces.) She does all this with her hair arranged as for a party, dressed in the freshest of house dresses, over which she wears a wholly unnecessary apron without so much as one spot on it; and she frisks about tirelessly on very high heels.

Her reward is the fond admiration of her devoted husband, the envy of her neighbors, and the boasting of her children, who lisp their praises of Mom's cooking and other accomplishments to anybody who will listen.

The housewife smiles even more than the office worker. After all, there are more things in a house than in an office. All that household equipment, all those new sheets, towels, soaps, lotions, waxes, polishing agents, her own clothes—every item in the inventory gives her rapturous pleasure whenever she uses it. And if this weren't enough, there are countless brands of food, each one of which sends her into ecstasies as she sees the pleasure—and health—they bring to the members of her family.

## II

THE diversions and recreations of the women of the advertisements are varied and apparently very good fun. American women appear to have a good deal of

leisure which they employ happily. Shopping or strolling along city streets takes up a good deal of their time. Alone or with a friend, or a dog or two, they stroll gracefully about, attracting admiring but respectful glances from male passers-by. Sometimes they wander through a park, pausing at times to lean against a tree—or if it's a street without any trees, an unexplained pillar.

Bridge is popular. In the afternoon, the American woman plays bridge with three other American women, to the accompaniment of fairly elaborate (non-alcoholic) refreshments; in the evening, she and her husband play with another married couple. She's fond of dancing, either in night clubs or at a friend's house. Sometimes she and her husband in the privacy of their bedroom break into an impromptu dance at the beauty of his unshrinkable shirt, and she's been known to execute a few steps out of pure happiness in her new slip that doesn't twist or ride up.

She very occasionally visits an art gallery, but her taste in pictures is better expressed in home movies or snapshots that commemorate sweet moments of the past when the children were smaller. Sometimes she listens to music via the radio or phonograph. On the creative side, she plays the piano. That is, if someone's listening. Little girls may play the piano with no one else in the room, but as the girls grow older, they play only when admiring young men are leaning over their shoulders.

Male companionship is also an agreeable phase of all outdoor activities. At first blush, the woman in the ads appears to be pretty much of a sportswoman, but if you look more closely you will see that she is more likely to be looking at games than playing them. She spends more time on the sand or at the edge of the pool than she does in the water, more time patting the horse than riding it. And she is always accompanied by a devoted masculine friend.

An unimportant but piquant note is struck in the number of things she does in her underwear that other women do fully dressed—if, indeed, they do them at all. Clad in a nightgown or slip or, quite simply, in girdle and brassiere, the ad-girl



plays with her dog, arranges flowers, plays the phonograph, telephones, admires her pearls, and stands on tip-toe while the wind blows through her hair. Singing during this exercise is optional.

Now that the war is over, women in the advertisements are beginning to travel once more. They aren't going by automobile as yet, nor have they resumed the romance-guaranteed cruises, but planes, trains, and buses again have their complement of feminine passengers. The most elegant of the travelers go by train in a private room. These women are the best dressed, the most aristocratic looking and, true to their class, unsmiling. (A nice point to be remembered is that the more sophisticated she is, the less our heroine smiles. Perhaps the wealthy are not so easily satisfied.) Travel is no novelty to them and a certain languid acceptance of luxury is to be expected. Not so well dressed but more cheerful are the plane passengers who chat and play games with their flight companions while hurtling through perpetually smooth and sunlit space. But happiest of all are the fortunate people who go by bus. There's a dream quality to the ad-buses seldom approached in real life. No crying children, no stale air, no crowding, no oversize people in the next seat mar the gaiety of the occasion. Small wonder the younger women bubble over with delight and even the older couples (for this is one place the older woman is allowed in) smile contentedly as the picturesque landscape glides by.

Unusual, too, is the air of eager anticipation and serenity that marks the family about to go on an advertising-journey. There is no trace of the tension, frayed temper, preoccupation with bags, worry about what's been left behind, and general breathlessness that charge the atmosphere when regular families start on a trip.

### III

ACCORDING to the ads, love plays an important part in the daily lives of American women. The men in this country must be highly inflammable (after office hours, that is) since the least thing sets them off. A woman has only to apply

a particular kind of face powder, hand lotion, tooth paste, nail polish (the list could be continued indefinitely) to be the center of masculine attention—and more too. The dazzled man takes one look (or sniff) and instantly offers romantic adoration, gay comradeship, or awed devotion coupled with the most honorable intentions. To be sure there are one or two perfumes so heady that they lead inevitably and rapidly to a frankly passionate embrace. (Until fairly recently this scene was played in the costume of the '90's and the man was a violinist and therefore emotionally unstable, but today the performers wear modern dress and the man has discarded his violin.) However, the woman who deliberately uses these perfumes knows what she's in for—and, of course, he may propose marriage as soon as he gets his breath.

The low boiling point of American men has another aspect. They marry readily, it would seem, but their wives have to be constantly on the alert to keep love's fires burning—or even to keep their husbands. Nothing kills married love as quickly as dishpan hands or dull, stringy hair. More perfume, more hand cream, more lipstick, more brillantine are needed to retain the husband's admiration. Such a thing is never suggested, but one wonders if the reason why the wife can never relax in her perfection of grooming—she wears lipstick even when she's asleep—may not be that her husband will suddenly succumb to the rosy brilliance of the next door neighbor's fingernails if her own polish shows so much as one chip.

HE NEVER does, however, and family life in the ads flows along untroubled by misunderstandings, quarrels, infidelities, divorce, or even those small stresses and strains of married life that most people know. (The stresses and strains threaten, but they're immediately dispelled by the wife's prompt action with cosmetics, vitamin-enriched food, or some sort of pill.)

The pattern of American family life is firmly fixed. The young couple live with their two children in a suburban house that looks like a cottage outside and reveals unexpected spaciousness within. The living room is well furnished in what might



be termed modified modern style, the dining room is more likely to be Georgian, and the bedrooms, with the exception of Junior's—which is manly and simple—are surprisingly fancy. Such details as white fur rugs, pale satin draperies, white telephones, French figurine lamps, which are the usual decor for the woman engaged in the rites of good grooming or enjoying her underwear, might suggest a lady's maid somewhere in the offing, but we know that American homes are servantless. Bathrooms and kitchens gleam with the newest and sleekest machinery. Throughout the house, the floors, rugs, walls, curtains, furniture are in perfect condition. Nothing needs painting, papering, cleaning, or repairing.

The husband leaves the house in the morning and the children depart for school after a harmonious and health-building breakfast. The wife then whips through the work of the house with enormous speed and efficiency and is free for those manifold diversions already mentioned. But she's at home to welcome the rest of the family. She is a watchful and devoted mother, it is true, but she doesn't get to play with the children. That is father's job. He is the one who teaches Junior to play ball or goes skating with Sister. And when they return to the house after these exertions all hot and breathless—or all cold and breathless, depending on the time of year—there is mother, ready with ice-cold fruit juice or piping hot cocoa.

Dinner is the evening meal and this is the high point of the day, as well as triumphant proof of America's abundant food supply. Roast chicken (big as a turkey), vegetables galore, stacks of bread, jellies and pickles, salads, and cakes are heaped on the dining-room table each evening. There's hardly room on the table for some of the original containers in which the food was packed, but mother manages to get them on. These containers or the new pressure cooker on the table may strike some critics as questionable form, but she knows better. And anyhow, when our young couple give a dinner party or celebrate some tender anniversary—just the two of them—the appointments of the dinner table are strictly correct and very grand. Then the table gleams with candles

and silver; flowers and lace, china and crystal are displayed in profusion; and wine is served. And this brings up the interesting fact that women in the ads do not drink spirits. Wine, yes, and very rarely one cocktail is permitted a very stylish woman, but at those bright parties where fun and games and dancing go on among the young marrieds, soft drinks are the rule. Beer is allowed occasionally, but no woman in the ads ever takes whisky. (And no young man, either. Years of discretion, if not distinction, are needed before an ad-man may have a highball.)

A FEW sidelights on man's place in the home may be added. The American husband, besides providing generously for his family's comfort and his wife's efficiency, occasionally assists in the actual work of the establishment. His traditional job of tending the furnace disappeared long ago when the oil burner became universal, but he still cuts the grass and puts the screens in and out of the windows spring and autumn. When there's furniture to be painted, he does the big pieces, and he has been seen washing the windows. From time to time, for the fun of it, he tries his hand at cooking. Rarely will he exercise this talent in the kitchen but you can't keep him away from an outdoor grill. He puts on a chef's cap and an apron with comical remarks on it and everybody has an immoderately good time.

A small point is the husband's habit of taking off his coat as soon as he gets in the house. This is not a hot-weather custom, but an all-year-round one, as if his vitamin diet produced in him such abounding vitality that even a light jacket would be unbearably confining. It may be that extra good health has some drawbacks. Perhaps the American family is getting to be too strong for its own comfort. Certainly the families of the ads are exceedingly robust. Sometimes, to be sure, the common cold attacks, but it lacks its most annoying property—the damage to the sufferer's looks. No woman in the advertisements ever looks as if she had a cold, even when the copy says plainly that she has. She takes a whiff of something and experiences instant relief. She does, to be sure, go to pieces when she gets a pain. Lines of agony



are written on her face if her shoes don't fit properly. A headache twists her features into a mask of tragedy. Fortunately, however, these ills are short lived. There's always a remedy that acts promptly and safely. Many a girl who wakes at seventy-three with a blinding headache is winning the tennis tournament at eleven.

**I**S THERE no serpent in this Eden? There is indeed, and it is revealed by its absence rather than its presence. The plight of the older woman is so bad it doesn't bear thinking about.

The grim fact is that all women between the ages of twenty-seven and sixty are exiled from the advertising scene. (There is, strictly speaking, one rare exception—a comedy part played by a fat woman.) What the others do in those dark years we do not know, but their lives must be miserable.

And when at last the poor old soul is permitted to return, she has a wretched time. No more admiration (except once a year on Mother's Day, when she is the recipient of some rather stuffy presents), no more parties, no more bridge, no more strolling in the park. In fact, she almost never gets out of doors at all, except for that bus trip. She still cooks pies and knits and helps with the mending. In the evenings she can listen to the radio and catch

up on the reading she didn't do when she was young enough to have fun. Very, very rarely she is permitted to be a wise old aunt who whispers the secret in her niece's ear that saves the latter's marriage. Usually she is crabbed, reactionary, gossipy, and hopelessly out-of-date in dealing with the children. (She still believes in those harsh, old-fashioned remedies.)

The middle-aged and older American man, on the other hand, has a dandy time. He plays golf, goes fishing, drinks all he wants, travels comfortably by plane if he likes, is popular with the younger set, and at fashionable parties he lends an air of distinction (something like a touch of gray at the temples). His poor wife or sister, meanwhile, is sitting drearily at home with her pies and knitting. Occasionally an elderly couple have been prudent enough to take out a particular kind of insurance which permits the husband to retire on \$150 a month. When this happens, he makes out pretty well with some mild fishing and frequent naps in a hammock, but his wife doesn't fish. All she does is rock on the porch and wait for the mailman.

One is forced to the conclusion that the American woman—according to the advertisements—has a wonderful life until she's twenty-five. After that she'd better be dead.

## *Mistrust*

**T**HERE is one common safeguard in the nature of prudent men, which is a good security for all, but especially for democracies against despots. What do I mean? Mistrust. Keep this, hold to this; preserve this only, and you can never be injured.

*Demosthenes, Second Philippic, 344 B.C.*



# OUT OF THIS WORLD

## *The Story of the Ionosphere*

JAMES L. H. PECK

NOT far from the spot in New Mexico's desert where the first atomic explosion took place, some of America's best scientists are exploring a new realm where they may make equally revolutionary findings. Looking upward from the well-explored earth, these Army, Navy, and civilian researchers are using inquisitive rockets, designed to gather scientific data rather than spread destruction, to explore the strange region above the stratosphere which is known as the ionosphere.

Prior to the rather recent moon radar publicity, "ionosphere" was a term used only by students of science, scholarly airmen, and radio engineers. But this word—meaning the series of electrified layers which envelops the earth and forms the upper one per cent of our atmosphere—will soon be coming into more popular use.

Within this 250-mile-thick shell of electrically charged particles, scientists expect to find the key to several new scientific principles which may well affect our way of life. The instrument-carrying rockets are already seeking clues which may eventually provide our scientists with a means for controlling the weather—a top secret business in which the best brains of more than one nation\* are concerned, for good or evil. The sounding missiles that bring back samples of the upper atmosphere may point the way toward the harnessing

of solar energy. These are the long-range goals toward which American scientists are working quietly. Their more immediate research is concerned with data on cosmic rays, solar radiations, ionospheric temperatures and composition, and the measurement of high-atmosphere densities.

The urgency and scope of such an ambitious program is obvious, but little has been revealed heretofore which would indicate the extent of our ionospheric research. Within the expansive but closely guarded Alamogordo and White Sands Proving Grounds in New Mexico, three secret projects are under way, the spade-work for which was begun more than two years ago. These have the innocuous names of "Wac Project," "Hermes Project," and the "Ordclit Project."

Extending much farther afield than the desert proving lands, the roots of these projects reach into various Signal Corps,

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\* Among the known agencies active in ionosphere research are: the British National Physical Laboratory and Inter-Services Ionosphere Bureau, Russia's Interdepartment Ionosphere Bureau and the USSR Scientific Experimental Institute of Terrestrial Magnetism, the Australian Council for Scientific and Industrial Research, the Canadian Radio Wave Propagation Committee, the New Zealand Radio Research Committee, and All India Radio. Representatives of these groups meet occasionally with American scientists in the International Radio Propagation Conferences which are held to further international communication and the exchange of technical information.

*James L. H. Peck is a free-lance writer on scientific subjects, whose article, "Bomber to Britain," appeared in the March 1941 issue of Harper's. He was recently discharged from the Merchant Marine.*



Ordnance, and Air Materiel Command installations. Other root branches end in the little-known Propagation Laboratory of the Bureau of Standards, Harvard's Cruft Laboratory, California Tech's Jet Propulsion Laboratory, MIT's Radiation and Cosmic Ray Laboratories, the Carnegie Institution of Washington's Terrestrial Magnetism Department, and other institutions of higher learning. Aircraft manufacturers such as Douglas and Fairchild are involved. So are makers of certain specialized equipment such as GE, Sperry, and Western Electric. Even the aid of "captured" German scientists has been enlisted.

The very first rocket soundings last summer were fruitful. However, the advent of subsequent models with more and better instrumentation—plus the use of reconstructed V-2's that carry recording devices and other types of specialized equipment—is providing a scientific ladder for higher ascents. Wartime V-2 rockets reached well into the ionosphere to heights of some 60 miles, and it is reported that our greatly improved, radio-controlled versions of the famous Nazi weapon have exceeded 80 miles. Only half this altitude has been admitted officially, however, in the flights of the half-ton "Wac Corporal"—a 16-foot missile with a needle-sharp nose and tri-finned tail and a body only a foot in diameter—that attained a height of  $43\frac{1}{2}$  miles, straight up. This is the name of one of many sounding rockets; others which can be mentioned in connection with the Wac Project are the "Wac Private" and the "Wac Sergeant."

ALTHOUGH no human being has ever been up there, science already has a wealth of information about the ionosphere. Man has only scratched feebly at the underside of the nearest ionosphere layer—and only once—when the stratosphere balloon *Explorer II* carried Captains Orville Anderson and Albert Stevens nearly 14 miles up (72,394 feet) more than ten years ago. But enough is known, or suspected as the result of a kind of scientific detective work, to reveal how vital these projects are to American science in particular and mankind in general.

The ionosphere is the habitat of meteors,

of the northern lights and their southern cousins, the aurora australis, and is the reflecting "radio mirror" which makes possible long-distance transmissions. More important, the ionosphere keeps everything on earth from being burned to a crisp.

The layers of the ionosphere serve as a sort of insulator, or filter, that controls the solar radiations which are said to be the basis of nature itself. Human metabolism, plant growth, the weather, the storage of energy in coal and oil—all these result from nature's reaction to the sun's rays. But for the existence of the protective ionized layers, the life-controlling cosmic rays, ultra-violet radiations, electrons, and corpuscular rays would bombard this earth to extinguish all forms of life.

Physicists and meteorologists have labeled alphabetically certain sections of the earth envelope we call the atmosphere. The ionosphere is generally regarded as starting above the stratosphere, with what is known as the C region. This electrified area, or stratum, lies approximately twenty miles above the earth's surface and is perhaps ten miles thick. Some scientists refer to this ionized belt as the "ozone layer." It is this region which affords us the greatest amount of protection.

Contrary to the lay belief, our atmosphere is not cold all the way up. Above the ozone layer it gets hotter. Just how much hotter will be revealed by the sounding rockets, but estimates have been made indirectly which indicate that at an altitude of 120 miles the temperature is in the neighborhood of 100 degrees Centigrade—the temperature at which water boils on earth. And there have even been estimates—not generally accepted, it is true—that only thirty-five miles higher still, the temperature is as high as 1,000 degrees Centigrade.

Only one sixty-fourth of the atmosphere lies above the ozone C region. The 500 miles of atmosphere weigh down upon the earth like a great drift of snow, with the flakes nearer the ground compacted more tightly and those in the ionosphere lying more loosely and widely scattered. The "flakes" in this case are the atoms and molecules of oxygen, nitrogen, and other gases. Like snowflakes, gases are easily



compressed. Thus, the gaseous particles at the bottom of our atmospheric envelope, weighed down by those above them, have the greatest density.

The less dense the atoms are, the greater the distance each must travel before colliding with its neighbor. Scientists know the average distance between atmospheric particles under any given temperature and pressure conditions. This distance is called the "mean free path," and upon this can be based accurate formulas for ascertaining the structure of the atmosphere. What scientists want of the sounding rocket data is verification or correction of these existing formulas. When we know the exact temperatures at all levels, weather forecasts may become infallible. Moreover, predictions a month or two in advance may become the meteorological vogue.

A KIND of "chain reaction" takes place continually in the ionosphere, accompanied by atomic behavior somewhat similar to that which occurred when atom bombs were dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Ultra-violet radiations, corpuscles, and even meteoric particles bombard the gaseous atoms and molecules of the ionosphere to cause grand-scale detachment, or "ionization" of these particles. (These atoms are not actually split, in the strict technical sense that splitting, or fission, is accomplished in an atomic explosion. Ionization is, rather, the detachment or separation of an electron or two from the cloud of electrons that whirls around the atomic core, or nucleus. Fission, in atom bomb parlance, means the splitting of the nucleus itself into two parts of comparable size.)

When the ionospheric atoms are detached through this impact, the divorced electrons shoot off into space. So do the "unstable atoms" from which these "free electrons" have been separated. The former are called "ions," and the whole swarming process of mating and estrangement is known as ionization. It's a mad sort of supercharged romance wherein the ions dart around in pursuit of the free electrons.

As soon as the ion captures a mate it becomes an atom again. This remarriage is called "recombination." And just as love makes the world go round, so does

recombination keep the ionosphere alive electrically.

There are even triangles up here. Sometimes the conquering ion picks up an electron too many. Like an extra wife, the surplus electron is "neglected" and after a time is cast off to continue its mad, lonely dash through space.

There are levels at which this electronic flux is more pronounced than at other points in the upper atmosphere. These several regions of greatest ionization—identified alphabetically as D, E, F<sub>1</sub>, F<sub>2</sub>—do not remain stable, but fluctuate in height and thickness. They vary above different parts of the world, and from season to season, and from day to night. The greatest ionization occurs during the daytime, when the particles are exposed to the direct radiations of the sun. At night, recombination is greater: the layers become more stable in character and rise higher into the sky.

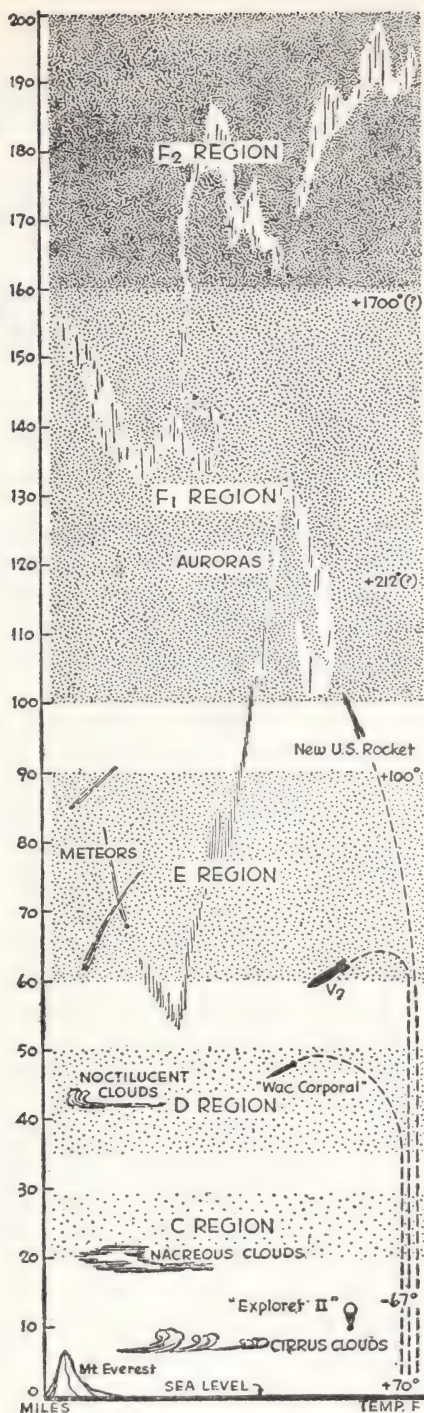
Since 1936, scientists have been able to tell approximately how high each region lies by using an "ionosphere recorder." This predecessor of today's radar sends upward high-frequency radio pulses that are refracted back to earth by the electrified layers. Each of the belts (excepting the ozone layer, which is not electrified to the extent of the higher regions) has a specific electrical character and density and hence reflects radio signals of particular wave lengths. The elapsed time between sending out signals on each of these wave lengths and receiving them back on the rebound reveals the altitude of the respective layers. (Incidentally, it was an airplane's flying through the beam of one of these recorders, which led accidentally to early radar research in England.)

## II

THE reflection of radio waves was postulated in 1902 by Dr. A. E. Kennelly of Harvard and independently suggested at a later date in that same year by Sir Oliver Heaviside of England. In honor of its two discoverers, the name Kennelly-Heaviside layer was given to the ionized region. The existence of more than one electrified layer, however, was not discovered until some time later.

When a long-distance broadcast is





CROSS-SECTION OF THE IONOSPHERE

*This is the situation in the daytime. At night, the D and E regions disappear, and the F<sub>1</sub> layer rises to merge with the F<sub>2</sub>. The layers of the ionosphere vary seasonally, and vary also in different parts of the world. Each of the belts (except the ozone layer, which is not electrified to the extent of the higher regions) has a specific electrical character and density. The atmosphere of the earth is about 500 miles high, but it is almost vacuum above the E layer.*

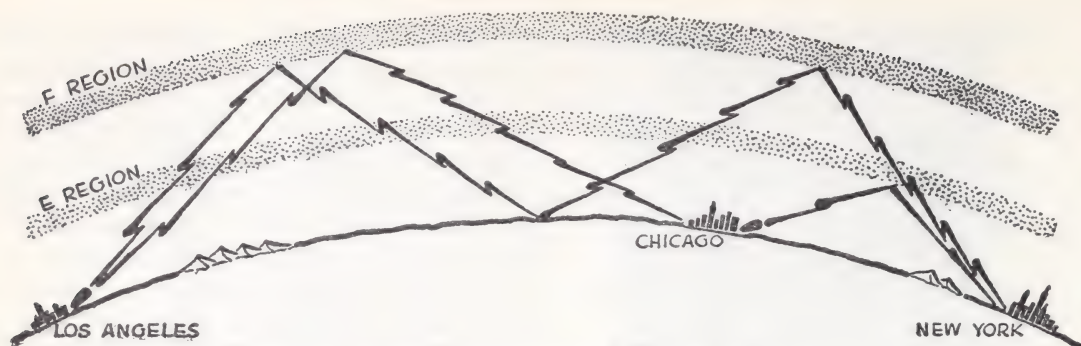
beamed at London, Moscow, or some other far-away point, the radio waves are emitted at a definite frequency and aimed precisely in a certain direction which will permit the waves to bounce off the most suitable layer—and, subsequently, off the earth's surface—just the right number of times to reach the intended receiving station. It is somewhat like playing electronically an international game of three- or five-cushion billiards. The beams are directed along a great-circle course and aimed with almost rifle accuracy; they are reasonably broad, however, in their vertical angle to allow for slight errors in the prediction of the layer altitude. A slight variation in the height of the chosen ionized layer would cause the beams to “bank,” or bounce, in such a way as to miss the intended station, just as in billiards an improper estimate of one's banking angle means a missed shot.

(This bouncing beam is called the “sky wave,” and it is named according to the number of bounces and the layer employed. A radio operator might use a “three-hop E” at one time and a “five-hop F” at another. There is also a “ground wave” that travels for a comparatively short distance close to the earth's surface. Radio waves, like light beams, travel in straight lines. If they were not reflected, they would not follow the earth's curvature but would slant off over the horizon and go out into space.)

This earth-to-sky-to-earth skipping is also the principle behind navigational aids such as Loran that proved so valuable to our transports and bombers during the war and are aiding today's clipper planes and shipping. “Propagation” tables have been compiled that tell any radio operator what frequencies and beaming angle to employ when broadcasting to any given station at any definite time of the day or night. There remains much to be learned, however, and the data from rocket soundings will eliminate many of the radio shortcomings which now exist.

It has been mentioned that our ionosphere recorders provide a “virtual” height reading for the various layers. Our scientists would like to have exact information. One of the top men at the Propagation Laboratory said, “We'd like to know ex-





HOW THE IONIZED LAYERS ACT AS A "RADIO MIRROR"

*Radio waves travel in straight lines and do not normally follow the earth's curvature. Thus, the waves are "banked," billiard fashion, off the ionosphere layers so that they will bounce just the right number of times to reach the intended receiving point. Chicago-New York transmission takes "one-hop E" radio emission, while Los Angeles-New York broadcast requires "two-hop F" beam. Powerful radio beams can skip, thus, from earth to sky clear around the world.*

actly how thick each layer is. We don't know whether our radio signals are reflected by the bottom of the layer, the middle of it, or the top of it. We believe that the center of the region may be the most dense part, and that this is the real radio mirror. When we know how far into each layer our beams penetrate, we'll know how much to allow for 'absorption' of the signals. This will increase immeasurably our radio efficiency." A sounding rocket equipped with sampling chambers and ionization meters of compact design is expected to reveal the real composition of the layers.

**T**HE D region is found at an altitude of about thirty-five miles during the daylight hours, and it is this region which reflects long-wave daytime transmissions at low frequencies. But at night this region dissipates almost entirely.

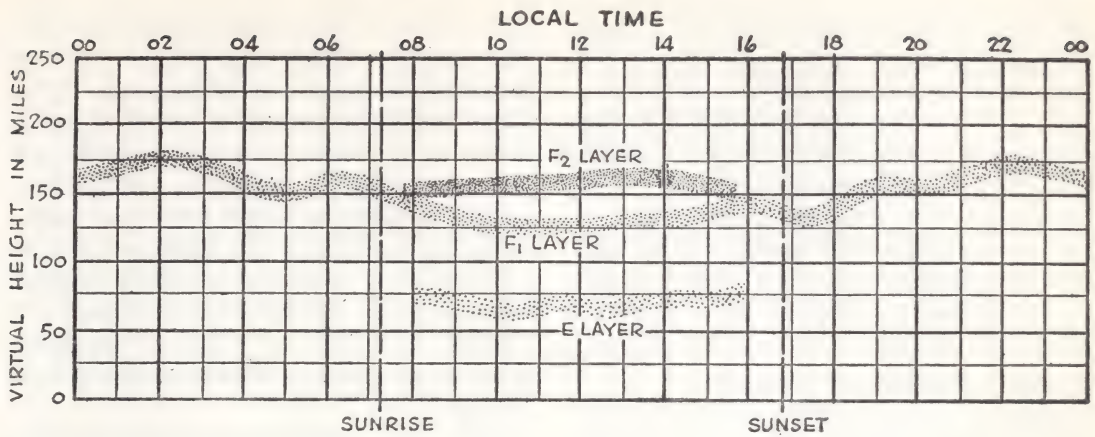
The original Kennelly-Heaviside region (or E region) is about sixty miles up during the daytime and rises to about ninety miles at night. This E region reflects medium-wave broadcasts, such as the 500- to 1,500-kilocycle commercial band on home radios. It not only rises after dark but becomes considerably weaker than it is during the day. This region has a prodigal offspring known as the "sporadic E" which makes irregular—but to some extent predictable—appearances about 60 miles up. Engineers welcome the coming of the ghost layer, since it always improves distance transmissions.

Highest of the ionosphere belts is the F region, which is really a double layer.

Sometimes called the Appleton layers, after their discoverer, the lower F<sub>1</sub> portion is found during the day at an altitude of approximately 100 miles. The upper layer lies somewhere between 160 and 220 miles and its topside extends nearly 500 miles upward. The F<sub>2</sub> region is the only one which is sufficiently dense to affect radio broadcasts at night, and it refracts only the short-wave radio signals above 1,500 kilocycles that are not affected by, and readily pass through, the lower ionized layers.

Beams from the moon radar were of such high frequencies that they penetrated *all* the layers and continued through space until they hit the moon's surface and bounced back. Contrary to press reports, the Signal Corps moon radar did not prove, for the first time, that we could penetrate the ionosphere. For more than ten years, ionosphere recorders have broken through even the highest F region at frequencies between eight and fifteen megacycles. What the moon radar experiment *did* demonstrate was that radio waves of these frequencies (the pulses were emitted at one frequency and returned on a slightly different wave length because of the relative speeds of the earth and moon) could negotiate thousands of miles of space, and that there were no unforeseen sources of radio interference between the earth and the moon. Improved radar equipment is expected to provide an interesting check upon the existing calculations of distances between the earth, the moon, and perhaps other celestial bodies. We know, too, that interplanetary communications by radio are feasible.





HOW THE IONOSPHERE LOOKED A YEAR AGO  
OVER CANBERRA, AUSTRALIA

Chart plotted from "radio picture" of the ionosphere recorder. Note how E region disappears just before sunset, how F<sub>1</sub> layer rises after dark to approximate level of daytime F<sub>2</sub> region. Height of ionized regions also varies seasonally, and in different parts of the world.

The day and night, or "diurnal," fluctuation of the heights and densities of the ionized layers necessitates our employing separate day and night frequencies for navigational and other types of radio equipment. And the nocturnal stability of the layers is one of the reasons why you can get distant stations more clearly after dark.

### III

THE protective features of the ionosphere that keep us from burning up and being exposed to all sorts of radiation result from the same kind of wave length filtering that affects these radio waves. Corpuscular radiations from the sun do not penetrate, and are absorbed by and reflected back by the two topmost layers. The mysterious cosmic rays are modified to some extent by all the layers, but some manage to reach earth and penetrate miles into the ground. The extremely short ultraviolet rays are able to penetrate clear down to the ozone layer, but beyond that only enough filter through to earth to benefit human and botanical life.

Instrument-carrying rockets are expected to reveal much about how this filtering of radiations takes place. One scientist said, "When we find out how this occurs, and why, we'll be on the way toward finding out how to control the world's weather. How would you like to see palm trees growing in Central Park? Of course, weather

control is something that can be used as a weapon, too. It is a more formidable weapon than anybody's atomic bomb."

One amazing theory, for which there is at present no solid scientific foundation, suggests that the ozone layer might be dissipated temporarily at any point in the world. This means that instead of dispatching atomic missiles to an enemy country, we could simply thin out the ozone layer above an enemy country and let through some of the radiations. The country would burn up within a matter of seconds, if this could be done. However, scientists are agreed that we shall have to discover some new scientific principle which will enable us to control the amount of incoming radiation before anything like this could be done.

The physical nature of these radiations we receive from not only the sun but the moon, stars, and even meteors, may be determined by the devices and recorders borne aloft by our inquisitive rockets. We are not exposed merely to the sun's light; there are times when we have actual physical contact with the sun. This happens during the corpuscular upheavals we call magnetic storms, and the by-product of this sunspot misbehavior is an ionosphere storm.

The molten mass that is the sun has only one and a half times the density of water. It occasionally sprays forth, waterhose fashion, giant streamers of electrons that



travel in about 30 hours the 93 million miles of void space to our ionosphere. This spray of charged particles is believed to be shot off from the sun in much the same manner as electrons are emitted from the filament of a light bulb. One interesting theory is that the particles escaping from the sun contain a small positive or negative charge which causes them to be repelled by the strong magnetic field around the sunspots. On the way outward through the sun's agitated atmosphere, or "chromosphere," a neutralizing charge is picked up, and the electron continues on its way in the direction in which it was propelled originally.

(The curious sunspots, which have been said to have both noticeable and subtle influences on earth life, are dark, cloudy patches that range in size from 500 to 50,000 miles in diameter. They appear to be great whirlpools or "waterspouts" of flaming gases that are of somewhat lower temperature than the surrounding surface, or "photosphere." These spots last a few hours or days, while others show prominently for months. They appear on the sun's face in strange 11-year cycles. We do not yet know why. The rockets may supply the answer, at least in part.)

Some of the errant electrons from the giant streamer are captured by our ions in the upper atmosphere and thereby add to the amount of ionization. The result is the coming of the strange and beautiful auroras, whose streamers extend downward to within 50 miles of the earth, just below the E region, and flame upward as high as 250 miles.

SCIENTISTS have analyzed the auroral colors with an instrument called a spectroscope, and these observations point to discharges in nitrogen and oxygen particles as the source of the celestial displays. These discharges (and here is an example of the scientific detective work that tells researchers much about the ionosphere) closely parallel the illuminations seen in certain gas-filled tubes used in laboratories. Most of the lines in the color spectra of the sun, stars, and other bodies can be identified by comparison with the spectrum lines of the elements known to science. The degree of color shading tells the ob-

server much about the temperature of a body or electrical display, and what is burning to cause the illumination. The Northern Lights show a weird shade of green which could not be accounted for in the analysis of the known terrestrial spectrum. Its peculiar wave length was once thought to indicate the presence of some new element or radiation. Only recently was this green illumination identified as a special radiation of "atomic oxygen," possible only under conditions of extremely low pressure.

The next large-scale auroral show may be invaded by a whole battery of sounding rockets equipped with spectroheliographs, bolometers, and other instruments designed to collect the data of the atmospheric displays from the aurora itself.

There are all sorts of sky phenomena that may be explained, at least in part, by the findings of our rocket projects. Meteors have been "heard" as a high-pitched hiss over special radio test equipment; so have the eruptions of sunspots. Other "extra-terrestrial noises" have been heard which seem to come from the center of our galaxy, and still others are believed to emanate from first-magnitude stars. This weird form of static is said to result from the electromagnetic radiation produced by these heavenly bodies. Sound waves, or pressure waves resulting from sonic vibrations, cannot traverse the cold stillness of space because there is nothing out there to conduct sound waves. Electrons, light waves, and radar impulses can negotiate space because they are "something unto themselves" that require no conductor.

It is known that additional ionization takes place and continues long after the passing of a meteor. The result is improved night transmission and interference with daytime radio activity. Magnetic storms scramble all broadcasts because the layer formations are disrupted by the widespread ionization. Communications other than radio are affected, also, by the way in which the invading electrons distort the earth's magnetic field. This occurred recently, during the early sessions of the UNO Security Council, at a time when many of the representatives were trying vainly to communicate with their governments abroad. There are other more technical



reasons for the disruption of communications which need not be discussed here. These and other phenomena hold the promise of interesting explanations. And with these explanations will undoubtedly come sensational discoveries.

The rocket soundings which are expected to lead to these revelations are being made in much the same way that meteorologists' balloons carry aloft radiosondes for weather data. The rockets are launched from a vertical guide installed in a steel tower, then tracked by radar to keep tab on their speed and altitude. Their flight will be controlled by devices developed in the course of research on guided missiles. The section designed to carry the special "micro-instruments" is shielded against both extreme cold and heat, and is detachable from the rocket's body by radio-controlled mechanisms to be jettisoned as the rocket comes down, then let to earth gently by parachute.

THE Signal Corps and other private laboratories are hard at work on the construction of new instruments for forthcoming experiments. These can be discussed only in a very general way. On three types of rockets there will be several vacuum chambers that will be set to open automatically at certain altitudes and re-seal themselves, by ground radio control if necessary, thus providing measurement of upper-atmospheric "pressure." Glass-lined spore samplers of somewhat similar design are being tested. (During the flight

of the *Explorer II*, ten kinds of bacteria and molds were found surviving at 36,000 feet.) Containers and recorders for capturing and analyzing meteoric dust will be included. Rare gas samplers and ozone analyzers are already completed. Bolometers and compact spectroheliographs that will photograph and record high-altitude radiation and light spectrums are a-building. Ionization meters are available which will provide data on ultra-violet and cosmic radiations.

Some of the instruments will be ejected from the rocket and let drop through the ionosphere while suspended from parachutes made of spun glass and asbestos. In this way, the instruments will be fully exposed to all the radiations and temperature conditions. The fireproof 'chute is needed to withstand the terrific heat which is expected to result from two conditions. The friction set up when the 'chute encounters the air after a free fall in the near-perfect vacuum of the ionosphere may turn the parachute into a flaming meteor. And if, as has been estimated, the temperatures above the ozone layer are very high, an ordinary silk parachute might burn up even before it encountered air friction.

Since science believes that the key to the cosmos may be found in the ionosphere—and the rocket has provided us with the means for getting up there—we may well be on the threshold of knowledge which will have implications even more tremendous than those which were revealed by the splitting of the atom.



# The Easy Chair

*Bernard DeVoto*

WHAT would happen if a society for the extirpation of vice should succeed in extirpating vice in its community? Theoretically, at least, the cleansed community would flourish in virtue. But the society would be out of luck. Its annual drive for funds could no longer advertise that Satan's conquest of Zenith had gone so far that it could be stopped only by a shower of cash on the drumhead. The sample clauses printed at the bottom of its throwaways showing the correct legal phraseology for making bequests by will (and calling attention to the society's legal name) would become meaningless and the annual increment from the appalled, the frightened, and the deluded would come to an end. The society might even lose its endowment, for presently the courts would step in and require it to find activity within the terms of its charter and analogous to that for which its funds had been donated—or expire.

The plight of its paid workers would be even sadder. The newspapers would publish no more photographs of them with a pair of confiscated dice or a girl who, three weeks short of eighteen, had been caught walking with a sailor. But that is the least of it. Conquering vice would automatically run them out of a job. They would have to find other, perhaps harder, certainly less agreeable work.

To win its crusade, that is, would be the worst thing that could happen to an anti-vice society. Its health is to labor diligently in the hope that its labor may be vain. The vice crusader's best friend is the sinner, to whom he wishes a long and vigorous life and to whom he will always throw a rope if he seems likely to drown.

That is what happens when institutions acquire endowments and salaried staffs. They develop vested, institutional interests. To whatever end they may be dedicated, their first duty is to pay their workers and to increase their funds. If they are chartered to attack something they have the additional obligation of never winning the attack. This principle may be observed whenever one of the organizations opposed to what they call "vivisection" gets introduced into a legislature a bill prohibiting experimentation on animals by medical laboratories, turns on its calliope, and forces the doctors and medical researchers of the state to drop their proper business and take to the platform and fight. (And to fight in the acid knowledge that they are making additional publicity for the society and therefore more contributions to its endowment.)

SUCH a campaign is always planned and directed by professionals. They are experts; they are trained fiscal and financial managers, fund-raisers, personnel directors, press agents, agitators; they work impersonally, by proved means and tested instruments. Their campaign enlists the sympathies of unpaid volunteers—elderly sentimentalists, yearning and desirous people whose hearts are full of pity for our dumb friends, escapees, the perpetually censorious, the perpetually indignant, the perpetually confused. The pros organize the volunteers as for a Red Cross drive. The press, the pulpit, the radio are besieged. Literature is spread broadcast. Set pieces are arranged, perhaps the arrest of a university president or a raid on a medical school. A vigorous and almost convincing



effect of widespread public interest is contrived.

To what end? To the maintenance of the salaried jobs and the replenishment of the treasury. The volunteers may want that bill passed; and the society may think *it* does. But it does not. It wants publicity and cash. The legislature's greatest service will be to defeat the bill, so that the society may introduce it again at the next session, stage another campaign, and raise more money.

One wonders about the people who maintain these organizations. The paid workers, the professionals, may be disregarded. They have a job to do; their motives are understandable. So are the motives of the earnest volunteers, who are shocked by the propaganda of the pros with its descriptions of fiendish men inflicting atrocious pain on helpless, but always loving, animals. They are earnest, bewildered souls, warm-hearted and sentimental, probably with deflected affections and certainly with an all-embracing ignorance and a vigorous resistance to thought. But the front men and women are harder to understand. These are the people of local prominence who fill the unpaid, honorary offices of the society, who sign the literature and manifestoes which the professionals write, and who appear on public occasions which the pros arrange; who use their position in the community and a perhaps genuine distinction earned in other fields to guarantee the society.

Their zeal is a danger to all of us, but their irresponsibility is a greater danger. They exhibit ambiguities and it is not fair to dismiss them as necessarily either fools or liars—though it is difficult to believe that they are always unaware that the statements they issue and the literature they sign are mendacious, composed almost entirely of misrepresentations, distortions, and misstatements. On the other hand, it is not fair to excuse them as merely sentimental yearners, deceived or self-deceived, for they usually turn out to be quite indifferent when the misstatements are exposed as such, and they escape into a sanctimonious self-righteousness that cannot always be unconscious. The most cleanly of them may be thought of as perturbed spirits for whom sentimentality

affords a refuge from thought and who find "anti-vivisection" activity a protection against reality, since it gives them a comforting sense of combating evil while it anesthetizes them to the genuine evils which a sensitive conscience might otherwise require them to face and acknowledge.

But the driving force of certain others—the more certainly as that drive is the more energetic—needs psychiatric explanation. An appearance of benevolence, kindness, pity, and the championship of the helpless is a gloss that covers a pathological misanthropy, a residue of primitive totemism, and a still more primitive destructiveness. In the extreme "anti-vivisectionist" may be observed one manifestation of what Freudians call the death wish. The pathological champion of animals is pathologically afraid of mankind—or a pathological hater of men.

THIS year, bills prohibiting experimentation on animals were introduced in the legislatures of New York and Massachusetts and major campaigns of agitation were staged—or stage-managed. An examination of the literature circulated by "anti-vivisection" organizations in both states, and of the supporting propaganda in the Hearst press, makes an absorbing if repulsive study in the manipulation of sentiment. That this literature is in great part dishonest goes without saying: much of it could not be written honestly at all. That many of the statements made in it are made in flat and open contradiction of the facts, that they are deliberate lies, also goes without saying: the case against the medical schools and scientific foundations could not be made without lies. Yet the lies are less important than the innuendoes, the conscienceless use of irrelevant sentiment to support mendacity, and above all the irresponsibility. These three constitute the setting of the lies: they are the medium through which the propaganda is transmitted.

Take a sentence at the end of a preface to a pamphlet circulated during the late campaign. After horribly (and falsely) describing "vivisection," the preface ends: "It [the alleged cruelty just described] is not confined to animals but is increasingly



practiced in certain of its phases upon the less fortunate among human beings." Which phases, which human beings, who says so, what is meant? You will never know. The society which circulates this pamphlet will never be summoned into court and forced to specify and to produce evidence. Does it mean that new drugs, penicillin for example, are introduced into medical practice from time to time? Does it mean that improved anesthetics or improved operating techniques are introduced into surgery from time to time? Does it mean that there is such a thing as medical progress, that pain grows less, recovery more to be depended upon, and life longer? Of course not. It *means* nothing at all. But it suggests, and it is intended to suggest, that "a comparatively small but influentially powerful body of men, who should be distinguished from doctors generally" (a quotation from the sentence just preceding), who enjoy inflicting pain, have so sensually enjoyed torturing animals that they have begun (and "increasingly") to torture—well, again, whom?—charity patients in hospitals or prisoners in jails or perhaps waifs kidnaped from the streets? The society is careful not to say. You and I certainly pity "the less fortunate" so maybe we can be made angry at carefully unspecified, wholly imaginary sadists, and maybe we can be frightened with a thought that we may be next. Nothing has been said for which anyone can be held responsible. But an appeal to pity and fear has been made with a vicious innuendo for which no warrant whatever exists anywhere. What is irresponsibility? What is dishonesty? What is social corruption?

**T**HE Massachusetts bill, which was defeated, prohibited experimentation on dogs and cats, and that is the way such bills are usually drawn. If the monkeys in medical laboratories suffer agony the "anti-vivisectionists" are not concerned: monkeys do not appeal to the affections or the purse. If the guinea pigs and rats and similar small vermin that constitute the bulk of laboratory animals are tortured by sadists, forget it: few would contribute a dollar to save a rat's life. "Anti-vivisection" literature ignores even the horse; it rests on man's best friend and,

though to a much smaller degree, on the simple, necessary cat. These are Man's Friends; more important still, they are Our Children's Pets. Children play with them so appealingly in photographs, and tears and dollars will gush if you claim that a fiend has stolen a pet so that another fiend can torture it while the child's heart breaks. Dogs are our children's protectors too. The literature throws Rover at you in every pose that will jerk a tear, but repeatedly shows him pulling The Child from a river in flood, from in front of a truck, from a burning building. (On the verso, Rover horribly tied down and a fiend lustfully working on him with a scalpel.) Rover is photographed saving The Child's life in every conceivable way except by determining the dosage of a sulfa drug that will cure The Child of pneumonia or the operating technique that will get a safety pin out of his lungs. Here is a frenzy of irrelevant sentiment polarized to the organization's end. Get dogs out of the literature and "anti-vivisectionism" would perish for lack of funds.

Meanwhile, every such society has at least one honorary officer who owes his life or the life of a member of his family to medical or surgical experimentation on dogs. And meanwhile, in every large city about a thousand dogs and cats are electrocuted every week by the public pound—stray animals who must be got rid of to protect the public health and the public peace and safety. Three per cent of that number would supply the needs of the city's medical schools, hospitals, and experimental laboratories.

And meanwhile, the national government requires every addition to the pharmacopoeia, including the new drug that may save your life, as at this moment streptomycin, to be used experimentally and exhaustively on dogs before permitting it to be used on you. Why dogs in medical experimentation? They are large enough so that experimental operations designed eventually to save human lives can be performed on them. Their physiology and metabolism are close to man's. They react to disease and drugs very much as man does. In structure and function their organs are like man's and they eat much the same food. In pregnancy, in



shock, with traumatic wounds, dogs react very much as man does. It seems best to learn as much as we can about such things. It seems better to learn about them from dogs than to deal ignorantly with them in men and women and The Child.

YET this is to return a rational answer to the "anti-vivisectionists" (who should be described unemotionally—people who oppose experimentation on animals), whereas to answer them rationally is both foolish and impossible. Their case says that animal experimentation is unnecessary, ineffective, and useless. It is a completely false case. Most of what we know about physiology has been learned from experiments on animals. Most advances in surgical technique—the surgery of the chest, of the brain, of the abdomen, of the nerves and tendons and blood vessels, of the bones and the cartilage, of entire organs—have come from experiments on animals. The surgeon who takes out your appendix learned the skill that protects you by first operating on animals. What we know about immunity and what we rely on in the use of vaccines and anti-toxins and serums has been learned from experimenting on animals—and our children are safe from diphtheria and our soldiers from cholera and typhoid and yellow fever and a dozen other killers (and our dogs from distemper) because animals were studied in laboratories. When you take a sulfa drug or penicillin, when your doctor gives you a barbiturate, when your wife and child survive a difficult delivery because of sedatives or anesthetics or surgical technique, the animals came first. Cancer and infantile paralysis are being attacked by the study of animals. If you are a diabetic or if your wife has

anemia, your family owes a life to animal experimentation.

In short, one of the few undebatable triumphs of civilization, progress in medical science, rests on animal experimentation. In an overwhelming majority of cases the animals experimented on suffer no pain whatever. In a majority of cases where pain is possible they feel none, being sedated or anesthetized precisely as human beings are in similar cases. There remain the cases in which they do suffer pain, because it is inescapable in the study undertaken. Face that pain: the animals are the vicars of men and women. Is it better that they should suffer or that men and women should suffer? Is it better that they should suffer for our knowledge or that men and women should die of our ignorance? Between Rover dying in the laboratory on the frontier of knowledge or your infant son dying in a hospital on that same frontier, which do you choose?

Small religious sects that appear among the desperately uneducated sometimes appall us by the intellectual squalor which they reveal, the superstitious ignorance, the compulsive frenzy which seems diseased. They seem like throwbacks to a period of human history darker than our own. Those who call themselves "anti-vivisectionists" are just as clearly throwbacks and they threaten us and our civilization as the pentecostal sects do not. The charity that excuses ignorance cannot be extended to them, for mostly they are well educated and economically fortunate above the average. They must be thought of as at best neurotic and at worst corrupt. That they think of themselves as humanitarian should purchase them no more privilege among us than we grant neurosis and corruption anywhere.



# KIMMY

## A Story

WILLIAM MORIARTY

WE WERE coming back from the lake. We cut across old man Carson's back field and into the woods. The field was just plowed and ran uphill and we sweated in the hot afternoon sun, walking up the furrows with our feet sinking into the soft ground. In the woods it was dark and cool. The pines smelled clean. We slid on the dead, brown pine needles as we walked.

Kimmy said, "I like the woods best." It was the first thing he had said since we left the lake.

"I do too," I said.

Kimmy didn't say anything else.

After a while I said, "I wish I had a horse." I looked at Kimmy. "A big chestnut stallion," I said. "Like the one Jakey Stein has the picture of hung up in his barbershop."

Kimmy didn't seem to be listening. He didn't answer.

"I wish I had a horse like that," I said. Then I was quiet.

We came down a slope. We slid and we turned half-sideways on the path and came down sliding on the dead, brown pine needles and digging in with the sides of our feet. On the slope the pines grew close together and off from the path in among the pines there were little patches of snow still hiding in under the rocks. It was cool and dark in there where the pines were thick and there was a fresh, piney, spring smell. Then the slope flattened out and it was easier walking on the flat.

Unexpectedly, Kimmy said: "I wouldn't want a horse."

He didn't say it to me in particular, he just announced it. But I had thought that he hadn't been listening to me before, so now I picked him up eagerly.

"I would," I said. "A big chestnut stallion."

"I'd rather have something different," Kimmy said.

"I wouldn't," I said. "I'd rather have a big chestnut stallion. With his mane clipped short and standing up straight and with his tail trimmed and standing out behind him and a shiny chestnut coat. A horse like that," I said wishingly, picturing him. "Like the one Jakey Stein has the picture of hung up in his barbershop."

Kimmy didn't say anything.

"It'd be fine if we both had horses," I suggested, looking at him.

For a minute Kimmy still didn't say anything and then he said shortly, "I'd rather have something different."

We came around a crumbling ledge of gray rock jutting out of a hillside and started up another hill. Our feet slid back on the slippery, brown pine needles and we had to go up sideways, digging in hard with the sides of our heels. We came to the top out of breath. On top the hill was bald and we were in the sun a minute, feeling the warmth through our clothes and blinking our eyes in the brightness, and then we went down into the cool-smelling, green dark again.



"I wish I had a horse like that," I said wistfully, still thinking about him.

"I could ride him," I said. "Through the woods, in around the trees. Days after school I could take him into town to the store and I could take him over to Hadley when they have the fair. And at night after supper, when it was still bright, I could gallop him down the road past Helen's house."

"And if we both had horses," I said to Kimmy, becoming more eager as I talked about it, "maybe in the fall sometimes you could come down and we could go hunting on them. And we could take them over to Jess Carstairs'. He's got a horse."

Kimmy didn't say anything. He didn't seem to be listening.

"You remember Jess Carstairs," I said. "He's got a horse."

Kimmy mumbled something which meant yes. But he wasn't interested.

"She's only a fat little mare," I said, disappointed.

We were quiet for a long time walking through the woods. Then after a while I said, "What would you rather have?"

"I don't know," Kimmy said. "Things."

"What kind of things?" I said.

"I don't know," Kimmy said. "Different things."

"Yes," I said, "but what kind of different things?"

"Oh, just things," Kimmy said becoming impatient. "That's all. Things."

I didn't say anything more.

WE CAME down out of the woods into Flagg's back pasture. It was late spring and the young grass was coming up green and moist from the still soggy earth. As we came across the pasture the grass gave with little squishing noises under our feet. The sun had dropped low and was beginning to glow red over the top of the woods behind us. It was warm coming across the pasture in the late afternoon sun but there was already a tang of the night coolness in the air.

Flagg's cows were out grazing at one end of the pasture. Sometimes Kimmy and I had used to chase them. I remembered and started to say something about it but then something—a feeling as I looked at Kimmy—made me change my mind and I

didn't say anything then, after all.

"What?" Kimmy said sharply.

"Nothing," I said.

We skirted wide around Flagg's house and came out onto the road at the other end of the pasture. Flagg's dogs spotted us skirting the house and began barking. Flagg came out onto his side porch and watched us but we were too far away for him to do anything about it. We turned left when we reached the road and when we were down the road a long way we could still hear Flagg's dogs barking behind us.

We came to Kimmy's house. It was a big, square, white house set well back from the road. The bottom windows of the front were almost hidden behind shrubbery on each side of the door and a wide gravel drive circled from the road up to the door and back to the road again. A tall hedge on the inside edge of the drive circled with it, and set off by the hedge was a smooth, close-cropped front lawn sloping up from the road with flower beds arranged in it.

We stopped at the beginning of the gravel drive. We stood for a minute awkwardly without talking. I was waiting for Kimmy to say something but he just stood with his head down toeing at the gravel and didn't say anything. So then I said tentatively, "Well, so long."

"So long," Kimmy said in an indifferent voice without lifting his head. That was all. I started out down the road.

I went slowly, feeling hurt about it. But still I knew inside me that I couldn't let it go like that, and I had gone only a few yards when I went back.

Kimmy was halfway up the gravel drive.

"Kimmy!" I called.

He turned around and waited with a half-frown on his face for me to come up to him.

"What about tonight?" I said.

"I don't know," Kimmy said. He didn't seem to be interested.

"There's a carnival over in Hadley we could take in," I offered.

Kimmy just lifted one shoulder in a half-shrug.

"I don't know," he said. "I don't think I feel much like going to a carnival."

"Come on," I said.

Kimmy didn't say anything.



"Come on," I said again. "What do you say? We'll have some fun."

Kimmy didn't say anything. He just stood there with a frown.

I felt bad about it. "You always used to like carnivals," I said accusingly.

"I just don't feel like going to a carnival. That's all," Kimmy said sharply, getting impatient.

I didn't say anything and for a minute we just stood there.

Then I offered, "Well, we don't have to go to the carnival. We could go in town to the movies. Or we could just hang around."

Kimmy just lifted his shoulder in that shrug again. "I don't know," he said without looking at me.

There didn't seem to be anything else to say after that and I just stood there with him in the gravel drive without saying anything.

"Well," I said at last. "So long."

"So long," Kimmy said. He still didn't look at me.

I started out down the gravel drive. But I had just reached the end when he called me. I turned around. He was standing there with a doubtful look on his face.

"I'll come over after you," he said.

I grinned. I walked home down the road airily and I whistled all the way.

**K**IMMY and I had always been friends. Every summer we played together. It was only in the summers that he came down. Every year toward the end of May or the first of June he would come down with his father and mother to the big white house up the road. Then we would play together all summer. He would come over in the mornings and help me with my chores and he'd eat at my house with me. And sometimes his mother would let him stay over the night and we'd sleep together in the big bed in my room. We'd stay awake half the night talking in bed and in the morning when my mother called us we wouldn't want to get up and she'd have to come up and chase us down to breakfast.

We used to go fishing together in the lake and we had secret hiding places in the woods. We dug a cave at the bottom of a hillside and we made a clearing out front. When we'd come back from fishing we'd

build a fire and cook our fish. I can remember the smell of the fish frying and the thin, bluish smoke rising up above the tops of the trees against the clear sky; the bright, still warmth of the summer sun in our clearing and the dark, cool green of the woods all around; the silence, except for the sound of bird calls or of a woodpecker at work somewhere in the distance; and the sense of peace and remoteness, cut off from all the world with Kimmy, as we'd sit cross-legged in the shade in front of our cave, eating our fish with our fingers and playing seriously that we were Indian scouts.

We'd follow trails through the woods, walking stealthily and trying to keep twigs from cracking under our feet, coming suddenly on a startled chipmunk in an opening and stopping to watch birds building their nests. Deep in the woods there was a cold, fast-running little stream with white birches lining its edges that we used to wade along—seeing darting trout in the deeper shadows and playing that we were throwing possible pursuers off our trail. And at the end of the woods we'd climb trees.

From the top limbs of the trees, far away we could see the town and we could just make out my house and Kimmy's with the road passing by them. The fields would seem small and rectangular lying out in the afternoon sun. And as we'd watch, we'd see someone we knew out hoeing or plowing: stopping, taking off his hat, wiping the sweat from his forehead with the sleeve of his forearm, looking around, surveying what work he had done and what he still had to do—his dog frisking and barking, the sounds coming to us faintly after a minute—putting on his hat and beginning to work again. We'd watch him silently from the trees and sometimes we'd call out, "*Halloo-oo-oo!*" the sound echoing across the still, sunny fields. He'd stop and look around—his dog, head up alertly, sniffing at the air. We'd keep quiet, keeping close to the trunks of the trees and making signs to each other. Until finally he'd give it up and begin work again. In a few minutes we'd call out again, watching him stop and look around in puzzlement, his dog stopping playing and sniffing even more intently at the air. We'd do it a few



times more and then after a while we'd drop with careful silence down through the limbs of the trees and retrace our steps through the woods, not talking until we were far away and then laughing, pleased that he didn't know who it was and feeling like mysterious scouts or spies.

For rainy days we had the loft in my barn. We'd lie up there, half-hidden in the loose, good-smelling hay with the dull sound of the rain pattering on the roof and we'd talk. About what we were going to do the next day or about the different people around and what we thought were their queer habits and characters. Or we'd talk about things we wanted and plan out what we could do with them if we had them. And sometimes we'd talk, wisely and philosophically, about what we were going to be and what we were going to do when we grew up.

I remember telling Kimmy one rainy afternoon as we were lying in the hay in the loft:

"I'll have a farm and marry Helen. And you can come down and stay with us, and we can go hunting and fishing and we'll both have horses. We can ride them up to Bear Mountain, and take our tents with us, and we can stay up there and camp. And at night, at the end of the week, we can ride our horses into town, with everybody looking at us, and tie up at Jamieson's. And then . . ." I had to stop. I was puzzled about what two grown-up men would do in town on a Saturday night and I had to think about it. "And then we can do anything else we want to!" I summed up triumphantly.

"That'd be good," Kimmy agreed thoughtfully. "Except that instead of coming down to stay with you, I'll have the farm next to yours. Only it won't really be a farm. I'll just have pasture land and keep horses and be a gentleman farmer."

As we talked, the thought of it became too interesting and too exciting for me to keep on lying down. I sat up.

"That'd be good," I said. "And in the winter we can go skating. And maybe we can even go to the World Series. And at night we can have parties, with a real orchestra and dancing, and cider and punch and anything else we want."

But suddenly Kimmy didn't seem to be

listening. He seemed to be thinking about something to himself.

"That'd be good," I said to arouse him.

"I don't know," Kimmy said with a pout.

"What?" I said. I looked at him with a question, my enthusiasm beginning to drain.

For a minute Kimmy didn't say anything and then he said: "I want to marry Helen."

I had to think about it. Kimmy was looking at me with a kind of stubborn, pouting seriousness.

"Well, you can have Helen then," I said, magnanimously giving her to him, "and I can come over and visit you. And we can have the parties at your house instead of mine and . . ." We were happy again. We went on the rest of the afternoon lying in the hay-loft and blithely planning out what we would do with our futures.

GOING home down the road I thought about it. I forgot how Kimmy had been today at the lake—he had seemed different somehow, more grown up, almost as if he were a stranger—but I forgot about that and remembered the good times we had used to have together and I planned out good times we were going to have this summer. Kimmy had just come down now for another summer and I walked with my hands in my pockets and I whistled cheerfully, kicking at pebbles, all the way home.

We had supper late. My father had finished and gone over to Tom Mason's but I was still at the table finishing when Kimmy came over. He came around to the side of the house and waited for me. My mother saw him through the kitchen window, standing there on the lawn at the side of the house in the growing dark.

"It's Kimmy!" she said with pleased surprise and went to the kitchen door. "Well, come in!" she called to him, holding open the screen door. "Come in!"

Kimmy came up the three steps, across the side porch, and into the kitchen, my mother letting the screen door close behind him. I watched him expectantly from where I was sitting at the kitchen table finishing my supper.

"Well, and ain't you the stranger!" my



mother said, pleased to see him. My mother was plump and usually pleased, and she spoke with a good-natured gruffness with just the faintest trace of a brogue. "And since when are you needing an invitation to come in?" she said.

Kimmy flushed embarrassedly.

"My, let me look at you," my mother said, going on and not seeming to notice. She took Kimmy by the arm and turned him around in a circle in front of her as you might a small child. She stepped back laughing and shaking her head. "It's really a man you've grown up to be," she said joshing him, but with a twinkle of pleasure and pride.

Kimmy seemed still more embarrassed and ill at ease. But my mother pushed him toward the kitchen table and then bustled to pull out a chair for him.

"Sit down now," she commanded. "Sit down and have a piece of my apple pie with Bill."

Kimmy hesitated for a moment.

"Well, no thank you, Mrs. Clark," he said. "I've had my dinner."

My mother had been bustling off for a dish for him. She stopped now and looked at him.

"It's a polite rascal you've grown up to be," she said, shaking her head and trying to seem still pleased. But she looked disappointed.

"Well, just a small piece then," Kimmy said.

My mother brightened immediately.

"Ah, that's more like yourself," she said, laughing. "There's nobody could tell me Ernest Kimball couldn't find room in his belly for a piece of my apple pie."

We sat at the kitchen table and ate our pie. My mother cut Kimmy a piece a quarter of the pie and she sat at the table with us, talking to us while we ate. She asked Kimmy questions and went on without waiting for him to answer them, laughing at him and joshing him and urging the apple pie on him. But Kimmy was only embarrassed and it was obvious he had to force the pie down.

It seemed familiar to me, sitting there at the kitchen table with Kimmy eating my mother's apple pie, with her sitting with us talking and laughing, joshing us in her good-natured, gruff way and urging us to

eat. It seemed familiar and yet somehow there was an unfamiliarity to it. It was like doing a familiar thing in a dream. The thing is familiar and yet there is a strangeness about it so that it seems forced and unreal.

I felt a kind of unease. All the happiness I had felt bubbling inside me coming home down the road and waiting for Kimmy to come over seemed to drain away coldly and I began to feel bitter. Kimmy seemed embarrassed and I wished my mother would stop talking. I was ashamed of her for it somehow, and even though I felt ashamed of myself for feeling ashamed, I couldn't help it. The kitchen, which had always seemed to me large and bright and familiar, seemed suddenly shabby. There were cracks in the ceiling and the floor, though scrubbed clean, was uneven. The stove and furniture were clumsy and old-fashioned. The white tablecloth was worn and frayed.

I kept looking up at Kimmy and wishing my mother would stop talking. I couldn't help thinking of Kimmy's mother. She was young-looking and reserved and always dressed up. She spoke in a low voice and although she was pleasant I was always kind of embarrassed in front of her. That she was Kimmy's mother I had always known, but somehow I had never before related her to him. She had never seemed like his mother in the same way that my mother seemed like mine, and I don't think I had ever truly realized in that sense that she was actually Kimmy's mother. My mother had always seemed to me more like his mother than his own. And she was just the low-spoken, elegant stranger who lived in the big, white house during the summers. But now . . .

But then suddenly I became ashamed and then angry with myself for the way I was comparing our mothers together and I tried to force myself from doing it.

I remembered how it had been in other years. Kimmy and I would sit in the kitchen listening to my mother talk while she worked around. She was always full of stories and she liked Kimmy and she was always feeding him her apple pie. So that sometimes I'd get jealous. But my mother could tell by the sulkiness on my face and she'd laugh at me and josh me and make



over me and everything would be all right again. And sometimes she'd scold Kimmy and he'd talk back to her in fooling. Then she'd threaten to thrash him and she'd chase him laughing out of the house and she'd stand in the door and shake her fist at him trying to pretend that she was angry. But then she'd have to laugh and he'd come back in again laughing and ducking as she'd take a swipe at him in fooling.

I remembered those things sitting at the kitchen table, with my mother talking away and Kimmy, embarrassed and polite, trying to force down his pie.

"Come on," I said suddenly, "we better get going."

WE DIDN'T have a very good time at the carnival. We went through all the motions but we didn't have a good time. I had always liked carnivals and I had always had a good time. But this carnival somehow seemed too crowded. It seemed cheap and tawdry and too noisy. It was dusty and the air smelled bad with the smell of hot dogs and hamburgers and onions and popcorn. The lights were too glaring and the games and rides didn't seem any fun.

We left early. We came up the road in the dark not talking. I'd say something and Kimmy would answer and then there wasn't anything else to say. Then, after a while, I'd say something again. But we didn't have anything to talk about.

We stopped when we came to Kimmy's house. We stood out front a minute.

"Well, I think I'll go in," Kimmy said. Then after a minute, as I didn't answer, "Good night, Bill."

But there was a dumb hurt that had been welling up inside me ever since he had come over after supper. It wouldn't let me let it go at that. "It's early yet," I said now vindictively, saying it just to be stubborn. "Let's lie down on the grass."

"It's too cool," Kimmy said. "I think I'll go in to bed."

But I lay down on the grass.

"It's early yet," I said.

"You'll catch cold," Kimmy said.

"I don't care."

Kimmy watched me a minute.

"Well, good night," he said. "I'm going to bed."

"So long," I said.

But he didn't go in. "You had better get up and go home," he said after another minute. "You're only going to catch cold there."

"I don't care," I said.

"Look at the stars," I said. "It's going to be hot tomorrow and clear. How about going fishing?"

Kimmy didn't answer. I turned my head to look at him, half-mocking. Then he said, "I don't think I'd care to go fishing."

"You used to care."

"Well, I don't any more," he said, his voice finally beginning to get sharp.

"There are a lot of things you don't care about any more," I said.

Kimmy didn't say anything.

"Look at the beautiful stars," I said.

"Oh, go to hell!" Kimmy said. He was angry. "Go ahead and stay there. I'm going to bed."

"Go ahead," I said. The hurt deep inside me seemed to be enjoying itself. It made me want to hurt Kimmy or at least stir his anger more. "Don't let me bother you."

"Good night!" Kimmy said.

He started to go and then didn't. He stood watching me.

"Look, Bill," he said, trying to sound reasonable, "you're just going to catch cold lying there in the grass."

"I don't care," I said.

We didn't say anything for a while.

At last Kimmy said, "For Christ's sake will you go home!"

"No," I said sweetly. I felt a sharp, jittery feeling grow inside me as he became more angry. It seemed to have a perversely joyous edge. A feeling you get when your pride makes you deliberately spoil something you love. But then, this was spoiled already.

"It's a beautiful night," I said.

Kimmy walked away but when he had gone a few steps up the drive he turned around and came back again.

"Look, Bill, you're going to catch cold lying there in that damp grass."

"That's all right," I said. "Don't mind me. Go ahead to bed. Isn't it beauti-



ful here under the stars and the sky?"

Kimmy swore under his breath and dived at me. I rolled over sharply and he landed on the ground. We wrestled. We acted as if it were in fun but we were trying hard to hurt each other.

A car came up the road. Its lights flickered over us and we stopped. The car went past down the road and we lay there a while in the dark without saying anything, nursing our bruises. Then, after a while, I got up.

"Well, so long," I said.

Kimmy didn't say anything. After a minute I started out down the road.

"So long, Bill," Kimmy said from the darkness behind me.

That was the end of it. I knew it walking home down the road in the dark. It hadn't been anything, and it was everything. I didn't understand it and I didn't try to think about it. I just knew that was the end of it and I felt bad.

AFTER that sometimes I'd see Kimmy. Some summers he'd come down and bring his friends with him, although other summers he wouldn't come down at all.

I'd meet him in town, perhaps on the post office steps, and he'd go out of his way to speak to me. We'd speak for a few minutes, with his friends standing to one side waiting for him. He'd ask about my mother and what I was doing but I'd just feel awkward standing there in my overalls and knowing that his friends were looking at us. And then there was a strange embarrassment meeting him and talking to him like that, asking polite questions and answering them. It was like talking to a stranger who knew all your intimate secrets. I'd think about our cave in the woods and the talks we had used to have in the hay-loft on rainy days. So that now, standing there talking to himself-consciously with his friends watching us, I'd feel relieved when he'd excuse himself and join them again.

Other times when I'd be walking down the road I might see him. He'd come flashing by in a bright roadster with his friends in it. He'd wave and I'd wave back and then he was gone down the road.

But that night was the end of it. I knew it walking home down the road in the dark.

## *Return*

W. W. GIBSON

WHEN, boxed, shipped home, the fragile mind  
Fumbles for bridgeheads on the stair,  
Tender objective, it is to find  
A stubborn enemy waiting there.

The carpet and umbrella urn,  
The trap at landing, Grandfather's clock,  
Hide boobies and roadblocks of return.  
The mirror stands at ease to mock.

The upper hallway stretches dark  
As dim-remembered as the womb,  
While he, wild-eyed invader, stark  
From stair well, stumbles down this flume.

At bedroom door his last attack  
Subdues the blankets' waiting shape.  
Here is the reason he's come back:  
To consummate this homely rape.



# Rebecca West

## ... From England

### *The Substance of Life: A Moral Tale*

I LEFT home recently to report a trial in a provincial town; and war has made me so homebound that I worried lest things go wrong while I was away, though some remarkably competent adults remained in the house. Particularly I worried about four German prisoners-of-war whom we had in to help us with the spring work on the farm. Three were fine, fresh-colored, open-faced young men, with good manners and an eager attack on a job. But the fourth might have been a guard from Belsen or Buchenwald. He had a face like a beetle, with leathery skin drawn tight over harsh bones, and he was perpetually compressing his mouth into a thin, writhing line, as if his malice had to be choked back. He did little work, but skulked apart; and his companions seemed to like him no better than we did, for they took their meals apart, and even drew away from him when they were waiting in the road for the lorry that picks them up at the end of the day.

Several times while I was away I woke up in the night and worried lest this sinister being, who had probably been a henchman of Himmler or Streicher, should seize an axe and revenge his country's wrongs on one of my household. But when I came home one of the household said to me, "Oh, you know that German prisoner whom we thought so frightening?"

"Yes," I said apprehensively. "What has he done?"

"Oh, nothing," she said. "But we've found out why he looks so dreadful. He's in pain. He's got piles."

"Oh," I said, and before I could inquire how this had been found out she went on, "And the reason the others don't like him

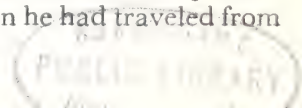
is that he is the only one who isn't a Nazi."

I regret that the nature of the prisoner's infirmity renders this story unsuitable for narration from a public platform. For really it gives a superbly impressive warning against jumping at conclusions; against imagining for a minute that the truth about human beings is easy to observe.

### *The Effects of Education*

WHY was that man looking so awful?" I said to the official in the bureau which gives advice to the inhabitants of our district about their social services. A soldier had gone out with his eyes wet with tears and a working mouth. The official explained that this man had been the chief mechanic in a garage in our market town before the war. In 1939 he had a wife, a trim and pretty girl in her twenties, two young children, the lease of a house, two thousand dollars' worth of furniture, and an automobile. He joined the Army and went out to the Far East and fought in Burma. He came back to find that his wife had taken to drink and casual soldiers, had had two illegitimate children, had neglected both them and the elder two, had been turned out of the house by the landlord for disorderly conduct, and had sold the furniture and the automobile.

He had been given compassionate leave to enable him to find a home for his two children. This he had easily done with his relatives; but he had tramped Buckinghamshire to find a home for the elder of his wife's illegitimate children. He had even besought his relatives to take this child, as well as his own, but they had been prevented by lack of house-room. When it had become evident that he had better put the child in an institution he had traveled from





one to another, considering with the utmost consideration which would be the best for the child, and making financial arrangements for its support, which, combined with the cost of keeping his own children, would leave him little money for himself.

What had at last broken him down was hearing from the official that the authorities could not take the youngest child away from its mother till it was six months old. "But she isn't looking after it," he had said. "She is drunk every night, she never bothers about the baby's feeding or washing, it's filthy and covered with sores and it's a dear little chap, really."

I asked the official if people were often as good as that. He said gravely, "Well, in that class if people are bad, they're very bad, and if they're good, they're very good. It's not like the more educated classes that you and I move among, where they've found what might be called the happy medium."

I never heard anything more damning. It supposes that no educated persons go to Hell and none to Heaven, and that Purgatory is the proper place for the whole lettered community. It is not true; but how terrible that education should have made one man think it would be good if it were so!

#### *False But Universal Belief in Invisible Presences*

WE HAVE just had our local elections; and in the election for the Parish Council the Labor party laid great emphasis on the fact that our village school is not cleaned as regularly or as thoroughly as it should be, and promised that if its candidates were elected they would remedy this state of affairs. They were not elected, but if they had been they could not have done a thing about it.

For if a school is to be cleaned it must be visited by a cleaner, a human agency, able to use mop, broom, soap, bucket, and dusters. That is what is lacking in our village. The women who by tradition would be school-cleaners are the wives of agricultural workers, or of mechanics who work in the factories in the town ten miles away, with children past the baby stage. These women will no longer do it. Their husbands are earning higher wages

than ever before, and take a pasha-like pride in forbidding their wives to go out to work. Besides, the women do not particularly care for the job. It means turning out and starting work after school hours in the late afternoon, when it would be much more pleasant to settle down with a cup of tea. The middle-class women are in precisely the same position, but got there earlier.

But several of the working-class women and the middle-class women voted Labor because they objected to the school's being dirty, without realizing that the dirt was there because they themselves did not remove it. Labor party or not, there is nobody else to do it.

This is a very common attitude in Great Britain just now. People demand that work shall be done without realizing that people will have to do it, and that those people will be themselves. I frequently attend meetings in various parts of the country which are held by a women's organization, and I hear the members calling for the creation of a vast new maternity service, that shall provide mothers with an army of midwives and home helpers. Sometimes I say to them, "Do you yourself mean to train as a midwife or as a home helper? Or do you mean to train your daughters to be midwives and home helpers?"

Usually they say they had never thought of it that way; and they often add, after careful consideration, that they do not think that they or their daughters would like it. But the vast army they all demand must count on them for some of its recruits, because no other section exists which is numerous enough to supply them.

In the same way, these women are always ready to pass resolutions condemning conditions in local hospitals, and, in particular, will be goaded to fury by stories of how patients have been given scanty bed linen or have not had it changed sufficiently often. But all hospital matrons and committees are going crazy because they can find no women ready to wash or mend their linen. If these women really wanted to alleviate the sufferings of the patients they would go to the hospital once a week and do a day's washing or mending. Another subject which always



moves them profoundly is prison reform. They are wholly unaware that what makes prison reform virtually impossible is the shortage of staff; and that there again, if they want to realize their ideals, they or their daughters must become wardresses. In fact, Thoreau was a very sensible man.

The Labor government, which is pledged at once to the extension of the social services and the maintenance of wages at a level which will enable males to keep their females out of the labor market, will be put in a jam by this belief that there are invisible presences who can be put to work cleaning schools, washing hospital linen, and carrying the prison keys. In the long run, the party will have to override it by some measure of part-time or short-term social service conscription.

If Americans want to understand what the Labor government means to Great Britain, they should reflect that the public would be quite ready to obey such a call from Mr. Attlee's party, while they would have felt suspicion about any such appeal from the Conservative party. We believe that this government is trying to make the wheels go round for the good of the common ordinary person. They may sometimes be stupid; they may often be inexperienced; but they are out to get something into the British air which I have often smelt in the American air.

#### *Just Like a Factory*

THE works of Professor E. H. Carr are perfect examples of what is known on the stage as "dead pan." His style is sober; his content is deliriously silly. In a book called *The Conditions of Peace* he makes the remarkable statement that "the sentimental view of agriculture as a 'natural' occupation as opposed to the 'artificial' conditions of industrial life has little relation to modern mechanized farming." I could have done with him down on the farm last week. Farming can, of course, fairly be described as "natural" in a sense that industry cannot, for two reasons.

First, farming is constantly conditioned by elements in nature which are not yet controlled by man, to a degree that industry is not. Weather, sometimes, by its effect on raw materials, influences an industry, but it does not day by day affect its whole

process as it does in farming. Nor do I know of a machine that sometimes produces an article worth seven dollars and sometimes one worth a hundred and fifty dollars; but that is what a cow does when she sometimes produces a bull calf or sometimes a heifer calf.

Second, one is more dependent in farming on the personal element in the staff, which is almost as uncontrollable as the weather. We now have twenty milking cows. Twice a day they have to be milked. This milk has to be cooled and sterilized and sealed in churns; and since the season has been bitterly cold, and the cows are kept in at night, their cowhouse needs a deal of cleaning. They also have to have their feed carted and prepared. Our farm bailiff left us last week, after five years, to go nearer his home and family. We had engaged his successor, whose furniture we moved down from the other end of England, at the cost of some hundreds of dollars. His wife and children slept in lodgings in the village, and in the morning came down to look at the farmhouse.

That farmhouse is our pride and joy. It was a gloomy survival of a darker age. We had pestered the authorities for permits and had put in electric light and a superb cooker and bathroom, and had washed and painted it. It lies on the side of a sweet valley, with a cherry tree, like a nymph, standing in the meadow before it. The farm bailiff's wife took one look at it and her eyeballs bulged with the self-satisfied agitation of the hysteric. She said she could not possibly live there. She would always be feeling as if the hills were falling in on her head. We had to look for a new farm bailiff in a hurry. Her husband had to look for a job, though this one had been after his own heart. His misery and embarrassment fevered him, and the cows knew it; they mooed, they stampeded, they wriggled away from the milking machine, they gave less milk.

I cannot imagine the behavior of a mechanic's wife throwing a small factory out of gear by spreading nervous disturbance among the lathes.

#### *Moonlight and Footlights*

THE other night I left the cows and my desk to go up to London and see a



special invitation performance of *The Importance of Being Earnest* given at the Haymarket Theater, the only theater left in London which carries the tradition of the English theater back past the portals of the nineteenth century.

Its colonnaded façade is of the regency and its stage and auditorium were planned for the convenience of actors and audience, as was the custom before high finance started its game of squeezing as many spectators as possible into an area cut as narrow as possible for the sake of frontage values and ground rents and God knows what irrelevancies, while making the stage either too big for the most mammoth musical or too small for Ruth Draper.

Here at the Haymarket stage personalities can be shown off as jewels are shown off at Cartier's and Tiffany's, with plenty of space and all the light and shadow they need. So here one thinks most often that maybe our age can put up successors to Ellen Terry and Irving, to Edmund Kean and Mrs. Siddons, to Garrick and Peg Woffington. And the audience, too, can be seen; an eminent person, going into his seat, can be recognized in all his familiar aspect, and one can recall that through the ages the eminent have enjoyed going to the play.

This performance was being given, rumor had it, for the oddest of reasons. The Haymarket Theater is leased to a repertory company of star actors, of a brilliance not matched for many years, under the visible leadership of John Gielgud and the invisible leadership of a remarkable young man called Hugh Beaumont. It is at present playing *Lady Windermere's Fan*. The management of the repertory company (which is partly subsidized by the state, if and when it needs subsidy, by such indirect means as tax adjustments and therefore has some degree of official prestige) one day wrote to the King's secretary informing him that a special performance was being given in aid of a charity, and inviting the King and Queen to be present on that occasion. They received, so legend says, a reply that the King and Queen would be delighted to attend a performance of *The Importance of Being Earnest*.

The management was puzzled, and inquired whether *Lady Windermere's Fan*

was not meant. No, came the answer; *The Importance of Being Earnest* was the play that the King and Queen would be delighted to attend. What is known as a clerical error had become rampant; it was leading an independent existence and gratifying its own appetites. The management capitulated.

THE situation could, of course, have been resolved by explanation. The King and Queen are notoriously averse to giving trouble, and would have submitted to seeing a revival of *Abie's Irish Rose* had it been put to them that that was their duty. But we have in England—and it seems to me very likely that it may be so in the United States also—a peculiar pleasure in bowing to the caprice of circumstance just now. It appears only too probable that tomorrow we may find ourselves under the yoke of necessity again. So the management told the box office to write to everybody who had booked seats for *Lady Windermere's Fan* on a certain day, and on the afternoon gave a charity performance of *The Importance of Being Earnest* at which the King and Queen were present, and in the evening an invitation performance—a party—to which the eminent and near-eminent were invited. This latter was an occasion full of interest, full of irony.

The play was being given because of a wish expressed by the Royal Family; which is to say that the machinery of London still revolves round the monarchy, although there is a Labor government in power. This might be interpreted as a sign that there is no reality in the promise of change made by that government; but such interpretation would be an error due to distance. The repertory company is state-aided; and it—along with anything else in the theater which can lay claim to such brilliance—has a fair chance of such aid in the future. Art could never look to the state for such aid before. That this is a direct consequence of the Labor party's influence in the last government and advent to power in this government, could be seen both at this performance and at another some weeks earlier, which had a like connection with the state: the first night of the ballet season at Covent Garden.

At both could be seen cabinet ministers



—Ernest Bevin, Herbert Morrison, Aneurin Bevan—who were looking at the stage with the appreciation peculiar to those who have been too poor in their youth and too busy in their maturity; who were looking round the theater with an unexultant but confident expression that said, “This is our England, we can make it just what we want, and though we are hard pressed for means, we will make it as good as we can.” That there came into the royal box a father and mother and two daughters, all agreeable, and that they were applauded, did not affect the novelty of the situation. This family admirably fulfills its duty of personifying the state; of making it visible to the people so that the simplest can imbibe the elements of political thought and realize that the group has its claims as well as the individual. Their presence at these performances simply means that the action of the state becomes plainer, and the national tradition flows on without interruption.

THIS is a time of renascence, and it could be felt on this occasion, though those of us in the audience who were seeing each other after we had been separated by the six years of the war, noticed that something had happened to us all—something that was put to me delicately by a hairdresser in our market town. “Oh, modom, do not say that your hair is gray,” she said. “Call it moombeam-colored.” Well, the moombeams had shone on all of us in the audience.

The vitality of the human animal is enormous. This was illustrated for us on the stage by the actress who played Gwendolin Bracknell, on whom not age but history had pressed hardly. Before the war Margaret Rawlings excelled in the personification of triumphant beauty, unfrustrated desire; but after 1939 she left the stage, married, bought a derelict farm, and reclaimed it working as a tractor-driver. Then she had a baby and had to look after it herself, at the same time that she had taken into her home two relatives, a mother and her little daughter, who had been maimed and crippled in one of the last of the old-fashioned blitzes. Meanwhile, she herself was intensely unhappy because both her brothers were

prisoners of war. This is a commonplace story which, as she would be the first to own, has millions of parallels in the world. The particular wonder of it is that on its termination she was again able to dazzle us with unsorrowful loveliness, to show us life as a silver lining with no cloud. For triumphant beauty was an idea she had kept in her mind where fatigue and pain could not touch it. That is the source of hopefulness. It would be insolent to the suffering of the world to call our present state peace. But at least it is better than war: a number of people who have been guarding valuable ideas in their minds are able to express them again.

But the power of the moonlight is strong. This theater, as I have said, shows off the spectators as well as the players. Never was Lord Keynes more recognizable as Lord Keynes than when he took his place in the stalls, with his wife, Lydia Lopokova. He closely resembled a handsome, elderly seal, in the long fluency of his outline, the sinuosity of his strength, the roundness of his brows, and the projection of his gray moustache. Had his destiny placed him on a rocky eminence in a zoo, he would have caught the fish that an entranced public would certainly have thrown him in unprecedented amounts, with a dexterity all his own.

This was the last time many of us were to see Lord Keynes, or the unit known as Maynard and Lydia Keynes. He—far gone in heart disease—did not retire from public business when his doctors bade him, and was therefore killed by the negotiations for the American loan to Great Britain. There is nothing more surprising, as one goes through life, than the number of men and women who turn out to be quite willing to die for the people. They find it far better than living for themselves. It is a characteristic that has had high value in every age; and so, of course, John Maynard Keynes possessed it, for in him were gathered up “all things that are of good repute.”

He belonged to a family that nature had made free of the world of the mind. His father was an administrator of Cambridge University celebrated for his ability; his mother did much devoted public work—and was made mayor of Cambridge



when she was a handsome old lady; his brother is a famous surgeon—who is also the greatest living authority on William Blake and major contributor to our knowledge of Donne.

He fitted in easily to the traditional system of education. He was happy at Eton, distinguished at Cambridge, and passed second into the Civil Service. His work in philosophy and mathematics and economics excited the admiration of older masters in those fields. But he was also—and just as happily—a pioneer, a revolutionary. He made a new economic theory which confounded both capitalists and socialists of the orthodox schools, and fought the city of London in its views on currency and unemployment with an intensity that was as hot as his disregard of Communism was cold.

HE WAS gay; he loved to laugh; he enjoyed the company of wits such as Lytton Strachey and Clive Bell and Virginia Woolf—and shunned alike the merely rich and the merely pedantic. He collected rare books for the rarest of reasons: that being perfectly familiar with the classics of literature he could afford the time to pursue the obscurer workings of the writing mind throughout the ages. His house was full of modern pictures that tried to find new ways of seeing that should sharpen and not blind the sight of the old masters. He was the bursar of a Cambridge college and tried always to make it spend its money with thrifty extravagance to beget more culture, to extend the creeping roots of the mind. He organized a ballet society that was the parent of English ballet. He was the chairman of the body now known as the Arts Council, which has fought to annul the effect of the war on culture by subsidizing and—what is more important—organizing the arts. There are two wartime achievements of which the English have a right to be proud. One is that more children and pregnant women drink milk than at any time in our previous history; and the other that more people have had a chance to see good pictures and hear good music than ever before. The second achievement was largely the work of Lord Keynes, who performed it with his left hand while his right hand was busy with that grim

task: the economic conduct of the war. And all the time he was gay, gay as if times were good, as if a unique kind of fortune permitted him to feel secure.

His influence was not invariably beneficial. His best-known book, *The Economic Consequences of the Peace*, might be used as a supreme example of the potential noxiousness of the artist, which was denounced by Plato. It was exquisitely written and harmonious in form. The sensitive reader was seduced by its craftsmanship into accepting it and remembering it; and indeed its main thesis—that the economic provisions of the peace treaties were so inept that they could not be implemented and would be ruinous if they could—deserved to be accepted and remembered. But this thesis was entangled with an account of the politicians who contrived those treaties, which was in the nature of poetic fantasy. Keynes was, in fact, never physically present in the arcana where alone he could have made the observations of the treaty-makers which would have justified his portraits of them. The most convincing proof of the falsity of Keynes' Lloyd George and Woodrow Wilson and Clemenceau is the resemblance in the style of their portraiture to Lytton Strachey's Cardinal Manning and General Gordon and Dr. Arnold. In each case the painter's inspiration had lain not in his sitters but in the cynical philosophy which was the common property of their circle.

But the extreme liveliness of these portraits of politicians influenced Keynes' readers to believe that the book was a denunciation of the peace treaties from the political as well as the economic point of view; and this impression was still stronger among those who knew the book only at second-hand.

It was much easier to read or hear about the witty and sensitive prose of *The Economic Consequences of the Peace* than the arid articles drafted at Versailles or St. Germain; and Keynes' book thus became one of the most potent forces in persuading the English public between the wars that the peace treaties were not only economically inoperable but were economically and politically unjust and injurious to Germany. Hence—and in all innocence—a book which could even be described as beautiful



could also be reckoned as among the contributory causes of the next war. Truly the artist dances on a knife-edge.

But later the element of coterie-determined cynicism could no longer be traced. When he found his feet as a creative man he was given the geniality and the lack of interest in other people's frustrations and faults which mark the happier type of genius. For nine years he had been gravely and painfully ill; for many years he had had to fight fools, for all his discoveries ran to head-on collisions with some one's profitable prejudices. The negotiations over the American loan must have been infuriating, because the opposition to it here in Britain was—though small and ineffectual—patently blackhearted.

In the stalls of the Haymarket he and his wife sat at their ease, taking the evening's pleasure as if their life were made up of such amusements. But the grave takes all. There are hours when even the moonlight fails and there is only darkness. But we were not a decadent people when we produced John Maynard Keynes; and we will produce another to take his place.

#### *The Powerful Machinery*

THE relieving officer said to the committee, "There, last of all, there is the special case. It is Miss X. She is deaf and dumb and blind. We sent her away for a holiday last year and she is hoping very much that we will repeat the grant this year."

A holiday? I assumed that to so cruelly deprived a human being a holiday could have no meaning, and that the change of scene was made for the benefit of those who habitually looked after her. "No, no," said the relieving officer. "You

should have seen her beating out a message with her fingers on her friend's hand, asking her to tell me how much she had enjoyed her holiday last year, and how much she wants to go again this year."

What could be the secret of this mysterious happiness which was reflected in his wondering face as he spoke of this woman? She could recognize a change of food, of course; but between a poor home and a cheap lodging there could be no great difference in that respect just now. There would be a change of air, of what breeze touched her skin, whether off the river or down from the hills; perhaps a change of scents from other flowers in another garden. But by what powerful machinery must the minute perception be changed to a cause for tremendous pleasure!

Sometimes the machinery seems utterly inadequate. It does not enable us to read the truth about each other and we may be deceived about a group of simple German prisoners, and we may fail to note the simplest facts about our social structure so that we cry for bread without realizing that we have to bake it ourselves or go without. But the machinery enables us to survive and wrest a living from the difficult earth, it permits superb achievements: giving a tired woman the power to be a personification of unexhausted beauty; giving one man the gift of ten; and it keeps life in one whose defaulting senses have sealed her in the silence and darkness of death. We feel in England just now that the machinery is working well for us. There is a sense everywhere—alike among the old people who are going back to work and the young people who are starting work—that if we are not interrupted we can make something very interesting indeed.



# THE COMMUNISTS:

## TWO ARTICLES

### *I. It's Tough To Be a Communist*

IRWIN ROSS

IN THE folklore of American politics, few personal catastrophes can equal the abrupt decline and fall of Earl Browder, the dour, fiercely innocuous little Kansan who for nearly sixteen years served as leader of the American Communist party and was the chief embodiment of its latter-day slogan, "Communism is Twentieth-Century Americanism." Browder, who had survived three decades of left-wing strife, a civil war in China, and a couple of jail terms in his imperialist homeland, was suddenly prostrated, in May of last year, by a garrulous polemic entitled "On the Dissolution of the Communist Party of the United States," written not by an American comrade but by the French Communist leader, Jacques Duclos, and appearing in *Les Cahiers du Communisme*, the recondite "theoretical organ" of the French party. Duclos, wielding the thunderous clichés with a dexterity derived from years of factional exercise, castigated Browder for revising Marx, liquidating his party, and, in general, selling out to the bourgeoisie.

Two months later Browder was no longer leader of the American party. Seven months later, in February of this year, he was expelled as an enemy of the

working class. "Browderism" took its place alongside the venerable heresies of Kautskyism, Trotskyism, Bukharinism—the ideological legacies of earlier Marxist heroes who, like Browder, had ended their careers by being branded "capitalist agents."

There is a large element of poetic injustice in Browder's demise. Over the years, he had manifested an endless resilience and adaptability that entitled him to survival no matter how capriciously the Communist "line" changed. Browder, with the serenity and devoutness that mark one of the Communist elect, had successfully negotiated all previous shifts. He had, for instance, denounced Roosevelt as a neo-fascist and a warmonger in the early years of the New Deal, then endorsed Roosevelt and agitated for collective security when the Popular Front came in. Again, he had damned Roosevelt and damned the imperialist war during the Nazi-Soviet pact, then embraced Roosevelt and embraced the war after the Nazis attacked Russia. Browder made every turn without once losing his balance or running out of theories. The Marxist gods ill rewarded his constancy.

Browder's career is a lugubrious illus-

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tration of how tough it is to be a Communist. From year to year, a party member has to defend a fabulous array of political stratagems, which are chiefly characterized by an embarrassing inconsistency. He must proselytize even when he has not entirely comprehended his borrowed rationalizations. When he slips from the orthodox path, he is compelled to castigate himself publicly in terms that recall nothing so much as an old-fashioned revival meeting. And despite a lifetime of fidelity, he may suddenly find, like Browder, that heresy has forevermore expelled him from the proletarian elite. It is a hard life.

Since the Nazi-Soviet pact, the Communist movement has seemed more of a bewildering fantasia than ever before. The "line" has changed with a rapidity and a violence that have had a disastrously centrifugal effect on many members who had managed to hang on through previous crises. But although its U-turns have in recent years been more frequent and more abrupt, the party's *opéra bouffe* character was established early in its history. For the comrade who prized his dignity or intellectual integrity it was always hazardous to be a Communist.

## II

THE party was founded in September of 1919, in an excess of revolutionary bravado and factional zeal that produced two parties instead of one. Straightway the members began issuing shrill calls to the barricades, proposing the disembowelment of bourgeois democracy and the establishment of a government of Workers and Soldiers Deputies. Thereafter the parties were vigorously underground, priding themselves on their conspiratorial purity. By 1921, the two parties coalesced and brought forth a legal counterpart, the Workers party, which strenuously denied any affiliation with the underground organization. It was the first of those modest disclaimers of proprietorship which punctuated Communist history in the next three decades. Few people were fooled, but the underground militants were not dismayed.

Shortly after the Workers party made

its appearance, the party discarded its revolutionary pyrotechnics in favor of respectable united front dickerings in trade unions and in new political groupings on the left—the genesis of the famed tactic of "boring from within." During this period, as well, the pattern of Communist mores was established. The elaborate rhetorical mumbo-jumbo, delighting in an endless series of compound words, of which "Marxist-Leninist-Stalinist" eventually became the most famous; the use of descriptives like "capitalist wrecker" and "pen prostitute" as the everyday counters of factional dispute, as well as of such graphic terms as "garbage," "cancer," and "fungus" to characterize capitalist polemics; the Russian system of nominal brevity (I. Amter, A. Wagenknecht, A. Landy); the adoption of the leather jacket and workingman's cap as proper attire of a Communist leader—these and many other items of punctilio became generally accepted. Social ostracism, as in any decent bourgeois circle, was the penalty for flouting the conventions.

In 1928 and 1929, the hazards of political unorthodoxy were suddenly made vividly plain to every party member. After an extended period of factional activity, two heretical groups were expelled: first the Trotskyites, headed by James P. Cannon, and then the Lovestoneites, headed by Jay Lovestone, the party chieftain. Cannon's group had remained on the Trotsky bandwagon until too late. Lovestone's sin was to entertain the notion that American capitalism still had a hardy life ahead of it, and that the U. S. party should therefore shape its tactics with a keen appreciation of its adversary's strength—a heresy that became known as "American exceptionalism." In 1929 Lovestone was summarily deposed by the Communist International; the following year Browder was put in his place. Everybody was surprised, including Browder.

HITHERTO a comparatively lowly worker in the Leninist vineyards, Earl Russell Browder seemed the least likely candidate to lead the American working class to its revolutionary destiny. Lovestoneites, of course, immediately charged that Stalin wanted a puppet, not a leader. Browder is



a drab, slouched, pale little man, distinguished by a talent for being inconspicuous in any crowd of three or more people. There has always been something wistful and hang-dog about him, with his seedy, unkempt mustache, his sloped shoulders, and his fleeting, troubled smile. He gives the impression of being a man desperately striving to live up to his public role, but never completely able to avoid a conviction of failure. On the platform, or in print, he has an infinite capacity for the banal phrase. But he is persevering: in his insistent monotone, he can plow through tirades and convention reports hours long.

After Browder's enthronement, the Communist movement suddenly went into reverse gear again: the old revolutionary fervor, the urgent calls to struggle for "state power" resounded through the public squares. The years from 1930 to 1935 were marked by the establishment of dual trade unions—a profound heresy in the twenties—and two elaborate innovations: "the united front from below," a novel method of labor solidarity whereby the rank and file of organizations such as the AF of L and the Socialist party were urged to throw out their leaders and unite with the Communists; and the celebrated theory of "social fascism," by means of which all non-Communists, particularly disingenuous characters like Franklin Roosevelt and William Green, could be categorized as front men for the fascists, more dangerous because—according to the theory—they were covert rather than avowed Nazis.

By 1935, the worldwide spread of fascism caused the most violent change in Communist strategy since 1919. Ushered in by a congress of the Communist International in Moscow in August 1935, the new Popular Front policy aimed to strengthen democratic institutions in every bourgeois land, and stem Hitler aggression by a rigorous policy of collective security. The sudden reversal in Comintern tactics reflected, of course, a basic shift in Soviet foreign policy—from socialist intransigence to reliance on a capitalist League of Nations to preserve the peace.

However logical the shift, its immediate results in the United States could hardly

have been more bewildering. The "united front from below" was straightway replaced by the "united front from above"—negotiations with former "misleaders of labor," such as John L. Lewis, rather than denunciations. The theory of "social fascism" was in turn replaced by the theory of the "democratic front," which front included, pre-eminently, such former "social fascists" as William Green and Mayor La Guardia. Even the campaign for Negro rights was tempered: no longer did the comrades struggle for an "autonomous Negro republic in the South." Nor did they refer to themselves as "comrades" quite as invariably.

Verbal habits were not the only ones to change. In 1934, Browder was still wearing the plebeian cap. A summer or two later, he was sporting a Panama. And on a number of occasions he was seen in a white Palm Beach suit. Communists pride themselves on details. In every party hall, pictures of Lenin were now flanked by the likenesses of Washington and Lincoln.

It was at this time that Communism became the *dernier cri* of innumerable intellectual workers, society matrons, college professors, Junior Leaguers, Hollywood starlets—and even occasional repentant business men who, through the ingenious operation of the tax laws, were able to insure their future in a Communist America and share the cost with the U. S. government. It was a gay and flamboyant period, when the cocktail stance was second only to the sitdown strike as the new tactic of proletarian solidarity, when the college campus and the Connecticut house party were as productive of revolutionary militance as the coal towns and steel towns of hinterland America. Once the *New Masses* shared the dentist's table with the *Saturday Evening Post*, there could be no doubt that Communism had finally arrived.

**R**ESPECTABILITY, full-throated Americanism, anti-fascist unity lasted for four years—until August 1939 when Stalin signed the famous treaty with Hitler. The Nazi-Soviet pact was an ungracious blow, but the Communists, long hardened to the needling of the bourgeois press, confessed neither embarrassment nor dismay.



The story is pretty well known. Once again, a swing in Soviet foreign policy called the tune for the American party. Within a fortnight after the pact, all American Communists who could swallow their own previous words without gagging did so: the struggle against Hitler became the imperialist war, Roosevelt was detected selling out to Wall Street, Churchill replaced Hitler as the gravest threat to America's security. America would be saved by a new slogan: "The Yanks Are Not Coming!" Meanwhile, most of the party's respectable support—the society matrons, the professors, and the Hollywood intellectuals—joined Bundles for Britain. Browder lost interest in the elegance of his attire.

Although they maintained a grave proletarian dignity, the Communists had tough sledding. Browder was jailed for certain passport indiscretions which normally might have been overlooked. Other leaders went into hiding. In 1940 the party left the Comintern, to avoid having to register as a foreign agent. Communists hadn't felt such a sense of martyrdom since A. Mitchell Palmer's red hunts in the early twenties.

The party's difficulties lasted twenty-two months, to be terminated, on the far-off Polish-Soviet border, by the Nazi attack on the Soviet Union in June 1941. Literally overnight, the Communists started brandishing the anti-fascist slogans they had laid aside in 1939. But although the party's tangles with the capitalist police were now over, the individual Communist was in a sadly exposed spot. During the past two years, his oracular statements on the course of world affairs had been too contradictory not to be disconcerting. Trotskyites and other ideological wreckers kept recalling, with unsuppressed glee, the speed with which the war changed its character from an anti-fascist crusade to an imperialist bloodbath in August 1939, and then changed back in June 1941.

### III

**E**VEN greater embarrassment was ahead. The party was moving into a period of bizarre and thoroughgoing respectability—of harmonious accommodation to

every bourgeois shibboleth—that would soon test the mettle of veteran Bolsheviks. The development was gradual. It started in June 1941, was quite advanced when the Communist International was dissolved in the spring of 1943, and reached its climax after the Teheran conference of the Big Three in December 1943.

For the next eighteen months, Teheran was the lodestar which guided every Communist stratagem. Teheran was the word of revelation. It was the magic incantation which accommodated the divergent drives of capitalist and socialist economies, washed clean the sins of imperialism, erased the class struggle, and brought Browder to a devout belief in free private enterprise. To bourgeois political soothsayers Teheran was important, but merely because it dramatized a resolute Big Three unity. To the Communists, it was vastly more. In essence, if the USSR could consummate a firm alliance with capitalist America and Britain, the American Communist movement had to seek a new *raison d'être*.

In a speech in Bridgeport, Connecticut, in December 1943, Browder avowed that the Teheran declaration "is the only hope of a continuance of civilization in our time. That is why I can . . . make it the starting point for all my thinking about the problems of our country and the world." He bade his followers do likewise.

Peering into the future, Browder foresaw "a perspective . . . of expanded production and employment and the strengthening of democracy within the framework of the present system—and not a perspective of the transition to socialism." Teheran made possible the peaceful co-existence of capitalism and socialism for an indefinite period. While America enjoyed decades of ever-bounding prosperity, Europe would be rebuilt and civilization would be exported to backward colonial nations. But this flourishing future depended, above all, on the maintenance of "national unity," for if the capitalists feared for their equities they would soon withdraw from the new partnership.

Resolutely squaring up to his tasks, Browder declared: "We shall have to be prepared to break with anyone that refuses to support and fight for the realization of



the Teheran agreement and the Anglo-Soviet-American coalition. We must be prepared to give the hand of co-operation and fellowship to everyone who fights for the realization of this coalition." And then the clincher: "If J. P. Morgan supports this coalition and goes down the line for it, I as a Communist am prepared to clasp his hand. . . ."

**H**OWEVER much this rapport would have appealed to J. P. Morgan had he lived to experience it (he had died some months before the speech), Browder's suggestion was offensive to certain of the unreconstructed leaders of his own party. At a National Committee meeting, he was forced to amplify his remarks: "I was not making a verbal abolition of class differences," Browder explained, "but I was rejecting the political slogan of 'class against class.' . . . I spoke of Mr. Morgan symbolically as the representative of a class, and not as an individual—in which capacity I know him not at all."

Within a few weeks, however, the members were sufficiently acclimated to the Rotarian atmosphere in the party not to be offended by Browder's effusions. To *PM*'s Harold Lavine, who told him that he sounded like a member of the National Association of Manufacturers, Browder replied: "That's fine. I'm awfully glad to hear that." He went on to say, "My report to the plenum was distributed to every delegate at the economic conference of the NAM, and I am told most of them read it through. I am very happy when I get news like that."

At least one member of the NAM apparently reciprocated the affection. The *Daily Worker* of March 5, 1944, quoted Walter D. Fuller, president of the Curtis Publishing Company, as exclaiming, "To make America a better place to live we must all work together, and that includes the Communists." The Communists, hitherto excluded from the Boosters' Club, could hardly restrain their enthusiasm.

**B**ROWDER was quite explicit in defining the wide latitude he allowed capital. In Harold Lavine's interview with him, reported at length in *PM* for March 26–28, he genially conceded that "monopolies

and cartels are the natural forms of capitalist economy in its higher stage of development. It is impossible for an economy like America's to go back to the pre-monopoly stage." And then, in a burst of generosity: "The free enterprise system," Browder avowed, "is the freedom of capital to concentrate and centralize itself."

It would ill behoove a votary of national unity, he explained, to tamper with that freedom. When Lavine pressed him about the alleged abuses of big capital, and whether labor, wielding its economic power, ought not to take a hand in curbing them, Browder decried the need for such old-fashioned militance. "In the ranks of big capital" he happily discerned "distinct signs of intelligence" and a "desire to adjust the practices of capital to the necessities of democratic advance."

Browder was thoroughly secure in his new faith: "We can enlist capital in the policing of capital, overcoming its abuses." Not only that. "We find," said Browder, "in many circles of the capitalist class much keener appreciation of this problem in its practical terms than we find in most of America's traditional liberals at the present moment."

The *New Masses* was even more forthright in censuring liberals. "The perspective of liberal critics," said a piece in the March 7, 1944, issue, "is one of sharp class conflict such as would undermine national unity and threaten to wreck the entire Teheran program, thereby opening the sluices of World War III."

A few comrades were recalcitrant in assuming their new position somewhat to the right of Alfred Landon. They were vaguely attached to the perspective of class conflict themselves. In particular, William Z. Foster, three-time Communist candidate for President, and Sam Darcy, a lesser member of the National Committee, felt strenuously that Browder was going too far in laying the ghost of World War III.

Darcy was quite obstreperous and was eventually expelled. Foster submitted to "party discipline" and bided his time. Foster was the one man, Browder well knew, whose intransigence could really mean trouble. The party rank and file had a sentimental reverence for him. He



was America's Grand Old Bolshevik, a grave, spare, doughty figure of a man, ashen-faced now from long illness, but still, in his sixty-third year, the movement's one demonstrable man-of-the-people, the fabled leader of the 1919 steel strike.

IN THE interests of national unity and the traditional two-party system, Browder urged that the Communists dissolve their party and transform themselves into a political association. The logic of the proposed move was disarmingly simple: it would aid Roosevelt's electoral chances by eliminating a second progressive candidate (Browder had polled 46,251 votes in 1940), and the ranks of the new, "non-partisan" association could now be augmented by persons belonging to the Republican and Democratic parties.

Following an "extraordinary session" of the National Committee in February, discussion of the proposed dissolution was opened in the party's branches and press. The result was unanimous approval and at the ensuing convention, held in May, the party was ceremoniously dissolved and the Communist Political Association constituted in its place. In the programmatic introduction to its statutes, the association described itself as a "non-party organization of Americans which, basing itself upon the working class, carries forward the traditions of Washington, Jefferson, Paine, Jackson, and Lincoln, under the changed conditions of modern industrial society. It seeks effective application of democratic principles to the solution of the problems of today, as an advanced sector of the democratic majority of the American people. It upholds the Declaration of Independence, the United States Constitution and its Bill of Rights, and the achievements of American democracy against all the enemies of popular liberties."

Having dissolved their party—which in years past had been modestly described as "the vanguard of the working class"—the Communists soon became the most irrepressibly conservative force in the "camp of national unity." They were firm in their support of the State Department, of labor's no-strike pledge, of all the ancient sanctions and shibboleths of free private enter-

prise. In the trade unions, the Communists had so moderated their championship of the workers' economic claims that they were frequently accused of selling out to the bosses. Harry Bridges, whose susceptibility to Communist influence has long been alleged, went so far as to propose the indefinite continuance of the no-strike pledge in the postwar period. It was left to former "social fascist misleaders of labor" to ridicule this beneficence.

The Communists' new methods were described in an ingratiating little article entitled "How the Membership of the CPA Works," by William Lawrence, which appeared in the *Worker* for July 16, 1944. In gist, "the Communist Club is not so much concerned with its own independent activity" as it is with the development of "broad movements." The example the author gives casts a fragrant aura over the whole movement. "In a given community the Communist Club may discuss the problem of child nurseries," he begins. "After acquainting itself with the facts and needs of the community, instead of proceeding to initiate a movement for such nursery in its own name, it will first contact community leaders of existing organizations and together with them work out a program of action. In other words, the main objective of the club is to aid in the general welfare and needs of the people and it shall strive modestly to play its part."

#### IV

THE Communist movement continued on its modest way, promoting nurseries, defending cartels, and keeping its trade union constituency in close check, for another giddy, self-righteous twelve months. Then came the bombshell: Jacques Duclos' article "On the Dissolution of the Communist Party of the United States," which suddenly appeared, translated from the French, in four of the *Daily Worker's* twelve tabloid pages on Thursday, May 24, 1945.

A "Foreword" by Earl Browder accompanied the article. In view of the vigor with which Duclos took him to task, Browder's words were self-effacing



to the point of masochism. "It has been clear at all times," Browder remarked mildly, "that the end of the war in Europe would require a fundamental review of all problems by American Marxists. . . . The article of Duclos may conveniently provide a starting point. . . . Unquestionably . . . it reflects the general trend of opinion of European Marxists in relation to America, and thus demands our most respectful consideration."

Browder neglected to mention, however, that Duclos had written the article shortly after returning from a trip to Russia. Nor did he trouble to enlighten his attentive readers as to the probable repercussions on the American party of such climactic events as the end of the war, Russia's lessened need for Allied aid, and her renewed interest in her competitive world position. But that great changes impended, every veteran Bolshevik knew by instinct, however much the fledglings might be surprised.

At any rate, no matter how searching the ensuing discussion, Browder was serenely confident of the outcome. "Discussions among Communists," he explained, "always lead to clarity, to agreement, and to unity of purpose and action." It was a hypothesis which Browder soon had reason to regret.

Duclos minced no slogans: his essay was distinguished by the straightforward, unabashed invective of earlier years. "One is witnessing," he thundered, "a notorious revision of Marxism on the part of Browder and his supporters, a revision which is expressed in the concept of a long-term class peace in the United States . . . the American Communists . . . are sowing dangerous opportunist illusions . . . nothing justifies the dissolution of the American Communist party." Duclos even felt compelled to remind Browder of the elementary Leninist dogma that the achievement of socialism was "impossible to imagine without preliminary conquest of power." And the final damnation: Browder's predictions "correspond in no wise to a Marxist-Leninist understanding of the situation."

The great mass of party members immediately discovered that they were in complete agreement with Duclos. This

revelation, expressed with little deference for their titular leader, was publicized during two months of fervid debate in the party clubs and in the *Daily Worker*, which printed a special "CPA Discussion Page."

The tone was epitomized by a National Committee statement in mid-June. "Comrade Browder," the Committee determined, had been the "chief architect of our revisionism." The leaders, however, were not ready to let themselves off so easily. Party protocol required a decent show of penance. Thus, "Full responsibility for these right opportunist deviations must also be shared by the entire national leadership and particularly by the National Board, with the exception of Comrade Foster." Browder was the sole dissenter in this judgment. He was outvoted 53 to 1.

"Revisionism" was, of course, the key word in the indictment. This offense, the most heinous in the Communist code, is a devilishly tricky crime whose commission, unfortunately, can only be detected by hindsight. Even a veteran Bolshevik, well versed in the verbal wars, frequently cannot tell when he is revising basic Marxist-Leninist theory and when he is merely adapting the official canons to a new "objective situation." Indeed, some Communists consider this dilemma the chief cause of the neuroticism of the party's leaders.

AS THE country-wide discussions warmed up, the words of Comrade Foster, ridiculed and denounced when he made them eighteen months before, were now fondly remembered. "In calling for the collaboration of classes," Foster warned, "Browder sows wrong illusions of tailism in the minds of trade union members." The heresy of "tailism" referred, of course, to the suicidal conduct of the proletariat in following the leadership of the "big bourgeoisie." This revisionist disaster first appeared in Lenin's time; the term "tailism," however, is an original contribution of Foster's. Eventually, it came to be synonymous with "Browderism."

As the party members praised Foster, they flayed themselves energetically, pledging never again to wander from the true



"Marxist-Leninist path." Wrote I. Amter in the *Daily Worker* of July 6: "Together with all the members of the National Committee, I consider myself equally responsible for the present situation. Once accepting Browder's thesis . . . I became conditioned to swallow the whole *bourgeois liberal* line that he developed." In a sense, Amter's transgressions were even more grievous, for "in spite of my forty-four years in the Marxist movement, I threw overboard all experience and Marxist training." Thankfully, however, "Duclos' article was the shock that made me stop and realize where our organization was heading."

M. Shields was another penitent who had a tough time of it, as he revealed in the June 22 *Daily Worker*. "From the moment the Duclos article appeared," he confessed, "I have been reading and re-reading material, arguing, rationalizing, trying to prove to my own satisfaction that the charges of revisionism, tailism, and liquidationism were untrue." But he couldn't persuade himself. Duclos was indisputably correct.

William Lawrence, the party's expert on nurseries, was equally forthright: "It is not my intention . . . to gloss over my own weaknesses. . . . Nor do I intend to use the slogan 'Don't let's beat our breasts' as an excuse to abandon the powerful weapon of Bolshevik self-criticism." But Comrade Lawrence hinted that perhaps his recent errors were not entirely his own fault. "At times," he revealed, "I had difficulties in reconciling the written word of Marx and Lenin to my own outlines in classrooms, and also in its practical day-to-day application. I attributed that to two factors: First, this being an unprecedented situation . . . therefore it was not possible to find all the answers in the classrooms. Secondly, to my own limitations of the knowledge of Marxism-Leninism." Now, however, Lawrence was persuaded that his limited theoretical equipment was adequately reinforced.

A few embattled voices were raised in defense of Browder. One bitter-ender pointed out that "99.44 per cent" of the membership had wholeheartedly agreed with Browder; so how could you blame him? Another letter writer reminded his

comrades that "it should not be forgotten that Roosevelt was elected and Dewey was defeated," and the party's dissolution could be credited with helping achieve this desideratum. And Tanya M., writing in the June 28 *Daily Worker*, wondered "How is it that our *entire leadership*, with the exception of Comrade Foster, all of whom are tried and true leaders of the American Marxist movement, could have made the *same error*?" Tanya was profoundly perplexed: "How could *all* of these Marxists have taken the path of social democracy? . . . What guarantee have we that this will not repeat itself in the future?"

But despite Browder's occasional defenders, there was little doubt as to the outcome of the convention called for July 26-28 to pass final judgment on the "political line and immediate tasks" of the CPA. Shortly after it convened, the convention promptly dissolved the Communist Political Association, reconstituted the Communist party, and elected Foster chairman. Once again, the class struggle became a primary article of faith, socialism was recovered from its recent, uneasy limbo, the American working class was told to cast off its shackles. And early and late, Browder, by now universally regarded as a "tailist," was roundly flayed. Toward the end he replied, with the requisite humility: "I shall submit myself to the decisions of this convention. . . . I am perfectly ready at any time to give my services in any capacity." But the delegates were not impressed. They unanimously "reduced him to the ranks."

**A**LL in all, the convention was a long-sought, vigorously satisfying catharsis to the harried delegates. Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, the aging Jeanne d'Arc of the movement, sketched the climactic scene in words that were both tender and devoutly militant:

"We have come home," said Alfred Wagenknecht, snowy-haired, veteran Communist leader. . . . These simple four words of Wagenknecht, as he moved the adoption of the final, much revised main resolution, stirred all the delegates profoundly to their very depths. Tears stood in the eyes of other old-timers who like "Wag" have suffered greatly during the past period. Stern faces lighted up all over the hall, as the ninety-two delegates unanimously adopted the resolution.



Browder, however, persisted in his obstinacy. After the convention, he took on no party jobs, allegedly continued to plead his revisionist views to party friends. In February he was expelled—"for gross violation of Party discipline and decisions, for active opposition to the political line and leadership of our Party, for developing factional activity, and for betraying the principles of Marxism-Leninism and deserting to the side of the class enemy—American monopoly capitalism." Browder was now not only a tailist and liquidationist; he had become a renegade as well.

Simultaneously, "Browderism" was enthroned on the devil's pedestal—as an "alien ideology and influence." In sum, "Browder's appeal is nothing more or less than an anti-Marxist platform of struggle submitted by a social-imperialist who aims to wage political-ideological warfare against the Communist party."

The irrepressible, withering invective—absent from party manifestoes since the days of social fascism—brought a nostalgic glow to the hearts of old Bolsheviks. The party was surely back on the high road to proletarian dictatorship once it could knock a hyphen around with that much

vigor. The comrades took courage as they advanced toward the political-ideological goals of the "next period."

TO THE occasional comrade, however, who was somewhat more reminiscent and reflective than his fellows, the future could hardly seem completely untroubled. He could be comforted, to be sure, by the knowledge that he had managed to survive perhaps as much as a decade of the party's sudden jolts and turns. Now that it had cast off "Browderism," the worst, perhaps, was over. Yet it was difficult not to speculate on what the next shift might be. There was always the danger—impossible to say how remote—that when the wind changed in Moscow on the morrow, the party might again rush into a sudden embrace with Mr. Truman, or with the NAM, or even—God forbid—with Mr. Churchill.

The possibilities were so limitless that the Communist stalwart, when sufficiently distraught, might begin to pine for the bourgeois luxury of having private convictions and being able to act on them. But it was a luxury, as he well knew, that he could never possess.

## II. *The Spectre That Haunts the World*

GRANVILLE HICKS

*Granville Hicks, one of the leading intellectual spokesmen of the Communist party in the United States in the 'thirties, resigned from the party at the time of the Soviet-Nazi pact in 1939.*

A SPECTRE is haunting Europe," wrote Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels ninety-eight years ago, "the spectre of Communism." Today the spectre haunts the world. Marx and Engels wrote their famous proclamation to "meet this nursery tale of the spectre of Communism with a manifesto of the party itself." The prospects they held out to the European

bourgeoisie must have seemed as horrible as any nightmare that had ever disturbed the sleep of the ruling classes, but at least the capitalists knew what to expect. "The Communists disdain to conceal their views and aims," stated the manifesto, and these words were repeated in the program of the Communist International as formulated in 1928. The International, however, held



only one more congress, in 1935, and was dissolved in 1943. Today we must guess at Communist designs as best we can.

The 1928 program was perfectly specific about the relationship between the Soviet Union and world revolution: "The USSR inevitably becomes the base of the world movement of all oppressed classes, the center of international revolution, the greatest factor in world history. In the USSR, the world proletariat for the first time acquires a country that is really its own."

But much has happened since 1928. Even if one regards the dissolution of the Communist International as a sinister stratagem, the historical record is clear. Soviet foreign policy over the past fifteen years cannot very readily be interpreted as the tactics of the general staff of world revolution. But if, on the other hand, one assumes that the Soviet Union has behaved like a great national state, its foreign policy is no more difficult to understand than that of Great Britain. Moreover, as every observer testifies, there has been an increasingly frank appeal to the national sentiment of the Russian people: the flattering plays and films about expansionist czars, the decorations named for heroes of national wars, the talk about the sacred soil. World War II is in Russia officially known as the Patriotic War.

Russia behaves as if it were the fatherland of the Russian people, not the fatherland of the world proletariat; and many people have therefore concluded that, with the world proletariat thus orphaned, its self-appointed vanguard, the Communists, would fare badly. To cite only one of innumerable sanguine prophecies, there is what Jose Antonio de Aguirre, president of the short-lived Basque Republic, wrote in 1944: "Day by day the Soviet regime is becoming more peculiarly Russian and losing that 'international' trend with which its Communist origin once endowed it. . . . Communism in the rest of the world is going to suffer a rude shock after the war." But actually, Communists in almost every part of Europe and Asia have come out of the war with new strength and for the first time are a governmental force in nations that play a major part in world affairs.

WE CANNOT dispose of the paradox by assuming that Russian nationalism is somehow factitious and ephemeral. It is, on the contrary, the most dependable factor in the whole problem, and perhaps the one that can most easily be understood. If the success of the Bolsheviks in 1917 had been followed by Communist triumphs elsewhere in Europe, Russia would have been relegated, as Lenin said, to a subordinate position in the Communist world. But the European proletariat did not arise or, where it did, was suppressed, and though the Bolsheviks managed to beat off Allied intervention, they were surrounded by enemies. Russia emerged as the sole fortress of Communism and also as a potentially great but actually weak nation. Its leaders continued to work for world revolution and at the same time set about their job of developing the country's resources.

In the periods of War Communism and the New Economic Program, the two tasks did not seriously conflict, but a time came when Russia had to choose. In spite of all the words spent in the controversy between Stalin and Trotsky, the choice probably came as close to being predetermined as anything in human affairs could be. The chances of world revolution can never have looked blacker than they did in 1928, when the sixth congress of the Communist International was preparing its bellicose program. Russia had to rely on her own resources, no matter what fiery phrases her spokesmen put down on paper.

The amount of human suffering involved in Russia's development from the adoption of the first Five Year Plan to the beginning of the German invasion can be calmly tolerated only by those who are reconciled to a world that, after all, does offer even more brutal spectacles. No one can deny, however, that on and after June 22, 1941, the ruthlessness of the Soviet leaders paid dividends. I grow impatient with those who argue that the Soviet regime must be virtuous because it triumphed in war, but there can be no argument about its power.

When Molotov spoke on the twenty-eighth anniversary of the revolution, a few months after the end of the Patriotic War, he justly praised the Red Army and



the spirit of the Russian people, paid tribute to the leadership of Stalin, and boasted of the nation's greatness. It was a perfectly appropriate speech for a national leader to make, and the only noteworthy fact is that Communists in other countries immediately hailed it as a great Communist utterance. Why? Molotov made no mention of Marx and only a single reference to Lenin. He disregarded and seemed to deny the international solidarity of the working class. He spoke quite frankly as a Russian. One can understand that Chinese or French or American Communists, believing that Russia's course had been inevitable, might wish the country well, but why should they believe that their interests are peculiarly identified with those of the USSR?

Here, then, is the heart of the paradox. If Russian nationalism is a fact, it is equally a fact that Communists in other countries act as if Russia were "the base of the world movement of all oppressed classes" and "the center of international revolution."

## II

ONLY an examination of the twenty-eight years between the fall of the Kerensky government and Molotov's triumphant address can yield an explanation. We begin, as we did before, with the fact that the revolution was achieved in Russia alone. In the early days, Bolshevik leaders did indeed believe that their revolution was but the first of a series, and they felt that their success entitled them to lead the world movement they had initiated. From the first, the Russians insisted on dominating the Communist International, and, as John Reed discovered at the second congress of the Comintern, they could be high-handed in their treatment of comrades from other countries. Nor did they hesitate to interfere in the affairs of the various Communist parties. A striking example, though it was but one instance among many, was Stalin's decision in 1929 to overrule the majority of the American Communist party by expelling Jay Lovestone and putting William Z. Foster in his place. Russian leaders saw to it that only men who accepted their guidance occupied positions of authority any-

where in the Communist movement. Moreover, they brought these men to Moscow for purposes of indoctrination, and there seems to be truth enough in the charge that they kept watch over them with special agents.

This pattern of submission to Moscow could be established in the decade after the revolution because then it was natural for a Communist outside the USSR to feel that the men who had won power in their own country were entitled to show him how to win power in his. But, appropriate as submission seemed, the supremacy of the Soviet leaders was not unchallenged in the twenties. The Trotskyite schism was of course a reflection of a struggle in the Soviet Union, but the Lovestone fight in this country and similar conflicts elsewhere grew out of the issue of Moscow control. However, every attempt at resistance proved futile, and though Communist parties were weakened in numbers, they were strengthened in loyalty to Soviet leadership. By 1929, when he had consolidated his power over the Soviet Union, Stalin was also supreme in the international Communist movement.

Critics of the Soviet Union are sometimes as quick as the most ardent sympathizers to credit Stalin with superhuman wisdom. It is unlikely that he foresaw the day when he could not hold his followers by open exhortations to world revolution and therefore set out to develop loyalty to the Soviet Union in and for itself. But it is true that that loyalty was created in a period when Russia's policies seemed to warrant it, and it did hold over into a period that could never have given it birth. In 1935, when Georgi Dimitroff sponsored the new policy of the united front at the seventh and last congress of the International, he repeatedly reminded his listeners that the working class had "the inspiring example of the Soviet Union, the country of socialism victorious," and was commanded by "a tried and recognized, a great and wise leader." Two years later, on the twentieth anniversary of the revolution, he wrote, *italics and all*: "In the present international situation there is not, nor can there be any other, *more certain criterion*, than one's *attitude* toward the Soviet Union, in determining who is the



*friend* and who the *enemy* of the cause of the working class and socialism. . . . You cannot carry on a real struggle for socialism in your own country, if you do not oppose the enemies of the Soviet State, where this socialism is being fulfilled by the heroic efforts of the working people."

This was certainly plain enough speaking, and if there were some of us who thought that Dimitroff did not mean exactly what he said, we were to learn that we were mistaken. The seventh congress initiated a period of extreme flexibility in tactics. The united front, which the congress defined as co-operation with other working-class parties, broadened into the people's front, which sought to unite "all progressive forces," and this in turn became the democratic front, which involved support of parties that hitherto had been vituperatively described as bourgeois. The result was a kind of thinning down of Marxist-Leninist doctrine. Soviet leaders had earlier developed a technique for pushing forward those Marxist documents that suited their immediate purposes, while burying in scholarly obscurity less convenient statements. In the united front period, however, they had to go much farther than this, admitting in practice, though never in words, that the sacred formulas were subject to revision. This might have led to a general reconsideration of Marxism, but, of course, nothing was farther from Soviet minds. What really happened was that loyalty to the Soviet Union was finally and definitively substituted for loyalty to a body of ideas.

THE great test came with the signing of the Soviet-Nazi pact in August 1939. The Communist party had attracted many members by its aggressive struggle against fascism, and some of these members had succeeded in suppressing doubts raised by the Moscow trials and other events in the Soviet Union only by convincing themselves that this struggle was of transcendent importance. Such members saw in the pact not only an immediate threat to peace and democracy but also a confirmation of the fears they had tried to bury. Yet, though the party lost heavily in the months after the pact, not a single

important official withdrew, and there was not a suggestion of organized opposition to the new line. And even among the intellectuals who had been attracted to the party in the anti-fascist years, the casualties were fewer than almost anyone would have predicted. John Childs and George Counts, in *America, Russia, and the Communist Party*, speak of the pressures that the party used to hold its members. I think the party may well have used any methods it could to secure the loyalty of trade union officials or of other members in strategic positions, but personally I did not see the least evidence of pressure on the intellectuals or, in general, on the rank and file. The majority of those who stood by the party did so because they were good Communists, i.e., were convinced that whatever the Soviet Union did was right.

This is no place to discuss the divers courses by which men become Communists, but it does seem safe to say that few persons join the party because of belief in the supreme importance of helping the Soviet Union. The Communists make most of their converts by virtue either of their general attack on the evils of the capitalist system or their energetic campaigns against specific abuses. Usually, I think, it is by the strength of their example that they achieve their influence. They work harder than other people, accept greater responsibilities and risks, and give the impression of knowing exactly what they are after. The convert begins by being convinced that working with them is the best way to accomplish whatever it is he wants done, and his introductory indoctrination emphasizes the broad humanitarian ends of the party. Only gradually does he realize that, in the minds of his leaders, these ends can be served only by complete conformity to Soviet wishes.

It need not be supposed that the abrupt shifts of policy are easy to follow, but for most Communists the alternative is not any easier. If one knows anything about the careers of the Trotskys, the Cannons, or the Lovestones, to say nothing of the Doriots, one can understand why most Communist functionaries reach a point at which they cannot visualize a life for themselves outside the party. The rank



and file are held by less tangible ties, but joining the party is so drastic a commitment that withdrawal becomes almost a psychological impossibility. The bonds within the party are so close, and the outside world is so hostile, that the average individual will suppress his doubts until he has managed to get used to them. And with each re-commitment of this kind, loyalty to whatever dogmas remain becomes stronger. The dogma that always remains is faith in the Soviet Union.

### III

TODAY there is a new situation in the world, for faith is at last being rewarded. In Poland, Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, Rumania, Bulgaria, and Albania, Communists hold vital governmental positions. In Finland, Austria, Hungary, and eastern Germany their influence is out of all proportion to their numbers. In Italy, Norway, Sweden, Holland, and Belgium they are able to affect policy, and in France they constitute the largest single party. In China they hold sway over an area with a population of eighty millions, and if a unified government emerges from the negotiations that are now going on, they will be prominent in it. Their voice is heard in Iran and Korea and increasingly in Japan. They play a growing part in the politics of Brazil, Venezuela, Chile, and most South American countries. The United States and perhaps Great Britain are the only major nations in which Communism is negligible as a political force.

Postwar Communist strategy naturally manifests itself most clearly in the countries that are closest to the Soviet Union. The first thing to note is that the old Bolshevik slogan, "All power to the Soviets," has been forgotten. The Communist party as such not only does not seek power; it goes out of its way to avoid it. The usual tactic has been to form a People's Front or a Fatherland Front or a Workers' Front with other left-wing or at any rate anti-fascist parties. If these other parties refuse to join with the Communists, the latter thereupon ally themselves with dissident factions, which can be created, if necessary, by a process of infil-

tration. The Communists secure the critical positions in the united front and in the government that it organizes. The ministry of the interior, for example, which usually controls the censorship, and the ministry of justice, which has charge of the police, are held by Communists in half a dozen countries. In general, the tactic has a double advantage: it gives Communists greater influence than their numbers warrant, and at the same time saves them from the assumption of full responsibility—and saves Russia, as well.

In the second place, the Communists have nowhere put forward a program of complete socialization. They have, however, insisted on agrarian reform, and the breaking up of large estates in Poland and the Balkans has increased their prestige with the peasants. In some countries they have pressed for the nationalization of certain industries, but in others they have made no such demand. They have not refused to co-operate with kings, but their aims are republican, and in Yugoslavia they have succeeded in doing away with the monarchy. Their domestic reforms, in other words, are moderate, and in most instances long overdue.

The basis of their foreign policy is, of course, friendship with the Soviet Union. This is what makes the whole arrangement so advantageous for the USSR. Russia can not only assert, as any great power might do, that it has a right to intervene in the affairs of neighboring states on grounds of national security; it can exercise direct control over certain of the individuals who rule those countries. That is to say, high-placed officials in Poland, Rumania, Bulgaria, and so on have long disciplined themselves to accept Soviet decisions as their ultimate authority and have even spent many years in the Soviet Union.

China seems to be, and in some ways is, a special case, but recent events in that country can hardly be understood apart from the general Communist pattern. No little nonsense has been written about the non-Communism of the Chinese Reds. It is quite true that they do not advocate immediate collectivization, but neither do Communists elsewhere. Chinese Communists have never pretended that socialism is not their ultimate goal, nor have



they concealed their absolute dependence on the Soviet Union. Mao Tse-tung, a member of the Communist International before its dissolution, has as consistently followed the Moscow line through all its shifts as Maurice Thorez or Harry Pollitt. Russian policy since the defeat of Japan has indicated that the Soviet Union, for whatever reasons, does not want civil war in China, and the Chinese Communists have dutifully acquiesced in Soviet wishes, even though it may seem that they could have derived greater advantages by pressing their campaign against Chiang Kai-shek. If, however, they have lost the chance of extending over Manchuria the sole power they have exercised in the Red provinces, they have gained an opportunity to influence and perhaps eventually to control the policy of the entire nation.

#### IV

THERE is, to be sure, no novelty in suggesting that Communists serve as agents of Soviet foreign policy, but perhaps we need to remind ourselves how fundamentally the situation has changed in the past few years. Communism is no longer on the defensive. From the Reichstag fire to the siege of Stalingrad, the Communist cause suffered a series of defeats. Since Stalingrad, victory has followed victory.

Communism could not stand where it does if Russia occupied a less important position in the postwar world, but it would be a mistake to assume that the progress of Communism is merely a reflection of Soviet success. Russian nationalism may steer the ship, but the driving force in every land is dissatisfaction with the status quo. Millions of people do live in insecurity or downright poverty, and whether capitalism is responsible or not does not matter so long as it is on capitalism that they put the blame. Today Communism is one of the two principal alternatives to capitalism, its only rival being Socialism. Fascism was a rival, and, little as the Communists like to admit it, appealed to many of the same emotions as Communism and captured many of the same elements, but Fascism as a mass movement is apparently dead. Social De-

mocracy, as every election in Europe shows, is not out of the running, but its policy of compromise, though it may be wise, is unattractive to impatient men and women. In particular the British Labor party, whose primary responsibility is to uphold the declining national prestige and maintain those imperial ties that are essential to the nation's economic survival, is not in a position to lead a crusade against the existing order.

Communist leaders look forward eagerly to a Communist Europe, but I am sure they realize that they will not enjoy the blessings of Communism or even taste the fruits of office unless it suits the purposes of the Soviet Union for them to do so. Today, Communists are being held back in most of the countries along Russia's border. Why do they not establish out-and-out Communist dictatorships? Because then the next step would be annexation by the USSR, and Russia is not ready for the international consequences of this expansion.

We return to the paradox with which we began. It is now apparent that Russian nationalism and Communist internationalism have so developed that there is no conflict between them. That is to say, the Russians themselves can conceive of Communism only as something that moves out from the Soviet Union. What is more, the events of twenty-five years have disciplined Communists in other countries to accept the same view. At the moment Communist hopes are bright, but if the expansion of Russia halts and another period of waiting begins, Thorez and Togliatti and all the rest will dutifully wait. To the outsider, international Communism seems to be the tool of Russian nationalism, but the very phenomena that support this view convince the faithful that Russian nationalism is the instrument of world Communism. When Stalin refers in the same speech to capitalist encirclement and "our motherland," one can conclude that, in his mind at least, the Marxist ideology and the ambitions of the czars are harmoniously blended.

The whole situation, as I have said, grows out of the fact that the first successful Communist revolution took place in a backward country of great potentialities.



The dimensions, the geographical position, the physical resources, and the population of Russia made the country a logical contender for world hegemony. One could have predicted many decades ago that whoever conducted Russia out of its backwardness would have influence on a world scale. What could scarcely have been surmised was that the revolution would be achieved by men who were committed to the starkest doctrine of internationalism modern times have conceived. Once that had happened, however, it should have been clear that the two expansive forces would eventually merge.

IT SEEMS to follow that Communism is as much a danger as Russia is, no more, no less. Even if Stalin retains some deep-seated loyalty to the idea of world revolution, there is little enough probability that he would endanger the interests of the nation for the sake of his Marxist ideals. But if, on the other hand, Russia's national interests should involve the country in war, it is certain that the fullest possible use would be made of Communism as an international revolutionary force.

To dismiss the possibility of a third world war would be fantastic when every nation is preparing for this catastrophe. The war, if it comes, will be a struggle for world hegemony. In its economic life this is one world, and if economic life is not to collapse, and our whole civilization with it, we must have a worldwide political system that is capable of controlling it. Such a system can be achieved by agreement or, in Arnold Toynbee's phrase, by a knock-out blow. Who could the contestants be if not the United States and the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics?

It is hard to say all this without giving comfort to the warmongers in our own

country. My thesis, however, is not that we must make war on Russia but that the danger of Communism and the danger of war are one. If we come to an agreement with Russia, the threat of Communism immediately dwindles, because the driving force of world Communism today is identical with the driving force of Russian expansionism. The perfect control that Russia has established over international Communism in that event will be used for and not against us.

Nor is it utopian to hope that Russia may be convinced that peace and security can be achieved without expansion. After all, the dangers of expansion are obvious, and they include the dangers of victory as well as the dangers of defeat. An agreement among the Big Three, based on acceptance of spheres of influence, would perhaps give the world time to evolve a government for itself. That, of course, is the only real solution. It would take an optimist, and a very naïve optimist at that, to assert either that the task is easy or that it is anything less than essential to the survival of civilization.

The ideology of Communism is no obstacle to agreement; the Russians themselves have taken care of that. The obstacle is, as in modern times it always has been, nationalism. While we struggle toward world order, however, we had better remember that Russia can use Communists but, except perhaps on her very borders, cannot create them. They are created primarily by the inadequacies of our system of distribution and secondarily by the blindness of reactionaries and the lethargy of liberals. The world revolution that is going on is not of Russia's making, and if Russia is allowed to turn it to her advantage, we shall have ourselves to blame.



# HIGH THOUGHT ON A LOW PLANE

BERGEN EVANS

*Decorations by Robert Osborn*



ZOOLOGY was formerly the handmaiden of ethics. Animals were studied not to observe their actual characteristics but to find moral examples in their nature or behavior. Topsell's *Historie of Fourefooted Beastes*, a popular book on animals published in 1607, avowed its purpose to be the leading of men to "heavenly meditations upon earthly creatures" and was particularly recommended for Sunday reading.

In such works morality naturally took precedence over accuracy. Many "impossible falsities," said Sir Thomas Browne, "do notwithstanding include wholesome moralities, and such as expiate the trespass of their absurdities." Today it might be doubted whether morality could possibly be wholesome if grounded on falsity, and the very essence of modern thinking is that nothing can expiate the trespass of a deliberate absurdity. But this was not the temper of earlier times, and some very strange things were attributed to various animals

in order to enhance their otherwise considerable moral usefulness.

Thus, in the famous *Physiologus*, the panther was described as an amiable beast, friendly to all creatures but the dragon. It was the panther's habit to sleep for three days after eating, and on awakening to exhale a rare perfume that drew all men to him. That this panther bore little resemblance to an actual panther is irrelevant, for his function was not to depict a soulless brute but to set forth a celestial truth. He typified Christ. The dragon was the devil. The three days' sleep represented the descent into Hell, and the attractive perfume of his breath was the teachings of the church. As a sort of footnote, his variegated fur stood for Joseph's coat of many colors and thus served as one of those happy connections between the Old and the New Testaments that our ancestors delighted to establish.

Every animal was thus pressed into the service of virtue. The whale was said to

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pretend to be an island and to submerge treacherously when unwary sailors had landed on his "scaly rind." In so doing he typified the Devil who lulls us into false security that he may destroy us. The beaver, when hunted for his testicles, bit them off and cast them to his pursuers, showing men that they must give up wealth to save their souls. (Beavers' testicles, it should be explained, were highly prized: they help abortion, says Ogilby, cure the toothache, and, when minced, add a delicate flavor to tobacco.)

QUAINT as such fables now seem, their underlying idea, that the nature and conduct of animals is a comment on human morals, is still strong and leads, now as then, to strange misrepresentations. Animals are yet, to many people, little furry parables, and there is a widespread determination to find proof of a supernatural order in their habits. Mr. Ernest Thompson Seton, the self-styled "Singing Woodsman," whose popular nature stories "convey subtly and unconsciously the higher beauty of the moral laws which nature has set up," even went so far as to write an entire book to prove that all living things obey the Ten Commandments. He used incidents from animal life to illustrate at least the danger of theft, murder,

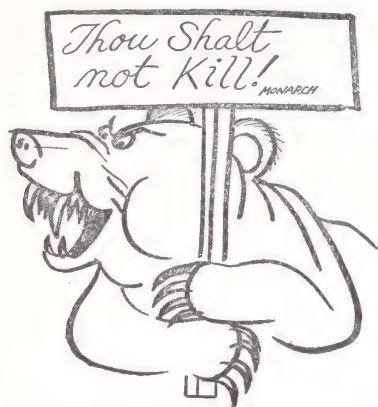
covetousness, adultery, and disregard of parental wisdom, but had some difficulty in making zoology support monotheism and oppose perjury. The prohibitions against the making of graven images, working on Sunday, and swearing were, apparently, too much for him, for he sneaked off at the end of the book without having alluded to them. It would have been hard, of course, to fit them into the daily life of the woodchuck and the wombat.

But he was on the right track. That's what the public wants out of animals, now just as much as in the middle ages. It is really astonishing that a modern moral bestiary has not been written. So much new has been learned, and it could all be applied to human life. Parasitism, for instance. We think we are pretty good at it, but we don't know the rudiments! The most ruthless gangster is a sentimentalist compared to the skua, a gull which power-dives on its victims, frightens them into disgorging in mid air, and eats the meal—often before it reaches the ground—which they have obligingly pre-digested. The



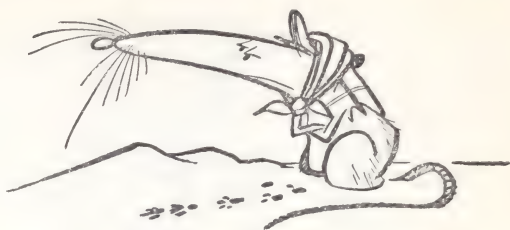
gigolo maintains some independence, but the male bonellia spends much of his undignified life *inside* his female, attached to her excretory organs.

Those who seek natural justification for free enterprise may certainly find it. Dog may or may not eat dog, but almost every living thing eats some other living thing. Spiders eat flies, and some flies eat spiders. The mayfly's eggs are liberated only by the rotting of her body—youth must be served! Young whelks are born in sealed capsules, where their only possible food is one another—wholesome competition! In-





sects eat so many plants that it is almost a comfort to reflect that some plants eat insects. But even the most rugged individualist might be a little disturbed to learn further that some insects eat the plants that eat insects and still others eat what is left of the insects that the plants have eaten—though they have to be careful, as a certain species of bird hangs around waiting to eat *them*.



Termites alone would furnish matter for a score of editorials. Their workers are nearly blind, and hence can't strike (score one for capital); but the warriors can't feed themselves, and hence are wholly at the mercy of the workers (score one for labor); and the queen is reduced—or, rather, enlarged—to a vast reproductive organ (behind which cowers the timorous king), squeezing out sixty eggs a minute, year on end, and devoured by her subjects the moment she falls behind schedule (score one for management).

## II

**B**UT the popular moralist, unaware as yet of the rich harvest awaiting him in any zoology textbook, confines himself for the most part to generalities. He particularly loves to contemplate the "wonderfulness" of animals' "instincts," those marvellous attributes which, even more than the sight of a dead sparrow, remind us of supernatural solicitude.

One of the most common of the "instincts" is the ability to foretell the future. Sometimes it is thought to be wholly unconscious, as when furred animals anticipate an unusually severe winter by growing exceptionally heavy pelts—a folk belief that

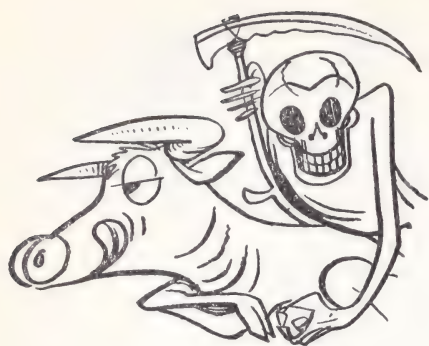
is pathetically refuted by the vast numbers of such creatures that perish in any hard winter. Sometimes it is thought to be very near the level of consciousness, as when beavers and squirrels make provision according to the mildness or severity of the approaching season. It can be exceedingly subtle, as when crocodiles lay their eggs at exactly what *will be* the high-water line of the Nile. Or it can be just downright spooky, as when ravens and magpies foretell disasters, locate treasures, utter timely warnings and expose murderers.



The last is due, no doubt, to their possessing to a high degree that "awareness of death" common to all animals. Thus a United Press dispatch from Hartford, the day after the dreadful circus fire in July 1944, averred that the larger mammals were deeply moved. Gargantua, the gorilla, was said to be wailing disconsolately. A lion refused to eat. "A tiger crouched on the floor of his cage and mewed mournfully." "Circus folk," with something of their own to worry about, declined to comment on the phenomenon, but "a roustabout" informed an eager reporter that "the animals just know when death is near." It is to be regretted, however, that the Chicago paper which published this information under a two-column head did not send another reporter to the stockyards to see whether these intimations of mortality were shared by the ungulates.

They ought to have been, because, as everyone knows, animals are especially





aware of the approach of their own deaths. The wolf, sensing his dissolution, deserts the pack to spend his last hour in solitude. The dying swan breaks a lifelong silence to sing a sweet finale. The phoenix builds his cinnamon pyre, and elephants set out for their secret graveyard. Only the rat does anything to forestall his fate.

THE teleological nature of the "instincts" with which animals are thought to be endowed is frequently supported by the assertion that all animals are born with the skills and knowledge essential to their preservation—an assertion whose falsity ought to be apparent to anyone who has ever watched newborn kittens or puppies. They are blind. They have no sense of direction. They don't know their own mother, and they can't tell a teat from a teaspoon.

Actually, all animals above the level of fish are incredibly helpless at first. Young birds and young bats must be taught to fly. Thousands of young seal and young sea lions are drowned every year. They never learn to swim "naturally"; the mother has to take them out under her flipper and show them how. Birds sing without instructions, but they do not sing well unless they have had an opportunity of hearing older and more adept members of their species. Older harvest mice build



better nests than beginners. Frank Buck says that young elephants do not seem to know at first what their trunks are for; they get in their way and seem more of a hindrance than a help until their parents show them what to do with them. Insects, indeed, seem to start life completely equipped with all necessary reflexes, but even there the concept of "instinct" seems to require some modification, for they improve their talents with practice. Young spiders, for example, "begin by making quite primitive little webs, and only attain perfection in their art in course of time";



and older spiders, if deprived of their spinnerets, will take to hunting.

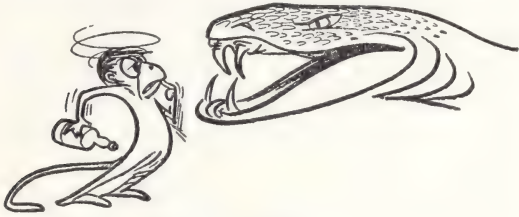
Even eating, which one would assume to be "instinctive" if anything is, seems to be, at least in part, an acquired skill. Newborn ducks do not appear to know how to swallow. Chicks cannot at first distinguish their food from any other substance, and are completely at a loss to know what to do with it until the mother shows them. In an experiment, young moorhens starved to death with food before them because they were not shown how to peck.



Yet in folklore newborn animals are endowed with elaborate knowledge and patterns of conduct. One often hears, for instance, that many creatures are born with an "instinctive" ability to recognize their natural enemies. Young chicks, we are told, scatter frantically for cover if an airplane passes overhead, under the im-



pression, apparently, that it is a hawk, though they have never seen or had any experience of a hawk. There are many ludicrous and touching anecdotes of the "instinctive" fear which monkeys bred in captivity have shown at the sight of a garden hose or something else that resembled a snake. Yet the Yerkeses, who have probably observed more monkeys than anyone else now living, assert that all talk of this nature is nonsense. When a monkey fears a snake, they say, it is most likely in response to some individual experience.



### III

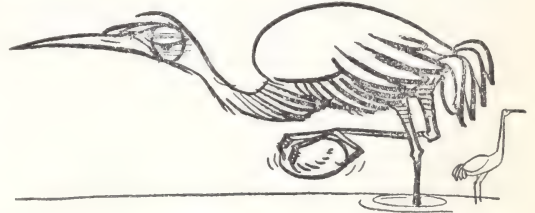
ANOTHER popular illusion is that gregarious animals are models of mutual assistance. Many animals, we are told, "appreciate the need of sharing with a comrade in distress," and exact stern retribution for injury done to a loved one. Bears, Daglish says, will travel "scores of miles, if need be, to avenge the loss of their young" and herds of seal will fall "in a body on the foe responsible for the hurt suffered by their comrade." (One can imagine how delighted a hungry polar bear would be to be attacked by a herd of indignant seal!)

The vendetta is particularly dear to writers of animal stories, each vying with the other to show a more "chivalric" heart in his hero. At the bottom of the scale are personal grudges, such as that held by Henry Williamson's baboon, T'Chackamma, who brings the Boer van den Wenter to a bad end for having once beaten him. Higher are those who, like Albert Payson Terhune's Tam O'Shanter, risk not only life but reputation to avenge a "chum." Higher still are those who give their all for love, like Seton's great wolf Lobo who dies of a broken heart when Blanca, his sweetheart, is no more. Highest of all, though, are those who, like Wahb the grizzly, or Foam, the razor-back hog, devote their lives to tracking down the

murderers of their mothers. And sometimes even more delicate considerations prevail, as when the little rabbit, Raggy-lug, encompasses the death of a coarse buck rabbit who had made improper advances to his mother and "treated her shamefully."

Such altruism would, obviously, be more effective if organized and directed, and so it is hardly surprising to find numerous stories of animal societies with governments, leaders, and even armies. Everyone says that crows and other creatures post sentinels to warn of approaching danger, though that they have daily drills and a form of selective service is not as generally known.

Many animals are believed to have a system of defensive signals. Beavers are thought to slap the water with their flat tails, rabbits to thump with their hind legs, quail to drum with their wings, and so on. Some go further and have special devices to keep their sentinel alert. Thus cranes—says Pliny, and many have echoed him—require those on the watch to stand on one foot and to hold a stone in the other, so that if they should doze the stone would fall from their relaxed grip with an awaken-



ing splash. The sentinels of the saiga antelope, we are told by a modern scholar, never "betake themselves to rest" until relieved and the relieving sentinel always presents the antelopean equivalent of a password and advances to his station with something of military formality.

Baboons go even further. They plan forays, employ weapons, drill, and even, if we may trust the *New York Times*, execute, though imperfectly, the manual of arms. Arabian baboons, says Alverdes, when "on the march" establish van and rear guards and protect their flanks by scouts. They administer first aid to their injured and, if defeated, retreat in good order, bearing off their wounded and dead.



ALL this implies leadership, and the popular imagination has been most active in furnishing it. No vulgar conviction is more settled than that groups of gregarious animals are always dominated by a wise old leader. Man himself is a gregarious animal and his own leaders, though frequently old, are rarely wise. But the "instincts" of the lower animals are thought to move them to select unerringly the wisest among them for leader and to accept his guidance with unquestioning obedience.

Pliny, who is never timid in his convictions, says that oysters, in particular, have "one special great and old one" to guide them, one possessed of "a singular dexterity and woonderfull gift to prevent and avoid all daungers" and that pearl divers, knowing this, seek always to capture this leader first, for once he is caught "the rest scatter asunder and be soone taken up within the nets."



Despite "The Walrus and the Carpenter," the most intenerate sentimentalist would hesitate today to repeat any account of daring leadership among oysters, but no such reluctance is felt in regard to the higher animals. Geese, sea lions, wolves, goats, gophers, and monkeys are among the species which are reported as having leaders to whom the common herd render homage and from whom, in return, they receive guidance and protection.

#### IV

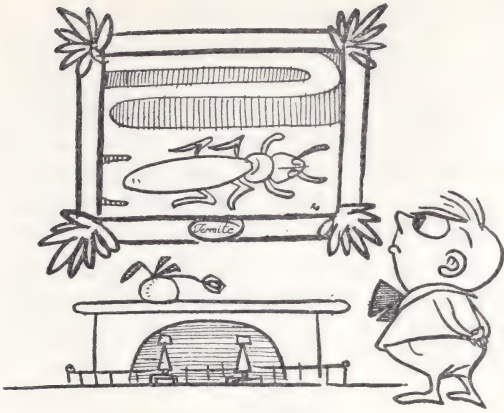
NO SUCH reports, however, come from those who, free from sentimental bias, have watched animals with scientific detachment. "Gregarious mammals," says Bradley, "by and large, are the least truly sociable, maternal, and intelligent of the so-called higher animals." Loeser is even more emphatic: "Nowhere in the animal

kingdom," he says, "is there any question of community in the true sense. It is always the egotistical satisfaction of certain special sensations and nothing more; . . . that is, there is never any action which aims at helping another individual . . . animals act in unison, but each only for itself." Allee says that most social organization among animals is only "an unconscious kind of mutualism." Zuckerman found "no obvious leadership" among the baboons that he observed in South Africa and "no evidence of any kind" of planning or order in their forays. All stories of deliberate aid or rescue, he feels, "may be disregarded." He grants that monkeys often rush up at the cry of a wounded companion, but he points out that as often as not they inflict further injury upon the injured one.

It is not likely, however, that such reports will have any great effect upon the popular belief, for at bottom it is not zoological but moral. Men have a strange guilty habit of conferring their own impossible ideals upon animals and then goading themselves with shame at the thought of their inferiority to the brutes. Fabre's statement that "the furred folk perform their domestic duties honorably" is echoed in a thousand self-accusing minds.

Fifty years ago half the homes of America displayed—as an example, no doubt, to the males of the family—a steel engraving of a stag holding a pack of wolves at bay while behind him on a snowy knoll a doe and a fawn, wide-eyed but trustful, looked on with complete confidence. But the reproach with which this scene must have filled our grandfathers was unjustified, for the "valiant endeavor," as one writer calls it, "of the males of various species of hoofed beasts to safeguard the helpless members of their bands" is, alas, a noble fiction. Stags in particular, it would seem, run away at the first hint of peril. "When danger appears during the rut," says Allee, "the stags make off and rejoin the females when it is past." Among the social animals, he concludes rather gloomily, "only the termites have fully socialized males." And the home life of termites would hardly make an inspiring picture for the parlor.





The fabled leaders of other species stand up no better under impartial scrutiny. When a herd of caribou is fleeing from wolves, the old bulls, it is true, bring up the rear and so expose themselves to being the first victims. But they have no choice; they just run slower than the cows and calves. Tennyson's "many-wintered crow" that led "the clanging rookery home" was probably, in the light of modern investigation of the habits of birds, some obtrusive vulgarian who clamorously thrust himself in front of the flock and kept glancing back to see which way to turn, or else a complete fabrication like (one suspects) Brehm's "old male Arabian baboon" who, leaning—like Moses—on young adjutants, directed the course of a battle.



**B**UT the wise and chivalrous old male leader will not be driven out of folk zoology merely because observers in the field have failed to identify him. His continued existence as a myth is assured by the fact that he is a corollary to the greater myth of male superiority. There is a great deal of joking, of course, about the female

of the species being more deadly than the male, and all that sort of thing; but the gist of the jokes is that everyone *knows* that the male is, actually, the stronger. He is ordained by heaven to rule, sanctioned in his power by Holy Writ, and confirmed by zoology.

By folk zoology, that is. Scientific zoology carries no such confirmation. Throughout all species, indeed, the balance of dominance probably favors the female. Among mammals and some birds the male is master, but among the fish and Amphibia he is often subject to indignities. Female seahorses and Chilean frogs lay their eggs in the male and let *him* endure the awkwardness of pregnancy, and in

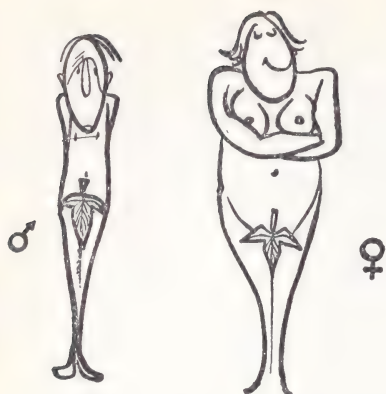


almost all species of fish that bother to care for their young, the duties of that care devolve upon the male.

In the insect world—and this is still the age of insects—the situation is truly alarming. Among wasps, bees, and ants, the male has been reduced, in Wheeler's phrase, to "a mere episode in the life of the female." Female spiders frequently satisfy the hunger engendered by the exertions of love by eating their partners, while in other species of insects parthenogenesis has dealt the male a blow compared to which being eaten is practically a compliment: it has removed all need for him except now and then in a series of generations.

Such performances, of course, may be dismissed as cosmic whimsies, the products of those merrier moments which G. K. Chesterton believed that God had at the time of the Creation. But a really disturbing jolt comes from those recent studies in embryology and vital statistics which show with dismal plainness that the human male is, biologically, definitely weaker than the





female. A very high proportion of aborted embryos are male. More boys are born than girls, but this seems to be an extra allowance for weakness, as one-third more boys than girls die during the first year of life. And this preponderance of mortality continues through all stages of life. By maturity it has removed the lead the males had at birth and by old age there are approximately two women surviving for every man.

No one knows why. Perhaps, in some way that is not yet understood, it is due to the fact that females have more genes than males, that males are, in a way, imperfect females. If this should be the cause, it would be a curious reversal of the old theological assumption that a woman was an imperfect man.

**T**HE blow dealt to masculine complacency by these researches would be insupportable, perhaps, were it not that other investigations have at the same time weakened an equally sacred myth on the other side—the myth of “mother love” among animals, a belief to which all popular animated nature pays devout homage.

That many vertebrate mothers do show a passionate attachment to their young cannot be doubted, but what has been brought into question is the “instinctive” or unvarying nature of that attachment and, particularly, the belief that it is exactly the same emotion as that felt by a human mother for her child.

The most heart-rending stories are told. Thus Daglish relates how female baboons cling to their dead babies. The mother clutches the little body to her and will not give it up, carrying it about long after it has lost all living semblance and “making

the most pathetic attempts to induce it to feed and play.” It is apparently a common spectacle, for Yerkes had also noticed it and had been moved. But Zuckerman discovered that any baboon will show the same attachment to anything furry—a dead rat, a muff, or a feather duster—and suggests that what appears to be an illustration of extreme parental devotion is, more likely, a manifestation of a basic urge, vital to the creature’s preservation when it was young, to cling to a hairy coat.



Of course, even in common knowledge, there are regrettable exceptions to Nature’s most sacred canon. Kangaroos in flight have been seen to heave their young out of their pouches in order to be free of their encumbrance, and sows are notorious for



devouring their own farrow. But such deviations when not condemned as “unnatural” are excused as salutary discipline or misguided passion. Some even go further and see them as acts of nobility or heroic necessity. Seton professes to have had personal knowledge of a vixen who, when her cub was caught in a trap, “brought the innocent little one a piece of poisoned bait that it might die rather than live in captivity.” The *Chicago Sun*, on May 1, 1944, assured its readers that the lioness “destroys her offspring rather than



have the cubs grow up in slavery." And *Life*, two weeks later, commenting on a lioness that had eaten one of her cubs, stated that the infanticide had been forced upon her by an unfortunate insufficiency of teats and had been performed "with pitying eyes" as "an act of mercy."

Lame as such explanations are when applied to the mammals, they become even lamer as we descend the scale. Female fish eat their own eggs a great deal, but even *Life* would probably grant that this was due more to the creatures' personal liking for caviar than any high-minded resolve to prevent their fry from growing up into fillets or spectacles in an aquarium.

Further down still, among the invertebrates, the whole thing becomes ludicrous. Even popular sentimentality seems to conceive of altruism as a function of the backbone. A self-sacrificing cockroach or

jellyfish would be inconceivable. There are those, of course, (Fabre among them) who have tried, none the less, to discern mother love even in these depths. They point out that among the beetles, solitary wasps, and spiders the most elaborate preparations are made for the care of the young. But because in many species, the parent dies before the young are hatched, her activities must be, in some obscure way, conducive to her *own* comfort. It is well known that ants lick their eggs with assiduous care and carry them off frantically when danger threatens. But the eggs exude a pleasant-tasting juice and the ants bestow equal care upon the grubs of the parasitic *Lomechusa strumosa* which also exude a tasty juice but which grow up to eat the ants' own eggs and grubs. A stout gourmand, the ant, but a little weak as a parent.





# PLANNING IS A FIGHTING WORD

DAVID CUSHMAN COYLE

AMERICA was built by people with big ideas in every generation, and the future has to be built now out of bigger and more shocking ideas, which may or may not be a menace to all our cherished liberties.

Some of what ails us when we argue about these ideas is not knowing what we are talking about. Planning, a name for the use of ideas, is one of the fighting words that too often are only a form of profanity. But planning does have several meanings other than a mere grunt. There are different kinds of planning, that have different results and that do different things to freedom.

LET us begin with the common form of enterprise planning used in all organizations. This basic type of organized action has its own technical characteristics and its own relation to freedom. (The controversial types of planning are developments or extensions of it.)

There are certain common features in the job of directing any organized enterprise, in engineering or business, or even in farming or managing a college. All such enterprises have to require their employees to conform in some sense to the laws of nature and to outside economic conditions, as understood by the management. Nature is inexorably our boss, and the manage-

ment is her agent. There is an element of material necessity that must be obeyed. The workers may bargain about hours and pay; they may even be offered rewards for suggesting better ways of obeying natural law. But they may not vote or bargain about how much sulfuric acid goes in Vat 17. This sounds like regimentation, and so it is. Even the man-made conditions of the market are often, to any one enterprise, as inexorable as natural laws. The demand for "fact finding" is largely based on the workers' desire to see just how inexorable the economic conditions really are, and how much room there is for bargaining.

People have to consent to regimentation in order to get things done. The community consents to all sorts of organizations because it wants what they are ready to offer. The workers consent because of what they get out of it. The possibility of organizing anything depends mainly on having a purpose that is simple enough to get the consent of a lot of people.

Winning a war is so simple and universal a purpose that a whole nation can be regimented under a single planning authority with comparatively little domestic shooting. The purposes of peacetime are not so simple, once there are enough goods to allow a wide choice; and a thorough regimentation under one authority might require a good deal of shooting.

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Enterprise planning in a "free" country, therefore, has to be under a large number of separate enterprises, each with its own little purpose and plan. As commonly understood in America, freedom is closely related to having numerous free enterprises, so that a person who does not fit in one can be fired and land in another instead of having to be shot.

## II

THE controversial kinds of planning are systems for co-ordinating or controlling enterprises so as to make some kind of unified pattern. There are three familiar kinds: monopolist, socialist, and liberal, though their exact boundaries are not always apparent.

*Monopoly planning.* The word monopoly is commonly used for both the "natural" and the artificial monopoly; the artificial ones are what most of the fight is about. A natural monopoly occurs when there is so large a saving of cost in a single system that competition is not practical, as in the telephone or the postal service. The public gets most of the saving by regulating the rates or by public operation, with little or no feeling of having lost its liberty. The whole operation is a normal enterprise, like a private business, but so powerful in its effect that the government has to control it.

But the artificial monopoly of song and story is by no means a tame elephant. In a monopoly of this type there may be little or no saving in real cost, but there is a good chance to make a profit by holding down the production and holding up the public. While a publicly controlled natural monopoly tends to give lower prices than any practical alternative, a privately controlled artificial monopoly tends to charge the highest possible prices. The kind of men who operate private monopolies can easily become so addicted to high prices that they even overlook the elastic market situations where lower prices would make more money.

Private monopolies usually keep off competitors by using financial weapons such as price wars or cutting off capital supplies; sometimes they use fraud and political corruption. In America, they are

apt to be unpopular with business men who have recently been squeezed or driven out of business, and with the part of public opinion that senses their evil effect on prosperity. Their propaganda defense lies in confusion of the public mind, camouflaging themselves as straight business organizations based on efficiency.

The danger in such unhealthy growths of business enterprise planning is that on the surface they look much like the normal enterprise discipline which everyone knows is necessary in all economic action.

WE COME next to *planning that looks like socialism*. Governments, like all other organizations, have to use the enterprise type of planning to operate the government itself and its various public services, most of them natural monopolies. The Navy, for instance, became a government monopoly when the old privateering system, with its letters of marque and reprisal, seemed to be inadequate for a well planned defense. Many local services became government business because public operation was cheaper. Services like flood control and forest protection are governmental because, though they are profitable, there is no way to collect the profits except by taxes. Some of the public utilities are publicly owned because of impatience with the troubles of regulating them in private hands.

These normal enterprises under government planning are common in all capitalist-democratic countries. Because they are necessary and generally successful, it is possible by a little confusion of mind to suppose that all economic enterprise might well be taken over and co-ordinated into one general plan for "meeting human needs." This is the theory of socialist planning, or general national planning of production.

National control over private enterprise was forced on us by the war, to an extent that was felt as a painful cramping of accustomed liberties. In England the regimentation of business went much further, and central planning went so far as the registration and assignment of all men and women of working age. There was only such choice of occupation as the government chose to permit.



The essential difference between the peacetime enterprises of government and a complete socialist system is the difference between being in a room where some exits are locked, and being in one where all exits are locked. Government enterprise has long since closed most of the opportunities for such private business as toll-roads, mail delivery, and water supplies, but has not closed all doors to private enterprise. The War Production Board did not close all doors to private planning, but it closed so many as to give us a feeling of being shut in by the necessities of the war.

Our freedom was temporarily cramped by war, on the understanding that the people would take back whatever they pleased to take back after the war, and the political machinery for releasing controls is still oiled up. But our patience might wear thin if we had practically complete national production planning in peace, intended to be permanent. The general acceptance of the government's decisions, as to what to produce and throw at the enemy, would have to be replaced by acceptance of its decisions as to what style of hats to offer to the ladies. Since nobody could earn a living except by being content in the lot to which it had pleased the government to call him, it would be about as safe to talk as it has been in some of our company towns, and there would be nowhere else to go. Which does not go to prove that Americans would be serfs, but rather that they would take one look at the governmental hats and drop the idea of overall national production planning.

The affinity between private monopoly planning and national production planning showed up in the war. The Army and Navy turned naturally to big business for supplies, and had to be kicked into giving orders to little business. Big, centralized private systems are convenient for taking over into a national system, though it was noticed that some of the dollar-a-year men with monopoly training had trouble getting the idea of producing instead of "controlling" production. The whole story fits in nicely with the classic socialist teaching that big business is a stage on the way to the revolution, and needs only to have the top men removed and the busi-

ness taken over. War controls were a taste of socialism.

Now consider *socialist planning*. The word socialism, however, is one of the best fumbles we have for making a player forget which is his end of the field. The word was originally invented to mean the public ownership of all enterprise, and the abolition of the "profit system." Its American slogan is "production for use and not for profit." Since public ownership of the stock means control of the enterprise, socialism in the original sense means total national production planning and no competition whatever.

In America, where there have never been very many socialists in this original sense, the word has been only vaguely grasped, and most of us have used it carelessly to apply to the public ownership of any one enterprise, such as a municipal water supply or a publicly owned electric plant, when it is new and controversial. But no one cares now that the public schools and even the Post Office were called "socialist" in their time, and were said to be menaces to private initiative.

But the difference between having some public enterprise only in the fields where competition won't work (with private enterprise growing in the fields where it will work) and on the other hand having a universal system of public enterprise, is just what the row is all about. If the people on both sides are called socialists, nobody can see where he is for dust.

The difference between the two kinds of people who are called socialists is not apparent when they both vote for a municipal power plant, but from there they go in opposite directions. The man who votes for a public enterprise because he thinks all enterprise ought to be public calls himself a socialist and can give the password "production for use and not for profit," so I believe he should be granted the exclusive right to the name. In America, the man who votes for a public enterprise only on the ground that competition is impractical and regulation has failed to regulate, or because the job is necessary but can't make profits, usually calls himself a liberal, and I think he should be told to stick to that so we can keep track of him.



## III

THE fourth type of planning is the kind promoted by the men who usually call themselves liberals, and it therefore has a good claim to be called *liberal planning*. It includes most of the New Deal. To make clear that this type is to be distinguished from complete government control, or socialism, it is useful to refer to some of the men who have sponsored liberal planning and who are clearly not socialists in the original sense.

Most of the New Deal pronouncements on national planning, outside of Mr. Roosevelt's speeches, have come from the National Planning Board and its successors. The men who sanctioned these pronouncements included a former railroad president, Mr. Frederic Delano; Mr. Beardsley Ruml, of Macy's; and two college professors, Dr. Charles Merriam and Dr. Wesley Mitchell, both former members of President Hoover's Committee on Social Trends. No "socialists they." As for the scientific and economic experts who drafted the reports, they don't assay a socialist to the carload, as anyone can verify by looking them up.

Another authority on New Deal planning is Mr. Henry Wallace, whose most recent book is all about how to promote private business. Anyone who thinks Mr. Wallace is trying to abolish private business is unfamiliar with his history as a successful business man and as a public official.

One more reference should be enough. David Lilienthal, chairman of the TVA, says that his organization is working to promote the growth of private profit-making enterprise. Whatever the causes may be, in the Tennessee Valley since the TVA entered the scene the growth of private enterprise has been above the national average. Even the power companies have reported increased profits. If Mr. Lilienthal is secretly a socialist, he must feel baffled.

Liberal planning in America is undeniably sponsored by men who do not regard themselves as socialists, who do not talk in socialist terms, and who believe themselves to be planning to make competition as effective and beneficial as possible.

Some of the salient features of liberal planning may be listed as elements in its definition.

Liberal planning is generally intended to be strategic rather than operational; not to decide from Washington what shall be produced, but to use federal power to create, as the Committee for Economic Development has put it, a climate favorable to the success of private enterprise. Examples are the Securities Exchange Acts, the Federal Housing Agencies, the Federal Deposit Insurance System; and, to go further back, the Federal Reserve System and the antitrust laws. A pointed example is the work of Thurman Arnold, aimed at suppressing monopolies and rackets and releasing private initiative. Nothing could be more directly opposed to socialist principles than an attempt to enforce the anti-trust laws, or more clearly illustrative of an intention to create a climate favorable to free enterprise. A climate favorable to free enterprise, however, is not necessarily popular with some kinds of large enterprise, nor with those whom they can influence.

Liberal planning includes in every democratic capitalist country the use of high income taxes and public spending to redistribute income, so as to make the consumer market big enough to absorb the offerings of the business world. This is what Hansen and Lord Keynes are all about. Even those who regard these economists as misguided would, if they were to read their works, have to recognize that their expressed intention is to find a way to supply a market for private enterprise.

Liberal planning must be held to include a strong predilection for sacrificing the taxpayer's money for the conservation of resources which the liberals frankly regard as future nourishment for private industry. On most occasions, when the choice is between saving material wealth and saving money, the conservatives are apt to vote to save money, and the liberals vote to save material wealth.

Liberal planning also includes the world-famous planning embodied in the TVA, which is the exact opposite of socialism. The states, counties, business men, and farmers do not operate under orders handed down from the TVA, but in the



light of information which they can get from the TVA if they want it, and many of them want it. At every level of action, from the federal government to the farmer and the small local industrialist, they all plan their own operations, untrified by the centralized engineering jobs of river control and the survey of material and scientific resources which are at their service. The impact of the TVA on liberal thinking throughout the world has resulted from the fact that it has shown how large and small public and private planning can live together in the same territory without a centralized and socialistic control of production.

Liberal planning includes an idea named—I think by Mr. Frederic Delano—"unplanning." Unplanning means getting rid of the need to control a mass of details by so planning federal policy that the details take care of themselves or can be regulated by small governments or private persons. A current example is a bill introduced by Senator Bailey, calling for a federal service of research and advice to small business men in the rural areas. The purpose is to release private efforts now blocked by lack of information, and in releasing such local efforts to relieve the federal government of various problems that flow from the disparity between agricultural and industrial districts. Unplanning, in fact, is the core of the whole liberal philosophy—that by doing a thorough job in the great strategic fields of national planning, such as taxation and monetary policy, the taming of monopolies, the conservation of resources, and public access to education and the harmless fields of science, we can leave the bulk of the productive enterprises to do their planning for themselves, and the total result will be more satisfactory than anything that a central board could work out in detail.

#### IV

THESE, then, are the three kinds of general planning that arouse political fights. They are enlargements of the ordinary enterprise planning that is the foundation of civilized life. They all require some exercise of control over the smaller enterprises that have partial and compara-

tively simple programs. As the overall plans grow bigger they take in more and more complicated objectives, with more and more difficulty in getting widespread voluntary consent.

The objections to both private monopoly and complete socialist control are based on lack of wide consent to their objectives. From lack of consent comes unwillingness to be so thoroughly regimented as is necessary to carry out the plans. The little business men do not want to be absorbed by the monopoly, and in America the public does not want to lose its freedom to shop around among competing producers. In America the workers, the business men, and the consumers are not hungry enough to give up the liberties they would have to give up in a socialist system. The loss of any freedom that is not voluntarily traded for a satisfying reward leads to resistance and to the use of force that is resented as oppression.

Liberals believe that by limiting certain kinds of freedom, such as the freedom to form monopolies, and by changing the flow of money by taxation and budget policies, the government can preserve enough of the old-fashioned kinds of free enterprise to satisfy the public—at least enough to win elections. Those whose operations have to be restricted may be expected to feel that all freedom is about to be destroyed.

CONSERVATIVES, in any case, are apt to believe that any national economic planning will naturally run to absolute control of all production, i.e. to socialism. One cause of this belief is the tendency for some men in business, and even more in finance, to use power themselves, whenever they get it, without compunction. The unlimited use of power seems natural to them and to their friends. Another cause is that some liberals who are unfamiliar with the inherent limitations of engineering controls, like to propose plans for a too comprehensive control of production. For there is good reason to suppose that the government will collect more and better statistics about business, and especially about future markets and opportunities. A liberal inclining to socialist theory can easily say that when the gov-



ernment knows what is needed it should order it to be supplied, as in a war. But this logic is not accepted by the main body of liberal opinion for reasons of a higher order of logic.

The information that can be collected about future markets is fairly reliable in general. But in a rich country, the more the predictions of demand go into detail the less reliable they are. The great economic value of free competitive enterprise is in tackling the job of predicting the details and taking the consequences in the form of profit or loss. So we may avoid throwing this responsibility on the government, which would have to take the consequences in the form of getting no political credit for right guesses and being unmercifully razed for wrong ones.

In the general relations of income and markets, where the totals are fairly dependable, there is a place for national planning. The government, if given authority, can adjust its fiscal policies to change the movement of money, so as to give business the kind of general market it seems to need. It can publish information that will reduce business risks. As events mature, it can use subsidy or public works or tax changes to fill any gap that threatens prosperity. The main line of liberal thought is to use government for strategic action to facilitate the tactical operations of business.

## V

MEANWHILE the controversies go on, and the best anyone can hope is that a fair proportion of the argument will be about what the antagonists think they are talking about. Sometimes that hope grows dim.

The fine, nutty flavor of American politics comes largely from the absurd arguments among the people who go for these various kinds of planning. Merely to describe the three principal characters of this comedy of errors will show how easily they can wear some of one another's clothes.

First is the conservative. He loves free enterprise, private business, the Constitution, and the American Way of Life. But most of his opinions about politics are sold to him by the larger organizations in busi-

ness and finance, among whom the monopolists have most to gain by political action, and therefore do the fastest job of propaganda. The conservatives usually think that big business is more efficient than little business; though it slay him, yet will he trust. If the effect of his politics is in the direction which in Europe led to fascism, he does not think so, and only a few conservatives consciously belong to the fascist wing.

The socialist, a comparatively rare bird in America, derives his ideas from Karl Marx, at second to nth hand because of the impregnable unreadability of the Master. He despises the bourgeoisie, or babbity, i.e., small business after hours. He detests big business men, but often remarks how convenient their organizations will be to take over, thus accidentally agreeing with our military procurement officers. He reverences engineering planning, and believes that science holds all the answers, and needs only to be applied by a central board of good and wise men, to bring in the Golden Age.

The liberal also loves free enterprise, private business, and the Constitution—which last, however, he considers not too bright and good for human nature's daily food. His attitude toward the American Way of Life lacks the awe so often noticeable in conservative feeling; there are aspects of it for which his reverence is incomplete. As for free enterprise, when a big one eats up twenty small ones, he loves only the small ones. He is the only one of the three who is skeptical about the productive efficiency of bigness; he suspects it rather of being efficient in the use of force against competition.

GIVEN the three main antagonists, the chances for their mistaking themselves for someone else are immense. The conservative and the socialist both reverence bigness, although they have opposite notions about "free enterprise," and they coincide in their dislike for liberals, whom they accuse of trying to turn the clock back. The socialists and liberals vote together in favor of public enterprises, and on government controls over big business and finance, such as the Securities and Exchange Act, though they point in



opposite directions from that common ground. The liberals and conservatives are bedfellows when the government can help business in ways that do not offend the monopolists, who have no objection to having their victims fattened, so long as their own hunting license holds good. But they part on the conservative hatred of taxes. The nineteenth-century subsidies in land, bought or conquered by the government for a few cents an acre, were decently unobtrusive; but the conservative often balks at the same thing in modern dress. A proposal to spend large chunks of public money for opening new opportunities in the abstract frontier of economics a simple tax bill is to him, and nothing more.

Why wouldn't they get confused about who they are? Liberals call themselves conservatives, for who else tries to push a resource conservation bill through Congress? And who else cares about conserving the old-fashioned competitive system? Conservatives call themselves liberals and join the Liberty League to protect the freedom of big business. In England some Conservatives even call themselves socialists, since they agree with the Beveridge Plan, though Sir William, who wrote it, says he is a Liberal. But that way lies madness, for in England the words have still different meanings, and the less we read of controversial works published in London the less likely we are to lose all track of what we are talking about.

If the reader is confused, this picture is well drawn, for it is a faithful delineation of a fogbank as seen from inside. The practical question is whether the comedy of errors has any denouement in which the characters disentangle themselves.

It would apparently be worth while, in spite of the tendency of the characters to turn up in one another's clothes, to keep them labeled with their most characteristic names. As the classic rhymed version of *Jane Eyre* has it:

There all among the pigs he sat,  
But I could tell him by his hat.

If we can tell ourselves apart, it may be easier to tackle the problem of getting together. Then if we can get an idea of what kinds of disasters are not likely to happen here, it may be possible to give

more intelligent attention to the kind of plans that are unavoidable, and to the shaping of which our characters will have to turn their attention as events work out.

## VI

IN THE meantime, there is some comfort to be drawn from our past history, as it seems to indicate that we are not likely to rush to extremes, either in the regimenting of business into a corporative state like Mussolini's, or in exploding into revolution of the kind that happened in Germany.

As to a fascist state like prewar Italy, one strong obstacle to it is evidently the American competitive business man. The small and medium-sized business man in this country, though he may sometimes get sold a pup by his larger brethren, has still a healthy ability to wiggle out of any kind of planning that really threatens to eliminate free enterprise as a whole. This conclusion may be drawn, for example, from our weird experience with the NRA.

The NRA was the offspring of the extreme right and left, and in that respect was in the same pattern with Mussolini's Corporative State and Hitler's National Socialism. When born the NRA had fascist fur on its ears. From the paternal side it carried the desire of some elements of big business to escape the antitrust laws and to govern industry by centralized monopolistic syndicates. From the left came the socialist desire for national planning of production, and a willingness to plan against competition that fitted all too well with the similar desires on the right. There are many people in England who believe that there is danger of a similar liaison between big business and socialism in that country.

When the NRA was born in 1933, those of us who were pushing the liberal plans that afterward became parts of the New Deal were shocked and scared. We feared something nameless but horrible; it now has a name, and we have seen its horror in Europe. In America the horror did not develop. America marched in Blue Eagle parades, and Heywood Broun wept happily on a corner of Fifth Avenue, while Italy and Germany marched in celebra-



tion of the same technical arrangement but not the same thing. The Americans didn't mean it. When the Americans found out how it worked, they tore it all to pieces and the Court buried the remains.

Apparently logic is not so dangerously prevalent here as on the continent of Europe. We are always hopefully organizing things here in America, some of them disastrous; and then when their logic develops, we go pragmatic and refuse to march over the precipice after all. This is the far-famed Anglo-Saxon Attitude, so exasperating to Europeans, who call it hypocrisy. The British call it muddling through, and are a little shamefaced about it, but it may save them and us from the horrid fate that befell the more logical peoples of Central Europe.

In America, after the comic disaster of the NRA, the New Deal was pretty well immunized to socialist ideas. There were some plans floating about for national organization of production, but they never came near adoption. When the Temporary National Economic Committee held its massive investigation of economic affairs just before the war, the NRA stirred in its grave a bit, and a few rocks had to be piled on. There were signs that some of the business men had ideas, and a socialist or two seemed to be trying to drop the door key out the window to them. Nothing came of it.

From this experience we may conclude that if liberals play around too much with socialist ideas of national production planning, some of the big business wolves may get them, not into revolution, but into an acute state of embarrassment from which they can be saved only by the little business men with their genius for breaking rules.

**T**HE other comforting conclusion from our history so far is that America is less susceptible to general revolution than one might suppose from observing our violent habits of thought and action.

We have had for generations in this country the makings of a revolution like the one in Germany, without getting the revolution. There were the tough tycoons who built mergers and financial empires and let the public be damned. They were

the same breed as the German *gesellschaft* boys, and latterly have belonged to the same cartels. We have had a few starry-eyed socialists who did succeed here and there in undermining the Brandeis doctrine of the curse of bigness, by their talk of the utopia where one big plan would cover everything. And both the tycoons and the socialists had the same illusion as in Germany, that centralized power in the long run could be held by themselves. Finally we have had the bestial mob, here and there, in both its lynching and its shirtwearing form. The shirtwearers recognized their affinity with the Nazis, and copied the Nazi literature. These make up the full set.

In Germany, first the socialists enervated any possible resistance to big business; then the big business men accepted the help of the bestial mob; then the mob took over and sent a lot of the socialists and business men to concentration camp. If Americans were susceptible to this disease, we might have the survivor of the shirt leaders in the White House now and the Gestapo buzzing around our ears. But apparently we can carry the germs of the revolution around in our mouths without coming down. Our antibodies seem to be doing all right.

From this line of experience we may conclude that though it is sensible to argue against socialist theories and to fight monopolies and hate-cults as best we can, it is not sensible to go into a panic about any of them, or all three of them together, in fear that they will land us in a fascist dictatorship.

Apparently, planning can be tried in America with fair assurance that it will not accidentally let off an explosion and destroy all that we hold dear. Large-scale planning may be an enemy to freedom, as Americans have long recognized in their opposition to monopolies. But not all kinds of planning have the same effect. Planning is a means of power, and therefore likely to be both dangerous and useful. Planning is an instrument of organized action that can be used for good or evil purpose, or it can be used for well-meaning purposes with good or evil outcome, according to the intelligence of the people who control it.



**F**REEDOM in the American language has several meanings, depending on where the shoe pinches at any given time. Freedom means freedom from fear of unemployment, or of destitution in sickness or old age—when those are the most pressing fears. But freedom also means a chance to talk as foolishly as you like, and join organizations as you please, without being locked up. Economic freedom means chiefly freedom to start a little business without being pushed around by a monopoly, or to find a new job without being pursued by a blacklist, or to join a union without being fired. Planning by those who have power to make big plans can have an effect on all these kinds of freedom.

The effects on freedom are not mainly caused by ordinary enterprise planning, so long as the number of enterprises is so great that there are plenty of escapes from oppressive management. The crucial questions come in the use of the three other types, which are planning for the control of enterprise plans. Every case is a case by itself, to be judged as to whether it is actually a monopoly, planning to kill free enterprise; or a socialist scheme to plan the national production more strictly than the consent of the public warrants; or a liberal project to police the monopolists or to open new fields for free action. Planning is too big a word to mean good or bad. What planning? That is the question.

## *Businesslike Letter*

JOHN HOLMES

**S**IR: I am in the wood, gravel, and mountain-water business. So I handle, for one thing, a summer-morning raw-sweet smell Of peeled logs piled on wet stones. I mix this more or less With sawdust and Vermont air in the open shed of a sawmill.

August or November, buy as you like it, wood, water, stone,  
You get words rippled down-river over pebbles, words about  
White pine slabs, coughed gasoline from the day-long engine,  
And the soft-hard sound of planks being piled by length and butt.

As a man of sense, sir, you'll count out the hundred-odd rings,  
So many rings at the cut ends of logs. You'll want my wild,  
My steep remembered moss-dripping woods-places in your figuring.  
There are also reaches of water in black pools, deep, deep, cold.

Sometimes when the sawmill engine runs slow, I hear summer,  
A hum somewhere on the hill beyond the stream; in the stream  
Cold water rolling the white gravel over, in sunlight or  
Shadowed under near trees the sawdust piling up to dry or damp.

Order now what you need for whatever you most hope to build.  
I'll flow it down to you on a long running of stony water,  
Words, wood, chopped clean as chips where the trees are felled,  
Wood, words, the sun still warm in them, the taste still bitter.



# *THE BEST AND MOST POWERFUL MACHINES*

## *A Story*

*SLOAN WILSON*

**J**ONATHAN BARLOW was twenty-one years old when in 1942 he received his commission in the Naval Reserve. Barlow came from a family which had spared no effort of thought or finance to educate him. Always he had gone to the best schools, and besides that he had had a music teacher and a dancing instructor and a tennis coach. He could play the minuet in G major, he could execute a graceful waltz, and he played almost a professional game of tennis. Also he could read Latin. All these abilities he had attained after some sixteen years of schooling, but when Ensign Barlow went to war he had had just four months in which to learn navigation, gunnery, communications, seamanship, naval organization, naval traditions and procedure, naval law, and drill formations. Thus prepared, Ensign Barlow at the age of twenty-one left the close circle of his family, boarded a merchant vessel as armed guard officer, and sailed for the murky waters of northern Russia.

The marvel of it, the enduring miracle of it, was that Ensign Barlow became a good officer. For months on end he endured the shuddering and lunging of the ship in arctic seas. He bore with honest courage the vicious attacks of submarine and airplane. His guns shot down three German planes. Somehow he fitted in with the grim, experienced merchant seamen,

and together they fought hard and well.

After a year as armed guard officer, Ensign Barlow was promoted and put on a destroyer as a watch officer. He helped supply Malta, and he escorted landing barges to Italy. He spent over a year on the destroyer, and when he was promoted to the rank of full lieutenant he was designated as the navigator.

After the invasion of Italy Lieutenant Barlow came to the United States for ten days' leave. During that leave he married a girl with whom he had played tennis and gone to dancing school. At the expiration of his leave he was given command of a small supply ship, and he sailed that ship from the United States to New Guinea. That was in March of 1944.

It was only after Lieutenant Barlow had been in the Pacific for over a year that something within him broke. Strange as it sounds, the first symptom of disorder was when he gave up brushing his teeth. One morning he just got up, stood before the washbasin, and said the hell with it. That night after undressing he felt somehow so completely exhausted that the thought of brushing his teeth seemed unendurable. As time went on he thought of the time when he used to brush his teeth regularly as something like the time when he used to pray on his knees every night, long ago when he had been a child.

Soon after he stopped brushing his teeth



Barlow got insomnia. It was the first time in his life he had had insomnia, and it scared him. At night he read late to tire himself. Then he snapped off the light and just lay there. The cabin was hot. The sheets were rough. His body began to itch all over, and he twisted about, scratching himself. When he could stand it no longer he got up and took a cold shower. Back in his bunk again, he still could not sleep. All eternity seemed to slip by, and then he saw the dawn slowly change the blackness of his cabin to gray. Soon after that he fell asleep and slept until eleven o'clock in the morning. The next night he had the same trouble, and gradually it became a habit for him to sleep until lunchtime. Constantly he felt exhausted, and the other officers began to kid him about how lazy he was.

IT WASN'T long before the attitude toward him of the officers and men aboard the ship began to change. They still gave him a surface respect, but they began doing things without consulting him, and he found himself for some reason reluctant to stop them. Gradually Bill Donahue, the executive officer, started making all the decisions, and Barlow found himself unwillingly happy to be let alone. Perhaps one reason the attitude of the men changed toward him was his clothes. The ship was so small that she had no washing machine, and the officers washed their own clothes; you couldn't very well ask an enlisted man to do your personal laundry for you. When Barlow got insomnia he had so little energy that the task of getting his dirty clothes together, finding a bucket, soaking the clothes, taking them out of the bucket, scrubbing the clothes one article at a time, rinsing them, hanging them up to dry, lashing them to the clothesline, and finally gathering them all and stowing them in drawers seemed just too much to attempt. He wore one pair of trousers until it was revoltingly dirty, then searched through his used laundry for a pair which was slightly less dirty. That way he went through the pile of dirty laundry several times. Finally, in a fit of disgust, he drove himself to soaking the clothes, but he rinsed them without scrubbing them and they were not much improved. When he looked

at himself in the mirror he hated himself, so he didn't look in the mirror. From time to time one of the officers made an attempt to kid him a little about the condition of his clothes, and he was careful to take it as a joke.

Perhaps it had nothing to do with his clothes or his insomnia, but Barlow began to lose confidence in himself and the safety of the ship. One morning he came up to the bridge when Ensign Cardine had just finished taking his sights.

"Are you sure those are right?" he asked.

"Why yes, Sir . . ."

"Well," Barlow said, "I'll just check up to make sure. . . ."

He took a sight himself then, and it came out thirty miles different from Cardine's. He took another, and that did not check with either of them. He became panicky. Where was the ship? Was the sextant inaccurate? Had it been dropped? What *was* their position? The chart seemed to swim before his eyes. He took another sight and this time he remembered that he had forgotten to insert the chronometer error. When he did that his sight checked with Cardine's. Relieved but shaken he left the bridge.

After that he took no more sights. After all, gunnery had originally been his specialty, and he tried to take an interest in the guns. When he glanced through some of the manuals on the twenty millimeters they looked so complicated that he realized he had never understood the gun at all; all he had ever known was how to load and fire it. He never went near the guns again. In the mornings he slept. In the afternoons he read novels. At first the novels made the time go pleasantly, but gradually they palled, and he found that he could not pick one up without a feeling of revulsion like that of a fed man at the sight of food. After that he spent the days lying on his bunk staring at the overhead and thinking.

IT WAS strange, but he realized that he had never before fully utilized the resources of the mind. As he lay there, memories came to him that he had never known. He remembered walking to grade school. The path across the lawn to the school had been tan dirt with lots of red-veined quartz pebbles. Other things he



remembered. He recalled a girl he had once taken to a dance to whom he could have, but had not, made love. He thought of his wife, and he painstakingly went back through each day of their ten-day marriage. Remembering a quarrel he had had with her, he began to worry about whether or not his marriage were really a happy one.

Lying on his bunk thinking like that made the days float by rather fast. Perhaps he could have continued like that indefinitely if the other officers had not begun to annoy him. Ensign Cardine was an ex-enlisted man, and he had never been to college. He was actually proud of his lack of education. Often he made remarks about the absurdity of college men. Cardine himself had read nothing, he had never seen a legitimate stage production because, he said, the movies were both cheaper and better, and he maintained that no one really liked classical music. Somewhere he had acquired a love of platitudes. "I'm poor but clean," he said once.

As the days floated by Barlow began to take pleasure in the days when he had not felt tired, when he had been a fine officer. He remembered the captain of the merchant ship saying, "That was good shooting, Barlow." He searched back for other compliments, but it was funny how few compliments one gets in the Navy. In civilian life he remembered people saying things like, "Good work!" and "Nice job!" all the time, but in the Navy they took you for granted as long as you did well. Still, the captain of the merchant ship had said, "Good shooting, Barlow." For some time Barlow got pleasure from thinking of this. "That was good shooting, Barlow."

After he had thought of the compliment the merchant captain had given him, he got to wondering what would have happened if his guns had jammed and his gunner's mates had been killed. He now realized he did not really know much about guns. "I might have been responsible for all those men getting killed," he thought, "after all the whole thing was just luck." Just luck. He felt a terrible remorse, and resolved to study up on guns when he felt better.

Somewhere along the line when he

began to worry about his past performance of duty he began to swear a great deal. Ever since he had been in the service he had sworn a little, but now he started to use even the most loathsome words at the slightest provocation. They tasted bitter and good in his mouth. Sometimes for no reason at all he broke out swearing and vehemently recited all the foul words he knew. Usually he did that only when alone.

Once when he and his officers were sitting in the wardroom the others began talking about some officer he did not know. "That man's not fit to hold a command," Cardine said. For some reason those words pierced Barlow. It was terrible to think of one man saying so casually of another, "That man's not fit to hold a command."

WHEN the ship was in port Barlow began going to the officers' clubs and drinking too much. The other officers of the ship were poor companions for him. They had had only a few months' sea duty, and somehow he felt more than the usual distance between a captain and his officers. One day at lunch Bill Donahue said, "Well, we boys who were stationed in the States at least learned to live like naval officers." The thought that while he had been bucking his way to Russia Donahue had been living with his wife in New York maddened him, and the fact that Donahue had no respect for the circumstance that he had been to sea for three years and that he had no understanding of it made him hate the man. That evening he went alone to the officers' club and sat in a corner drinking whisky. After consuming several drinks he somehow struck up a conversation with an officer who had also been on the run to Russia. The two of them found a table and became close and immediate friends. They drank prodigiously. Gradually the present faded away and was replaced by the warm satisfaction of a past battle well won.

"Those were the days," Barlow said, and his friend echoed, "Those were the days . . ."

"These officers who are just starting to fight the war have no idea what it was like," Barlow said, and his friend echoed, "Yes, they have no idea what it was like."



"We were the ones," Barlow said, and they finished another drink.

"We were the ones . . ."

Late that night the shore patrol found Barlow and his friend in a ditch beside the road. Barlow had fallen and hit his face; he was unconscious, and his nose was bleeding. The shore patrol had him checked over by a doctor, then carried him aboard his ship. The entire crew saw him carried over the gangway. The next morning Barlow awoke with a terrifying sense that something awful had happened. All day he lay retching in his bunk. No officer came near him. In the evening he got up and looked in the mirror; he saw that his right eye and nose were bruised. When he went down to try to eat a little supper the officers treated him coldly. He couldn't understand why they treated him like that; he had seen other officers get drunk and it had always been treated as something of a joke. He was afraid to ask exactly what had happened the night before; his last memory was of sitting in the officers' club drinking. For a long while he wondered if any official action would be taken against him, but evidently the shore patrol had been merciful and had entered no report. Nothing came in the mail.

FOR days Barlow lived in a wallow of remorse. The bruise on his face took a long while to heal and constantly reminded everyone of his disgrace. Then in the mail came a letter from a seaman who had served on the destroyer with him. "I hear you have a ship of your own now, Sir," the seaman said, "and I wondered if you could arrange to get me aboard. I'd like to serve with you again." This letter heartened Barlow unbelievably. He carried it with him and constantly reread it. At last he succumbed to the temptation to read the letter aloud to his officers. They listened in stony silence.

Gradually, the attitude of his officers toward him began to wear Barlow down. They never spoke to him. Strangely enough, the enlisted men talked to him often and displayed toward him a mixture of respect and kindness. He felt a tremendous loyalty toward his enlisted men and hated his officers.

One evening he could stand the bleak

loneliness of his cabin no longer and went down to the wardroom. The officers there were playing poker. With elaborate nonchalance Barlow sat down and said, "I'll take some chips. . . ."

The officers put their cards down. "We were just breaking up the game, Sir," they said. They stood up, and leaving the cards and chips on the table they walked out of the wardroom. Then something in Lieutenant Barlow snapped.

"Come back!" he said, "I order you to come back!"

They turned and silently filed back into the wardroom.

"Now sit down and play cards with me!" He was breathing heavily.

The officers sat down and silently dealt out the cards.

"I open for five," Barlow said.

"Pass . . ." the officer next to him murmured.

"By me . . . Pass . . . Pass . . ."

Everyone passed, and Barlow took in the chips that had been anted. They played three hands like that, then Barlow threw down his cards and fled to his cabin. The next morning he found on his desk a pile of newly typed letters. They were requests for transfers, one from each officer.

Barlow had to forward the requests, and he knew there would be an investigation. There always was at least an informal investigation when all the officers aboard a ship put in for a transfer at the same time. For two weeks Barlow waited to see what would happen, then in the morning mail came a letter telling him to report to Commander Hutchins at 1000 August third. That was three days away.

AT EIGHT of the morning of August third Barlow went ashore and bought from the army quartermasters an entire set of fresh khakis so that at least he would be clean when he stood before the commander. At nine-thirty he was waiting in the anteroom outside the commander's office. He was nervous; constantly he found himself clenching and unclenching his hands. He put his hands in his pockets. Sitting in the folding wooden chair there he tried to boil down his thoughts and find some residuum of truth from which he could extract some self-respect.



"I might as well be honest with myself," he thought, "I've done a bad job. I've done a terrible job."

He paused, getting used to that idea.

"However," he continued to himself, "I've done my best. I really have. Things are as they are, and I've done my best."

He took a cigarette from his pocket and tried to light it, but his hand was trembling so he hastily returned it to his pocket. Hurriedly he glanced up at the yeoman at the desk in the corner to see if he had seen him, but the yeoman was busily typing.

"I'll take any punishment they give me," Barlow thought, "I deserve it and I'll take it. I wonder what the charges will be? Nonperformance of duty, probably. Another specification may be conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman. There may be a charge of drunkenness . . ."

He flinched at the thought of that charge and wondered what his wife would think if she knew it. He would have to tell her if he were court-martialed, and it would be hard to explain in a letter.

"Yes," he said again to himself, "There may be a charge of drunkenness. And the sentence, what will that be? Not a term at Portsmouth; I haven't done anything to deserve that. Dismissal from the naval service is about the worst they will do. I'll have to take that. I'll have to learn to think about it calmly and not let it ruin the rest of my life."

He sat back, getting used to that idea, and suddenly a great despair settled down over him. It was almost a relaxing despair; he knew the worst, and had faced it.

Abruptly he started to think of the coming interview. Commander Hutchins had the reputation of being an extremely stern man. He was the kind of positive officer who spoke harshly, or so Barlow had heard. The commander himself had been on sea duty until a few months ago and had been through several engagements. He wore the Navy Cross. It was said that a look from him was like a sentence, and that a verbal reprimand from him was like a physical beating.

"I won't cringe before him," Barlow thought, "I must keep my dignity. No matter what he says I must keep thinking to myself that I have done my best, and I must keep my dignity."

A BUZZER sounded, and the yeoman ceased his typewriting and went into the office. Almost immediately he returned.

"The commander will see you now, Sir," he said.

Barlow went in. The commander was seated behind a large square desk. His hair was gray, and his face had a worn look which made it appear strong rather than weak. Barlow stood before him and braced himself.

"Lieutenant Barlow, Sir . . ." he said, and stopped before his voice broke.

The commander looked up and pierced him with his light gray eyes. For a moment he did not speak.

"Sit down, Lieutenant," he said finally, and motioned toward a chair near him.

Barlow sat down. The commander offered him a cigarette, but not trusting his hands, Barlow refused it. The commander lit one himself and sat back reflectively in his chair. There was a ghastly silence.

"Lieutenant," the commander said at last, "all your officers have requested a transfer. It seems as though you've been falling down on the job."

A constriction gripped Barlow's throat, and he just nodded, as though he were trying to be pleasant.

"Also," the commander continued, "I've been looking over your record. You were on the run to Russia, weren't you? And the invasion of Italy. And you've been over here more than a year. . . ."

He paused. His voice had been dry, a mere recital of facts. Barlow nodded again.

"Well, Lieutenant," the commander said, "human beings are like machines. You can run the finest machine in the world just so long, and then it breaks down. Then you have to give it an overhaul."

He paused. Barlow nodded again.

"I figure," the commander went on, "that you are about due for an overhaul. I'm recommending you for thirty days' leave and six months' shore duty. When you come back I'll have another ship for you."

He smiled, leaned forward, and put his hand on Barlow's shoulder. It was a gesture of the most complete understanding, of the most infinite tenderness, coming from that stern man, and Barlow could not stand it. His whole being that had



been braced against the shock of a lashing collapsed, and to his horror he felt hot tears spilling out of his eyes and running down his cheeks. He still held his face muscles rigid, but the tears he could not stop. A terrible force welled up within him and he gritted his teeth as upon a bullet to keep it from flooding out. A visible shudder passed through his body. The commander got up and slid the bolt on the door to his office, returned to his chair, then picked up a typewritten report and studied it carefully. Barlow sat there with the tears streaming down his rigid face and with his fists clenched. The minutes ticked by. The welling force within Barlow reached a crescendo, then sank slowly like water draining from a basin. Suddenly he went limp all over. For a moment he sat still recovering, then he reached into his pocket for a handkerchief and blew his nose. The commander looked up and smiled.

"I'm . . ." Barlow began, but the commander cut him short.

"The best and most powerful machines," he said, "are sometimes the hardest to control. Now you go back and get your

bags packed. There's a plane leaving for the States at eight this evening, and I'll have a yeoman at the air strip with your orders."

Barlow got up and quickly walked out. He hurried through the anteroom so that no one could see his face. When he was outside he realized that throughout the interview he had said not a single thing.

AND so Lieutenant Barlow went home. His wife and friends treated him as a returning hero, but even while he was celebrating with them, he looked forward to the time when he would return to the Pacific and successfully command a ship. Long before his leave was over, however, the war came to an end, and Barlow knew that he would never have a chance to prove himself at sea. Slowly he resumed the old life he had known before the war, but his family and friends, and especially his mother, found it comfortably traditional to remark that obviously the Navy had made a man of Barlow. Never before had he been so scrupulous about his dress, so punctilious in his speech, and so moderate in his habits of drink.

## *How to Sell Cement in the Mystic Orient*

SWAMI RAM LAKHAN DASJI, the great ascetic endowed with extraordinary spiritual and psychic powers, will demonstrate control of breath by going down in a pit at 6 P.M. the 6th January, which will then be closed and hermetically sealed with cement and mortar. The pit will be opened next day at 10 A.M. The demonstration will be held at Dalmia Jain Nivas, 9 Mansingh Road, New Delhi.

Swamiji has given similar demonstrations at Alwar, Jaipur, Jothpur, Allahabad, Bombay, etc. At Bombay, it is said, he . . . remained buried underground for a period of forty-five days.

This is a unique opportunity to the public of Delhi to witness a yogi performance so far only read in books of yoga. It will prove that life can continue without breathing even for a long time, which phenomenon has hitherto defied all modern scientific theories. . . . The yogi performance will be witnessed by Executive Councillors, high civil and military officials, and other leading citizens.

*Press release put out by Dalmia Jain Nivas, headquarters of one of India's largest cement manufacturing firms.*



# NOTES ON BRITAIN TODAY

C. HARTLEY GRATTAN

**A**RE Britons Europeans? For years I have worried this perhaps trifling point with Britons, either raising it myself or seizing upon it with pleasure when, not infrequently, they raised it themselves. Today it seems to me that more of them feel they are Europeans than ever before. Just exactly why they feel so eludes plain statement, now as always, but it has to do with the suspicion that the Americans—who are the obvious point of reference—are too far away from Europe really to understand it and anyhow are immersed in a quite thoroughly non-European environment.

The position of Britain is obviously quite different. Many Britishers feel they do sympathetically understand Europe, though a few still apparently believe that “the niggers begin at Calais.” And they feel that their sympathetic understanding is firmly based on a likeness of environment, fundamental outlook, and experience. The war assimilated them geographically to the Continent as never before, for if they escaped the tragedies of invasion and occupation, the war in the air certainly brought home to them that they were in the front line of battle. The Channel suddenly narrowed. The Continent was neither isolated from them (the old joke about the headline, “Continent Isolated,” abruptly died) nor were they isolated from it.

Moreover, there are those who feel that both the British standard of living and

mode of life are today, and will long continue to be, more nearly analogous to those of Europe than to those of the overseas countries with which they usually feel some identity. They feel that the progress of socialization in Britain is more in line with what is happening in France and Czechoslovakia, for example, than anything that is apt to happen in the next few decades in North America.

If the British aren't Europeans, they obviously aren't like their overseas fellows of what we humorously call the English-speaking peoples. They aren't like Australians, or Canadians, or Americans, or at least not sufficiently like to be confused by any other than the most superficial and insensitive observers. Yet some of them argue that they must be abstracted from their close geographical association with Europe and accepted as a unique people, citizens of a Middle Kingdom. That they are *sui generis* is a pleasing idea to many British people. There they stand, not to be likened unto any other people, and especially not to be likened unto the poor Europeans or those wretched English-speaking guys and blokes in the far countries overseas.



**G**RIM is the most commonly used word in Britain today.



**Y**ou have only to visit British industrial cities very briefly to gain a full knowl-

*Mr. Grattan, whose analysis of Britain's chief domestic problem was our leading article last month, here presents some random observations made during his recent visit to the United Kingdom.*



edge of why Sir William Beveridge likes to spell squalor with a capital S.



THERE are members of the British Labor party who talk as though they think the British ambassador should be accredited to the president of the CIO rather than the President of the United States. The latter, they appear to believe, represents merely the "hard-faced" capitalists of this benighted country.



IT is one of the invariable truths of politics that when a labor government assumes office, left-wing troubles immediately occur. Under current conditions, this means Communist trouble. Just before and during World War I in Australia it was IWW, or syndicalist, trouble.

The point is that the group farthest to the left sets up a claim to be the true and only real representative of the working class, alleging that the parliamentary party and the cabinet are conservative if not reactionary (e.g., the onslaught on Ernest Bevin for his foreign policy, which the leftists in this country so dutifully echo), and simultaneously struggling hard to force the established party leadership to accept policies far more radical than it would otherwise contemplate. The base of the leftists is always in the trade unions, or some of them, and helpful allies are found in the intelligentsia—usually *lumpen bourgeoisie*, as it happens, and as little likely to concede that politics is the art of the possible as are the party doctrinaires. Being linked to the political labor party through the unions and otherwise, the dissident leftists cause tremendous uproars and feuds in the annual meetings and continue them on all appropriate and inappropriate occasions between meetings. These feuds can continue, indeed, until the party organization is entirely disrupted and labor loses office altogether. Rarely if ever does the left pause because it is ruining the political chances of labor. It is always, as the most doctrinaire segment of the movement, as ready to chop off its nose to spite its face as to chop its logic for purposes of expediency.

The Communist influence on the left of the labor movement today is the most dangerous development the parliamentary

Labor party of Britain has ever faced from that quarter. And it should be recalled that the Communists have far less use for parliamentary socialism, or the social democratic approach to politics, than for straight-out conservatism or reaction. One of the most absurd miscalculations ever made in British politics was the notion that a Labor government would find it easier to get on with the Soviet Union than a Conservative government. This absurdity, which was put forward during the election campaign by Laborites, has been decisively disproved by events. The Communists, it should be recalled, did not hesitate to knife the German Social Democrats and thus help Hitler to power. (Their theory was that they could then quickly defeat Hitler. We know now where that pretty idea got them.) This dislike for social democracy appeared in Marxist literature as early as the Communist Manifesto of 1848. It is not a recent development.

The prestige of the Communist party in Britain—based in large measure on the prestige of the Soviet Union among the British working class—is sufficiently great to make it not only a source of infinite trouble to the Labor party but also a genuine threat to that party's future. It will bring on a vast and serious crisis at the Bournemouth annual conference in June when the delegates will vote on the Communist party's application for affiliation with the Labor party. The ostensible reason for the application is the creation of a United Front of the left; the actual reason is to facilitate the infiltration of Communists into the apparatus of the Labor party with the objective of carrying the party constantly in the Communist direction. Successful infiltration of the Labor party by the Communists will bring it down far sooner than any currently visible revival of vigor on the part of the Conservatives. Nothing will more quickly alienate the floating middle class vote on which Labor depends for office.

Conversely, a Labor government always produces its right-wing dissidents too. British Labor cannot forget the disastrous defection of Ramsay MacDonald—he is always coming up in conversation. But the unrest on the right in British Labor politics today is not of much significance



at the moment. It is unrest on the left that is menacing; but it follows that if the left-wing dissidents are successful, a split-off on the right immediately becomes as inevitable as anything can be in the world of politics.



FROM a distance the United Kingdom appears truly united, a nation without sections or sectional interests. But North Ireland has its own parliament, the administration of Scotland is frequently a separate undertaking (although the Scottish members attend the parliament at Westminster), and Wales would like to go the way of Scotland, at least in economic affairs. I refer here not to the extreme Scottish and Welsh nationalists who profess to speak for the oppressed natives of those parts—oppressed by the English, that is—but to calm and rational people who contend that they are not getting an even break today from the government at Westminster.

A distinguished Scottish journalist explained to me in all earnestness the Scottish conviction that Scotland was neglected unduly by Westminster, especially in the matter of new industries to employ the people. Scotland, he said, was so far away from London, a terribly parochial place, you know, that there was no understanding of Scotland's problems by the central government. (Glasgow is all of eight hours from London in a not particularly fast train!) Similar complaints come out of Wales. The representatives of Wales in the House of Commons recently asked that a Welsh Office be established, especially to care for Welsh affairs.

Where is there a country in which the central government does equal justice to all the nation's sections?



ALREADY, farseeing Britons are beginning to consider how the "liberty of the subject" is to be preserved, safeguarded, and successfully defended in a society where more and more power is being taken by the central government, whether through the nationalization of industries or otherwise. David Low—the cartoonist, need I say?—remarked that a liberal party not at all related to the historical Liberal party or its contemporary

remnant, was very much needed and might indeed eventually appear on the political stage. If eternal vigilance is the price of liberty, obviously there is need in Britain for a strong party which will make itself the true defender of the liberties of the people.

The British problem now is how to combine collectivism and individual liberty, not in theory but in practice. Since the emphasis of the Labor party is overwhelmingly on collectivism, a party which, while not repudiating collectivism, placed strong emphasis on personal liberty would certainly be a logical counterbalance—a logical *opposition* in the British political sense. Such a party would be more than a mere civil liberties union; it could, for example, determinedly promote the idea that devolution and decentralization of authority from the central government was obligatory if social health was to be preserved. This idea is expressed by some publicists now rather completely identified with Labor, notably G. D. H. Cole. They are obviously suspicious of the tendency of Labor to run Britain from Westminster to the exclusion of regional authorities and personal responsibility. In its extreme form, this counterbalancing movement takes the form of a revival of anarchism, as in the case of the brilliant critic of art and literature, Herbert Read.

The task of mixing collectivism and personal liberty is, as Low remarked, really one of mixing oil and water. "If it can be done," he hopefully remarked, "the British people are the ones to do it. They aren't logical. Nobody logical would try it." Low didn't specify which is oil and which is water, but he certainly believes that both are necessary to British survival.

Low says we'll see much less of Colonel Blimp in his cartoons in the future. The type that the Colonel represents is hardly a public issue any more. I was amused to discover, however, that I had actually met a gentleman Low cited as a forlorn survivor of the Blimp type.



ENGLAND, uncluttered by the dirty towns the English have managed to build, is a lovely place, a land perfectly subdued to the hand of man, obviously a habitation and a home for hundreds of years. Only



in New England in this country do you have a feeling at all comparable.



THE ugliness one is used to is always easier to bear than that which is unfamiliar. British railway stations seem to me utterly appalling. There is not a railway station in any major city of Britain comparable to Grand Central or Pennsylvania in New York, the fine station in Los Angeles, or those in numerous places between. Even in the matter of advertising posters, the placing of which could certainly be readily regulated, the British do worse than we do—worse posters, even more annoyingly displayed, just slapped up anywhere.



THEY do some things better in Britain. I should like to comment on four minor, but rather useful British practices. I refer to the habit of inviting their distinguished literary men to give lectures on university foundations and then publishing their lectures as pamphlets or books; the custom of having a professor taking up a new chair give an inaugural lecture which is thereupon printed as a pamphlet; the greater use of the small book, the book of from 50 to 75 or 80 pages in hard covers; and the policy of making the innumerable, always useful, and sometimes very good government publications freely available by establishing branches of His Majesty's Stationery Office, like so many bookshops, in London and various other cities throughout Britain.

While in Britain I bought and read two pamphlet editions of university lectures by distinguished literary men, Max Beerbohm's Rede Lecture at Cambridge on Lytton Strachey and E. M. Forster's Ker Memorial Lecture at the University of Glasgow on *The Development of English Prose Between 1918 and 1939*—both worth more in pleasure and instruction than they cost. (Incidentally, recall that Forster's *Aspects of the Novel*, one of the very best books on the subject, was originally prepared as Clark Lectures at Cambridge.) Why cannot our universities adopt this practice? Only occasionally does an American writer get an invitation to lecture on a university foundation, even when his competence to do so is universally ad-

mitted. Why should not some American university invite an able critic to discourse on American prose between wars; or on F. Scott Fitzgerald, or Thomas Wolfe, or Theodore Dreiser, or any other recently dead American author whose career and work raises interesting and significant problems of explanation or evaluation?

I also bought and read K. C. Wheare's *The Machinery of Government*, a first-class inaugural lecture delivered when he assumed the Gladstone Professorship of Government and Public Administration at Oxford. Professor Wheare first became known to me when I came upon his lucid and informative book, *The Statute of Westminster and Dominion Status*, in 1938. Naturally, I was interested in what he had to say in his lecture. Among other things he said this: "If the state is to be something more than a weak and inferior competitor with the other institutions in society, it must have a bureaucracy large enough and skilled enough to hold its own with, if not to control, these other institutions. . . . The form of government which exists in this country today may be described with substantial accuracy as a parliamentary bureaucracy. . . . Parliament without bureaucracy would be halt and lame; bureaucracy without Parliament would be deaf and blind." But when an American academician becomes a professor he doesn't let the public in on his stock-taking, if indeed he takes stock at all, or has any stock to take. I feel this is very unfortunate, for reasonably often I am interested in what professors are thinking and here is a wonderfully apt way of occasionally finding out.

On the matter of small books, I think I have heard at one time or another all the objections American publishers have to original publication in this form. Reprints of books that have already demonstrated their sales potentialities are a horse of a different color, though even here it is painfully noticeable that a high percentage of the cheap reprints are classifiable as rubbish. In the minds of American publishers the small books are associated with pamphlets and pamphlets are, generally speaking, anathema. They raise difficult problems of production and especially of distribution. Yet some very distinguished



publishing has been done in pamphlet form in years past, notably the John Day Pamphlets and the University of Washington Chapbooks. With no padding, many of the items in these two series could have taken the small book form favored in England. There you can buy a wide variety of very valuable little books, ranging from Herbert Read's acerb, earnest diatribe, *To Hell With Culture*, to Mark Abram's excellent primer, *The Population of Britain*, to Dr. A. W. Menzies-Kitchin's *The Future of British Farming* and Alan Mulgan's *Literature and Authorship in New Zealand*. Much original and highly literate writing on public affairs in England goes into small books published at low prices. I think this is a good thing.

I also think it is a good, and exceedingly useful, thing that government publications are so readily available. It is surely anomalous that in this country, where an informed public opinion is so vital, it is difficult to buy government documents, many of which are of first-class importance to anybody debating public issues, outside the Government Printing Office in Washington. When the Stationery Office can maintain shops in London, Edinburgh, Manchester, Cardiff, and Belfast, why cannot the Government Printing Office set up shops in New York, Boston, Chicago, St. Louis, New Orleans, and San Francisco, to name a few obvious choices? They need not be large shops, but they should be able to supply all current documents and be prepared to get older documents on order.



THE British are in no great danger of starving, but there is imminent danger that many people will slowly lose their appetites and that the pleasures of the table will become an historical memory. The appalling monotony of the diet gets you down. On the train from London to Glasgow I went into the dining-car for luncheon and had a tat of soup, evidently distantly related to oxtail; an outsize fish-cake filled with potatoes; some boiled potatoes; some over-boiled cabbage; and a slice of pure white goo with a few raisins in it called a pudding, over which had been poured some bright red sauce obviously made by the ICI from coal-tar.

Price, about eighty-five cents. Always, with every meal save breakfast, the eternal pudding, without which British civilization would collapse.

At dinner in Glasgow that night I had *hors d'oeuvres* consisting of carrots, beets, and celery, all over-boiled, British style, and smeared with a white sauce, and a bit of pickled herring to top it off—quite the best item offered, though I have a low opinion of herring in ordinary circumstances; a main dish consisting of a sizable slice of tongue with boiled potatoes and what is called puree of peas (i.e., a muck of ground-up peas flavored—why, oh God?—by cabbage); and finally an “ice” (i.e., a confection of watered-down milk, of no particular flavor). Price, one dollar.

This may not strike you as too utterly terrible, but the point is that one does not have to face such meals occasionally; one has to face them constantly. And after a while the monotony of dull meals overwhelms you and appetite slackens. Traveling between cities I often missed luncheon, but entirely without regret. I knew very well nothing would be offered that would do more than stoke me up a bit. I think eating should do more than that.



COOKERY, be it noted, is not a black art though much English food looks and tastes as though prepared in a witches' cauldron.”—From *Report on Post-War Organization of Private Domestic Employment*.

The food problem in Britain is not entirely a matter of shortages; it is also a matter of making the best of what is at hand.



HOUSEWORK in Britain, as outlined in a government report: “The breakfast must be prepared, cooked, and washed up. Coal fires must be cleared out, grates relaid, and scuttles filled. The front step must be swept and cleaned if necessary. Slops must be emptied, beds aired and made. The daily work of dusting, cleaning, and scrubbing must be done in bedrooms, bathrooms, lavatory, landing, stairs, and hall. Though at present possibly a counsel of perfection, there should be a thorough turnout at least of one room which makes the special work of the day. Subsequent meals must be prepared, cooked, laid, served, and washed up. From this two



main conclusions emerge: (a) that household duties can be divided between (i) cooking; (ii) general housework, (b) that general housework and cooking run concurrently in the morning and only cooking and serving meals continue through the rest of the day. This means that the big load of housework occurs in the morning, but a secondary load occurs in the evening if a main meal has to be provided or where there are young children to be bathed and put to bed. If the main meal is taken between twelve and one o'clock the bulk of the work is over by early afternoon and the housewife has some free time till she has to prepare the tea."



THE conventional, romantic, American picture of Britain would not be complete without the family servants, faithful retainers all, loyal, kindly regarded, but definitely knowing that their place is below stairs. Like most such visions, this one bears but a slight relation to reality. As in the United States, the problem of household help has for some years been increasingly acute and the war "not so much solved as dissolved the whole structure of domestic service"—this on top of the fact that before the war there was "increasing confusion and disintegration in the field of domestic work." Whatever you may have half-believed from reading romantic novelists, whose vision was blurred by more than the White Cliffs of Dover, the facts are that both women and men had come to dislike domestic service, for it was an unorganized "trade" and rather looked-down-upon by office and factory workers, even as in this country. The work was hard, the conditions of employment were difficult, the pay was not at all good, and the field was definitely a blind-alley as far as advancement was concerned. There is small prospect of restoring the very unsatisfactory disorder of 1939, so a new start must be made.

The middle and upper class British homes have long been organized on the assumption that servants will be available. If this type of home is to survive at all it will, if present plans mature, depend for help chiefly on a government-sponsored National Institute of Houseworkers. Houseworkers, chiefly women, will be trained

and certified by the Institute and jobs will be found for them by the labor exchanges. Rates of pay and hours of work will be prescribed. The certified houseworkers will be available for employment on a full-time basis, on a regular part-time basis, and casually. It is expected that most of the workers will live out. Every effort will be made to improve the status of houseworkers, not only economically but also socially. Housework will be portrayed as an honorable and, indeed, socially indispensable service to the nation. While householders will still be free to employ help outside the scheme, if they can find it, it is obvious that the Institute will set standards. When fully developed, the new organization may solve the problem for those who have the money to meet the charges.

It seems to me certain, however, that many simply will not be able to do so. For these the only visible escape from drudgery will be through the popularizing and cheapening of labor-saving household appliances and the building of better planned houses which, being designed for efficient living, will be easier to care for. It will not be difficult to make British housewives enthusiastic for labor-saving appliances. The need is there, the demand is rapidly developing, and all that remains is to meet it. But in Britain, as in this country, even this escape from backbreaking housework will be closed to those whose incomes are inadequate to meet the capital charges (to use an economist's term). With all the good will in the world, it is likely that the appliances will chiefly go, in the first instance, to families also able to employ help, and then to the borderline middle class households where these boons can be afforded, even if the drain of a weekly stipend to a servant cannot.

As to the design of homes, this too is being vigorously discussed in Britain. There is, of course, plenty of room for improvement. If my observations are correct, the British housebuilders have a lot to learn about how to lay out a floor-plan for a house or flat. Since, at the middle-class level, the assumption has been that servants would do the work, altogether too little attention has been paid to the relation of the rooms to one another in terms



of easy use and care—the relation of the kitchen to the dining-room, for example. All this must now be changed, for if middle class women are to do all or part of their housework, naturally they want homes planned to suit *their* convenience. The servantless home—or even the home in a world where servants are hard to get and are expensive—must be quite different from a house which could readily be staffed with low-paid servants. In time, even the certified houseworkers will demand all the labor-saving devices and favor housewives whose houses are properly designed for easy care.

The problem of help for working-class women is a somewhat different matter. If the evidence collected by Mass-Observation can be trusted, most working-class wives don't want permanent help. They would rather do their own work. But what they do want is outside help in emergencies, such as sickness, pregnancy, and childbirth, and on occasions when they are "too tired to go on." To supply this need, at least in part, it is proposed to expand and systematize an already existing scheme. The local governments are already authorized to supply free help in emergencies, and some of them have set up arrangements for doing so. It is hoped that more will undertake this service in the near future.

Supplementing all this is the proposal to adopt and systematize the American institution of "baby sitters." It is suggested that it be put in charge of the British Red Cross, which would give "sitters" some training in baby care and supply them on request to mothers wanting an evening out. Also, it is strongly suggested that British fathers come in out of the garden and take on some indoor chores, like dish-washing and minding the baby.

Of course this whole question of help in the home is tied up with the worry over the birthrate. If women can expect some useful help, maybe they'll have more children.



THE ghost of Thomas Malthus has changed its habitat. It no longer haunts Britain, but India and China. In Britain today the haunt is declining population. A few years ago a matter of keen

interest only to demographers and those who could follow their writings, today it is becoming a popular concern and the subject of a Royal Commission which, when it reports, may have a profound influence on public policy. In a recent statement the Royal Commission declared that if the volume of births continued to decline, "the effect on British social and economic life, on migration to the Dominions, and on Britain's position among the nations, will be far-reaching. *And behind all these considerations lies the ultimate threat of a gradual fading out of the British people.* This threat, though remote at present, is real, and it overshadows the whole problem." (My italics.) This was said, I repeat, by a sober group of Royal Commissioners, not by some stray crackpot.

The idea that the British people will gradually fade away, like the Cheshire cat, is naturally unpleasant to the British. They place a sufficiently high value on themselves to believe that they should continue to thrive and grow in numbers, not only for their own private good, but for the welfare of the world. Without pausing to debate this point, let us try to understand the basis of the gloom about the future.

It is rather difficult to be lucid about population problems. They are intricate and the statistical techniques for dealing with them are hard to explain simply. But the central point here is that if a people in each generation does not produce enough *girl babies* to provide a number of mothers in the next succeeding generation at least equal to, and preferably slightly larger than, the number of mothers in the current generation, the population will stand still or decline. Since not all women have children, let alone girl babies—whether because they do not marry, or are sterile, or limit their families for one reason or another—some mothers must have more children—especially more girls—than the average. When the average number of children per couple is low, the number of large families will have to be high to make up the difference. This compensation is rarely achieved, for when the trend is against large families, as it has been in Britain in recent years, few people are able to resist it and the few who do are regarded as rather queer, if not downright



indecent. There are too many couples with no children, one child, two children, or three children in Britain today and not enough with four, five, and six children.

Put statistically, a population is in danger when the net reproduction rate drops toward a ratio of 1.00. At that point exactly as many girls are born as there are mothers and nothing is allowed for wastage through death before bearing children, barrenness, non-marriage, and so on. When the ratio drops below 1.00, then the danger signals must go up. Here are some British figures since 1880:

1880-2	1.52
1890-2	1.38
1900-2	1.25
1910-2	1.14
1920-2	1.12
1930-2	0.82
1935-7	0.79
1938-9	0.82

(In the United States in 1937 the net reproduction rate for whites was 0.96. We are tending in the same direction as Britain but very few people are alarmed here—yet.) Obviously, some time between 1920-2 and 1930-2 the British people ceased reproducing themselves in a satisfactory fashion. The present population of Britain is, therefore, probably very near to Britain's maximum for the predictable future. In a few years it will begin to decline. If the drop in the net reproduction rate is not arrested, and eventually reversed, the drop may become precipitate. If the British population is ever to grow again the rate must very soon rise once more to well above 1.00.

Another thing. Much of the rapid rise in the population of Britain during the first seven decades of the nineteenth century, when the most rapid increase took place, was attributable to the improved ability to keep people alive once they were born. A larger proportion of the babies born lived to maturity and people lived longer. The ability to preserve life is still improving in Britain. This can only mean that while fewer children are born, the number of old people in the population will increase and as time passes the average age of the people of Britain will naturally be higher. A vigorous population is always

one in which there is a high proportion of young people. Britain is moving toward quite the opposite situation. This, too, frightens the British. Not only will the population cease to grow, but that remaining will be older and hence less vigorous.

THE problems the Royal Commission mentioned will be hard to meet with a population which is not only shrinking but constantly getting older. Old people tend to be "set in their ways," lacking in enterprise, very willing to take things easy. Yet if Britain is to go forward there can be little chance for many people to take it easy. If there are not enough young people to work hard and think imaginatively Britain will certainly fade away. And, of course, as the population ages, deaths per thousand will increase, simply because so many people will have completed their life-span, even with public hygiene, preventive medicine, and what not; and since, also, few babies will be born to compensate the heavy losses, total numbers will fall with a great rush. This doesn't mean that the present generation of *Harper's* readers will witness this development, but their children may, and certainly their children's children—unless present trends are reversed.

Why is such a development disturbing? That is what some cynical Britishers ask. A surprising number believe that the current agitation over the birthrate is simply an indirect way "they" (i.e., the ruling class) have of asking for soldiers to fight the next war. Others feel that if there are fewer people in Britain there will be less unemployment and fear of unemployment forms a miasmatic background to much British thinking. It is doubtful if you can solve either the problems of international relations or domestic economic policy by a shrinkage of total numbers. In fact, the economics of a declining population is something about which we have little pragmatic knowledge, but the theoretical discussion it is possible to evolve doesn't give one much cause for optimism.

Personally, I strongly doubt whether any but a tiny minority of those discussing population problems are really concerned to supply either cannon fodder or recruits



for the army of unemployed. The people who are agitating the question rest their case on the premise—usually unexpressed—that of course it is desirable that the British continue to be a virile people. I am not one to question this. They feel strongly that their fellow-countrymen have not decided in cold blood to die out. Few people hold themselves in such low esteem that they view their prospective extinction with equanimity. The will to survival, being subconscious, is usually strong. Both individual and national suicide are rare events. The British people have, it is therefore argued, merely been led into undesirable habits of life—especially the habit of having too small families—and if the consequences are pointed out, and they are actively helped to have larger families by planned changes in material conditions, they will mend their ways. Much social reform activity in Britain in the near future—child allowances, baby clinics, nursery schools, subsidized housing for large families, etc.—will have as one of its primary purposes the creation of better material conditions for parents in the expectation that they will have more children than is now the custom. In short, if it is true as argued that the family unit can no longer carry the full cost of a large number of children (e.g., more than three) then some items of the cost will be shifted to the state.

There is a joker here, however. The fact is that the birthrate of Britain—and this is true in other countries—has declined during a period when the material conditions of life were sharply improving; that is, since about 1870 when the peak of the upswing was passed. Can it now be argued that a further planned improvement will operate in reverse and produce a rise in the birthrate? Will not the improvements be used simply to give the children that will be born anyhow a better chance in life, with no increase in total numbers born? (Some observers are prepared to accept this conclusion and they then argue that because the supply of babies will be limited, it must be treated with every possible consideration so that its potentialities for the good of Britain are fully realized. Hence they support the new developments to encourage the birthrate as vigorously

as those who actually believe that the new facilities will cause it to rise.)

These skeptical questions are asked with especial force in the Mass-Observation report, *Britain and Her Birthrate*. The Mass-Observation people feel that the solution lies in “strengthening the motives in favor of having more children.” How to accomplish a revolution in motives—how to influence the wills of people in a matter of the most intimate character—is indeed a poser, especially since people’s wills in this connection are influenced by a wide variety of factors, including strictly material considerations like seeking to maintain or improve their social position by having but a very few children. Children are, after all, a drain on income. You know yourself that if you had fewer children, or none, you could do more with the income you now have. So in the absence of an obvious answer to this difficult question of influencing wills, it is obviously good sense at least to see what environmental changes can accomplish.



THE Scotch are wonderful. In the bad days of the war, when invasion was a real threat, and funk was not unknown, they were saying, “If the English give up, things will be really difficult for us.”



THE traveler in Britain today cannot help being impressed by the general shabbiness, even when perfectly aware of the reason for it. There has been little or no replacement or even maintenance during the war. Moreover, the British never went in for the super-swank to which Americans are passionately devoted. I can never avoid a feeling of shock when I visit a celebrated British institution and find how badly housed it is. Englishmen are often well aware of this contradiction. Referring to the universities, Lord Eustace Percy remarked to me, “They house us badly.” “They” certainly do. And with their passion for antiquities, “they” are remarkably lacking in ingenuity when it comes to modernizing the amenities within ancient buildings. In many Oxford colleges it is a major adventure to get a bath. The story goes that a distinguished scholar once opposed installing baths at his college at all on the ground that “the



young gentlemen are only in residence for eight weeks at a time."

London has always seemed to me a shabby city, a vast but shabby imperial capital. The war has accentuated its basic character and even assimilated such striking modern buildings as the BBC to the prevailing condition. Walking around London today one is impressed not only by the destruction by bombing but also by the bedraggled condition of what is left. It will take several years of hard work to bring the city back to its prewar standard. It is the same indoors as outside. I should say that the rug and carpet people have a prospective market which won't be saturated for a decade. Walking through the rooms of a well-known and popular club—a vast and cavernous place—I was amazed by its down-at-heels condition.

I say these things not to disparage Britain but to convey, however inadequately, the visual impression of a visitor from the United States. No doubt a visitor from Russia would think he was seeing incredible luxury.



THE British sometimes gloomily say, "We lost the war." What they really mean is that they perceive how decisively the war shifted the locale of power in the world. While today they stand with the United States and the USSR to constitute the Big Three, they know they really do not rank with their partners when it comes to manpower and industrial potential for war. Even when the power of the Dominions is added in, they do not attain equality. (Of course it must always be understood that while Dominion power supports Britain at moments of crisis, as in the two wars, it is not in any sense under the control and direction of London. It is *associated* power.)

But the reduction of British power is a consequence of the way in which the war accelerated, or perhaps rather abruptly dramatized the meaning of, trends which had actually been operating for some years to reduce it anyhow. Among these

are the trend of population (discussed elsewhere), the matter of liquidating holdings of overseas assets because of unfavorable trade balances, and the fact that so many British industries are now in the position of "one among many" instead of leaders of the field as in earlier times: that gradually, over a long period of time, Britain has changed from being *the* workshop of the world toward being simply *one* of the workshops of the world.

For these reasons reconstruction and rehabilitation cannot be in Britain a matter of recovering a past condition. That is an utterly unrealizable objective. It is now clearly a matter of defining Britain's place in the world in terms of today's realities and of fortifying the newly defined position in the fullest possible measure. Britain cannot hope to compete with the United States and the USSR in population, even should she be able by some miracle to reverse present trends. In industry she has little chance of winning out in the mass production of basic commodities; rather her cue is to place the emphasis on attaining a high level of production and export of specialized and quality manufactures. Britain cannot for some years, if ever again, pour out capital for overseas investment to recover her position as a great and puissant creditor nation. She must make the best of the investments she has left, and seek compensation in the commodity trade. This, in fact, is the policy she proposes to follow. And in international politics, there can never again be a *Pax Britannica* or, as far as Britain is concerned, a peace based on a massive concentration of power in her hands to match that of the Super-Powers. Rather, Britain's cue is to strive for a peace based on international collaboration—she must hope that the UN is the favored instrument of such a collaborative policy.

A new Britain is in the making in more senses than one, and people who ignore the fact will disastrously miscalculate her significance today and tomorrow as a major nation in the world community.



# P *ersonal*



# O *therwise*

**R**USSIAN diplomacy, it must be confessed, is not distinguished for frankness and integrity, but it certainly evinces great sagacity and consummate skill, while it is not easy to show that in her political morality she has fallen below the standards of her contemporaries," wrote the chaplain of the U. S. House of Representatives. "The treachery, fraud, oppression, and cruelty of others do not, of course, justify her own similar acts, but England, France, and even America might well shed some penitential tears over portions of their own territory before they sit in judgment upon Russia."

Representative Rankin and other hundred-percent Americans should check up on this man. He was a preacher in Cincinnati, Ohio, before he went to Washington as chaplain, and his book about *The United States and Russia* was published just the year before he took up his official duties with the august body to which Representative Rankin is inimitably accredited. The war was still on then, but that doesn't explain his conciliatory attitude toward Russia, because he later reissued his book as *The Four Great Powers* when the war had been over for almost a year; and he still felt that we might judge Russia more fairly if we made some attempt to see ourselves as others see us.

**Clyde Eagleton** ("The Beam in Our Own Eye," p. 481) has somewhat the same idea. He makes the point that however convinced we may be of our own benevolence (a conviction, by the way, which is not infrequently met with in the history of nations), there are odd little mannerisms which we have developed which sometimes look to others like unfriendly gestures. They want to know why, as it were, if we're just scratching our nose we have to do it with our thumb. Britain and Russia, for example, may both have no-

ticed in the *New York Times* of April 23rd that the U. S. State Department—which had obdurately opposed their attempts to gain exclusive control of, say, the Italian chemical industry or civil airlines in the Balkans—was as sorry as sorry could be to discover that an American airline had succeeded (without the State Department's knowing a *thing* about it) in acquiring a monopoly of "every practicable civil air route in Italy, Sicily, and Sardinia." To both Britain and Russia this, we presume, might seem odd. In those benighted lands the government has a pretty good idea what its nationals are cooking up overseas, and it may require quite an effort of the imagination for Mr. Molotov or Mr. Bevin to realize just how miserable it makes us to have all those airfields and planes in Italy exclusively controlled by us.

This airlines episode hadn't yet occurred when Mr. Eagleton wrote his article, but he had plenty of other material to draw on. His interest in the necessity for our getting along decently with other nations grows out of a long acquaintance with international problems. He is a professor of international law at New York University, worked on the United Nations Charter for two years in the State Department, was assistant secretary at the Dumbarton Oaks conversations, and a technical expert attached to the United States delegation at San Francisco. "Now," he tells us, "I am out and can say what I please—which is that the United Nations is not strong enough to give us the security we want, and it is the fault of the American people."

Oh, yes—and if Representative Rankin wants to check up on that congressional chaplain we quoted a while back, his name is C. B. Boynton. We quoted him once before in P & O. His book on *The United States and*



## PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE

*Russia* was published in the last year of the war. The Civil War, that is. To be precise, in 1864.

### *Communists and Communism*

As **Irwin Ross** demonstrates (p. 528), "It's Tough to Be a Communist" in the United States, and it's getting momentarily tougher. The latest difficulty—reported in the *New York Times* just before we went to press—is that the party line *may* do another topsy-turvy. As Mr. Ross tells in his article, Earl Browder got booted out of the party not long ago. It seems that Marxism, which explains everything and is infallible once you get the hang of it, had let the comrades down with respect to Mr. Browder. For years and years he had appeared to be Communism incarnate, just what the dialectic ordered. But all the time he had really been an enemy of the working class—just as the NAM had been saying (though for somewhat different reasons).

Of course as soon as Browder's fundamental anti-Marxism had been pointed out by a French comrade, it was as plain as day to all the other comrades, and they proceeded to jump all over ex-comrade Browder. Thus far, the story is Mr. Ross's. But then what did Mr. Browder up and do but set off on an American Airlines plane for Sweden, dropping hints that he was en route to Russia.

Well, the *Times* reporter hotfooted it down to Communist headquarters to see the boys and find out what was up. And what he found was considerable consternation. It didn't seem likely that ex-comrade Browder would go poking around the Kremlin if he weren't relatively sure of a welcome, and if that were the case he *might* turn up one of these days with a new party line which would require everybody to discover that that French fellow really didn't understand Marx at all and Browder had been right all along. But the funniest thing the *Times* picked up was that the local Communists were worried that—if Browder *did* come back with a new party line—it might give someone the notion that the Kremlin was meddling "in the domestic affairs of other nations."

THAT last one leads us neatly enough to the problem discussed by **Granville Hicks** (p. 536) in "The Spectre That Haunts the

World"—the problem of the relationship between Russian expansionism and the line followed by the Communist parties in other countries. As a former Communist party member and one of the most eminent writers who associated themselves with the Communists during the 'thirties, Mr. Hicks has an intimate knowledge of party procedure. But perhaps the most useful background knowledge for readers of his article is provided by the letter he wrote in reply to our request for biographical notes:

"Since my article deals with Communism, I suppose these notes had better describe my relations with the Communist Party.

"Along with many other intellectuals—to use an unfortunate word for which there is no satisfactory substitute—I became very much interested in Communism in the early years of the depression. It seemed to me that capitalism had collapsed, and only the Communist Party had a program for a social order that could take its place. Although I did not agree with the full Communist program, I signed a statement in support of the Communist candidate for President in 1932, and, as a fellow-traveler, I worked in a variety of Communist-led organizations. In 1934 I became literary editor of the *New Masses*.

"In 1935, after my dismissal from Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, where I had been assistant professor of English literature, I decided that I might as well go the whole hog, and I joined the party. The new united front line was adopted in 1935, and this line made it much easier for persons like myself to be party members. At the time nothing seemed to me more important than carrying on propaganda against all the various manifestations of fascism, and the party was in the forefront of every anti-fascist movement. In 1938, when I was appointed as counselor in American history at Harvard College, the Boston papers gave the appointment considerable publicity, and I spent most of my spare time that year in speaking to all kinds of organizations on the menace of fascism.

"Then, in August 1939, the Soviet Union signed its non-aggression pact with Germany, and the comrades suddenly decided that fascism really wasn't so much of a danger after all and what we needed to do was to struggle against imperialist war. I got out of the party. It seems to me now that I was pretty dumb not to have seen before August





## Launching a New Era . . .

Nearly half a century ago, George Westinghouse developed a revolutionary steam turbine that supplanted the steam engine as a driving force for central station generators.

Always vitally interested in better transportation, Westinghouse quickly realized that here was the *ideal power source* for ship propulsion. Because of its compactness, the steam turbine would permit more space for fuel . . . reduce weight and vibration . . . assure far greater fuel economy.

But there was one difficult engineering problem that no one had yet solved—an efficient means for coupling the rapidly whirling tur-

bine shaft with the ship's slow-moving propeller.

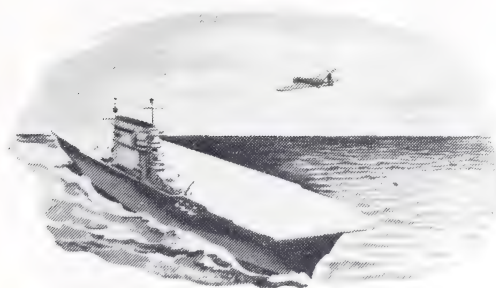
George Westinghouse supplied this missing link—with the help of marine experts, Rear Admiral Melville and John H. MacAlpine—by developing the first practical *gear-reduction turbine drive*.

After six long years of study and experiment, Westinghouse built two 3250 horsepower geared turbines which were installed in the collier, U. S. S. Neptune—launched on June 21, 1912.

The trial run was a notable success. It was one of the great achievements of George Westinghouse's remarkable career—for it initiated a *completely new epoch in marine propulsion*.

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23, 1939, that the party's program was determined by the exigencies of Soviet foreign policy, but at least I learned my lesson from the Soviet-Nazi pact. Events of the past seven years, needless to say, have hammered the lesson home.

"It would take a long time to describe all the changes that have taken place in my thinking since I got out of the party. It is enough to say that I have found myself more and more completely out of sympathy with Communist tactics at home and abroad and with the type of mind that can tolerate such tactics. As for Marxism, I believe that it gives some valuable clues to the understanding of history, but I cannot accept the body of Marxist doctrine as such, and the attempt that I once made to base a system of literary criticism on Marxism now seems to me fantastic. I have never tried to find a label for my present political position, but the other night I found myself in complete agreement with a friend who calls himself a lousy liberal.

"Although it sometimes seemed pure masochism, I have conscientiously tried to follow Communist activities ever since I left the party. After the end of the war, I thought that I could discern a clear-cut policy. In order to get beyond a mere impression, I began to organize such information as I could obtain, and my article is the result. I am horrified by the people who clamor for war against Russia, but I am quite sure that the cause of peace is not served by the ignoring of facts.

"For the rest, I have written several books, among them *The Great Tradition*, *John Reed*, *I Like America*, *Figures of Transition*, *Only One Storm*, and *Behold Trouble*. I have just finished a book about small-town life that will presumably be published in the fall."

UNLIKE Mr. Hicks, *Irwin Ross* never got any closer to the Communist party than the American Student Union, which the Dies Committee viewed with alarm. Mr. Ross was graduated from Harvard in 1940, then became editor of *Threshold*, a magazine published by the International Student Service (not to be confused with the Student Union). He did free-lance writing on the side—for *Harper's* among other magazines. He joined the Army in 1943. For a while he served as a radio operator, but when he got overseas he was assigned to the Public Relations Office of

the Transportation Corps, where he wrote magazine articles about trucks and trains and ports. (See "Trucks and Trains in Battle" in our January 1945 issue.) He got out of the Army about six months ago and since then has been free-lancing in New York. He has also contributed to the *American Mercury*, the *New Republic*, *Liberty*, *Coronet*, *Current History*, and other periodicals.

## Journalism—King Size

**John Gunther** ("The Giant World of Texas," p. 486) once declared that he supposed he was a bad reporter because he instinctively tended "to believe people rather than disbelieve them." But this weakness, if it be one, is less of a handicap in Texas than almost anywhere else. You can believe practically anything about Texas and still be right.

Mr. Gunther, as everyone knows, is the author of *Inside Europe*, *Inside Asia*, and *Inside Latin America*. He is now at work on *Inside U.S.A.*, and the present article (like the one on Stassen which we printed in January) includes material which will form a part of the book. But Mr. Gunther is not going to be able to get all he wants to say about Texas into one chapter. Even with the full continental sweep of his reportorial technique it will require at least two or three chapters to cope with a state which, after all, could accommodate all of Holland, Belgium, Switzerland, and France within its borders and still have enough room left over to take in Connecticut and Massachusetts and all but a few barren acres of Rhode Island.

## Somebody We Know

THE thing that set *Agnes Rogers* off on the ladies of the ads ("Is It Anyone We Know?" p. 496) was the picture of a smart looking miss strolling down the street while envious females and ogling males unanimously turned to look at her. The caption: "Will she still turn heads at 37?" Of course the copy writer's answer would be "No," because—as Miss Rogers points out—females are disposed of in ad-land before they reach middle age. Except, that is, for a few who are kept in stock to illustrate the agony of toothache or the tragedy of not selecting your tombstone before you die, and are then allowed to grow old so they can ride in busses.







